The Congregationalist.

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MR. SAMUEL MORLEY, M.P.

Among the Nonconformist laity, there is no man who is more widely known in outside circles, or who is more universally respected, than the senior member for Bristol. Like every man who holds decided opinions, and does not shrink from expressing them in language which, if considerate of the feelings of others, is, nevertheless, always a forcible statement of the speaker's own views, he is often subject to criticism: but even his critics would say that his failings lean to virtue's side, and this feeling is the strongest where there is the most intimate personal knowledge of the man. It is, in fact, impossible to come into close contact with him without conceiving a high personal respect, which overpowers any feeling arising out of diversity of opinion and the strong way in which it may sometimes be asserted. The unfailing kindliness of his nature, the earnestness which he infuses into every subject in which he is interested, the intense love of right which reveals itself in all his words and deeds, the evident anxiety to make his life a power for good, the broad Catholic feeling by which he is inspired, and the singular freshness of religious spirit which he has preserved, despite all the hardening and lowering influences to which a man in his social position must be exposed, all combine to give him a high place in the esteem of his acquaintances, and to awaken a much stronger sentiment in the hearts of his friends. feeling of respect follows him in all the various departments of his active life. In the commercial world he has a reputation which places him in the very first rank of the merchant princes of London. As a philanthropist he is foremost in every movement for the elevation and improvement of the VOL. IX.

masses of the people, and everywhere his name is a tower of strength. In the House of Commons he is one of the most steady and consistent supporters of the Liberal party, and though some of us may regret that he has sometimes repressed hopes and aspirations which we cherish, no one could ever suspect him of a faltering in principle. It is to his special honour that, amid all the weaknesses which have been so painfully manifest in the Liberal party during the last two vears, he has kept himself free from all entanglements, and throughout maintained his allegiance to that great leader whose love of righteousness has struck a kindred chord in his own spirit. But it is as a religious man that he himself would chiefly desire to be known, and it is here that he has given the brightest illustrations of self-sacrifice and generous devotion. In labours abundant, he has always been in liberality munificent, the generous supporter of all good works, and the earnest toiler on their behalf. As a Congregationalist he has supported the institutions of his own denomination with great liberality; but he has never restricted either his contributions, whether of money or of labour, within the limits of a sect. All churches have found in him a friend, all inovergents for the promotion of Evangelical truth can always count on his earnest sympathy and hearty support.

On the incidents of his personal history it is not necessary to dwell at any length. He was born at Homerton in 1809, and early became connected with that well-known and highly-honoured firm of which he has for many years been the head. His career has been one of remarkable prosperity, due largely, under God, to the high personal qualities, both mental and moral, which he himself has brought to the work. No establishment in the City, it may be safely said, has been conducted on sounder business principles, has had a more unsullied fame, or has realized a larger measure of prosperity. Samuel Morley cannot be said to have been like his old friend, George Moore, or another friend of both, whose quiet worth has never been known beyond a comparatively limited circle—the late William Edgar-a self-made man, for the firm of "J. & R. Morley" had a high standing in the last generation. Nevertheless, it

may be said without exaggeration that it is to Mr. Samuel Morley mainly that it owes the pre-eminent position it at present holds. The foundations had been well and securely laid, and considerable progress already made, when Mr. Morley became an active partner. But amid the great change, amounting almost to a revolution, which has come over our trade during the last quarter of a century, it has depended on the administrative power and the moral fibre of the heads of large commercial establishments whether they were to improve or to forfeit their position. Mr. Samuel Morley has shown himself fully equal to the demands of the times, and by upright and honourable dealing, combined with a spirit of wise enterprize, has raised the firm to its present proud standing. His success has been signal, but has been so honourably won, and it is so nobly and generously used for the public good, that he must have a very sour and narrow spirit who can look on it with envy.

But Mr. Morley was clearly marked out by nature for a public man, and circumstances contributed to the development of his taste and capacity for public service. For his religious training he was indebted to various influences, the most potent of which, perhaps, was that of the home, and the beautiful Christian life which was led there. His parents were devout Christians, and by teaching and example trained their family wisely and well. Among the frequent visitors at their house was the late James Parsons, of York; who, with that thoughtful and tender care for young men, so characteristic of him, interested himself deeply in the subject of this brief sketch, and by his sermons and conversations produced impressions on his heart which have never been effaced. These were deepened and matured at Weigh House Chapel under the ministry of the remarkable man who was for so many years its pastor. We need not say that Mr. Binney had a singular charm for young men. He attracted them to him and exerted over them the influence of a clear, strong, original intellect, inspired by high spiritual purpose and directed to the attainment of the noblest ends. The full force of all that was best and strongest in Mr. Binnev's teaching was felt by Mr. Morley, and we may trace its results now in the breadth of his sympathy, the practical tone and temper of his religious

life, the elevation above all mean and petty motives, and last, but not least, in that consecration of thought, talent, and energy to great ends outside himself altogether, which is so characteristic of the man. It is a great thing to say of any man that, whatever mistakes of judgment he may seem to us to commit—and of course we all suppose our friend to err in judgment when his path diverges from ours-no one can suspect him of being actuated by selfishness. All this may be said without qualification of Mr. Morley, and it is this unselfish temper which gives a nobility to his whole course, the effect of which is felt by those who feel bound to question the justice of some of his estimates or to dispute the soundness of his advice. They may think that he does not fairly appreciate all the factors in the problem which he has to solve, or that his generosity towards opponents sometimes leads him to do but scant justice to his friends, or that the influences which make others waver in their faith find his principles beyond all power of corruption-have led him to adopt too pessimist a tone. But there is one thought which never suggests itself to any of those who know him, even when they most regret some of his utterances. No one ever questions the purity of his motive or the sincerity of his belief that he is rendering the highest service to the principles which he has served with uncompromising loyalty. It is this attribute which gives Mr. Morley such power as a public man, and the root of it is to be found in the religious influences which early subdued him, and have so powerfully moulded his character.

He was first known as a worker in connection with the Church of Christ, and very earnest and faithful service has he given both to the Weigh House Church, of which he was a member, and to the denomination at large. In this department he has done no nobler work than that which he carried on for so many years as the treasurer of the Home Missionary Society. His acceptance of the office was followed by the infusion of an unwonted energy into all departments of the work, and it was continued to the time when the Society merged into the new Church Aid and Home Mission Society, of which also he is one of the treasurers. Not only did he give largely, but he was ready to visit all the Associations whose weak and struggling condition constituted in his eyes a claim for such manifestations

of sympathy and help. Wherever he went there was a quickening of zeal and effort, the effect of which is not vet forgotten. The experience of those visits, which must have been a serious tax on the time of a busy man, certainly indicates a way in which the most efficient help may be given to County Associations which often find it hard to keep up their work at all. Mr. Morley's generous challenges to local liberality did much, but his personal presence did much more. Let it be said that to the spirit which he brought to the discussions connected with the formation of the Church Aid Society the success of the movement may be largely attributed. That he had it in his power to interpose at least serious obstacles to the acceptance of the scheme, cannot be doubted; and there were not wanting those who would fain have persuaded him to lend himself to an obstructive policy. But his practical mind recognized the necessity for such a national society, and once convinced of this, he threw himself into the work with a heartiness that was a condition of success, as well as with a conciliatory temper which went very far towards disarming opposition.

But Mr. Morley is a keen politician as well as an earnest Christian worker; never violent or immoderate; always averse to extreme counsels and obstructive methods; eminently practical, but decided in his convictions and strong in his party attachments. It might seem as though, in his earlier days, he was more inclined to ally himself with the Extreme Left, so far as ecclesiastical politics were concerned, than he is at present; but we believe the difference between his earlier and his later position is one of method and policy only. He was once an active member of the Liberation Society, and in that capacity gave some evidence before the House of Lords with a frankness and unreserve worthy of himself, of which Church defenders have often tried to make capital, but with little success. If he no longer holds the same relation to the Society, he nevertheless always avows his adherence to its principles, and on a very recent occasion proclaimed himself a follower of Mr. Henry Richard on these points. He believes in the principles of religious equality and the justice of the demand made by Nonconformists-that they should be freed from the badge of inferiority which the law has fixed upon them in the very name which they bear. He wishes, therefore, for Disestablishment, and would work towards it in his own way, though he does not think it so near as some more ardent and sanguine spirits may suppose; and on more than one occasion he has expressed his want of sympathy with aggressive action. So far as the first point is concerned—the date at which Disestablishment may come-perhaps the less dogmatic the utterances on either side the better. It would be very easy to marshal a number of arguments, which would apparently demonstrate the impossibility of overthrowing an institution so venerable and so deeply rooted in the social life of the nation, as well as in the affections of large numbers of the people, as the State Church. No wise and thoughtful advocate of Disestablishment underrates the force of such considerations. Rather does he feel how powerfully they tell in support of an Establishment to which sturdy Protestants still cling, despite the evidence which every day accumulates that it is doing the work of Rome by that subtle undermining of the principles of the Reformation, in which hundreds of its clergy are more or less actively engaged. Nothing is more melancholy than the dying out of all hope that the Protestants in the Establishment will make a bold stroke in defence of principles which they profess so highly to value. If deliverance is to come, it must clearly be from some other place, for the Evangelicals have made it only too apparent that they will risk the peril to Protestantism rather than endanger the safety of the State Church. But this does not settle the question as to the probable fate of the Establishment. There are forces working against it which it is not possible for us to measure. At any hour some new act of insolence on the part of the priesthood may rouse to action a popular sentiment, or some strong wave of democratic feeling may sweep away the vested rights of the clergy. It may not seem probable at this moment, but the Imperialism by which we have been cursed is sure to be followed by a strong reaction. At all events, all great reforms of recent days have been carried in a rush: and while any prediction of such a rush in the direction of religious equality would be very unwise, it is equally unsafe to deny its possibility.

Mr. Morley's distrust of aggressive action it would be more

difficult to understand were it not accompanied by earnest appeals for more diligent Christian service on the part of Nonconformists. We think any suggestion of a comparison between the spiritual labours, in which all Christians should engage, and the political service which we undertake for the advancement of a political end, is unfortunate, if only because it creates the impression that the conflict relative to the existence of a State Church is a struggle for supremacy between contending sects. Even if Nonconformists failed in their religious duty to the community, that would be no reason for perpetrating a system of political injustice; and on the other hand, however earnest and successful our Churches might be, they would not be justified in calling for the abolition of the State Church if it was possible to prove that its continuance was in harmony with the principles of Christianity and of public right. We doubt whether Mr. Morley differs so much from the earnest workers for Disestablishment as would at first sight appear. Assuredly, many of them are as zealous for the maintenance of spiritual religion, as earnest in their defence of Evangelical truth, as solicitous for the carrying on of Evangelistic work among the people, as he is himself. But these very feelings make them all the more resolute in their efforts for the overthrow of an Establishment in which the influence of Evangelical Protestantism is steadily on the decline, and under whose shadow there are growing up evil weeds of superstition, the injurious effects of which upon the character of the people it is impossible to foresee.

Those who share our own views in relation to Disestablishment must, of course, deeply regret the loss of Mr. Morley's active co-operation. But we not only have faith in his perfect conscientiousness, we believe also in his simple and thorough loyalty to Nonconformist principles. He is not one of those who would either hide his Nonconformity under a bushel or tone it down in the hope of escaping the scorn to which all religious earnestness is exposed, and which is all the more supercilious where that earnestness wears the livery of Dissent. He would never shrink from the avowal of his Nonconformity or from the discharge of what he saw to be a duty to it. His political action on all questions is straightforward and decided, and even critics, who might sometimes think him too anxious

about the unity of the party, too cautious, or too desirous to be practical, will never insinuate the existence of a sinister motive. Bristol may well put thorough confidence in its member. He was elected to maintain the interests of Liberalism, and he fulfils his mission with intelligence, independence, and consistency. He is not only scrupulously attentive to his Parliamentary duties, but he shows so deep an interest in all that promotes the well-being of the borough that his constituents feel a personal regard towards him which is honourable to both.

There are few men of whom Nonconformity has more reason to be proud, for he is one of the finest types of the English Christian and gentleman and philanthropist of his day. There is not a good work-educational, social, political, or religious -whose promoters appeal to him in vain, and his response is always generous, often munificent. In hearty recognition of good public service (as, to take the most recent example, the case of the late Sir Rowland Hill), in active sympathy with suffering of every kind, in promotion of all large reforms, in protest against oppression and injustice, he is always conspicuous. Money he gives very freely, but he gives what is really of higher value—his individual work. He throws himself into the works in which he is personally interested—and their name is legion-with a heartiness and a zeal which encourage all other workers and contribute largely to success. Nor are his acts of generous benevolence confined to public institutions. His kindness to individuals, and in many cases to those with whom he has had no sympathy, except that which arose out of compassion for their wants, is quite as remarkable as his public contributions. What always impresses us, however, most in him is the evidence that his life is under the dominion of high principle; that he regards time, money, and influence as a sacred trust, which must be redeemed for the glory of God; that his aim is to improve the world, and that, whatever the special character of the work in which he is engaged, this purpose is kept steadily in view. Happy would it be for England if her commercial magnates and political workers were men of his stamp!

THE NEW YEAR.

EVEN in these dark and troubled times youth should assert its blessed prerogatives. To boys and girls, to young lovers, to all who are on the threshold of manhood and womanhood. I trust that Christmas has been as "merry" as it used to be in the bright and prosperous days which seem to some of us to be so far away in the past, and that the New Year is coming to them crowned with light and with songs of joy and hope. He is not a wise man who regards with cynical contempt the spells and enchantments which are the precious inheritance of those with whom life is still fresh and unworn. abounding blossoms of the spring are good and beautiful even in those years in which they are nipt too early by unkindly winds, and never set into fruit. Hope is a Christian grace: and we ought to be thankful when natural temperament is favourable to the growth of any element of Christian perfection.

But for those of us who have reached the iron age of life, the year is opening very gloomily. Heavy clouds are still hanging over the nation, and though, perhaps, to the more sanguine of us they seem to be breaking, it will be a long while before the sky is clear. The political condition of the country is almost desperate, and only a supreme effort will avail to change a national policy which has been one continued violation of the laws of God and of the claims of humanity, and which has been justly purchased with great national disasters. The tempter has offered to us the "kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," if we would fall down and worship him: we have paid the price and have not received the wages of our iniquity; we have learnt what we ought to have known before—that he was a liar from the beginning and is a liar still. The commercial depression from which we have been suffering for several years is still felt severely in nearly every part of the country, and the powers of endurance of the middle classes of the community as well as of the working people are beginning to give way. If we have a hard winter, and if there is not an early and general revival of trade, the New Year threatens to bring disaster and ruin to innumerable homes.

Among the readers of The Congregationalist there must be many hundreds who are keenly anxious about their own prospects; and those who are not anxious about themselves are anxious about their relatives and friends.

Christian faith gives us no guarantee against the common troubles of life. A tradesman may be heartily loyal to Christ, and yet make bad debts. A manufacturer may be a devout and upright man, and yet find that his goods are shut out of his old markets by hostile tariffs. Among the "hands" that have had to work "half-time" during the greater part of the last two or three years there are many excellent Christians. The snow, as well as the rain and the sunshine, comes upon the evil and the good, upon the just and the unjust; the sober bricklayer and carpenter, as well as their drunken fellowworkmen, lose work and wages during a long frost. Farmers that serve God most faithfully got no better harvest last autumn than the most irreligious of their neighbours.

But there are many ways of bearing trouble. It comes to one man and it makes him bitter, reckless, and desperate. He tries lawless measures to save himself and his fortunes from utter ruin, and so adds sin to sorrow. Another man is completely prostrated: he loses self-respect; all hope is quenched; his energy is paralyzed. Another man, of strong moral fibre, though destitute of religious faith, stands firm and fights hard with his calamity; perhaps at last he conquers it, but meanwhile he has only his own strength for the struggle, and sometimes his strength almost fails. He resolves to hold fast to his integrity at all costs, and hardens himself against the possibility of ruin. There is an "iron string" in most of us which vibrates to the touch of the old stoicism; and many an invertebrate Christian life would be much nobler for some of the pagan virtues of Epictetus and Marcus Antoninus.

But the Christian ideal is still loftier than that of the loftiest of the stoics. To the man who has learnt the secret of Christ, trouble does not cease to be trouble. He refuses to call it by any other name. Fire burns and frost freezes, whatever a man's religion may be. To many of the sorrows of life a Christian man is more sensitive on account of his faith. It has softened his heart and made it more tender. He is the

partner of other men in their troubles even when he has no troubles of his own. The sins of those whom he loves, as well as their sickness and poverty, occasion him keen distress. His heart may be almost broken by the greater calamities of life. But if his faith is vigorous, he is never crushed; he never gives up all for lost. His hope is not extinguished; his courage does not quail. Like a good ship in a heavy sea, quivering in every timber as one huge wave after another breaks upon her, he feels his trouble in every fibre; but there is a strong hand at the helm, and instead of going down or drifting on to the rocks, he rises gallantly above the tumultuous waters and makes land at last.

There are many reasons which enable a good man to face trouble courageously. The infinite future which lies beyond the reach of the chances and changes of this life helps to keep him calm and hopeful; but perhaps his chief strength is derived from his clear and settled conviction that God is the Supreme Ruler of this world as well as of every other.

This does not mean that everything happens according to God's will. I very much doubt whether a man who really believes that God ordains all the events by which his fortunes are affected can find much comfort in his belief. Devout Mahometans, who acknowledge the absolute and universal supremacy of the will of Allah, are disciplined to the old stoical temper, but their religious faith can hardly be said to comfort them. They meet danger with unimpassioned calmness; they bear suffering with uncomplaining resignation; but what we mean by the "consolation" of the Divine love is unknown to them.

It is clear, indeed, that in the worst sorrows that come upon us there is profanity in ascribing our sorrows to the will of God. When a son is guilty of persistent dishonesty; when a daughter makes a wicked and miserable marriage; when a friend whom we have trusted implicitly plays us false; when a man whose character stood high and to whom we have given large credit turns out a profligate and a swindler, ruins himself and half ruins every one that has had anything to do with him—the comfort lies in our knowledge that God's will has not been done, that God is of the same

mind as ourselves about the sins which have caused our misery and misfortune, and that He shares our indignation and sorrow.

We ourselves have done many things which we know were contrary to the will of God; and other men are necessarily doing many things which are contrary to the will of God. God permits men to sin, which is only another way of saying that He permits them to be men and to use their moral freedom: but in Him we all live and move and have our being, and there are limits which He does not suffer them to pass-limits determined from moment to moment by His own wisdom, righteousness, and goodness. Unseen, unheard, He is everywhere present, imposing restraints on the actions of men, often averting the evil consequences of their mistakes and of their crimes, surrounding those who fear Him and those who fear Him not with an invisible protection. We are not at the mercy of the folly and wickedness of mankind. God is supreme; and while the moral freedom of the race is not impaired, He retains His control over the actions of men and over the effects of their actions on the fortunes and on the character of their fellow-men.

But it is not God's supremacy alone that gives courage to the heart of a good man in the presence of the possible calamities of the future. If we are God's true servants, the great ends towards which the Divine Providence is moving are also ours; for we have no separate and individual interests apart from Him. All our prayers are included in the cry, "Thy will be done." It is God's will that righteousness should triumph, and with the triumph of the Divine righteousness over human sin will come the triumph of the Divine compassion and love over human infirmity and sorrow. This will be the ultimate issue of the conflict which God has been carrying on through all past ages, and in this conflict we are His confederates and allies. It was in the crisis of the conflict that God spared not His only-begotten Son, but freely gave Him up for us all; and if we have "to fill up what remains of the sufferings" of Christ by submitting to the loss of property, health, reputation, friends, we desire to make the surrender in the very spirit of Him who "looked not on His own things, but also on the things of others."

We may not see how our loss and pain can contribute to the victory of righteousness, but when we know God we are able to commit ourselves blindly to His hands and to cast all our care on Him. Does He lead us out of pleasant pastures and away from the clear streams? and are we travelling by rough and rugged paths, weary and thirsty, our life almost gone? We are sure that He is still the Good Shepherd, and that this must be—all things considered—the right way for us.

For His love is as great as His righteousness. It has been said of some great surgeons that their only care was for the success of their operations, and that they thought nothing of the pain which they inflicted on their patients. Some great commanders have been careless of their men; they hurled regiment after regiment upon the enemy, utterly indifferent to the loss inflicted on their own troops if only the enemy's line was broken. There are times when we are ready to think that the objects on which the heart of God is set are so great that He, too, regards as insignificant the human anguish through which these objects are achieved. But it is one of the characteristic elements of the Christian revelation that God's compassion for transitory human sorrows was most strikingly shown at the very time that He was doing most for our redemption from eternal destruction. The miracles recorded in the four Gospels are unspeakably precious. When the Son of God was in the world, enduring innumerable evils to secure our restoration to God, and to win for us "glorv. honour, and immortality," He was touched by all the varied infirmities and sorrows which afflict the life of man, and put forth His supernatural power to remove them. The eternal righteousness and eternal blessedness which He had come to confer might have made the physical diseases and calamities of the race seem insignificant to Him. Fanaticism has often refused to pity men in their present sorrows, and has defended its insensibility on the ground that, in the presence of heaven and hell, the difference between the happiest life and the most wretched disappears. This was not Christ's temper; and the good man knows that God will not permit any excess of pain to come upon any of His creatures. No suffering that cannot be transformed into moral strength, into spiritual wisdom and joy, will ever enter into the history of those who are at one with God.

Perhaps I have been wrong in dwelling so much upon the possible troubles which the New Year will bring with it. The life of individuals, the life of a nation, is a perpetual succession of suprises. "We know not what we shall be" tomorrow, any more than what we shall be when we have reached the house of God. The bright and happy years which lie behind many of us are ours for ever; no accident can rob us of them: the endless years of brightness and transcendent joy which lie beyond death are also ours, if we continue patiently in well-doing; they, too, are beyond the region of cloud and storm. And sudden sunlight may fall upon the path which, for the moment, looks darkest and most desolate. A turn in the road may come, and we may find that we are through the pass, and that the worst part of our journey is over. "Unto the upright there ariseth light in darkness;" but whatever comes, "he shall not be moved for ever;" "he shall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord." B. W. DALE.

DISSENTERS AND EVANGELICAL CHURCHMEN.

It would seem as though, whenever there is any large gathering of Churchmen just at present, a resistless necessity compels them to talk about Dissenters, and the possibility of recovering them from the error of their ways. There is nothing exactly parallel on the opposite side. Dissenters feel the injustice and humiliation to which they have to submit, and are apt to enter a protest, or to express their longings for religious equality, perhaps to prophesy, it may be all too confidently, its advent. It is impossible that this anticipation can be realized without depriving the Established Church of the supremacy it at present enjoys, and so far its expression may be regarded as a sign of hostility. But this is a harsh interpretation to put upon a desire for an emancipation from the disabilities which belong to Dissent, which are, in fact, hindrances to the free exercise of religious opinion, which is both natural and legitimate. It is not hatred to Episcopacy which inspires the action of Nonconformists against the Establishment, but an eager thirst for justice on the one side, and an anxiety to see religion freed from the entangling complications of a political connection on the other.

But the feeling expressed in congresses, diocesan conferences, and other conventions of a like kind, is an intense earnestness for the extinction of Dissent. Some would absorb it; others with more benevolent purpose would comprehend it; and there are comparatively few who recognize the impossibility of suppressing it, and are anxious to live at peace with its members; and even these, we fear, wish to reduce it to the smallest possible proportions. Now we deliberately assert, there is no corresponding sentiment among the leaders of Dissent, or in any large proportion of its adherents. We are not troubled by the existence of a powerful Episcopal Church. It is simply inconceivable that any man amongst us would propose for the consideration of his brethren, questions such as those which have been discussed at recent ecclesiastical assemblies. "The Churchman," the new magazine of the Evangelical Church party, says: "For ourselves, we are ready to hope and believe what was said and done at the Swansea Congress, viewing it as a whole, may tend to draw the Nonconformists into closer Christian unity with the Churchmen of the Principality." Churchmen will only try and put themselves in the place of Dissenters, and ask themselves how they would feel if the Congregational Union had dealt with their Church as they dealt with Nonconformity-had spoken of their churches and schools as a source of pain to their pious minds; had instituted careful inquiry into the causes of the power of Episcopacy: and had started all kinds of suggestions as to the methods. by which Episcopalians might be converted—they may perhaps begin to doubt whether the impression left by the Swansea. Congress on the minds of Nonconformists is likely to be as favourable as they hope.

But it is with the Church Association at Southport that we are concerned here. Of all the societies connected with the Establishment, that seems to us the one which ought to be the last to trouble itself about Dissenters. It has undertaken the work of purging the Establishment from the leaven of Romanism, and that task is surely sufficient to engage all its

energies, without leaving it either leisure or strength to bestow upon Dissenters. Up to this point the progress made is imperceptible. We know that it has had a portentous number of trials, and has obtained judgment against a multitude of practices which it condemns as anti-Protestant. if it has produced any effect in the way of suppressing them. we have yet to discover it. It has not even availed to prevent leading Evangelicals from becoming more "churchy" every year, and the growth of this churchy temper is one of the most favourable conditions for the spread of Ritualism. Under these circumstances any talk about the conversion of Dissenters at a Church Association meeting would seem to be, to say the least, a little out of place. But the Rev. T. H. Gill appears to have a fixed idea in his mind that Dissenters would rapidly go over to the Establishment if it were not for Ritualism. Even if the idea were true, it is not a very hopeful one. There is as much probability of the Tory party getting free from the Jingo spirit while Lord Beaconsfield is its head, as there is of the Anglican Church expelling Ritualism so long as it retains the Prayer Book. If any one were to say that the Duke of Argyll might become a Tory but for the policy which has plunged us into the Afghan war, the prediction would hardly be regarded as very safe, or even if safe, very encouraging. Wise men, who look all round the subject, would say that the Duke has other reasons for remaining a Liberal; but that, even if this were the only one. there is little chance of its removal. It is precisely the same with the Dissenters in this case. They were Nonconformists before the first of the "Tracts for the Times" was published, and the same reasons which kept them outside the pale of privilege then would still operate in the same way, though the last member of the "Catholic" school had been silenced, and every trace of the influence of its teaching had been obliterated.

It is curious how representatives of the most opposite phases of opinion in the Church please themselves with the idea that Dissenters have some special affection for their views, and that if the Church would only conform itself to their pattern there would at once be a large accession of Nonconformists. Mr. Knox-Little did not go quite so far as to

say that Dissenters were Ritualists at heart, and that if the Church were more ritualistic they would be more attracted to it: but he did assert that they liked the elasticity and freedom for which he and his party are contending, and that if she could have more of these qualities in her services, the Church would have a better prospect of winning them back to her ranks. On the other hand, Mr. Gill is convinced that Ritualism is the one check upon a movement towards reunion which is going on, and would exhibit more decided results but for this fatal hindrance. There is this at all events to be said in favour of the view of the latter-that the doctrinal sympathies of the Dissenters are with the Evangelical school. Both are Protestants, and both hold the principles which are generally regarded as distinctively Evangelical. There are very important features of difference between the typical Evangelical of the Anglican Church and his Dissenting brother. The Calvinism of the latter is generally less pronounced; his mode of setting forth the truths which they in common hold shows a more intimate sympathy with the thinking of the age; especially is he free from all leaning to millenarian opinions (of however pale a shade), or the ideas which lead up to them. The Evangelical Churchman-that is, the man who professes to stand upon the old lines of the Evangelical party—is almost invariably a Conservative; the Nonconformist is nearly as certain to be a Liberal: and this difference affects even their theological thinking. The Evangelical Dissenter has no real sympathy with what may be considered the distinctive points of Broad Churchism. He is opposed to its Multitudinism, opposed to its undue depreciation of dogma, opposed to its view of Inspiration. But with the spirit of the Broad Churchman he has very close sympathy. Still, so far as points of doctrine are concerned, he comes nearest to the Evangelical. His creed is not so rigid, nor does he concern himself about the mint and the anise, and the cummin which are supposed to belong to it, and to which some attach greater importance than to the weightier matters of the law. But he trusts in the sacrifice of Calvary, he worships the risen Christ, he believes in the quickening and indwelling Spirit, he receives the Bible as the one rule of his faith and practice. Hence there may seem some justification for the

fond belief which Mr. Gill cherishes, that if the Church could be made purely Evangelical there might be an end of Dissent. He says—

And he is indeed a bold man who will deny that the existence of late of Romanizing principles and practices within the Church of England has prevented thousands of Dissenters from entering her pale. Any one who knows anything of modern Nonconformity in England knows that there has for years past been a distinct Churchward movement on the part of the bulk of its members. The extensive use of the Church liturgy, the unwillingness to listen to bitter pulpit attacks upon the Church, the manner in which the musical portion of the service is rendered, the church-like appearance of the chapel, and many other things, are outward indications of this. And what appears thus on the surface many of us know from the lips of Nonconformists themselves to be true. There is a yearning in the hearts of thousands to come back to us. But when you press them to return they point with a sigh to the miserable exhibition of Romanism within our borders.

Now we are bold enough to meet this challenge and absolutely to contradict the statement which is so positively made. The assertion and the denial may be regarded by impartial persons, if such are to be found, as alike coloured by the opinions and feelings of those from whom they proceed. It may be said, however, in support of our view, that the statement is too sweeping and too important to be accepted as a mere ipse dixit; and that, decidedly as Mr. Gill speaks, he adduces no evidence in support of his view. He mentions some facts, but all they prove is that Ritualism is driving some people out of the Church; and even if this point be established, it does not at all follow that it is hindering others from conforming. At first sight it might appear that if the cause operates in the one direction, it must tell also in the other. But this is very far from being self-evident, and there is not a fact here quoted which goes to establish it. It is only just to say that the principal part of Mr. Gill's paper was devoted to sustain the position that Ritualism promotes Dissent by forcing Churchmen into its ranks. nothing offensive either in his general theme or in his mode of stating it, except in the underlying thought that Dissent must be a very evil thing, and in the assertion that there are such numbers of Nonconformists who are dissatisfied with their own systems, and who would at once pass over to the Church,

but that there is no guarantee that "in the event of their joining us, their sons and their daughters shall not before long be kneeling at the feet of a habited priest in the Confessional." There is more of principle among Dissenters than such a representation would imply; and, unless it be that Evangelicals feel it to be their first business to clear themselves of all suspicion of leaning to Dissent, and use this argument as a good retort upon their opponents, we see no reason why it should be insisted upon at all.

Looked at in any other light, the paper, as a whole, is hardly to be reconciled with a single-eyed loyalty to Evangelical principle. To a Churchman who is nothing more, or who is a Churchman first, and a Protestant afterwards, the facts on which Mr. Gill dwells are sufficiently startling, and even alarming. "One of the most devout Churchmen I ever worked with worshipping in a Congregationalist chapel," is one of Mr. Gill's "shocking examples." "I need not say," he adds, by way of solace, "that he is there under protest; I need not say that he is there most unwillingly; I need not say that he is there, as he says, only during the 'present distress." These are some elements of comfort; but if they are not sufficient, there is another which ought to end the trouble altogether. It is surely better that the man should be so true to his Protestantism that he would even go to a Congregationalist chapel rather than compromise his loyalty to it, than that he should have remained at the parish church to take part in the genuflexions and the circumflexions, the bowings to the east and the curtseyings to the west, by which the worship of a Church that still claims to be Protestant is turned into a miserable travesty of the Romish Mass. We can only say that if a parallel case were presented to us in connection with Congregationalism, we could have no hesitation as to the view which we should take. If by some unhappy error Rationalism had found its way into a Congregational pulpit; if there was no longer a clear preaching of the gospel of forgiveness; if men were left in doubt whether Christ did actually rise from the dead, or were really God, we should rejoice to hear that devout Congregationalists had forsaken the home of their early days, and found a refuge in a church where some Evangelical clergyman ministered,

rather than remain to encourage the preaching of "another gospel which is not a gospel."

It is probable that Mr. Gill would fully share the sentiment, opposed as it seems to be to the tenour of his paper. To us, standing outside, and possibly judging the whole subject under the influence of prejudice, the serious feature of the case is that so few leave the Church because of the Ritualism. At all events, this is the point to which far-seeing Evangelicals would do well to direct their attention. Those who pass over to Dissent show, at all events, the robustness of their Protestantism, but what of those who remain? They may be very sound Churchmen, but what of their fidelity to those Protestant principles for which Mr. Gill and his Evangelical brethren are so naturally concerned? One of two courses they must take, and it would be a matter of considerable interest to ascertain which of them their Evangelical teachers would advise them to adopt. Would they have them continue in a church from whose pulpit the doctrine of the Real Presence is preached, and at whose altars every ceremony is introduced which can possibly help to train the people in the belief that the Lord Himself is present under the veil of the bread and wine? They can scarcely answer in the negative, and here is one of the mischiefs resulting from the entangling connection in which they are involved. The Ritualist and the Evangelical are both clergymen of the same Church, and while this is the case the influence of the latter must often help to promote the ends of the former. Canon Ryle says that it is difficult for "sincere, outspoken, and earnest" members of the different schools "to work comfortably together in their dealings with souls." "Can they," he asks, "preach in one another's pulpits, except on rare occasions, with comfort and profit?" But what is thus deprecated is continually occurring, and occurring in its very worst form. An Evangelical clergyman has ministered in a parish for years with fidelity and success, but he is followed by an extreme High Churchman, who can and does "say all he thinks about the sacraments." The good Evangelical would have mourned that this should be done once, but now it is done every Sunday, and the whole character of the ritual is being gradually changed, so as to establish a harmony between the pulpit and the altar. And yet the man whose work is being thus undone cannot utter a word in protest, cannot even advise one of his old parishioners to withdraw himself, for in doing that he would be handing him over to Dissent, and that might tend to weaken the union between Church and State, which Canon Ryle tells us all loyal Churchmen can unite to support.

Looking at the evident drift of opinion within the Establishment, we are surprised that a Protestant like Mr. Gill should be grateful for a Churchward movement among Dissenters. It does not exist, but if it did, those who were lost to Dissent would, by the kind of process which is going on so extensively and so repeatedly, probably be lost to Protestantism as well. We are not at all so sure as Mr. Gill is that the Nonconformists who are drawn Churchward have in general any leanings towards the Low Church party. The points to which he refers as signs of a Churchward tendency are very incorrectly interpreted when this significance is attached to them. Dissenters feel that the necessity for the stern repudiation of everything which had any resemblance to the externals of the church, whether in buildings or in worship, if it ever existed, has now ceased. If they have left the back streets and alleys and come into more public positions, that is due not to any change of conviction, but solely to a change of circumstance. Our fathers built their chapels where they did, not because they loved the obscurity of back streets, but because they had no choice; and if the architecture of our places of worship is very different from that of the square barn-like structures which were the typical Dissenting chapels of the past generation, it is due partly to a change of social conditions, and partly to the influence of the æsthetic ideas of the time. If there is an extensive use of the liturgy in Dissenting chapels, unless it be those of the Wesleyan, we are ignorant of the fact, and are curious to know on what evidence that statement rests. We frankly admit that the Dissenters of today do not lay so much stress upon objections to a liturgy as did their fathers; and most of the more intelligent among them would say that the question of the use of forms of prayer is to be determined by considerations of expediency rather than on grounds of abstract principle. But a majority (and a very large one, we believe) would pronounce against them for practical reasons only; and as to the particular liturgy in question, that of the Book of Common Prayer, the opposition is as decided as ever. It is here, indeed, that the injurious influence of Ritualism is most felt; for its uncorrected vagaries, and the defences which have been set up on their behalf, and have so often been successful in courts of law, show how grave the errors for which its sanction may be pleaded.

We are quite aware that there are Dissenters who go over to the Anglican Church, but the cases are not frequent in which this transfer of allegiance is the result of intelligent conviction. More frequently it is the drift of fashion which bears away some whose principles have never been very decided from the humbler association of Dissent to the more select circles of the Establishment. But whether conversions be due to the one or the other of these causes, we doubt whether the Evangelical party will reap the advantage. Those who have become so strongly influenced by Church principles that they cannot longer remain in schism, are pretty sure not to be content with Low Church views; and those who are affected mainly by a love of fashion will, in the great majority of cases, prefer the full-blown grandeur and pomp of Ritualistic worship to the quietude and simplicity of an Evangelical Church, Between Protestant Dissenters and Ritualists there can be no vital affinity, but for that very reason it is quite possible that the gains which the Anglican Church wins from Dissent may be gains to the High rather than the Low Church.

TWO MIDDLE-CLASS ARTISTS.

SAMUEL PROUT AND WILLIAM HUNT.

In the spring of 1878 Mr. Ruskin gratified us with an exhibition of Turner's drawings. This winter he has arranged for us a loan collection of the works of Samuel Prout and William Hunt. These, few in number, not exceeding one hundred of each artist, are now to be seen at the Fine Art Society's galleries in New Bond Street. As then, so now too, he has written a series of notes on the collection; but, happily, with more of the vigour, freshness, and gracefulness of expression of the old "Oxford Undergraduate" than were

apparent in those on England's greatest landscape painter; a fact which leads us to joyfully infer that he has regained the physical health and strength which at that time were so obviously lacking.

Every one, no matter how humble a lover of the Fine Arts, knows something of Prout and Hunt in their professional capacity; but, whether we linger outside in New Bond Street, and let our imagination carry us away to the Cornish coast, to the cities of old Europe, and to the mossy, ivy-twined, and primrose-decked banks which these men loved well and undividedly, or enter the modest galleries, where urban or rustic loveliness are brought within our ken—even in the midst of foggy, winter London—whether away from their works or in full enjoyment of them, we shall do well to inquire more particularly what manner of men these were. Cursorily glancing at the men, we may, perhaps, more perfectly appreciate their artistic labours, and more accurately discern their place in the history of British Art.

of artists who rank as the later creators of the British School of Painting, occupying the places of the earlier masters, Reynolds, Hogarth, Gainsborough, and the rest. In the highest rank of painters these two have not a place. They were essentially middle class, of the middle class, and for the middle class. But they are figures, nevertheless, in the group which included Mulready, John Lewis, Millais, Turner, and Landseer. These are the names of men to whom, with some few others, is accorded the proud distinction of being the leaders of the Pre-Raphaelite School. Mulready and Millais, incomparable figure painters: Turner, the artist of landscape: John Lewis, a specialist in Oriental figure and wild animals: Landseer, the lover and loved of dogs: Hunt.

The mention of these two names brings before us a group

but artistic draughtsman of architecture.

Samuel Prout, though most of his life a resident in London, was by birth a man of Devon, "that fruitful seedplot of illustrious men," a countryman of Reynolds and Haydon, not to mention a crowd of extra-artistic worthies who have done much to make English history. He was born at Ply-

the colourist in fruit and flowers and the delineator of rustic life and humour; and, last, Samuel Prout, the ungeometrical

mouth in September 1783, and was educated at the Grammar School of that town-at least, educated to the extent permitted by delicacy of health consequent upon sunstroke, delicacy from which he suffered throughout his useful life. Mr. Ruskin thinks of him as having received his early impressions amidst the romantic scenes of the Cornish coast. We too can imagine the poetic effect upon an impressionable young mind of the serpentine rocks of the Lizard and Kynance Cove, of the blue and purple seas of the Land's End, and of the lofty cliffs of the Whitsands; but the bent of his genius received an earlier direction still. In the houses in his drawing of Evreux (9) there is a connecting link between the man of this age and the child of the close of the last century. We can easily imagine that child looking up in the midst of his play, or, perhaps, on his way to school, at the corbelled and carved-wood sixteenth century structures of old Plymouth, and his imagination being fired and his taste for an Old World architecture fostered by the musty and mythic legends which hung about "Briton-side," tales of Lord Castle of Bretayin and the stalwart Hugh Courtenay, Earl of Devon; while his disposition towards the sea and the traffic of the "silent highway," his liking for boats and piers, and his love of the repose of nature, were acquired by roamings on Spenser's "Western Hogh," a fair spot above Plymouth town, over which blow the heather breezes from the purple heights of Dartmoor, which same breezes fill the dingy sails of the trawlers shooting out from the Barbican under the headland to the eastward.

With loveliness around him, and noble traditions lending a halo to the familiar scenes of his native town, what wonder that such a soul, as it grew in years, learned to love the beauty and the grandeur of, for instance, the Rhone Valley (42), of the Rhine (29), the Drachenfels (28), and St. Michael's Mount (58); and in still greater degree the broken outline of architecture over which "decay's effacing fingers" had swept only to give a more poetic tinge to the story of humanity! And yet many a lad, with another soul than his, had been born under the shadows of St. Andrew's Church, and had come under similar influences, but with no such result as that achieved by Prout. But there was work to be

done, and the man was sent to do it; and so, through suffering, under sweet influences, and by the faculty which was in him alone in the same degree of all the men of his time, Samuel Prout became the artist of humanity as seen in its edifices—the one man who could, as Mr. Ruskin claims, adequately express the effect of human life upon architecture, and the gently destroying agency of time upon men's worthiest monuments.

Among Prout's earliest friends was John Britton, the antiquary, who met him in the Western counties, where Britton was engaged in the preparation of his topographical work. "The Beauties of England and Wales." With him the lad became acquainted with the Cornish scenery, which is said to have powerfully inclined his youthful mind to his special art career; but we cannot help associating that first sketching tour with much that was painful, for Prout's failure as an assistant draughtsman, though he was eighteen years of age. was signal and complete. With his ideal shattered, and his efforts at picture-making becoming daily more and more fruitless, he gave vent to his grief and disappointment in childish tears, and returned home, sick in body and in mind. Out of the sorrow and out of the failure, however, was to come greatness by-and-by, and through them he was to find his true vocation. Disappointed, but not crushed, he set to work on subjects close to his father's doorstep. Of the quaint and picturesque scenery of the Plymouth of that day he made careful sketches, and forwarded the result of his labours to Britton, who had then returned to town. And he had his reward. The antiquary appreciated the youth's perseverance, and admired his talent, and summoned him to Clerkenwell, where he generously provided him with a home during a period of two years. How Prout must have worked may be supposed by the one result, that within those two years he who had failed in Cornwall became an exhibitor at the Royal Academy. Again broken in health, he then returned to his western home; and not until eight years later did he once more find his way to London as a residence. Taking up his abode within sight of the classic spire of St. Matthew's Church Brixton, he, in 1815, the year of Waterloo, exhibited at the Society of Painters in Water-colours and in 1820 was elected

a member of that select body. From 1818, when he began to make his way in his profession, to the close of his life he made almost yearly tours on the Continent, alike for the good of his health and in the promotion of the work of which we see highly gratifying examples in this exhibition.

Forming to ourselves an idea of the man, as gathered from this brief outline of his career, we may turn to his work in this gallery, and trace a connection between ethical qualities in him and similar qualities in his work. But here, we think, it should be distinctly understood that these drawings are not for those who love not draughtsmanship pure and simple, who do not, as a lady expressed it in our hearing, care to "look at the pencil drawings." For those who cannot admire a man who was a master of perspective, though he knew nothing of it as a science; who was an expert in light and shade, though without knowledge of projection of shadows; and who could indicate detail almost microscopically, though it is said he was near-sighted, which it is hard to believe; for such there are only a few subjects here which can afford them the æsthetic enjoyment which in coming they naturally seek. They at once should turn to the splendour of the opposite wall, where Hunt's works are displayed-works which, in their brilliancy of colour and familiarity of subject, must be a source of delight to all alike, the cultured and the uncultured. But to those with a feeling for exquisite drawing there is enjoyment for many an hour in these few examples of the incomparable Prout. Here the lover of mediæval architecture will awaken many a happy reminiscence of Abbeville, Amiens, and Evreux, of Strasburg and its spire, of the old French towns of Rouen and Tours, and of the Flemish towns, Ghent, Antwerp, and the rest, and of Dresden and Prague, and of Venice. Each drawing should detain us, but, leaving most of these, we invite attention to just one or two as illustrative of much that was best in him. Take the unfinished Munich (79), which Mr. Ruskin thinks notable chiefly for the effort made to draw the attention away from the ugly arcade under the houses by the crowd of near figures. It is notable in a lesser degree as showing us, being as we have said unfinished, Prout's method of sketching, and as indicating his wondrous power in delineating at once the lines of the perspective.

There are several others which illustrate this skill, a mastership of line which he possessed in equal degree with Canaletti; but we choose this one because it also displays his talent for doing all that must be done in recording facts, but no more. A trifle shows what we mean. Having obtained his lines, which might be tested with a straight-edge and a vanishing point, he records all the facts of vertical and horizontal division of the facade, notes perfectly the details of window heads and moulding, but marks no unnecessary repetitions. In leaving a line of windows which are all of one pattern, however, he has not been slow to observe peculiarity of shadows, the peculiarity which he loved, and which invests his work with a charm which no scientific projection of shadows could impart, and consequently where in the finished drawing he would fill in the windows in a blank space, he has with his broad Cumberland lead merely outlined a blind casting an eccentric shadow. In this trifle may be found the key to Prout's success as an artist—an eye for the essential, and a love for absolute veracity.

Prout had a special love of boats and, rare excellence, could draw them accurately; and these now exhibited-the Study of Dutch Boats (75), for instance—though of foreign build, seem a recollection of the old familiar objects of the Barbican of his infancy. But there are three drawings respecting which we wish to say a word, because they seem to us especially to show the capacity, never fully tested, which Prout possessed, not only as a pencil draughtsman, but also as a painter. These three are Launceston Castle (96), Brieg (46), and Calais (1). The first, we think, is an example of the transition period in water-colour art. Water-colour was practised from a very early period as an aid, timidly applied to the finish of drawings wrought in Indian ink: but Turner and Girtin, Mr. Thornbury and Mr. Redgrave think, were the real founders of the art, and with them passed away the old manner, which might be classed as that of water-colour drawing, and the art began to take rank as water-colour painting. In 1805, the water-colours not then having a fair show at the Royal Academy, the painters in that vehicle met at the rooms of a miniature painter named Shelley, and established the Society of Painters in Water-colours: and their first exhibition was

held in April of that year, at the rooms of a picture-seller named Vandergucht, in Lower Brook Street.

Prout was one of the early associates of this Society; and this picture of Launceston Castle, as an example of the transition period from water-colour drawing to water-colour painting, shows to what a high place he might have attained as a landscape painter in water-colour as Turner was in oil. "Had this drawing been brought to me as an early Turner." says Mr. Ruskin, "I should have looked twice and thrice at it before saying no. If Prout had only had ever so little more pride, and some interest in British history, he would have been a painter indeed!" A man of the middle class, with little or no culture, Prout was as he was, and we must even thank God that the potential painter remained a splendid draughtsman. But what he might have been is still further indicated by the other two drawings we have named. Sincerity and simplicity characterized the man, and pervaded his work. He was a master because he was an inventor, and because he had a quick apprehension, not only for truthfulness, but also for the poetic aspect of things. The drawing of Brieg (46), with its snow-clad mountains, its wooded slopes over which steal the shadows of evening, the village houses, with highpitched roofs and spires, the bridge to the right, the peasants trudging their weary wav-you see that they are weary, small as they are—the wide stretch of fields with the footpath through, and the indication of shrubs to the left, these are the main features in a drawing which is illustrative of Prout's power of apprehending and depicting the mystery and the poetry of vastness and extent. The solemn influence of the Druids, as seen in their sacred cromlechs and circles, must have been often felt by Prout beneath the huge granite boulders of Dartmoor ere he could have revealed the secret of these heights of snow and stillness; and a stretch of moorland, with its wealth of colour and play of cloud shadows, must have appealed to his poetic instinct many a time to have enabled him so perfectly and with so little labour to tell the story of this valley of simple pastoral industry. As Mr. Ruskin says, Prout was essentially a draughtsman with the lead pencil, as Durer was essentially a draughtsman with the burin, and Bewick on the wood block; but we cannot but think that he was something more even than that, to wit—a draughtsman of landscape. Not a colourist perhaps, but one who by the poetry of his own soul saw and felt and revealed the poetry which lies in nature, and the sentiment which attaches to the scenery with which there is a human association. The Calais (1) will at once recall some of the characteristics of Turner's small works exhibited here in 1878. "The clouds put in as they stood, the brig as she lay, the figures where they measure the space of sand, and give the look of busy desolateness"—these are main features in this drawing; but not less remarkable is the detail of the gate of the tower, which shows Prout's quickness of observation, but above all,

and beyond all, his perfect truthfulness.

Turning to the other side of the New Bond Street gallery let us now give a thought to Hunt. From the simplicity of draughtsmanship we come at once to the brilliancy of purest colour. William Hunt was born in March, 1790, in Belton Street, not far from the birthplace fifteen years earlier of Turner, and not far from Covent Garden. We have seen what Prout's earlier impressions were. What they made him as a child he remained as a man. Hunt was a Londoner born and bred, and one whose playground must have been the purlieus of Covent Garden Market. Now, as you stand here before this collection of his works, judge if the association of infancy is not registered on every work of mature age. Look at the bloom on the purple plums (126), the exquisite colour of the yellow plums (128), and the natural colour and perfect light, shadow, and reflected light, in the grapes (129) and 130), and say if Covent Garden Market must not have indelibly impressed itself on the young mind of the future fruit and flower painter. As Prout, so Hunt was essentially one of the middle class by birth, and so remained all through his life, never, in his prosperous days, affecting a more aristocratic residence than that of the vicinity of Hampstead Road, where he had for neighbour George Cruikshank. His father was a tin-plate worker, and carried on his humble avocation in the house in Belton Street where Hunt was born. Like Prout, too. Hunt was always delicate; and partly on that account, and partly owing to his father's small means, his education was of the scantiest. While yet in his

teens, and while seeking a field of operation for his artistic disposition, he fortunately came under the notice of Dr. Monro, who kindly gave him little commissions, and introduced him to John Varley, to whom he was subsequently apprenticed. Varley was an excellent master, for the exigencies of a large family kept him perpetually in his studio, though they also developed in him a dangerous facility. He had great powers and, like most cockney artists, he was an adept at the depiction of the Thames under its thousand changing aspects; but so prolific was he and so insatiable were the dealers that, as Mr. Redgrave tells us, he painted no less than three hundred and fifty pictures within a period of eight years. But to him Hunt was indebted for much instruction in the technicalities of his art, and under his tuition made such progress that in 1814 he became an exhibitor at the Society of Painters in Water-colours, of which Society ten years later, when thirty-four years of agebut what is a painter before he is forty?—he became an associate and in 1827 a member. Hunt's biography thenceforward is the history of his artistic labours. He died in 1864, in Stanhope Street, where he had lived for many years, with intervals only of residence in the country.

Once again to compare him with Prout, an intimate relation can be traced between the refinement of mind so conspicuous in Hunt, and his consequent success in his work, and his sufferings through bodily infirmity. In this respect his career is not in the least exceptional. Excellence in art. like goodness in character, must needs come through much tribulation, and so enter into the true kingdom of purity and holiness, and truest nobleness is often born of the direct misfortune. Of none is this so true as of artists, and the reason is to be found in the stimulating effect of poverty and physical disability on the latent faculties of an æsthetic nature. And the fact that the greatest masters of this age have not been of the number of those who are rich, as the world counts riches, illustrates the almost self-evident truth that even into the paradise of art he must stoop very low indeed who would pass the wicket called "the needle's eye." Humble circumstances and physical weakness were the conditions under which was developed the genius of William Hunt.

The dominant faculty in Hunt was that of colour, a keen perception of delicacy of tint, combined with an appreciation of the subtlety of light and shade. He was "the only man we had who could paint the real leaf green under sunlight;" and was one of the few who attained to great ideality in the treatment of still life. As an instance of this are noteworthy the Dead Hare and Game (138), the Doves (141, 139, and 145), and the Dead Chicken (146), exquisitely pathetic, all of which are wonders of imitative art. In his treatment of flowers and fruit he was also strictly imitative. He placed his models in a good light, and then painted them as they were, with no attempt at arrangement in an epergne, but with a background of moss and ivy such as he might have found in a Devonshire lane, where patches of the red earth had been washed bare by the rain. There is nothing of Van Huysum's graceful symmetry of arrangement in the Hawthorn (155) and the Lilac (148) which we see here: simple, unconventionalized nature, nothing more.

We have spoken of Hunt's simplicity of character. "And William Hunt," says Mr. Ruskin, "when I asked him one day as he was painting, why he put on such and such colour, answered, 'I don't know: I am just aiming at it." If his effort was "just aiming," if his accomplished work failed of his ideal, how great, as Keats would have said, must have been his conception of ultimates! Earnest and simple in character, his work was devoted earnestly to humble things—rural life and still life, little children and summer fruit.

His fruit, undoubtedly, as has been well said, is unrivalled in truth and completeness of finish; but while his rustic groups are admirable as examples of imitative art, and are full of life and humour, the children of the soil, redolent of country nature, to use Mr. Redgrave's expression, we cannot help feeling that Hunt was no figure painter, and that he had little sympathy with the poetry of country conditions and occupation. His "yokels'" faces are wonderfully suggestive of Mr. Tom Hughes' ploughboys grinning through a horse-collar at the festivities incidental to the scouring of the "white horse," and as such they provoke an almost involuntary smile; but beyond this they have no charm—always excepting their excellence in imitativeness—as examples of

figure drawing or as specimens of pictorial art. Nothing could be said which would be too laudatory of the skill displayed in the Stable-boy (121), the Gipsies (161), albeit more comfortable looking than the acquaintances of Mr. Smith, of Coalville, the Young Artist (164), the Blessing (171), with an old man's face painted so admirably as to recall the lines and the complexion of Mr. Herkomer's charming old men, and of the Boy startled by a Wasp (163); but withal we feel that the great artist, the man himself, cheery old man as he looks (176 and 178), is not in these, but in the loveliness of pure colour which we observe in the Primrose (156), in the luxuriance to be discerned in Fruit and Casket (137), and in the wealth of pure colour which we see here displayed.

Passing from the gallery into the street we carry a vivid impression with us that as these drawings are, so were the men whom we have noticed in this article. Simplicity and strictest veracity, both in character and in work, not of those who

". . form themselves to seem, more than to be,"

nothing snobbish, nothing pretentious. In a pre-eminent degree did they in their lives bear out the advice of their distinguished critic, given in Modern Painters six-and-thirty years ago, to "go to Nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, with no other thought but how best to penetrate her meaning; rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing." With this result, that as specialists they stood without rivals. Hunt has bequeathed to us examples of the capabilities of watercolour in realizing the brilliancy and purity of colour in fruit and flowers. Prout was the one man who saw and depicted the feeling which results from "the influence of time among the noble lines of architecture." Time paints in many tints and varied tones, and chips into graceful and more rugged outline the preciseness which characterizes man's work in masonry; and the colour, the picturesqueness, and the poetry of examples of Gothic architecture on the continent of Europe, were all discerned by Prout, and are left by him to us a priceless legacy. SYDNEY ROBJOHNS.

HALF-HOURS WITH CHRISTIAN AUTHORS.

THIS PRESENT EVIL WORLD.

As Christians have the office imposed upon them of witnessing to the truth, so they are placed in a world which tries that office severely, and opposes great temptations to, and brings an overwhelming influence to bear against, the performance of that duty. The scene which is described in the book of Daniel is indeed a symbolical one. It presents to us in figure the vast assemblage of the powers and influences of this world as they array themselves in opposition and for the suppression of the truth. History is used for our instruction, and this striking scene has been handed down to us on this very account, because, though a remarkable scene of actual history. it is still more important as a type. It is, in a word, a type of this visible world. It is true that the great Babylon which arrayed itself in majesty on that occasion, and set up its golden idol to worship in the plain of Dura—that great empire, with its princes, governors, captains, judges, treasurers, councillors, and rulers of the provinces, and its mighty head, who thought himself little less than a god-has vanished and disappeared; gone ages ago to that vast abyss which absorbs one after another all the great things of earth-its empires and kingdoms; its peoples, nations, and languages; its courts and dynasties, and great institutions, which looked at the time as if they were to last for ever. That Babylon has fallen; but there is another Babylon which still goes on, and always will go on, till Christ comes again to judgment. There is the overwhelming and overawing spectacle of this world, with its pomps and glories. That great show is going on, and will go on till the last. It is as imposing, and as carnally majestic, great, and sublime as ever. Its look is lofty, and it speaks great things, and its vast array is ever before us. We cannot get away from it. Go where we will it follows us. It is a vision before our minds, if not a sight before our eyes; it is the scene of Babylonian power and greatness still going on, though in another form, and accommodated to every age in succession. And what a powerful influence does this world's

visible array exert upon our minds! What a force does it apply to any one who comes within its reach, tending to overawe him, and suppress him as a witness to Divine truth! It is the very same influence which tried the faith of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego on the plains of Dura. Doubtless they felt the commanding force of that spectacle. They knew what power it indicated, and how completely they were setting themselves in opposition to the whole of a great empire. They had doubtless the feelings and the natural weaknesses of men, and those instinctive tendencies, which are in all of us, to bow to power, and to ally ourselves with the great and high of this world. It was the influence of the visible world which they resisted when they resisted the power of the king of Babylon, and, in the face of the whole concentrated majesty of Babylon, witnessed to the truth.—Rev. J. B. Mozley.

GROWING WORSE.

It must be remembered that we all begin with certain faults; different persons with different faults. What we mean by a man's character getting worse is, that these faults in us strengthen and increase. But is it an unaccountable and strange process, that by which faults thus grow? By no means. It is the simplest process in the world; it is simply by repeating the faulty action or humour time after time. If we do the same thing again and again, which we shall do unless we are on our guard, if we simply do the same thing again and again, the faulty temper grows and becomes stronger by this very repetition. We have only to go on in the same way, and at the end of the time we have a worse fault; for that is the nature of habit, that it grows by the mere repetition of the same conduct, and becomes a stronger habit. But if the sinful habit is stronger, then the man is a worse man. There are, indeed, lighter failings which may grow upon a man, who may yet be improving substantially and in the main, but serious faults, which stain the soul and affect the whole character, cannot grow without the man becoming a worse man.

This is the way, then, in which persons become worse. There is nothing inexplicable in it; nothing even which it is at all difficult to understand. It is the most simple operation—only doing the same thing, going on in the same temper, with-

out any interruption to break up the course of evil. Any interruption, any awakening of conscience, whether from within or from without, gives us the opportunity of retracing our steps, undoing our sad work, and unloosing the bonds of our souls: but without any interruption, then, by simply going on in the same temper, we get worse; our character hardens in that evil direction, whatever it may be, in which it is bent.

To give an instance, let us take a man in an early stage of life, when he is just entering upon his course, when there is this or that bad tendency in him, but soft and yielding, not yet hardened by habit. He is an unformed man as yet, and nature in him has as yet much of its freshness and spring, much of its freedom, much of its largeness; he is not swallowed up in one aim and passion; he seems open to all sorts of good and holy influences from all quarters. But still we observe in him, let us say, a certain want of generosity in money matters. He is close, as we call it; disposed to be overnice in his own favour in calculating the claims of others upon him, reducing them to as low a point as is consistent with bare justice, and always of two alternatives taking the less liberal one. We might observe, I say, this temper in him, if we were thrown in his way, and had much to do with him otherwise it would not attract notice; and when noticed it only appears a moderate defect in the midst perhaps of many good qualities. But now take that man twenty years hence, and what has this defect in him become? Avarice. Scripture expressly puts avarice among those sins which shut a man out of heaven: "Neither thieves," says the apostle, "nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God." Do not all sins exclude from the kingdom of God? Yes, if they are not given up and repented of; but some sins differ from others in being more difficult to give up. A man in their grasp is like a man bound in fetters: his sin is the master of him, and does not let him go for an instant. Such a sin is avarice. It possesses a man with the idea of the absolute necessity there is that his property should increase, that one sum should produce another, and another another, and so on for ever. Any stop is misery to him; it must always be going on, this increase and addition. The desire of always having more than he has is

essentially insatiable, because the want is always ahead of the acquisition, whatever it is. It is this power which money has over the man that makes us say that money is his god. It is his god because it has complete control over him; he is absorbed in this (as it appears to him) necessity of his being, that what he has should always be increasing. He is in the gripe of a horrible delusion, out of which he cannot extricate himself; he cannot look at life except in this light. It is like some nightmare, some deception we labour under in a dream, when we think with our imperfect reason that we must do something or other, and that there is an argument for doing it which we cannot resist; the whole fancy being the mere mistake of a dream. We have a phrase that a man is under the fatal necessity of doing something. This is what avarice makes a man feel. It inspires him with the notion of this necessity that he must be making money; it has the power of what we call fate over him.—Rev. J. B. Mozley.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

The key, then, to all Christ's treatment of man's social life lies here - in the constant desire to foster the consciousness of Divine sonship by intercourse with those who are fellowsons of the same Father. And here we see what is meant by the constant alternation, the effort after balance, as it were, between society and solitude, first in the life of Jesus Himself. and then in the life which He enjoined on His disciples. Think over some of the purely solitary moments which Jesus passed. No sooner was His work fairly begun, no sooner was He completely consecrated to it, than the Spirit, His Spirit, took Him away from the company of His home, and the solitude of the Temptation followed. The need of realizing Himself had come. He must struggle into the knowledge of what it meant to be in the world. He must meet the devil of doubt and of despair. It is a most mysterious event, but its mystery is of that sort which becomes more and more mysterious to us, not because it is so unlike, but because it is so like, what goes on in our own careers. That is always the most wonderful sort of mystery. Jesus, there in the desert, shakes His life free, as it were, from the shell of childhood, and thereby, for the first

time, takes possession of the perfectly childlike soul. He is a man, and the secret which manhood whispers into His ear in that moment of initiation-a secret not new and vet for ever new, because it is infinite—is simply that God is His Father. Care, obedience, trust, the holding back of the life until the Father bids it go, the sending forth of the life wherever the Father demands it—these, which are the elements of conscious childhood, Jesus took up there in the desert. That totality of life, that unity of it in a single conception and a single use, which often afterwards came so grandly from His lips—it must have been there in the desert that He came to know it first. All that was done in solitude. And then, when the idea is there, when the core and centre of life has been set, He comes down, and instantly He draws near to men and draws men to Him. About that core, both for its own satisfaction and safety and for the blessing of the lives He summons. He must group the souls into a society. He sees Simon Peter and Andrew, and they are no sooner with Him than James and John are beckoned with a bright gesture or challenged with a ringing word from their half-mended nets; and then, with them around Him, He plunges into populous Galilee, and all its villages begin to know His face and watch for His coming, and make their contribution to His company. Solitude makes the consciousness: society develops, multiplies, and confirms it. That which would have remained only a quality in Him, if He had stayed in the desert, becomes a life when He goes forth into the world. What Goethe wisely says of all men does not lose its truth when we are thinking of the Son of man: "A talent shapes itself in stillness, but a character in the tumult of the world." This is Christ's balance between solitude and society. Each makes the other necessary. With us they often lose this value, because they are not set in any relation to each other. Solitude is barren, and so society is frivolous. Solitude creates no consciousness for society to ripen. Solitude is like an unfertile seed, and society is like an unplanted ground. Each craves the other, not because it wants its complement, but because it is tired of itself and longs to change.—Rev. Phillips Brooks.

THE FATHER REVEALED IN CHRIST.

The idea of Jesus is the Fatherhood of God to man, to be made known by Jesus to mankind through the clear manifestation of His own Sonship to God. Ideas make for themselves laws by their own inherent and Divine creativeness. The law which Christ's Sonship to God makes is obedience to God. The way in which Christ's obedience to God enters into Him and becomes more than a rule of action, becomes the very element in which He lives, is by its being perpetually fastened to, perpetually fed out of, His idea that He was the Son of God. In that idea, that fundamental conception of His mind, that fundamental affection of His soul, you find at last what you have been seeking-His real life. You can go back no farther. You have laid your hand upon the Man of the Gospels, where His being becomes one with the uncaused Existence of eternity. At last you have found the true life of Jesus.

I think that it is like that marvel and mystery of nature, so familiar and yet so strange, so perpetually repeated in our sight and yet so far away from the apprehension of anything in us save our imagination—the wonder that fills the woods and will burst forth between the very bricks of city streetsthe ever old, ever new mystery of the growing and flowering of a plant. The flower opens on the stalk; but the flower is not the life, for you may pluck it off leaf by leaf, and the plant still lives. The stalk builds its strong fibre; but its fibres are not life, for they may all be perfect and the plant be dead. The hungry roots reach out into the fertile ground: but the roots are not life, only wonderful channels to bear the life that has been given them. Not until you see the earth give itself to the plant, and, turning into sap, send itself through the waiting veins until it flushes into colour far up in the air-not until then have you gone back where you can go back no farther, and really found the life. So here is the perfect flower of the life of Jesus. It is the blood-red flower of the cross. Is that pain life? Surely not. The thief beside beside Him bears pain too, and we can call it only death. Is life, then, the experience that brings the pain? The injustice of the rulers, the mocking of the people, the brutality of the soldiers—is that His life? No, surely not. The deadest soul might have encountered all these experiences. Is it, then, that deep compulsion that lay underneath it all? Is it that necessity which has been on Him all His days that He should do His Father's will, that compulsion which has brought Him to the cross? Not yet have we attained the life, for mere obedience may be mere death. But behind all there lies the idea of Jesus, that God is His Father, and that He may make these men know that He is their Father too. When that is touched, behold the miracle! See how the dry roots of obedience fill themselves with love; see how the hard stalk of experience grows soft and pliable with purpose; and then see how the flower of pain utters a life profoundly deeper than itself, and tells the world that story which it is the struggle of all pain and pleasure in the career of Christ to tell, which all healthy pain or pleasure in the career of man is tempting him to learn-of man's unbroken sonship to his Father, of the belonging of his soul to the soul of God.

Rev. Phillips Brooks.

A CHRISTIAN WOMAN'S WORK AMONG WORKING MEN.*

Nothing could be more superfluous than any attempt to prove that women have a very important and influential position to fill in the Christian Church. The holy service of those who ministered to the Lord of their substance, who accompanied Him in His toilsome wanderings, who displayed a special loyalty in the hour when the apostles themselves forsook Him and fled, and who were the first to rejoice in the fulfilment of the promise they had found it so hard to comprehend, that He would rise from the dead, was but the beginning of that tender and beautiful ministry of love which women have been carrying on from age to age. In one unbroken chain has this true spiritual succession been preserved; and women, like Phœbe, the deaconess of the Church at Cenchrea, have been "helpers of many;" or, like "the beloved Persis, have laboured much in

^{*} Work among Working Men. By Ellice Hopkins. (London: Strahan & Co.)

the Lord; "or, like the lady to whom John addressed his second letter, have won the love "of all who have known the truth;" or, like Monica, have trained for the Church those who have done the noblest and most enduring service; or, like Priscilla (evidently the leading spirit in the home), have placed all the Churches under a debt of gratitude. Women have never been wanting as conspicuous examples of the beauty of holiness and mighty forces, telling for God and for His truth, not less real because they were like the dropping of the gentle dew from heaven, as quiet but as penetrating, often unnoticed but always enduring.

So much has this power of women been felt, that a common taunt of infidelity is that religion is designed only for women and children—a taunt which has in it more of commendation than those who employ it seem to apprehend. A power which moulded pure, high-minded, and noble women to do good service for God and humanity would certainly be no contemptible factor in the regeneration of society. But the underlying suggestion is, that the religion which women cultivate and love is a superstition; that the more it contains of the mystical element the more attractive is it to them; that they welcome instead of resisting the tyranny of the priest; and that they are obstinate defenders of all that has authority on its side, and hate that spirit of free rational inquiry which is essential to the discovery of truth and to the highest forms of religious character. It might seem as though this view, certainly not without a good deal to justify it, has provoked a violent reaction in the minds of many women, who, in their desire to disprove such allegation, and to show that they, at least, are neither the children of superstition nor the victims of priests, have rushed into the wildest extremes of Rationalism, while some have committed themselves to the dreary negation of a defiant Agnosticism, hardly to be distinguished from actual The phenomenon is one that deserves thoughtful consideration. Unless it may have been amid the fiercest passions engendered by the French Revolution, and even then amid women whose only conception of religion was derived from the superstition and tyranny of the Romish Church, it may be doubted whether there were ever so many women who publicly avowed their sympathy with unbelief, or, if it be

desirable to use a milder term, with free thought. Some of them are women of great ability, of undaunted courage, of true and beautiful lives, but they seem at times possessed with a passionate hatred of the religion of Christ.

But surely it is not necessary for women to be either slaves of the priesthood or fierce unbelievers. Is there not a type of piety, which lies within the attainment of women, in which there shall be the blending of strength with beauty; where veneration shall still retain its fitting influence on the character, but never degenerate into servile submission; where there shall be a healthy freedom without a straining after an exaggerated independence, which is not lovely in men, and is far worse in women; where the mind shall be cultivated to the highest point without that neglect of the affections which would rob woman of the mightiest power which she possesses?

An answer to this is furnished, to some extent at least, by some books of female biography, or descriptive of work done by women, which have recently appeared. We will take here the record of an extremely useful "Work among Working Men," by Miss Ellice Hopkins. Let it be said at the outset, it is with the work done that we have to deal, either here or in other examples which will follow. What may be the theological peculiarities, it is not necessary to inquire. It is sufficient for our purpose that their object was to work for Christ, and set forth the infinite love of the Father in Him. What we desire to present is the illustration furnished by them of a practical religion, whose inspiration was love to God and man, at the root of which was a real and living faith, and in whose development there was a true freedom, which was, nevertheless, found to be compatible with the deepest veneration and the humblest faith.

Miss Hopkins undertook to labour in the neighbourhood of one of our Universities, among a class whom she describes as—

With a slight admixture of fossil-diggers, answering, in some respects, to navvies, just the common artizans of any non-manufacturing town—bricklayers, carpenters, shoemakers, gas-men, well-sinkers, farm labourers, &c. Wild as they were in their habits, I always say, that for head and heart you could scarcely match them. Their ignorance, in its depth and solidity to the last, was a surprise to me; the learned pig would certainly have beaten them in a competitive examination; but, at the same time,

they were possessed of a plenitude of mother-wit, which made them a delightful, but difficult, audience to address.

En passant, let it be said that a more severe satire upon our Church system could not easily have been penned. These ignorant, irreligious people, for whose souls no one cared, were within the shadow of a wealthy University, with hosts of clergymen who certainly might have been expected, even amid their scholastic labours, to bestow some thought upon these poor souls perishing at their doors. Nor are Dissenting communities to be excused. All have been too ready to accept the idea that in districts like these is a problem which none of our Churches are able to solve. The result is, no one attempts it until some earnest worker makes a venture, and achieves an unexpected success. Here it was a lady worker, who tells us that one of the rewards she had for her daring was, that "the leading Evangelical clergyman began by cutting her in the streets." Happily for himself, he lived to see the error of his prejudice, and "ended by presenting me with four volumes of his sermons, in token of his esteem and sympathy with my work." It is a little malicious of Miss Hopkins to add, "Being of a placable disposition, I built the bulky tower into an altar of friendship in one corner of my room, and I need scarcely say my sense of reverence forbade my ever disturbing the sacred stones."

It was assuredly a venturesome enterprize to penetrate into a district which was given up to British paganism, and Miss Hopkins had no special qualifications beyond a pious heart, an earnest purpose, and a thoroughly intelligent brain. brain-power, at least to the extent in which Miss Hopkins possessed it, was, no doubt, a very special qualification in itself, but of any intimate knowledge of the people she was altogether devoid. She plunged into a terra incognita "with no knowledge of working men as a class or as individuals, and finding myself in a few weeks with some thousands on my hands." The method she employed was a very simple one. She commenced with a cottage meeting, at which sixteen men attended, gathered in by some district visitors "who had attended my Bible classes, and who had set to work with the enthusiasm with which women only can work." The numbers grew, a migration took place from a cottage to a schoolroom, which in its turn proved too small and had to be extended by throwing open folding-doors which divided it from a still larger room, workers and visitors were carefully organized, those who had been brought to Christ themselves became instruments in winning others, and a great work of moral and social reform, as well as of religious teaching and quickening, was the result of the devoted service of this Christian woman.

That Miss Hopkins is a lady of unusual power is abundantly evident from the story and the way in which she tells it. She shows everywhere a clear conception of what needed to be done, and a resolute purpose to sweep away every hindrance to its being done, which is undoubtedly one great secret of success. She was fettered by no traditions, and utterly regardless of conventional ideas and phrases, scorning altogether the dialect in which a great many good people are too fond of indulging, which is handed down from one generation to another, perhaps without a clear conception of the exact meaning of its terms, and which must often be a strange puzzle and bewilderment to working men who have not been initiated in it in early life. She scorned "intellectual gospel," and spoke right home to the heart in plain, unconventional words.

Cannot we (she asks) speak to the people in the English in which Tennyson and Wordsworth write? Does it show any real culture to say, "Ere you resign yourself to repose," instead of saying "before you go to bed?"... Not so very long ago I heard an address in a mission service of the very poorest from a speaker appointed by a clergyman, which began thus: "The note, my fellow-townsmen, I mean to strike to-night is one of expostulation," and the speaker went on to allude to the transit of Venus, which the people probably set down as some new kind of cheese, or the last superfine tea (the worthy speaker was a grocer by worldly calling), and ended with a good thick layer of doctrine which might have been living at some remote geological period, probably before man had made his appearance on the earth, which, so far from having any vital connection with heart, life, or conscience, might have been dug out of the old red sandstone.

With fossilized teaching Miss Hopkins had as little patience as with the intellectual substitutes which Matthew Arnold or Herbert Spencer would put in the place of the old gospel. The simple story of redeeming love was told in the words of the hearth and home, it went home to the hearts of the rude, rough men to whom it was addressed. The real blessedness of such a work those only can understand fully who have given themselves to it, and have thus in some humble degree entered into the joy of their Lord. Who can picture the happiness of the earnest worker's heart as she listened to the following prayer coming from one of her first converts in all its unaffected simplicity, and "with that simple, hearty surrender to God common among working men, but rare, at least in its outward manifestations, in more sophisticated ranks of society"—"O Lord, you know how I have been knocked about in the world, and grow'd up in publics, and never had any one to care for my soul, till our blessed handmaiden came to teach us about our Saviour and our Father in heaven."

It may be very properly said that a work like that carried on by Miss Hopkins is not possible to every one. Nor, indeed, is it either desirable or necessary. Her gifts are exceptional, and without those gifts her shrewd common sense, her freedom and facility of expression, her ready wit, as shown in the skill with which she met difficulties as they arose, and her tact in organization, she certainly could not have accomplished what she did. We fancy we see the twinkle in her eve that reveals a bright and sunny nature in some of the stories she narrates; as, for example, when she tells of the poor man who began the " oration he had learned by heart, under the idea that it was a prayer," with a flourish of Jewish trumpets. "O thou that dwellest between the cherubims," and then, brought to a dead standstill, added, "Oh, miss, I'm stuck fast, I can't get on." But whatever genius she possessed, she gave the best proof of her real wisdom by the care with which she prepared for the service she had undertaken. Her example is to be commended to all who think that it is the simplest matter in the world to go into a pulpit or on to a platform and preach truth simply. They confound simplicity with feebleness, and fancy that if they bring their language down to the level of the dreary platitudes which form the staple of their discourse, they have accomplished everything. Miss Hopkins was far too wise to harbour a notion like this.

Gifts, like genius, I often think, only means an infinite capacity for taking pains. How to put things forcibly and clearly to uneducated men. I set to work to learn from those who had proved themselves masters in the art; I carefully studied Spurgeon's sermons, and any other preacher

to the people I could think of; and I read many of the old Puritan writers, such as old Gurnall's "Christian's Complete Armour," Brooks, and writers even so late as Berridge, all of them remarkable for Shakespearian force and quaintness of expression; and I diligently wrote out any thought that might be useful to me, transforming and adapting it for my own purpose. I ransacked magazines, sermons, books of all kinds, for good strong illustrations which, we must always remember are, to the mind of the uneducated, what diagrams and pictures are to the eye.

Bravo! we say, as we read the simple account of such work as this. Miss Hopkins's self-culture was more likely to make a good preacher than the homiletical teachings given in one half of our colleges, and the woman who thus qualified herself for her work deserved the success she was sure to achieve.

There is no more interesting and suggestive passage in the whole narrative than that in which Miss Hopkins describes the effect of her work upon her personal faith, and bears her testimony to the adaptation of the gospel, and the gospel exclusively, to meet the wants of the class with which she had to deal. She is certainly not disposed to theological severity, and throughout her book there is not a sign of narrowness. But the central truth of the gospel—the love of God in Christ—has been made more clear and more precious to her by her experience in this work. The following account is most suggestive:—

It was quite useless to preach ready-made doctrines to them. Justification by faith, imputed righteousness, vicarious satisfaction, diction, sacramental grace, regeneration-all these things were simple Greek to them. Perhaps it was fortunate that it was so, for at that time I was passing through the intellectual difficulties which most thoughtful young minds of the present day must encounter, and my hold on received opinions, except so far as I could work them out for myself, was loosened. It was evident that they and I must begin from the beginning. I have often thought that if some of our great thinkers could have my problem to solve it would be a very good thing for them. If they could wake up one morning and find themselves with some thousand rough but shrewd fellows on their hands to be saved somehow-saved in that grossly intelligible sense of the word salvation, which even Mr. Voysey would accept-saved from sin and degradation. There they were, I could not get rid of them, waiting with their listening faces towards me: some intelligible theory of the universe I must give them, to get them to square their lives in obedience to its laws. Would it be any use to tell them of a "stream of tendency, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness?" Alas! the stream of tendency with which they were most familiar, made from the public-house and wife-beating? . . . I felt forlornly enough that my intellectual gospels had but one fault when brought into contact with the mass of humanity-they would not work. The intellectual few might be saved, but as for this people that knoweth not on this showing, we must say with the Pharisee of old, "they are cursed." Only in the Christianity of the Bible could I find what I wanted; could I not work out some simple form of it for them and me?

How this was done, we must leave our readers to learn for themselves. What impresses us most strongly here is the manner in which practical work swept away sceptical hesitation, cleared the brain of cobwebs, and solved problems which perplex the mere thinker in the study, and demonstrated the utter hollowness of "intellectual gospels." If men can once be brought to understand that one essential condition of a religious system is that it must work, and work in the way here indicated, the regeneration of humanity, a great point has been already gained. The first point with Miss Hopkins was to get at the conscience, and many people who fancy that their first business is to clear away every difficulty that may be a hindrance to faith, and answer every objection to the Bible and its teachings that can be stated, may, after reading the story of her experience, begin to suspect that there is a more excellent way. We have to lay the foundation of a faith, and this may be better done by positive teachings, which lays hold of the conscience and makes it recognize the authority of moral law than in any other way. "When they used to say to me," says Miss Hopkins, 'I don't believe in hell: God is much too merciful to damn a poor fellow like me,' I answered cheerfully, 'Of course, He is much too good and merciful. It is not God that "damns you" as you say; it is you that condemn yourselves to a life of sin and misery away from him." This is surely better than entangling plain men in a discussion about hell, suggesting that common notions about it, even those which are held by many Christians, are erroneous, or hinting that the suffering may end in annihilation, or possibly even in ultimate recovery and final blessedness. The first object to be sought is the quickening of the dormant conscience, not the excitement of the intellect about curious questions that tend not to edifying. There is a rich fund of suggestion in the narrative, and much encouragement to Christian work in the results which it records. But we pause here for the present, intending next month to take a survey of another kind of work by Christian women.

THE DECISIVE HOUR.*

"From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom should we go? thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God."—John vi. 66-69.

The scene briefly described in our text evidently marks, in the eyes of St. John, a decisive hour in the history of the apostles. That which the first battle is to an army whose general desires to prove its courage, was this test to these poor Galileans, who held in their weak hands the religious destinies of souls and the future of humanity.

Let us first pass in rapid review the circumstances which led to the crisis.

Jesus Christ was followed by an enthusiastic crowd, drawn to Him chiefly by interested motives. It sought from Him bread for the body, and was quite prepared to crown Him King, under the impression that He would bring deliverance from the hated Roman yoke. Jesus meets these excited expectations of earthly good with a teaching which to many of His hearers appears equally daring and absurd. He tells them that He is Himself the Bread of Life, that He is about to give His flesh and blood for the food of the world; and when the astonished crowd murmurs at Him, He repeats the same assertion with even greater emphasis. He corrects, indeed, the grossly material interpretation which some of the crowd had put upon His words. He shows that "it is the Spirit which quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing," and that the words He speaks to them are "spirit and life" (ver. 63). Nevertheless, His teaching has given great offence, and has turned away in disgust most of those who heard Him. They had no conception that these words were the prophecy of a fact to be realized in the happy experience of countless generations; they could not comprehend that humanity would one day derive its spiritual life and power from the contemplation of and communion with Him whose body should be broken and His blood shed for it. They turned

^{**} Translated from the French of M. Bersier by Annie Harwood. M. Bersier's sixth volume, from which we propose to give translations, done expressly for The Congregationalist, is singularly able.—Editor.

away, some indignant, others doubtful or discouraged; and the apostles, who, as they gazed upon the enthusiasm of the crowd, had perhaps been ready to think that the kingdom of their Master was at hand, saw with dismay the solitude widening around Him. It was a terrible ordeal; for what proof had they—themselves so weak and ignorant—that they were not mistaken in remaining attached to a Master whom the rulers of the nation rejected as a fanatic, and whom the people also were now forsaking? Then, as in the tumult of a battle which has gone against him, the general turns to the handful of faithful soldiers and asks if they will vet rally round the standard, Jesus Christ calls around Him the twelve, and says, "Will ye also go away?" And Peter, the apostle of large heart and mighty faith-Peter, the man of grand impulses and glorious initiations-Peter, the corypheus of the apostolic college-replies in words which are taken up to-day under every sky by the lips of ten thousand worshippers: "Lord, to whom should we go? thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God."

There were in this hour two causes of perplexity and sharp trial to the apostles' faith: the first was the desertion of Christ by the multitude; the second was the cause of that desertion, namely, the strange, mystical words, of which the apostles were as little able as the crowd to discern the spiritual and true meaning. Now these two causes of perplexity are perpetually recurring. We ourselves are sure to have met with them, and to have been troubled by them. It will not seem strange, then, that I should speak of them to-day:

I.

Let us look first at the desertion of Jesus by the crowd. A very slight study of mankind will suffice to show that the influence of numbers and the weight of external authority supported by tradition, determine the convictions of the majority of people. This is no less manifest in the camp of free philosophic thought than in that of religion.

Any one who seeks to pass for an enlightened and independent thinker in our day, is sceptical for the very same reasons which a few centuries ago would have made him a believer; he wishes to be a man of his age—that is to say, he yields after all to the pressure of the crowd, and is carried along by the current of prevailing opinion. Nothing is more difficult, nothing more rare, than solitary and persistent adherence to a discredited truth; it seems so akin to folly that the two are almost always confounded.

Think of all the measures of progress, all the truths, all the discoveries by which we live to-day, and which form an integral part of the common heritage of humanity; and is not the history of their originators one long martyrology? In the eyes of the many, truth, like victory, is generally on the side of the largest battalions. The common run of people judge of a cause by its success far more than by its intrinsic value. Nor is this presumption in favour of success absolutely and altogether false. It rests upon the idea that truth is destined to become universal; and hence where men see universal or general consent, they assume the presence of truth. In matters of religion, it appears at first sight, natural enough that we should be influenced by this element of numbers. True religion, if it exists, must evidently be the common property of all; it must be destined to universality. It is impossible to conceive its ever being restricted within a narrow circle, or remaining sectarian, sterile, and stationary. If, then, there is a religion which aspires so high as to govern the world, which is perpetually enlarging its boundaries, which lavs distinct claim to a universal reign, and which succeeds in bursting through its original limitations, and laying hold of countries and races of alien birth, mankind may logically argue that it is the true religion.

Need I draw your attention to the fact that this character of universality is one of the prominent features of the Christian revelation, and is inseparable from it? The religion in which we believe has never consented to be confined within the limits of any nation or sect; it claims universal sway. It bore this character even in patriarchal times, when Abraham, the father of the faithful, looked up to the starry sky, and saw in those stars, thick studding the wide heaven, the image of all the nations which were to be his spiritual seed. Such was it also when in prophetic vision the seer described the gathering of all nations to the holy mountain of the Lord.

In the same strain, David calls upon all people to sing praises to God. And this fact is all the more remarkable—nay, miraculous (if by a miracle we understand a fact without antecedent, and without appreciable cause)—when we remember that it occurs in the history of a people famed for their national pride, exclusiveness, and intolerance; a race whose dominant trait the Romans declared to be hatred of their kind.

And when Christ came, it was not for Judga that He lived. spoke, suffered and died; it was for mankind. Not for a moment did He mean less than this. If His arms were extended upon the cross, it was to embrace the world: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." The gospel is universal in its character. It is so as to time, for it claims the countless ages of eternity. It is so as to space, for it is to be preached throughout the whole world. It is so as to race, for not one is rejected; and if it calls one nation its own, it never does so to the exclusion of any other. It is so as to rank and culture, for the poorest and most ignorant are its chosen disciples. It is so even in its moral aspect, for there is no creature, however low he may be fallen, whom it scorns or rejects; and if it meets with a despised publican, a sinner possessed with seven devils, it calls even these into fellowship with God, and makes them the trophies of its victory, the iewels in the crown of the Redeemer.

And yet this same religion which makes claims so universal has never pretended to be popular; it has never appealed or pandered to the elements of popularity; it has never flattered either the gross passions or the proud pretensions of humanity. It has been fully conscious, on the contrary, that it would arouse against itself fierce antipathies and formidable resistance, and that only through an unbroken succession of defeats and sufferings would it achieve its triumph. Let us look at this religion in Judaism, which was its preparatory form. The prophets who proclaimed the coming kingdom were martyrs indeed. "They had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonments. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword, they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented (of whom the world was not worthy). They wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth" (Heb. xi. 36-38).

Look at it in its Head, our Lord Jesus Christ. He clearly saw that He would be alone in the awful anguish of the last hour, and that before the cross was set up, all His disciples would have forsaken Him and fled.

He told His followers that the same destiny would be theirs, that the disciples would be treated as their Master, and that if, in a sense, they were to do greater things than He (John xiv. 12), these great works must be wrought at the same cost of suffering. "Behold," He said, "I send you forth as sheep among wolves" (Luke x. 3). "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake" (Matt. x. 22). "Woe to you when all men speak well of you" (Luke vi. 26). Strange encouragement to give to His disciples, and passing strange that, setting forth to win the heart of mankind, Christ should begin by arousing all its hatred, bitterness, and scorn!

Wonder not, my friends, if in our own day we look upon a similar spectacle. On the one hand, you see religious questions agitating the minds of men with an intensity that cannot be allayed. Look at Old England or Young America, travel to the far East, or study the problems which present themselves close at homé, and over which France is engaged in hot and eager controversy. Everywhere you will find underlying all other differences this question of faith. There is none which excites more impassioned feeling; and by this sign alone we may recognize the unquenchable vitality of Christianity, for the dead do not gather around them such eager partizans.

On the other hand, you will see, as in the scene described in our text, large defections from the cause of Christ—defections among thinkers and scholars, defections among the illiterate masses, defections even among those who once were with us. and led us on to the fight.

When at the close of the First Empire, soldiers of France were fighting against the European coalition, it often happened that in the midst of the battle a cry was raised which troubled all hearts: some corps had deserted the banner of Napoleon and gone over to the enemy. It was thus at Leipsic, when the Saxons abandoned the French eagles, and

the whole army was turned into a flying rout, for they felt that treason was abroad.

And we too, in the hot conflict in which the Christian army is engaged, have often seen the firmest spirits faltering in a momentary discouragement, when they have been brought face to face in the foremost ranks of the enemy, with those who but lately were the defenders of the faith and gathered around our colours. But yesterday our allies; to-day our bitter foes, directing the keen and envenomed arrows of their satire against a cause, all the weak points of which they know but too well. The crisis is a terrible one, and more than one heart has failed before the ordeal. But it is just in face of such an apostasy that we hear our Leader's voice saying to us, as erst to the twelve, "Will ye also go away?" And at these words of the Master, shame seizes us that we should for a moment have faltered under the force of evil example: we feel that never should His cause be more dear to us than when it is deserted by the multitude; that in such a case numbers and the consent of the masses are nothing, and should count for nothing with us; and it is with a deepened faith that we say to Christ: "Lord, to whom should we go?"

(To be continued.)

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

The question as to the time of a dissolution remains as open and uncertain as ever. So manifest is the unwillingness of the Ministry to face the constituencies in whose continued support of their policy they profess such full assurance as to make it scarcely surprising that the London correspondent of one of our leading provincial journals should have seriously discussed the report of their intention to suspend the action of the Septennial Bill, in order to secure an additional two years of life for the present Parliament. The argument of Earl Percy in a recent speech at Morpeth would justify even a longer extension of its term, for his lordship professed himself unable to see why "the country should be put to the expense of a general election when there were no signs that the Government had lost the confidence of the country." On this principle it is only necessary for the Government to

assume that the voice of the nation is with it to justify it in refusing to appeal to the electorate. Not only is this not the true principle of representative government, but it strikes at the very root of our constitutional system. It is a signal illustration of the result of the Beaconsfield regime in lowering the conception of popular right. A measure like that to which we have referred above would be the natural corollary of such an argument were there any chance that it could be hurried through Parliament. But the failure of any attempt is so certain that not the slightest weight is to be attached to the bit of gossip in question. It reveals the state of feeling relative to the Ministry, which is rapidly growing, but nothing beyond. But without regarding Earl Percy as expressing anything more than the resolution of the Government to persist in the comfortable belief that they have the confidence of the country, and to spare their supporters the cost of a general election until it becomes inevitable, his bold statement suggests an inquiry as to the ground on which this somewhat remarkable faith is based. There is only one method with which we are acquainted in which the judgment of the nation can be pronounced with any authority. That method the Government refuses to adopt until it is absolutely compelled, and that for the extraordinary reason that it is so certain of the verdict as to make an appeal to the jury unnecessary. Had the Parliament been still in its early days, the answer would have been reasonable enough. But it has so nearly run out its full course, and the inevitable dissolution is so close at hand, that every one knows that the coming session is predestined to be wasted. In the six years which have elapsed since the last general election the constitution of the electorate has been greatly changed, and a new complexion has been given to the relations of political parties to each other. The constituencies, when appealed to, will have to give judgment on a set of questions which have not been submitted to them before; and it seems to outsiders that, if the Ministry are so certain that the decision will be in their favour, their first object should be to have that decision recorded at the earliest possible date. In the present awkward position of public affairs almost everywhere; with the claims of Greece unsettled; with the difficulties existing in Egypt,

which may at any moment become still more embarrassing; with the grave state of affairs which has to be faced in Turkey; and, above all, with the alarming position in which we have placed ourselves in Afghanistan, with the certainty of its exerting a reflex influence on our relations to Russia, it might seem as though a Minister would be desirous to have his hands strengthened by the expression of a strong national feeling in support of his policy. Lord Salisbury would hold his head higher in the councils of Europe, and would speak with tenfold authority, if he spoke as the representative of a Ministry to which the people, by a decisive majority, had given another lease of power.

But the Ministry are willing to forego this advantage, rather than put the country to the expense of a general election. Such consideration is so great a novelty in the action of a party which has on more than one occasion laid this burden upon the nation when there was a possibility of gaining even a few seats, that scepticism as to the faith of the Ministry in the boastful assertion of their own champions, is permissible. There are "no signs that the Government have lost the confidence of the country." What signs are possible? We have had a singular paucity of by-elections in large and independent constituencies during the last few months. There has thus been little opportunity of testing the feeling of the nation. The county of Donegal, however, has just pronounced decisively against the Government it had hitherto supported, and done it without any ground for supposing that it has been influenced by any Home Rule proclivities, or, in fact, by any reason except a deliberate preference of Liberal to Tory. The decisive Liberal triumph in Elgin and Nairn, which was the latest critical election previously, was equally significant. If these are evidences that the Ministry have the public confidence, we can only desire that they may be multiplied considerably when a general election comes. As we write, the election at Sheffield is taking place, but even if it should issue in the return of Mr. Wortley, it would prove nothing as to the state of public opinion generally. Beyond any other of our larger towns, Sheffield has been demoralized by the spirit of Imperialism which has been abroad. Mr. Roebuck's influence has been very great, and has had the effect of making the

once Radical borough the stronghold of Jingoism. To wrest it from the power of Toryism would be a great achievement; to fail in the attempt would be no discredit, and ought not to be a cause of discouragement. Of course the success of Mr. Wortley would be hailed with jubilation through all the camps of Toryism; and yet it would be nothing more than an evidence that the wave of Liberal opinion which we believe to be sweeping over the country has not yet reached such a height as to affect a borough which, beyond most others, seems to be placed outside its sweep.*

It seems sometimes to be forgotten by those who talk so loudly of the absence of any indication that the Ministry have forfeited public favour, that several of our largest constituencies have pronounced decisively against them at different times since the general election. Manchester, Leeds, and Oldham have reversed the vote of 1874, and Bristol and Reading have repeated their approval of Liberal principles by increased majorities. We do not lay too much stress upon isolated elections, but to say the least such returns do not accord with the sanguine views expressed by Tory orators. We fully grant, however, that there ought to have been more decided expression of public opinion. The demonstrations at Manchester, Leeds, and elsewhere were extremely valuable and significant, but they should have been multiplied everywhere. The policy of the Liberal managers has been altogether too timid and cautious. The one aim would seem to be the conciliation of the arm-chair politicians, and to secure this there has been the repression, rather than the encouragement, of those displays of popular enthusiasm which might disturb the equanimity of these quiet-loving gentlemen. Such a policy is short-sighted and extremely perilous. We are in the presence of an enemy bold, daring, and unscrupulous, who has made a science of audacity and sensationalism, and who has established a remarkable capacity for understanding the weaknesses of the English people and using them for his own

^{*} The achievement, supposed to be all but impossible, has been accomplished, and the return of Mr. Waddy, by the substantial majority of 477, marks, it may be hoped, the end of the Roebuck influence in Sheffield. In our view the result is one of the most remarkable signs of the Liberal reaction.

purposes. To expect to overcome him by a Fabian policy, the one recommendation of which is that it is "safe," and which is possessed by the desire of conciliating a select circle whose members have neither depth of interest nor strength of feeling, is mere folly. Lord Beaconsfield never forgets the character of the democracy by which we are governed, and he plays for its favour. If Liberals, on the other hand, will persist in ignoring this central fact, and in acting as though the destinies of the nation were still in the hands of a few Whig families and clubs, there can be but one result. if the indignation against a Government which has disturbed all our foreign relations, brought our finances into a muddle to which there has been no parallel during the days of Free Trade, sullied our national honour both by its European diplomacy and its Afghan intrigue, and has now recklessly, and in defiance of all warning, exposed us to a disaster, the remote possibility of which causes a shudder in every true English heart, should oust the present Ministry from power, the rule of a party which called itself Liberal, but shaped its measures mainly with the view of pleasing the small section of the party in whose eyes moderation is the first of political virtues -if, indeed, it be not the fulfilling of the whole law-would be very brief. The Liberal party is bound by the very necessities of its position to be popular, or otherwise it will assuredly stand little chance against that strange democratic Toryism which Louis Napoleon established in France, and with which Lord Beaconsfield has made us familiar in this country.

To say this, is to say in effect that Mr. Gladstone is the leader needed by the Liberal party at the present crisis. The enthusiasm he has roused in Scotland, and in large districts in the northern part of England, he is capable of rousing elsewhere; and it is not too much to say that the announcement that he had acceded to an earnest appeal to resume the lead of the Liberal party would at once be an immense addition to its power in the country. It is not that there is any distrust of Lord Hartington. On the contrary, he has won on the party, and especially on its representatives in Parliament, by his good sense, his thorough loyalty to principle, his willingness to entertain proposals for large reform, though his views in regard to them may be expressed in cautious and tentative

language. Still his warmest admirers often wish that he was more earnest and energetic. When fairly roused he is decided and vigorous enough, but the misfortune is, it seems very difficult to rouse him. It must be confessed, too, that his qualities are not exactly those most necessary in the chief of a popular party called to fight a critical and difficult battle. We want more dash, more capacity to awaken enthusiasm, more of that abandon which touches the heart and fires the zeal of the multitude. In times of comparative quiet, when men's feelings are not deeply moved and the questions to be decided at an election are chiefly, if not entirely, of a personal character. when the differences that separate parties are very slight, and no great point of national policy is dependent on the issue of the contest, a high-minded nobleman of proved Liberal principles who brings the influence of a great ducal house to the aid of the party, and instead of detracting from the value of this contribution by the feebleness and uncertainty of his own utterances, lends additional strength to the cause of progress by the intelligent advocacy of genuine reforms, might probably be the best leader of the Liberal host. But these are not ordinary times. At the forthcoming election will be raised questions more vital to the real prosperity of the nation even than the most important subjects of domestic reform. Mr. Walter pleaded at Newbury that, though he had displeased his friends by his vote on the Afghan War, he had always supported the Burials Bill, and had thus established a claim on Nonconformists. It is clear that he understood as little of the Nonconformist sentiment as of the relative proportions of these two questions. We must express frankly our opinion on this point. We certainly shall not be suspected of lukewarmness in the cause of disestablishment, but even the promise of a vote for disestablishment would not reconcile us to a candidate who proclaimed himself an apologist for the crafty and tortuous policy which has been pursued in Afghanistan. It is seldom that more than one great issue can be raised at an election, and that which has to be settled at the polling-booth next year is that of Imperialism. It is wide, far-reaching, and will have an influence on the character and destinies of England for years to come. It is of incalculable importance that at the head of the party which is seeking to

induce the nation to declare for a policy of righteousness, of peace, and of progress, should be the ablest man it is possible to find. No Liberal would contest the claim of Mr. Gladstone to the palm so far as ability is concerned. He is of the stuff of which an enthusiastic following makes heroes, and it is a political hero that is needed for this crisis.

It would be as foolish to depreciate the advantages which the popular party derives from the adhesion of a family like that of the Cavendishes as it would be unjust to forget the service done by Lord Hartington. But it must also be said that his Lordship's action has not always been of that vigorous and decided character which we desiderate in a leader. The excess of caution may possibly be due to the advice of some of those around him rather than to himself; and it is certain that the confidence given to him is extended to but few of his associates on the front Opposition bench. memory of the extraordinary scene which took place in the House of Commons when the false telegram from Constantinople led Mr. Forster suddenly to withdraw a resolution on which battle had been offered to the Government, has not been wholly effaced; and though the blame rests chiefly on the member for Bradford, the action of his chief was felt at the time to furnish cause for anxiety as to his firmness in a time of critical difficulty. The Marquis has grown since that time, but it must not be forgotten that just in proportion as he has advanced has he weakened the ground on which a certain section prefers him to Mr. Gladstone. It is agreed that the late Premier excites a suspicion and animosity which Lord Hartington does not awaken. But putting aside for the moment personal considerations, of which we will speak presently, it is clear that those who, for political reasons only, would follow Lord Hartington, whereas they would stand aloof from a party led by Mr. Gladstone, if they did not actually oppose it, must believe that there is a radical difference between the principles and aims of the two men. Every manifestation of sympathy with Mr. Gladstone's views, therefore, necessarily weakened the hold of Lord Hartington upon the section it is desired to conciliate. "The Pall Mall Gazette," in an article so fiercely truculent and vulgarly abusive as to show that passion had got the better of good taste as well as

of sound judgment, gives expression to the feeling which has thus been produced. At one time it tried to cajole Lord Hartington, and to persuade him that, if he would only drop the Dissenters so far as even to flout their demand for a Burial Bill, he and his class would be carried to power by the aid of that curious class of politicians for whom it desires to monopolize the title of "Liberals," and who might more correctly be described as Liberal Conservatives—an appellation which, as Sir Wilfred Lawson wittily observes, is equivalent to that of "a sober drunkard or a white negro." "The Pall Mall," however, believes that the men who echo its wild ravings, and make what they are pleased to consider the honour of the Empire the paramount object of consideration, who regard "Retrenchment" as petty meanness, a love of "peace" as a sign of crazy enthusiasm, and every project of domestic "reform" as a mere piece of "parochial politics," are the Liberals. It was very much astonished that Sir William Harcourt described these politicians as "men of somnolent imaginations;" "the wood out of which the Jingoes are made; " "excellent and patriotic blockheads." But there was worse behind. Sir William loves a hit, and it might have been that he spoke unadvisedly with his lips. It was worse that his leader should adopt a strain which showed that he was in perfect accord with his dashing lieutenant.

Surprising we thought this (Sir William Harcourt's seathing satire on sham Liberalism and "armchair politicians")—so surprising, that when not Mr. Bright only, but Lord Hartington, spoke in favour of the same view of the matter, they scarcely seemed astonishing. For about this time the cool and sagacious leader of her Majesty's Opposition also addressed the country; and since it appeared that he had to choose between heading the Liberal or the Radical section of his following, he declared to win with the Radicals.

Unless he had taken leave of his senses, he could have done nothing else. A Liberal party of which "The Times" and "The Pall Mall Gazette" would be the representatives in the Press, would not have a very brilliant prospect before it. The Marquis of Hartington would certainly have ceased to be the "cool and sagacious leader" if he had resolved to put himself at the head of such a host with Mr. John Walter and Mr. Yeaman of Dundee as his principal lieutenants.

But the breach with this section, which seems to be final and irrevocable, does, in fact, dispose of the chief argument against a proposal to invite Mr. Gladstone to resume his natural position. There may be personal reasons which affect individuals; but the very idea of Liberal unity is a delusion if these cannot be summarily disposed of. One man has a strong belief in the "abstract principle" of the Peace Society, and he objects to Mr. Gladstone - the statesman who has sacrificed more to promote a good understanding between different nations than any politician ever did, and who, as a matter of fact, has done more for the cause of international arbitration than the organizations which exist for the special purpose of promoting it, because of a vague idea that he would have gone to war for the purpose of coercing Turkey. He is treated with exceptional unfairness in this matter by the cross-fire to which he is exposed from those who describe him as leading a party with a "programme of violent reforms for the three kingdoms, and a wise contempt for all that violence could work beyond the seas that wash these shores," on the one hand; and those extreme champions of peace, on the other, who seem unable to perceive that the man who has thus earned the instinctive hatred of every Jingo, and every Jingo in embryo, is the leader whose hands they should seek to strengthen by every means within their power. Another complains of Mr. Gladstone that he is too ecclesiastical in his sympathies, forgetting that no man has dealt ecclesiasticism such terrible blows, whether we look at his assault on Vaticanism or his overthrow of the Irish Establishment. Perhaps no one would venture openly to allege that he is too deeply religious, but it is impossible not to suspect that this is the underlying sentiment which inspires many cynical criticisms upon his earnestness. But the Liberalism must be short-sighted and deficient in loyalty which would not sweep away every objection of this kind in obedience to the higher interests of principle. A more serious difficulty to the return of Mr. Gladstone would undoubtedly be the position of Lord Hartington. We do not understand his Lordship, however, if he would not himself propose a self-denying ordinance were he once satisfied that it would be for the good of the party. In truth, a far-reaching policy would lead him to take this course; for the more complete and decisive a Liberal victory at present, the brighter his own future prospects.

Popular instinct, which is a much safer guide than the selfishness of cliques, the diplomacy of party managers, or the calculating prudence of clubs, has marked out Mr. Gladstone as the one capable leader of the time. It expresses itself in various ways, some of them very slight, but all of them distinct and significant. It is shown in the terror which he inspires in his enemies as well as in the passionate enthusiasm he awakens in his friends. It is reflected in the furious and unmannerly onslaughts of "The Times" as much as in the glowing eulogies of "The Spectator." It reveals itself in the ungenerous and unchivalrous criticism in Lord Dalkeith's letter to the Rugby Conservatives as well as in the wild cheers which "rent the welkin" wherever he went, from the day that he left Chester until his triumphant return. The Lancashire peasant uttered it in his own straightforward style when he shouted, "We'll have the old man back as Prime Minister vet!" and Mr. Lea and his rejoicing supporters showed that the same thought was in their mind when they sent the first intelligence of their victory to Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright.

There has, indeed, been only one method available to the Tories of breaking the force of that marvellous display of oratory the echo of which is still ringing in our ears. Lord Dalkeith—who managed to distil into a brief note an amount, not so much of bitterness and passion as of personal insolence, seldom found in political combatants of the first rank, and for which there is not the shadow of excuse in any utterances of Mr. Gladstone's—had the incredibly bad taste to speak of the country as having suffered from a "storm of verbosity." It is evidently easier to manufacture fagot votes than to make political speeches, or even to indite rational criticism; and though the former is hardly an occupation worthy of the "bold Buccleuch," it is scarcely more discreditable than such an outburst.

There is this excuse for Lord Dalkeith. He is doubtless irritated by the daring onslaught made on the stronghold of his family, and he may plead that he has not transgressed to the same extent as a paper which, professing to be the

"leading journal," ought to be conducted with a deep sense of responsibility, or, indeed, as his own leader, who ought certainly to have been restrained by self-respect if not by the ordinary courtesies of political controversy. The fury of "The Times" has, indeed, betrayed it into an excess which has recoiled not only on the party on whose behalf it was employed, but on the proprietor of the journal which has played so unworthy a part. The following passage from one of its disgraceful leaders deserves to be kept on record. It may, at all events, do the same service as the old Spartans were wont to lay upon the drunken helot, and be a beacon for the benefit of journalists who may be tempted to forget that party rancour defeats its own purposes when it violates common sense and good feeling.

Everything is overdone. The length, the epithets, the reasons, the denunciations—all are marked by a sort of rhetorical inebriation, and we feel that the orator is swept away by his audience at least as much as the audience by the orator. When Lord Berconsfield depicted "a sophistical rhetorician inebriated by fife exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign an opponent and to glorify himself," it was not expected that the picture thus drawn would soon be so vividly embodied in life.

Nothing more offensive could well have been indited; but it is as stupid as it is offensive. It is Lord Beaconsfield, not Mr. Gladstone, who is injured by this revival of a passage which showed that he was still at heart the same man who, as Benjamin Disraeli, made himself conspicuous by the vituperative warfare which he carried on with O'Connell, Hume, and others. Mr. Walter must surely have felt himself rebuked when Mr. Cecil Raikes, a few days after, pronounced his judgment on the character of Mr. Gladstone's oratory. Mr. Raikes was not predisposed to take a very favourable view of Mr. Gladstone, for his speech at Flint showed that he felt very keenly the interference of the great Liberal chief with the political struggle at Chester. Nevertheless, in presiding over the lecture on "Preaching" delivered by Mr. Walter, who evidently fancies himself competent to lay down the law on all kinds of subjects, he cited, as an illustration of the power still exercised by oratory, the marvellous effect which had been produced by Mr. Gladstone's great speeches.

Not less remarkable was the tribute paid by Mr. Newdegate at the meeting of the Rugby Conservative Association, to which Lord Dalkeith sent his letter. Avowing his opposition to the Liberal leader on many points, he nevertheless declared that he had no personal feeling towards him but one of admiration for his great talents, and that he had resisted the vain attempt made to crush him when he left office. It is pleasant to find that there are still some men who can fight stoutly in our political battles without forgetting what is due even to a political adversary. It would sometimes seem as though there had been a general agreement to treat Mr. Gladstone as outside the pale of political chivalry and courtesy altogether. No abuse has been thought too virulent if he was its object, no weapon unworthy if it was against him that it was to be employed. One result follows from this style of procedure, though it is the very last that will be acceptable to those by whom it has been adopted. The Liberals are bound to meet this disgraceful mode of attack by proving, in a way it is impossible to mistake, their loval devotion to a leader whose only offence is that he has too faithfully served the principles for the sake of which the party exists. To allow him to keep an inferior position, and leave another to lead him and the party of which he is so powerful a member, would be a tacit confession that they recognized in some measure the justice of the criticism which his enemies have passed upon him. A party could hardly act in a way more deficient in common sense as well as in common gratitude, than tacitly to acquiesce in a condemnation which Mr. Gladstone has earned solely by his eminent services to its cause.

It is singular that there are any Liberals who fail to perceive this; most singular that among them should be "The Daily News." The morning journal of Metropolitan Liberalism suggests that it would be mean to deprive Lord Hartington of the lead of the party in the days of its revival and approaching triumph, seeing that he was left to direct and reanimate it in its time of deepest depression. But to whom is the revival due, and by whom is the anticipated triumph to be won? The policy which is now accepted by the Liberal party, and on behalf of which the battle will be fought

at the election, is that which Mr. Gladstone has upheld from the first, and in the defence of which he was deserted by his colleagues. The enthusiasm which fills Liberals everywhere is that which he has kindled. The obvious conclusion is that he deserves the honour of the victory for which he has prepared the way. But we go even further. If the victory is to be won, he is needed to win it, and the only effect of the present hesitating policy is to cripple the power which could render the most effectual help to the Liberal cause.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

1809-1879.

T

Threescore and ten, sang David, are the years Of man, and added days are heaviness. But there are some in whom the power to bless Is strength and youth, that fail not as each nears Life's twilight. Such a chief his banner rears With a boy's pride: his mail still stands the stress Of the foes' onset: in the battle-press He rides unscathed amid the shivering spears. For on his head Time's silent fall of snow Lodges, but may not linger. "Tis no tree That stands and stiffens, till the tall mass turns To icy death. He ranges to and fro, God's servant, man's deliverer, strong and free; And in his heart life's sacred fire still burns.

11

And so our one great leader, who doth wear
His crown of seventy summers, still is strong—
The eye undimmed, the foot still fleet along
Hillside or glen. He fells with right arm bare
The wood-king. In the senate's eager throng
Who stands before his onset fierce, or where
His great sword lightens? His mere voice doth scare.
As fleet Achilles' shout, in Homer's song,
Rolled back the Trojan surge from trench and tower
That silver trumpet hath not lost its power.
And as to Peter's angel, steel and stone
Were gossamer and had no strength to hold,
His voice rent chain and dungeon as it rolled,
And made a tyrant tremble on his throne.

III

"Exile and outcast, friendless:"—In this plight
Thou cam'st to us. But ever from that day
Thou hast climbed starwards, struggling out of night.
The thraldom of old days has passed away,
Leaving free voice, free soul. And now we pray
With one desire:—"May never evil light
On thee or thine, great England's greatest knight,
Our star amid the fury of the fray.
We cannot speak our love. But may that Hand
Still guide thee in thy going as of old,
Till the sea passed, and life's long struggle won,
Rest comes at last; till in the far-off land
No eye hath seen, through the vast courts of gold
Thy welcome sound—'Servant of God, well done!"

A. W. W. DALE. (Trinity Hall, Camb.)

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

NOTES OF LESSONS SUGGESTED FOR CONGREGATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

JANUARY 4.

Paul and Felix .- Acts xxiv.

FIVE days after the arrival of Paul at Cæsarea the high priest, Ananias, with a deputation from the Sanhedrim, came down from Jerusalem with a forensic orator, or Roman barrister, named Tertullus, and laid an accusation against the apostle. The chapter divides itself into three parts-the accusation, the defence, and the results. I. The Accusation (vers. 2-9). 1. Before whom was it made? Felix was the brother of the freedman, Pallas, the favourite of Claudius, and was appointed, through his brother's influence and that of Jonathan, the high priest, to succeed Cumanus as governor, Tacitus says, in the practice of all kinds of lust and cruelty he exercised the power of a king with the temper of a slave. He put down insurrection with a strong hand; but he bribed Sicarii to assassinate the high priest who had secured his elevation; his arbitrary conduct inflamed the spirit of sedition; in a conflict beween Jews and Gentiles the troops were called out and many of the people were slain, while the houses of others were plundered; and in the end, he was accused before the emperor after he was recalled. 2. How was it made? With gross flattery of the judge, and misrepresentations of the character of his government. Flattery of the unworthy, base, and hypocritical the resource of the false and treacherous. Eloquence perverted when used in an evil cause. 3. What was its substance? (a) It charged Paul with causing insurrectionary movements among the Jews throughout the empire—a crime which was treason against the emperor, and entailed the capital punishment of crucifixion. (b) That he was the head of a new sect. "Nazarenes," as the nickname of the disciples, is here first used. A "ringleader" was the front man or leader of a file of soldiers. Opposition to the law of Moses is here implied. (c) That he had attempted to profane the temple. This was, also, an offence against the Roman law, which protected the Jews in the exercise of their religion. Two things are to be noticed here. The suppression of the truth respecting the attempt at assassination; and the assent and concurrence of the Sanhedrim in these misrepresentations. Falsehood adopted and repeated by a multitude remains falsehood. II. THE DEFENCE OF THE APOSTLE (vers. 10-21). Felix was scated on the tribunal (Acts xviii, 12, xv. 6). Paul rests his confidence in an acquittal on the fact of his judge's long acquaintance with Jewish affairs. He had probably been governor for six years. (a) He had only left Cæsarea for Jerusalem twelve days before. Any seditious or tumultuous assemblage must, therefore, have been matter of notoriety and easy of proof. (b) That, so far from being a ringleader of a new sect, he held to the hereditary faith. He was not an apostate as a Christian, but faithful to the God of the fathers and the law and the prophets. According to the Roman law, he was not open to a charge of irreligion or defamation of the God of his people (Matt. v. 17). The words "sect" and "heresy" are the same. It means grasping and conquering, and then mental grasp or possession of principles, which become characteristic of a distinctive school or body of adherents. Christianity is the essence of the Mosaic dispensation. (c) That he cherished the common Jewish hope of a resurrection. It was firmly based in the Old Testament (Job xix, 25-27; Psa. xvi. 9-11, xvii. 15; Isa, xxvi. 19; Hosea xiii, 14; Dan, xii, 2). (d) The practical influence of his faith and hope. An upright, enlightened conscience preserves from unrighteousness and pollution, and it secures inward peace. The creative power of "truth in the inward parts." (c) His object in visiting Jerusalem-charitable and religious. (f) His conduct in the temple was irreproachable. (g) Tumult was raised by the Jews of Asia who found him there. (h) Only for the hope of the resurrection could he be blamed when before the Sanhedrim. The defiant attitude of innocence in presence of false accusers and their calumnies and slanders. The resurrection is the central Christian truth, III. THE RESULTS. 1. Felix adjourned the hearing of the case. 2. He committed him to the charge of the centurion who had brought him to Cæsarea; giving orders for his safety, but also for his comfort, 3. The governor kept him as a prisoner, hoping to receive a bribe for his liberation. 4. He was brought before the governor and his wife, and was heard a second time. Drusilla was the daughter of Herod Agrippa the First. She was a great beauty, and had been the wife of Azizus, King of Emesa. Felix induced her to leave her husband and married her. A Jewish princess, she was likely enough anxious to hear of the faith which rested on Jesus as the Messiah of her people. The subject of Paul's address was chosen with reference to the character and moral necessities of the guilty pair. The individuality of true preaching. No flattery here. Righteousness, chastity, judgment, were themes which were peculiarly appropriate to an unscrupulous and selfish ruler; to the guilty, evil livers, whose sins were notorious, and crying both to the emperor and to heaven for just retribution. 5. The immediate but transient impression of the apostle's words. Trembling-in view of sin's consequences; before the prisoner who speaks Divine words; in view of the plague of his own heart, now unbared and manifest. 6. His procrastination. The sinner's unreasonable treatment of the gospel. The infatuation and danger of delay. 7. Paul's two years' imprisonment. The attempt of the governor at the end of his official career to please the Jews by an act of injustice. The blinding influence of bosom sins. Paul, the heretic, in his nobility and allconquering might, was a fitting type of the Reformers and Martyrs of the later Church.

JANUARY 11.

Paul and Festus .- ACTS XXV.

When Felix had been recalled from the government on account of his many and crying abuses of the trust reposed in him, Festus was sent as his successor, by the Emperor Nero, in the first year of his reign. Shortly after his arrival he visited Jerusalem. The undying hatred of the Jews was manifested in their attempts to prejudice him against the apostle, and in their proposal, that he should send for Paul to come to Jerusalem, in order that they might waylay him and murder him. Festus, however, ordered a new trial to take place at Cæsarea. The high priest was Ishmael, the son of Phabi, whom Felix had appointed in the place of Ananias (Josephus, Antiquities, xx. 8, 11). Having remained eight or ten days in Jerusalem, Festus returned and Paul's accusers with him. The next day the trial commenced. The charges were as before, heresy, sacrilege, and high treason. Festus was convinced that Paul was guiltless (ver. 25); but still, anxious not to offend the Jews, he proposed to Paul a return to Jerusalem for a trial there. This Paul indignantly rejected, because standing before the constituted judgment-seat of the Roman authority, he ought to have his cause determined there; and because he had been guilty of no Jewish crime, and would not trust himself to the tender mercies of the Sanhedrim. If guilty, he was prepared to suffered the penalty; but he distinctly declined to be given up to the Jewish authorities. Paul appealed unto Cæsar. This ended the matter in the provincial court. He had exercised the prerogative of a Roman citizen. It was a Roman right to be tried by the supreme authority, whatever it wasin this case the emperor. The imperial tribunal had become a supreme court of appeal from all inferior courts. Festus conferred with the assessors of his court concerning the admissibility of the appeal and pronounced the decision, Unto Cæsar shalt thou go. He found it difficult, however, to shape the accusation against Paul for the emperor's court. In his perplexity he consulted Herod II., King of Chalcis, who, with his sister Bernice, had come on a visit to the new governor. Paul was, therefore, heard before Agrippa and his suite in the audience chamber. He produced immense excitement in his audience; Festus, indeed, charged him with mad extravagance; and Agrippa exclaimed, "Lightly or easily, thou art persuading thyself to make me a Christian." To which Paul responded, "I could wish to God, that, whether with ease or difficulty, not only thou, but all who hear me to-day, might become such as I am except these bonds" (xxvi, 27-29). Both Agrippa and Festus were agreed that Paul was not guilty of the charges alleged against him; but his appeal to Cæsar could not be We see here: 1. Changes of government divinely overruled for the safety and advantage of the Church and the servants of the Lord. 2. The virulence of the persecuting and murderous hate of the enemies of the Truth. Time does not soften the asperities of their temper. . Humanity and charity both overcome by malignity. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." 3. The unreason of the persecution of religious opinion. Perjury, calumny, and falsehood the weapons of the enemies of the cross in all ages. 4. The civil rights of a Christian are sacred, and may lawfully be asserted (Rom. xiii, 1-5). 5. The overruling Providence of God seen-(a) In the fulfilment of the Divine purpose through Paul's appeal to Cæsar (Acts xxiii. 11). (b) In the establishment of Christianity in the metropolis of the empire, and in the household of the emperor (Phil. i. 13, iv. 22). (c) In the diffusion of the gospel from Rome as its European centre, and the westward course of the Christian truth and civilization. Men often seem to be but as clay in the hand of a potter wonderful in counsel and excellent in working; and good comes out of evil. 6. The unexpected and unlooked-for Divine visitations which create spiritual crisis and shape destiny. Paul's contact with Agrippa one of the turning-points of his history. 7. But, how easy it is to miss the grandest opportunities, and in declining Decision, to drift away from God's redeeming grace.

JANUARY 18.

Paul's Voyage and Shipwreck .- ACTS xxvii.

The student of this marvellous history should, if possible, consult Mr. Smith's "Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul," and chapter xxiii, of Conybeare and Howson's "St. Paul." Our notes must be necessarily brief, and only in reference to main points. The two companions of the apostle were St. Luke and Aristarchus, the Macedonian of Thessalonica (Acts xix. 29, xx. 4). The trading ships referred to were large vessels of from 500 to 1000 tons burthen. Both ends were alike. They were steered by means of two paddle rudders, one on each quarter. The ship which was wrecked carried 276 persons, inclusive of sailors, soldiers, and passengers. The Castor and Pollux was large enough to take them all on board in addition to her own crew. There were 600 persons on board the ship from which Josephus escaped. The first ship appears to have been engaged in the coasting trade, on her homeward voyage to the seaport in Mysia. The first port touched was Sidon, where Julius permitted Paul to land and visit the disciples there. It was sixty-seven miles north of Cæsarea. The west wind prevented their taking the usual course when they set sail again; so, they went under the lee of Cyprus, between that island and the mainland, steering N.W. and W. They reached thus the Lycian port of Myra, called Andriace. There a corn ship of Alexandria was found bound for Italy, and to it the passengers were transferred. Setting sail, they encountered contrary winds, and were much delayed in reaching Cnidus, 130 miles N.W. Thence, instead of the usual course, they sailed S.S.W., so as to get past Cape Salmone, the easternmost point of Crete, and under the lee of that island. Sailing along the south coast, they reached the Fair Havens, a roadstead east of Cape Matala, and not far from the town of Lasæa. It was now beyond the time when voyages were usually pursued on account of the dangerous navigation. Paul advised wintering where they were, but was overruled by the majority. "The fast was past," means that it was beyond the fast of expiation, at the end of September and beginning of October. They attempted to reach Phænix, further to the west of the island. The bay of Lutro may be exactly described from the sea as looking towards the S.W. and the N.W. A change of wind occurring at the time, they coasted along in seeming security-the boat towing astern. Suddenly, however, they were caught by a hurricane, Euroclydon, or Eurakylon, which raised a terrible sea, from the E.N.E., driving them towards Clauda, S.W., hardly permitting them to get the boat on board. The ship had then to be undergirded, or bound together by means of cables passed under the bottom, to prevent the timbers from starting and causing her to founder. The fear on board now was, that the the wind would carry them into the Syrtis, the most dangerous portion of the North African coast, called in the text the quicksands; so they lowered the gear -probably both the great sail and yard—a small storm-sail being hoisted. The ship was then laid to, and was allowed to drift. Having sprung a leak, the ship had to be lightened of part of the cargo and all superfluous articles. The absence of sun and stars prevented any observation of the vessel's course being taken. No meals could be prepared amid the strain and anxiety of these terrible days.

and nights. Then followed despair; but Paul's vision and faith enabled him to allay the growing panic on board. After fourteen days the water began to shallow, and land was approached. The ship was made to ride with four anchors out of the stern. The sailors attempted to leave the ship by the boat, but Paul appealed to the centurion and soldiers to prevent them, and they cut the boat adrift. Then, he urged them all to take food, that they might be prepared for the great crisis. A safe bay with a bottom of sand or pebbles being discerned, they prepared to run the ship ashore. Amid cross-currents she grounded, and the hinder part began to break up. The soldiers, fearing the escape of the prisoners, would have killed them; but the centurion, determined to save Paul to the end, would not allow it, but commanded those who could swim to get ashore. The rest followed on boards and broken pieces of the ship, and all escaped "safe to land." 1. Here is a vivid picture of the voyage of life-its auspicious commencement-its changes and disasters. The spirit in which the young should prepare for it. 2. The Church on the stormy ocean of the world. Her dangers; the contrary winds; her overlading; the opposing counsels of expediency and apostolic wisdom; prayer and assurances of safety; the Divine Helper nigh, and safety assured. 3. True manhood, and its beneficent influence amid the dangers of the deep. 4. The Divine gift of others to the good and faithful. 5. Safety in association with Christ's servants. 6. Sovereign choice of ends implies and requires the use of means. 7. The comprehensiveness of the Divine salvation. Strong swimmers and the rest. 8. The multiplicity of the means of salvation. "Boards and broken pieces of the ship." 9. The gathering of the saved on the heavenly shore.

JANUARY 25.

Malta and Rome .- Acrs xxviii.

Malta lies in the direction which must have been taken by a ship driven by an E.N.E. or N.E. wind. St. Paul's Bay has sure holding ground for anchors; its twenty fathoms of water, is followed in the ship's course by fifteen fathoms; and between the island Selmoon, or Salmonetta, there is the place where two seas or currents met. Luke calls the inhabitants barbarians in reference to their language, which was neither Greek nor Latin, but a Punic dialect, very offensive, probably, in its sounds, to those accustomed to softer and more mellifluous tones. 1. Here are manifestations of natural virtue. Kindness and mercy to suffering humanity not matters of indifference. Hospitality is estimable (Heb. xiii. 2). The Christian motive exalts natural goodness; but if not perfect, it is not to be despised. 2. Here is natural virtue allied with superstition and hasty, false judgments. The screent on his hand seemed to mark him as one pursued by the Fates. Yet, there was in this conclusion, the idea of a Divine rule and retribution. They had "the law written in their hearts," The immorality of uncharitableness and censoriousness. 3. The childish inconstancy often allied with superstition. "They changed their minds and said he was a god." The one opinion just as baseless as the other. The honour and dishonour of the world equally valueless. True virtue is indifferent to both. The rule of true life is, "As unto the Lord and not as unto men." 4. Power over evil and dangerous conditions is possessed by the faithful, who are shielded by Divine care. Cast off the serpent! 5. Wherever the true Christian goes he exercises the beneficent spirit of the gospel. The opportunity of showing love is always with the faithful. The ministry at Malta one of blessing. Usefulness the characteristic and witness of grace. 6. The voyage

in the Castor and Pollux. After three months, would be at the beginning of February. At Syracuse a stay of three days was made; then, the course was northwards, towards the straits of Messina. The wind being contrary they beat about, tacked, until they made Rhegium, in Lower Italy, opposite the north-east corner of Sicily, and thence to Puteoli, the most famous port on the west coast of Italy. There Paul found disciples; and thence a message was sent to Rome announcing his long-expected arrival. How little men knew the importance of this event. 7. "So we went toward Rome." The meeting by the way. The cheering encouragement of faithful spirits. 8. Paul at Rome fulfilling one great purpose and desire of his life, but not as he had anticipated. addresses himself for the last time to the Jews. In Rome the Gentiles enter fully into the kingdom of the Redeemer, and the metropolis of Christianity is no longer at Jerusalem. In Rome the gospel enters upon its most arduous and bloody struggles, and wins its most decisive victories. The whole course of history was changed by Paul's ministry; and the empire was ultimately subdued by Christ. The gospel became thus its own witness, as Paul preached "the kingdom of God, and was teaching the things concerning the Lord Jesus with all openness, no man forbidding him."

CONTINENTAL RECORD.

France.—The movement in favour of Protestantism is still proceeding, and some of the Romish clergy are manifesting sympathy with it. The Abbé Thiot, curé at Montiers (Oise) has informed his ecclesiastical superiors and his parishioners that he intends to leave the Romish Church, and has already begun to deliver Evangelical lectures in M. and the neighbourhood. The cure in an important town in the next department has taken the same step and is about to commence his studies for the ministry in a Protestant Faculty. At St. Jean-de-Gaillac (Tarn) the curé has been suspended for rejecting in a letter that has been published the dogma of the Pope's Infallibility and the œcumenical character of the Vatican Council. In his reply to the archbishop, he says that the Romish Church is not the Church of Jesus Christ. Notwithstanding this stir about Protestantism, many persons in England seem to doubt whether the cause of truth is making progress. Let such doubters consider the following figures:-Forty years ago the number of Protestants in the Departments of the Somme, Pas-de-Calais, Nord, Aisne, and Marne, was 8,895, it is now 21,202, while the number of pastors has increased from 10 to 39, and of places of worship from 42 to 100, and these figures do not include the small Baptist and other communities which have been formed during the period. Such statistics show that in the North of France there has been steady progress, and there is every reason to believe that the rate of increase will become greater from year to year. Almost every week some community expresses its desire to have a Protestant teacher established amongst them. The last case of this kind that has come to our knowledge is that of Concorès (Lot), where, out of 900 inhabitants, 190 have declared themselves Protestants. In further testimony of the extent to which this Protestant movement is affecting the public mind, we may quote the following from an article in the Petit National written by its editor, M. Siebecker. After speaking of a lecture which he had heard delivered by M. G. Meyer on the results already obtained by the Inner Mission, M. Siebecker goes on to say, "The workers in this Protestant mission are trying to set aside the mystical jargon which in all religions is called pulpit-language, and to adopt ordinary methods of speech. Woe to the Romish Church when they (the Protestants) shall feel that they have the advantage over it. Then the desertions from its ranks will take place not by hundreds, but by thousands." To these words we may add those of John Lemoinne in the Journal des Débats. Speaking of the pilgrimages to Lourdes, &c., he says, "This is what the Christian religion has been converted into! A theatrical green-room and a shop for the sale of mineral waters! And we are asked to accept all these masquerades as religion! But in this Church, with its fairs and trumpery merchandise, there is no longer any God or Christ. It is a warehouse of wax-figures. And it is with such teaching you seek to form the rising generations! It is easy to predict the result; those who drink these waters will become idiots, and those who refuse to do so will become atheists. Such are the two classes into which the nation will gradually be divided." And the article concludes as follows: "In this strange Christianity there is One whom we seek in vain and can nowhere see, Jesus Christ. What has become of Him? Where have they put Him?" In a subsequent article in reply to the attacks of the Ultramontane journals, John Lemoinne says, "We are treated as impious men, but it is as Christians that we assail this frightful corruption, this adulteration of the Christian religion."

In the department of religious literature our French brethren do not display very great activity. It is therefore a pleasure to be able to announce from time to time the publication of a new work, such as La Fiancée du Proscrit, par C. Pascal, Pasteur (Two Vols. Grassart, Paris), a thrilling and well-sustained story of the old days of persecution. We strongly recommend it to all our younger readers. It is not often that a French novel can be recommended for general perusal. The price is seven francs. We may also mention that six volumes of L'Encyclopédie des Sciences Religieuses have appeared, and that the last number (the 36th livraison) contains a remarkable article on Individualisme, by Professor Astié, of Lausanne. M. Bersier has also just issued a sixth volume of Sermons. All who have read the preceding volumes will be anxious to procure this one, marked with the usual characteristics of M. Bersier's power as a preacher.

Germany.—The Evangelical Church of this land has recently lost two of its most distinguished members—Prelate Kapff and Professor Harless. For nearly thirty years the Stiftskirche in Stuttgart had resounded with the faithful teachings of the greatly beloved Kapff, a name which, as Prelate Gerok, the well-known hymn writer, said at the grave, will henceforth be linked with those of Bengel, Storr, Dann, the two Hofackers, and Knapp. Kapff's last public act was to address the twenty-five sisters who were on the following day to have been set apart by him for the work of deaconesses. As he concluded with prayer, the tears rolled

down his cheeks, for he felt that his work on earth was finished. A few hours after his last sickness began. He died on the 1st of September, at the age of 72. Professor Harless died on the 3rd of September, in his 74th year. For some time professor of theology in Erlangen and Leipsig, he was appointed in 1852 to the post of President of the Higher Consistory of the Protestant Church of Bavaria, and in that position he rendered great service to the cause of truth. The work by which he will be best known and remembered is "Christian Ethics," which has already passed through eight editions.

SWITZERLAND .- The first week of September, 1879, will long be remembered for the gatherings then held, and which naturally called to mind the (Ecumenical Council of a much earlier date, though that lasted two years instead of seven days. The meetings of the Evangelical Alliance were attended by some two thousand persons, representing nearly all so-called Christian countries. Many subjects of practical utility were treated, but none of the addresses delivered or papers read produced such impression as the Christian manifestoes, as they may be termed, of Professor Orelli of Bâle, and of Professor Godet, of Neuchâtel. It was resolved to send an influential deputation to Austria to try and secure religious liberty for Christians outside the pale of the Reformed and Lutheran Churches, and we may add that the members of the deputation have since been most graciously received by the emperor, who promised that the whole subject should be thoroughly investigated. The opium question was also brought forward by Professor Christlieb of Bonn, and a resolution was passed with the utmost enthusiasm, calling upon the British branch of the Evangelical Alliance to take up the matter, and urge it upon the consideration of the Foreign Office and the Indian Government. In the second week of September, the second International Congress for the Observance of the Sunday was held in Berne. It was numerously attended by delegates from most European countries, as also by representatives of two of the rulers of Europe, the Emperor of Germany and the Grand Duke of Baden. Some slight progress was reported, but the difficulty of securing a day of rest on the Continent is such as to tax to the utmost the faith and perseverence of M. Lombard, of Geneva, the originator and apostle of the movement.

Spain.—Difficulties occur from time to time, but progress can still be reported. The last station opened is that of Salamanca, a town of over 10,000 inhabitants. It is called Levitica, on account of the number of priests, whose influence is very great. But even in this hotbed of Romanism the gospel has been welcomed, and the evangelist has a congregation of about one hundred people. The work has been going on for four months, and sixteen persons have been received as members. The gospel has also been preached in the surrounding villages, in some of which it has been listened to very gladly, but in others the preacher has been assailed with stones. Strange to say, the authorities at Salamanca seem favourable to religious toleration. Two policemen stand at the door of the hall whenever service is held, and a Protestant cemetery has been granted.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Life of St. Hugh of Avalon, Bishop of Lincoln. With Some Account of his Predecessors in the See of Lincoln. By George G. Perry, M.A. (London: John Murray.) This learned monograph is much more rich and varied in interest than its title might lead the reader to anticipate. The biography of a mediæval bishop, however eminent he may have been as a saint or reformer, does not hold any great promise to any but those specially engaged in ecclesiastical studies. But Canon Perry has so treated his subject as to invest his book with considerable attraction for a much wider circle of readers. As a Canon of the diocese over which his hero presided, and of which he was the first prelate who won any permanent reputation, our author naturally takes a very keen interest in his subject, and has, of course, enjoyed exceptional facilities for obtaining an intimate acquaintance with all the details of the story he has undertaken to tell. He has formed no narrow conception of the work to be done, and instead of confining himself to the mere facts of an individual life, has really given us a sketch of the history of the great Mercian see down to the twelfth century, and of its general relations to the Anglican Church as a whole. He takes care to press into his service illustrative incidents of every kind, personal anecdotes, or sketches of character, which not only brighten the pages of his narrative, but make the book a very striking and effective representation of the leading features in the Church of the period. The biography of St. Hugh is complete and full, and yet he is but one of a group of characters to whom we are introduced, and who are sketched with great vividness. And yet, attractive as are these individual portraits, the principal value of the work, in our judgment, arises from the light which it incidentally throws on important points of Church history. At the outset we have brought out, with great clearness, a distinction about which those not familiar with our ecclesiastical antiquities must often have been sorely puzzled-between the monastic cathedral-an institution which, according to Professor Stubbs, is almost peculiar to England-and the regular cathedral, with its secular clergy, afterwards called canons. Winchester, Worcester, Sherborn, Durham, and Canterbury were all monastic institutions at the time of the Conquest, and one point of William's policy was to substitute canons for monks wherever he had opportunity. At Lincoln, where the see was at last to find its centre, this course was successfully pursued. Of the reasons which led to the selection of Lincoln for the new cathedral, whose commanding site is itself a sufficient evidence of the judgment of those by whom it was chosen, Mr. Perry says, "Lincoln was already on the way to be described as one of the most populous cities in England, and the same policy which marked it out as the site of a strong castle would also mark it as the site of a cathedral church; for the policy of the Conquest was not one of sentiment, but of power. The great talent of the Norman was that of organization. The less systematic English might tolerate the existence of cathedral churches in villages, but this arrangement could not commend itself to the Normans. With them the cathedral was to exist not for

itself, but for the diocese. It was not merely to teach but to govern. Thus with them the ancient traditions and ecclesiastical claims of Stroud would avail but little against the rising importance of Lincoln."

One of the most keen conflicts in which the Bishops of Lincoln had to engage was that against the Abbot of St. Albans, who had extorted from the Pope Adrian IV. certain privileges at the cost of the diocese. The Pope was the only Englishman who has worn the tiara, and he regarded St. Albans with favour, although it had rejected his application to be received into the community because of his inability to pass the entrance examination. Adrian IV. forgot the slight which had been put upon Nicholas Brakespere, and remembered only that his father had been connected with the ancient abbey. He granted it immunity from the jurisdiction of Lincoln, and conferred upon its abbot the dignity of the mitre. Of course the bishop resisted, and the story of the conflict which ensued is curiously illustrative of the spirit of the times and of the characters of the principal actors. These grants of independence to monastic bodies, always ready to do the will of the Roman See, were among the principal instruments by which the Papacy pursued its scheme for the subjugation of England to its sway. How far it had succeeded in gratifying this ambition is indicated in various ways in the course of the narrative. Thus of the effects of the Conquest we read: "If the Church became more vigorous, it became less national. That peculiar feature of the early English Church which consisted in the union of the spiritual and civil jurisdictions was sacrificed. William made a complete separation as regards the administration of justice between temporal and spiritual things. But while reserving the latter absolutely to spiritual judges, he at the same time asserted a supremacy for the Church similar to that afterwards claimed by Henry VIII." We should reverse the position of the terms employed by our author relative to these two kings. It was William who "claimed" and Henry who "asserted" the supremacy. While, too, there was a resemblance between the pretensions which the one set up and the other actually established, there was also considerable difference. Had William carried his points we should have had an independent Anglican Church in the eleventh century. But owing to causes into which we cannot examine here, Rome conquered. "The Norman Conquest," Mr. Perry tells us, "allowed scope for the beginning of that series of encroachments by which Rome, in spite of the energetic resistance of some of the English kings, gradually enslaved the Church of this land, and brought it to that complete state of misrule, inefficiency, and debasement which at length led to the Reformation." This is a candid statement, on high ecclesiastical authority, of an important historic fact which has a very close relation to controversies of our own time. When it is added that the period in question-when the English Church was thus enslaved by Rome-that it was a part of that Western Christendom of which Rome was the head-was the period during which a very large proportion of its endowments was acquired, it is not necessary to say more to indicate the value of such an admission. But we have not the space to pursue the suggestion further here. Hugh of Avalon, who is the subject of the present work, was evidently one of the ruling minds of the day, a man of eminent piety, of great personal courage, without respect of persons in the exercise of the discipline which he held essential to the proper discharge of his episcopal functions, with characteristic virtues and some of the weaknesses of a great ecclesiastic of the times. In Mr. Perry he has found a biographer fully capable of appreciating his worth.

Under which Lord? By Mrs. G. LYNN LINTON. Three Vols. (Chatto and Windus.) This book is a sign of the times; a revelation of a spirit which is abroad among a class (happily not a large one) of intellectua women, whose revolt against superstition and priestcraft has passed into hostility to religion, a translation of such views as those Miss Bevington has advocated, with such evident sincerity and so much ability, in "The Nineteenth Century," into a concrete form. At both extremes of our theological controversies there are those who wish to persuade the world that they are the only people who have a tenable logical position; that it is impossible to recognize the claims of the Gospel upon the faith of men without being committed to absolute submission to the authority of the Catholic Church, or, on the other side, that the concession of the fundamental principle of Protestantism in the right of free inquiry involves, as a necessary consequence, the acceptance of the Agnostic position; that Cardinal Manning and Mr. Herbert Spencer represent the only two consistent theories between which the ultimate conflict of religious opinion will be waged. This is the underlying thought on which this remarkable. tale has been constructed, and which, in fact, is expressed in its title. Those actors in the tale who have distinctive characters end either in the Church of Rome or Agnosticism. Where there is intense emotionalism, especially if with it be a strong mystical tendency, the balance of course inclines to Rome; where there is independence of thought and vigour of intellect, the decision is of course in favour of Agnosticism. There are other characters introduced, but, from one cause or other, they fail to command much sympathy or admiration. The Ritualist priest, whose conduct is really the centre round which the whole story revolves, is painted in colours which are the opposite of all that is beautiful and attractive, his pretensions are sneered at both by the colleague with whom he associates and the very converts he himself has made. And even Mrs. Fullerton, his principal dupe, is awakened to a perception of the folly into which she has been betrayed. Of the other characters, some, though doubtless amiable enough, are nothing better than molluscs, so far as theological opinions are concerned. We have a solitary Protestant with strong anti-Romish opinions, and the usual faults which are supposed to accompany bigotry on that side; but what with her loudness and vulgarity, her boastful Protestantism and utter lack of everything that has the semblance of religion, her hard and unfeeling temper, and her cutting frankness of speech, she is a decided Philistine of a very low type, and in many respects the most offensive personage in the book. The "hero is the Agnostic."

It is here that the inconvenience of using fiction as a polemical instrument is apparent. A novelist creates his own characters and incidents, covers the canvas with what figures he will, and makes the surroundings such as to bring out the point he desires to impress upon the reader, deals

with an ideal world, and is able so to shape its history that it shall teach his moral. No doubt, if we had to choose whether the designing priest or the simple-hearted, however mistaken, Agnostic should have our allegiance, there could be little hesitation. Religion, as represented by the Hon, and Rev. Launcelot Lascelles, is simply detestable. But suppose some one to say this man is not in any respect our ideal of a Christian minister. We detest him and his principles, and yet we believe in the truth of the gospel with an assurance so undoubting that we would rather sacrifice our life than abandon our faith, what is the answer? There are numbers of intelligent sincere Christians who take this position, and for them the book has no point. They are far apart from all its characters. Mrs. Lynn Linton may say that Ritualism was the only type of earnest religion known at Crossholm, and here was its result, but that would be no answer at all. Crossholm is what she has made it; and if her object in giving the world these chapters from its parochial history was to set forth her views of the great religious questions of the day, it ought to have been made a fairly representative village. As it is, the answer from all but those who are Ritualists themselves would manifestly be, "You have drawn a picture of life such as we do not find it. We go even to rural parishes, and for the most part we find various forms of Christian teaching and religious activity. If the clergyman is a full-blown Ritualist who flaunts his banners and lights his candles, organizes stately processions and wears gorgeous vestments, there is pretty sure to be some Dissenter, ready to set before the people a more excellent way. No doubt the case of Crossholm is conceivable, and if there be a parish answering to the representation it is in evil case indeed. But it must be so rare an exception that it is unfair to use it as though it were typical. At least, if your desire is to set up a plea for Agnosticism, it is altogether unjust and misleading. It is absurd to assume, without a shadow of proof, that we are shut up to a choice between a Ritualism which is actual Romanism, and unbelief. There are other forms of doctrine which certainly would demand consideration before a conclusion at all approaching to this could be reached. The utmost you can even suppose that you have proved is that Agnosticism is better than a very exaggerated type of the worst style of Ritualism."

For even if this were intended to be an anti-Ritualistic novel, a great deal more discrimination and coolness should have been shown in the representation of the system and its votaries. Mrs. Lynn Linton writes under a feeling of indignation so passionate that sometimes it glows with white heat. We can perfectly understand it, and to some extent we sympathize with her. Our authoress has manifestly observed the way in which some of these priests lead "captive silly women;" and while she is contemptuous of her sisters who allow themselves to be made dupes, she is righteously angry with the priests by whom they are victimized. The sentiment is perfectly natural, and even if it finds extravagant expression, we are not disposed to complain. There is, perhaps, no side of the sacerdatal movement more calculated to awaken bitter and resentful feeling than its relation to women; and women who are independent and enlightened themselves are naturally most angry at this indignity put upon their sex. But while we understand and even applaud this feeling, we do

not regard it as a very safe guide for one who undertakes the portraiture of the Ritualist party as represented by one of its clergy. We do not yield to our authoress in our dislike of Ritualist principles, and especially of that priestly theory which is the essential feature of the system; but we are bound in honesty to say that we do not regard the Hon. and Rev. Launcelot Lascelles as a type of his class. The English gentleman does not take kindly to the spirit and habits of a Jesuit priest; and a Jesuit priest Mr. Lascelles essentially is, not the less so because he protests against the errors of Rome and repudiates all connection with the order of Ignatius Loyola. It is true that it is not possible to limit the effects which may be produced on any nature by the extreme views of his official rights on the one hand, and his obligation to obey the Church on the other, which Mr. Lascelles professed. They may quench all gentlemanly instinct and honest feeling; they may so blunt the conscience and harden the heart; they may make a man insensible to the claims of justice and impervious to the common sympathies of nature; they may stamp out all true courtesy and make him rude, arrogant, insolent. There possibly are cases in which even such results are reached. Mr. Lascelles is a possibility, but if he exists he is a monster, and not the normal growth even of Ritualism. If Mrs. Lynn Linton thought it necessary to draw this portraiture of an extreme Ritualist, she ought at least to have accompanied it by pictures of a very different type, which would have given us a truer conception of the school against whose acts the book is directed.

Having taken this exception, we are the more free to call attention to the striking manner in which some points in connection with the working of Ritualism, that have not received the notice they deserve, are depicted. Mrs. Lynn Linton writes with great care and power. She has an object in view, and does her utmost by skilful representation, striking incident, and eloquent language, to create the impression which she desires to leave. She may be too one-sided, too vehement, too impassioned, but she is not superficial. She has studied Ritualism with the view of bringing out the characteristics which make it most dangerous. It is the power of the confessional which, as might be expected, stirs her most deeply, and is pourtrayed in the most vivid colours. Some of the scenes might have been spared with great advantage, and in general there is a lack of artistic restraint and refinement. The effect might have been even more to her mind if there had been less straining after it. In the following passage, however, there is less of this exaggeration. It describes the priest—the "Superior," as he is called throughout the book by his devotees—in one of his sterner moods, when he had to reduce his penitent to submission.

"There was nothing of the courtly courteous gentleman about him now. He had risen to the height of his office, and was the inquisitor who probed, the priest who condemned, not the admiring friend who now flattered and now consoled, now gently directed and now fervently rewarded. Never in her life before had she been spoken to as now. She, the petted plaything of her father, the tenderly adored of her husband—if once passionately and now gravely, yet always tenderly—she to be held, as it were, by a torturer, a master, an executioner! Appalled, terrified, she shrank within herself at the stern voice, the attitude full of spiritual menace, the words that passed so terrible a sentence upon her."

She might well shrink in terror. Mr. Lascelles was seeking to drive her into rebellion against her husband, and to establish an influence over her as lady of the manor, with the absolute disposal of her own property, in order that he might use her for the good of the Church. The special object of the moment was to extort money for the rebuilding of the church, and because she hesitated out of love to the Agnostic husband to whom she had left the entire control of the estate until the priest came between them, this professed servant of God had described her husband as "a viper-a child of hell," and denounced her simple and true-hearted love as idolatry. No doubt this is the kind of peril that is risked wherever the confessor is allowed to plant his foot, and it is for the men of England to consider whether he is to be tolerated in their homes and to be sheltered by the shadow and invested with the authority of the National Church. In the case before us the woman plays a part so contemptible that we would fain hope there are not many who could sink to such a level. But the greater the weakness of possible victims the more reason to watch against such influences. What is not always remembered is that the Ritualist clergyman is really worse than a Romish priest, for the latter is under regulation, whereas the former spurns all control, and is, in fact, his own pope. "Mr. Lascelles, preaching unqualified submission to the laity, paid neither obedience nor respect to his own superiors unless they carried the same flag as himself; and he had in especial horror this diocesan of his, who, he maintained, had been wrongfully appointed, and was unfit to be the Church's ruler because he was a Protestant, an Erastian, and a loyal citizen as well as a cleric." There is truth in what is said here. "If the man's heart waxed fat for gratified pride, what wonder? True, folly, fanaticism, vanity, passion, credulity, are not the noblest set of motives by which a man gains influence over his kind. But . . . when he can carry all before him and subdue every stronghold that he assaults, what marvel that he should be proud, and assume the quasi-Divine and personally infallible power which no one has the courage or the common sense to deny? The position of a Ritualist 'priest' is about the proudest of all in the world of human leaders. Free from the close organization, the authority of the Roman Church, he is absolute in his own domain." The point is one that cannot be too strongly urged, and our authoress has worked it out with great effect, and on this, as in some other points, has dealt some severe blows to Ritualism. But it may be doubted whether the influence of the book will be as adverse to Ritualism as she would desire. The story is unpleasant, and some of the characters overdrawn. To those who know well-meaning men who are Ritualists, but have very faint likeness to the Hon. and Rev. Launcelot Lascelles, and are weak rather than crafty, ecclesiastical meines rather than priestly tyrants, there will be a revulsion of feeling in favour of the system. But still more, there is nothing so likely to produce sympathy with sacerdotalism as the idea which is suggested all through that it is the only refuge against Agnosticism. Some of the references to the religion of the New Testament are singularly feeble, if not flippant, and excite a prejudice against the writer, which may easily pass into sympathy with the object of her attack.

The Begum's Fortune. By Jules Verne. (Sampson Low and Co.) It is not necessary for us to say that Jules Verne is one of the most delightful writers for young people, and especially for boys. The daring flights of imagination on which he ventures attract while they dazzle them, and he certainly never fails to keep up the interest by a series of incidents and adventures which are not improbable, provided we can transport ourselves into the world he has created. Thus the starting-point of the present story is the unexpected accession of a French physician, full of schemes of science and philanthropy, to the accumulated wealth of an Indian rajah. Twenty-one millions sterling afford boundless opportunity for establishing the Utopia of which he had long been dreaming, and he proceeds to do it by the foundation of a new town, to be called Frankville. He soon finds that the old proverb, "money answereth all things," has to be received with qualifications. The book tells the story of his difficulties, and how they were all effectually dealt with, and does it with a freshness and life which will certainly make it popular. In the volume is also included a sketch of the old story of the Bounty, told anew in a style which gives it the charm of novelty.

A very useful book of Jules Verne's, on the "Exploration of the World,"

must receive fuller notice afterwards. Both are admirable.

The Serpent Charmer. By Louis Rousselet. (Sampson Low and Co.) This is a thrilling story, with not a little of true pathos and wise Christian suggestion, not intruded by way of moral improvement, but left to develop itself in the course of the narrative, and thus to leave a healthful and abiding impression on the mind. The serpent charmer is a brokendown, wretched old man, who receives from a French family the shelter and hospitality denied him by his own prince. The tale records the way in which the kindness was repaid. It has plenty of life and movement, and is all the more interesting from having its scene laid in India, amid circumstances and habits with which we have little familiarity, and where there is abundant opening for the exercise of the fancy.

The Involuntary Voyage. By Lucien Biart. (Sampson Low and Co.) The title of this book suggests its character. M. Pinson is an unhappy Frenchman, who, having a natural hatred of the sea, is, by sheer misadventure, one mishap following another, taken out at sea, and not only kept there, but involved in a series of difficulties and troubles. The writer has chosen the time of the war between the Northern and the Southern States as the date of his story, and it is almost the only time during the last half-century in which they would have been possible. The book is written with characteristic French spirit, and is certain to be relished by the class for whom it is primarily intended.

Strahan's Books for the People: Marquise and Rosette and the Easter Daisy. By the Baroness E. Martineau de Chesney. Slyboots, and other Farmyard Chronicles. With Forty-four Illustrations. By Beata Francis. The Girls of the Square, and other Tales. By Mrs. R. O'Reilly. (Strahan and Co.) We select these from a number of others, some of which we shall notice subsequently, which are issued as parts of

a most useful undertaking, in which Mr. Strahan is engaged. To provide literature for the people is one of the most important works of the time. We have elsewhere spoken of it in relation to periodicals; the need is just as urgent as for books. It may be said that there are already books in abundance, and that free or cheap libraries make them accessible even to the poor. But the poor like to have books of their own, and like books of the day. We are pleased enough that our old classics should be republished, and sometimes wonder that this field of enterprize is not more cultivated. But it is certain that there is also a craving for new books, and those who supply literature of the more exciting kind are ready enough to satisfy the demand. Mr. Strahan, with characteristic sagacity, has perceived the necessity for another class of books, and is meeting it with great judgment and success. The books before us are intended to allure readers into the paths of sound, wholesome, and purifying literature. They are interesting without becoming sensational, light yet not frivolous, and, on the other hand, pervaded by a religious spirit without that constant introduction of religious teaching which comes perilously near to "casting pearls before swine." They are all well written and got up in a style which catches the eye. The class for whom they are mainly designed like a nice-looking book, and they have it here at a singularly low price. As prizes for Sunday or day schools, or books for village libraries, they are most valuable. We wish the enterprize every success. The one condition of its continuance is that it should pay. The day is past when societies could be formed to issue cheap literature at a loss. We have to depend on the enterprize of individual publishers, and they must have proper return for capital and brains employed. We sincerely hope that Mr. Strahan will have no reason to complain in this respect.

Hendricks the Hunter. A Tale of Zululand. By W. H. G. Kingston. (Hodder and Stoughton.) Inexhaustible Mr. Kingston is here amid "fresh fields and pastures new," as fresh, as instructive, as entertaining as ever. It would be useless to sit down to criticize him, were criticism necessary, for an answer to all objections would be found in the unfailing, or rather ever-extending, popularity he enjoys. The boy who does not find a charm in his books must indeed be a rare exception. Our author has shown his usual judgment in selecting Zululand as the scene of the present story, and he has given us a book which is sure to be one of the chief favourites of the season.

Tales from Ariosto, Re-told for Children. By a Lady. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) Our authoress has undertaken an extremely difficult task in endeavouring to make some of the treasures of the great Italian poet accessible to English readers, and especially young readers. The work is thoroughly well done, and ought to receive the stamp of popular approval; but whether it appeals to a sufficiently large circle to insure success is we fear, doubtful. Still there is an increasing number interested in foreign literature and anxious to get some knowledge of it, and to these a book which makes Ariosto something more than the name—which he is even to numbers of educated English people—ought to be welcome. We have

treated the book as having a wider range than the class for whom it is designed, and so it certainly must have, for multitudes of older readers need such an introduction to Italian literature.

The Old Ship; or, Better than Strength. By H. A. Forde. (W. Wells Gardner.) A pleasant story of the fortunes of a brave sea captain who has been early invalided, and settles down in a quiet country village. The interest is divided between the home and the large grammar school to which one of the captain's sons is sent, and where he is carried away by the force of temptations such as do not often assail schoolboys. It is the part of the story we like least.

Lady Rosamond's Book; or, Dawnings of Light. (The Stanton-Corbet Chronicles.) By Lucy Ellen Guernsey. (J. F. Shaw.) Miss Guernsey has not only a taste for what may be described as historical revivals, but shows a considerable capacity for treating them effectively. Her former stories have been very effective, and this is not less successful. "Lady Rosamond's Book" purports to be the diary of a Stanton, who lived at the time of the Reformation, beginning in the reign of Henry VIII., and extending to the dispersion of the Armada. This diary is edited by a descendant living more than a century later, in the days of Queen Anne, who intersperses explanatory observations and comments of her own. The diarist was the inmate of a convent, who was saved from making her profession as a nun by the reading of Tyndale's New Testament; but though she left the old Church, her sketches of the convent and its inmates are very sympathetic and kindly. A book written in this temper, without a trace of bigotry, will do more real good to the cause of Protestantism than a dozen works permeated by narrow prejudice. Miss Guernsey shows a capacity for appreciating good everywhere.

Mrs. Dobbs's Dull Boy. By Annette Lyster (Christian Knowledge Society), is by no means a dull story. It relates to a family that, having risen from a position of comparative poverty and obscurity to affluence and abundance, set up for being eminently, not to say painfully, genteel. Jem, the hero of the tale, is generally reckoned the dull member of the family, and hence, while his clever brothers enjoy every possible advantage, his education is almost entirely neglected. He is not liked by any one except Dolly, the least genteel of the sisters, but a simple, natural, warm-hearted girl. Jem, however, is not so dull'as people take him to be; and happening one day to discover that his father was carrying on his business in a dishonest way and was falsifying his accounts, and foreseeing the crash which would inevitably come sooner or late, he left home and went to seek his fortune in London, where he succeeded, after much difficulty, in obtaining a situation in a large draper's establishment. The crash which he had anticipated soon came. The establishment is broken up, and the whole family decamp to America, with the exception of Dolly, who joins her brother in London. The story is well conceived and the interest is sustained throughout, but the subsequent fortunes of the family we must leave our readers to find out for themselves.

Fan's Silken String. By Annette Lyster. (Christian Knowledge Society.) Ben Fairfax, the leading character of this story, is the exact opposite of Jem Dobbs. He is a sharp, clever lad (the son of a cruel father and of a drunken mother), who, being surrounded with evil influences from his earliest youth, learns to gamble, swear, and steal, and to do all sorts of wickedness. The one restraining influence which helps to keep him right is the love of his sister Fan, a loving, tender-hearted little girl, who acts as his good angel throughout, and spins for him a silken cord, which is continually tugging at his heart whenever he is inclined to do wrong, and which is eventually the means of his salvation.

We are compelled to postpone the notices of the following and other books till next month. Children of the Kingdom, Judy, Nellie Arundel, Brave Geordie, The Hamiltons, The Maiden's Lodge, Alice Bridge of Norwich, Only Five, Lillie Cousens, Rough the Terrier, Dot and her Treasures, and Jamie's Trust, all from J. F. Shaw and Co.

British Rule in South Africa, John Lyon; or, from the Depths, Land of the Mountain and the Flood, The Englishman's Bible, Montgomery, &c., from the Wesleyan Conference Office.

New Granada. A Tale by Kingston; and True to his Colours, from T. Nelson and Sons.

Brave Janet, from Sampson Low, Marston, and Searle. Excursions into Puzzledom, from Strahan and Co.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

The annual volumes of the various magazines, elegant in their form and appearance, rich in articles of varied character and general interest, popular in style, and, what is not least important, all remarkable for their cheapness, are among the most handsome presents for Christmastide. We look on these periodical publications with great interest, and with the feeling that the publishers by whom they are issued are doing a most necessary and important service to the community. Every year the number of readers is multiplying, as the Board Schools are turning out a fresh quota of young people who have not only acquired the art of reading, but have got a certain amount of taste for books as the result of their training. There is still a great deal to be done before England stands abreast of Scotland in this particular, but what has been done across the border is an indication of what will be effected among ourselves when the Education Act has secured for our artizans and peasantry advantages similar to those which Scotland has enjoyed since the days of John Knox. We have been much struck by the contrast between a small market town, hardly above a village, in the south of England, and a place of similar size in the far north of Scotland, in the provision made for the intellectual wants of the people. In the former there was almost utter literary barrenness, whereas in the latter there was abundant proof in the shops that books, magazines, and newspapers were among the ordinary wants of the people for which due provision must be made. We hope to see the literary taste which characterizes the Scotch peasantry diffuse itself among our own people.

It is evidently doing so at present, and it is necessary that provision should be made to meet its requirements. There is an ample supply of literature which, if it be not positively deleterious, is certainly not particularly edifying or elevating. We welcome every counteractive, and fully believe that there is room for all these competitors for public favour. These volumes certainly form a goodly array as they stand together on our table; and the first question which starts up is, how is it possible they can find support? To us there does not appear any great difficulty. The number of readers is enormously multiplied since the Religious Tract Society made its first venture and introduced a new style of popular literature, different from the old favourite Chambers' Journal, and others of a similar type. To Mr. Strahan belongs the honour of raising still higher the character of such books. He found an able coadjutor in Dr. Norman M'Leod, and the issue of Good Words marks another era in the history of our popular periodicals. But numerous as magazines of this kind are now, there is no reason to think that they interfere with one another. The supply has increased, but we are disposed to think that the demand increases even more rapidly.

Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin are distinguished above any other firm by the attention they have given to this branch of literature, and by the sagacity, the enterprize, the clear appreciation of the popular taste, and the conspicuous ability with which their work is carried on. They recognize the necessity there is for attracting the people by cheap periodical issues, and at present they are issuing upwards of forty separate publications in this manner. Of course very few of these are magazines. Many of them are books of high character and value in literature, theology, and art. But recently they completed a cheap and elegant edition of Farrar's Life of Christ, enriched by a series of high-class illustrations. At present among the issues is included the Leopold Shakespeare, which is being published in parts, and which, when completed, will form an invaluable addition to a working man's library. One of their latest undertakings, and to us one of the most interesting, is the publication of Roberts' Views of Syria and the Holy Land, which is now appearing in sevenpenny parts. To those who know what these illustrations of Holy Scripture are, and how inaccessible they have hitherto been except to the wealthy, it is unnecessary to point out how great the boon which will thus be conferred upon a large class by having this remarkable series of pictorial sketches brought within their reach. It is not with one department of literature only that this firm occupy themselves. Science, natural history, geography, belles-lettres, all come within the range of their activity, and in every one of these fields they are most diligent and useful caterers for the wants of the people.

The Magazine of Art, illustrated (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), is one of the most attractive publications of the season. It is a real article de luxe, which is, nevertheless, issued at so low a price, that people of moderate means need not regard it with despairing eyes; and so, while it would be a becoming ornament in the most elegant drawing-room, there is no reason why those who have a refinement of taste beyond their pecuniary resources should deny themselves a gratification which can be so easily obtained.

A magazine of this order is a great educating influence, one of the many instructors which are at work to elevate the taste of the English people. The marked change there has already been in this respect is obvious even to very superficial observers, and books like this will carry it still further. The Magazine of Art is a handsome volume, abundantly illustrated in a high style of art, dealing with all kinds of aesthetic questions, and giving abundant information on various points of interest in connection with the central subject of the publication. Biographies of artists, historical incidents in connection with the progress of art itself, descriptions of sketching-grounds, accounts of different exhibitions, give variety and fulness to the contents. The letter-press is worthy of the artistic illustrations, which of course are the chief feature of the book.

Cassell's Family Magazine is such a repertory of all kinds of articles. fitted both for instruction and amusement, that his must be a peculiar taste who cannot find in it enough to occupy, with pleasure and advantage, many an hour. Suppose we take up a single number. Here is the "Gatherer," who month by month brings together a number of paragraphs of information on topics of every-day interest. A man who got up with care one of these monthly miscellanies need not despair of making a respectable appearance at a dinner-party, or breakfast-table, provided he is not too anxious to air his cheaply-got knowledge. We have, then, a paper on "Some Favourite American Dishes," which might be useful to English cooks or their mistresses, if the spirit of Conservatism was not so absolute in our kitchens as to cause all novelties to be contemptuously regarded as "foreign kickshaws." Then the children have their articles; and as to the supply of fiction, our only complaint of it is that it is too abundant. Let it be said, however, that it is always healthy in tone, and written by authors of first-class ability. The "Tenth Earl," which is one of the principal tales of the year, is a story of considerable power and well-sustained interest, though somewhat too highly coloured and sensational. The Quiver is an old and established favourite, and when we say that the present volume maintains the reputation won by years of steady and useful work, guided by high Christian principle and marked ability, we need not give any higher praise. It may be regarded as the Sunday companion to The Family Magazine. There is not in it any unctuousness of tone, nor exclusiveness in subject, but a religious spirit pervades the articles, which are diversified both as to theme and mode of treatment. The Quiver has a first-class staff of writers, and they give us a magazine of sterling value. Of Little Folks, we should be quite content to take the verdict of any company of intelligent children, who have a taste either for books or pictures. They will find here provision both for instruction and amusement; short and useful papers for those who have begun to think; stories for those who like (and what child does not like?) good tales; riddles with which to puzzle themselves and others; hints for the treatment of pets by those who have them; and beautiful pictures for everybody. A better Christmas present for children there could not be.

The Day of Rest (Strahan) does immense credit to its publisher. From

first to last it bears abundant signs of careful editing and good management. The tales are admirable, as may be expected when we have such writers as Miss Saunders, who gives us, in the present volume, "Be-be, the Nailmaker's Daughter"-one of the most fresh, original, and striking stories of its kind we have read for some time; or as Mrs. R. O'Reilly, the authoress of that charming story, "Phœbe's Fortunes." "Be-be" is a heroine taken from the humblest class, and trained amid surroundings of the most abject misery. The picture of the poor desolate child, when her mother and her brothers have been carried off by the pestilence, and she is left alone with her hard-hearted and drunken father to provide for his wants, and, what was worse, to bear with his waywardness and vice, is very impressive and affecting. Some of the touches are full of the most pure and exquisite pathos. The awakening of the conscience of the miserable old man and his conversion are well conceived and well told. These opening scenes of the story are certainly the best, but to the end the interest is well sustained. Mrs. John Hunt, in her story of the "Wards of Plotinus," has ventured on the extremely difficult task of representing the early struggles of Christianity in pagan Rome, and she has achieved considerable success. Mrs. O'Reilly gives us short stories; and very beautiful some of them are. But it would be unfair to treat the stories as though they formed the principal part of the magazine, while all the rest is "padding." This is not so with any of our best periodicals, and certainly is not so here. The Dean of Llandaff, Dr. John Hunt, Professor Blaikie, and Miss Ellice Hopkins are among the writers whose varied contributions give life and interest to The Day of Rest. Poetry forms a somewhat important element, and much of it is extremely beautiful. Altogether, there is a bright, cheerful, and thus truly religious character about the volume, which is in harmony with the name it bears. Strahan's Grand Annual for the Young is got up in the most attractive style, and with its splendid array of contributors, its wise admixture of the grave and the gay in its articles, and, not least, its admirable illustrations, must be popular. A young person of either sex must be dull indeed who could easily lay down this volume. For ourselves, we can only say that, had it fallen in our way in our youth, we should have been likely to incur some sharp rebuke for allowing it to obtain so much hold over us. But in those times there was little chance of such a treat, whereas now the danger is lest young people be spoiled by an embarras des richesses.

Good Words remains the same pleasant and instructive companion that it has ever been. Perhaps there is not the same sparkle about it that there was in its palmy days, but it is always bright and lively, its subjects well selected, and its papers ably written. The author of the leading serial tale of the year is Mrs. Muloch, than whom it would have been impossible to find one more suited for such a magazine. What she was when first she made herself known to the public, and won her reputation by "John Halifax," that she remains to the present time, as natural and simple as full of quiet interest, and wielding as happy and healthful an influence. She holds a place peculiarly her own, as the first among our writers of domestic fiction. "Young Mrs. Jardine" is worthy of her fame.

The tale is pure in spirit and in style, with a pleasant simple realism which is refreshing after the exciting but not very probable incidents with which we are regaled by some other writers. Miss Sarah Tytler is another of the contributors to the department of fiction, and in the "Bride's Pass" gives us a capital story. Considerable attention is given by the editor to works of philanthropy, and we have various papers on our charities, full of information and suggestion. Mr. William Gilbert's account of an "Unappreciated Charity" is specially deserving of attention at this season. In telling the story of the "Society for the Relief of Distress" it bears indirect but valuable testimony to the wide extent of sympathy for the poor and suffering in classes where we should least expect to find it, shows how it has been utilized, and suggests a way in which those who are unable to become their own almoners may insure that their gifts shall be wisely distributed. The paper on the "Ethics of Charity" greatly disappointed us. It is an excellent subject, and we opened this article with interest. But it is on a different theme, and might more properly be entitled the "History and Natural History of Charity." In theology, the magazine leans chiefly to the Broad Church School. Mr. Stopford Brooke has a beautiful article on "Prayer," in which, however, he gives an interpretation of the cry of the nobleman to our Lord, "Sir, come down ere my child die," which we are certainly not disposed to accept. Principal Tulloch's address at Westminster Abbey on the "Essentials of Religion" is admirably successful in leaving out the essence of the gospel altogether. With a good deal of eloquent, though somewhat vague, utterance about the Divine personality in Christ, which may mean much or little, there is not a word about the infinite love in the death of the cross. And this was a missionary address to encourage men to follow the example of him who said, "We preach Christ crucified!" We must not omit to mention, among a variety of illustrative articles, a valuable series of papers on the historian, "Rapin, the Huguenot," by Dr. Smiles, who has made the history of these noble sufferers for truth his own peculiar field.

The Sunday Magazine (Isbister and Co.) is in many points distinctly in advance of its companion volume. The marks of very careful editing are manifest in it everywhere. Apparently there is before the mind of the editor a clear and comprehensive plan, which he sets himself to work out, and the "classified index," which greatly enhances the value of the volume, shows how much attention has been given to each separate part. We wish it were possible to have a Sunday Magazine without serial tales. or indeed without tales at all. But at present the fashion has set in favour of fiction everywhere and at all times, and it would be of as much use for an editor to set himself in opposition to the prevailing taste as it was for Canute to defy the advancing wave. The only difference would be that with him it would be the receding wave which he would fiercely attempt to detain, and whose ebb would leave him and his magazine stranded high and dry. If, then, we must accept the necessity, where can we find a writer better qualified to meet us the best way than Hesba Stretton? Her larger novels can hardly be described as great successes.

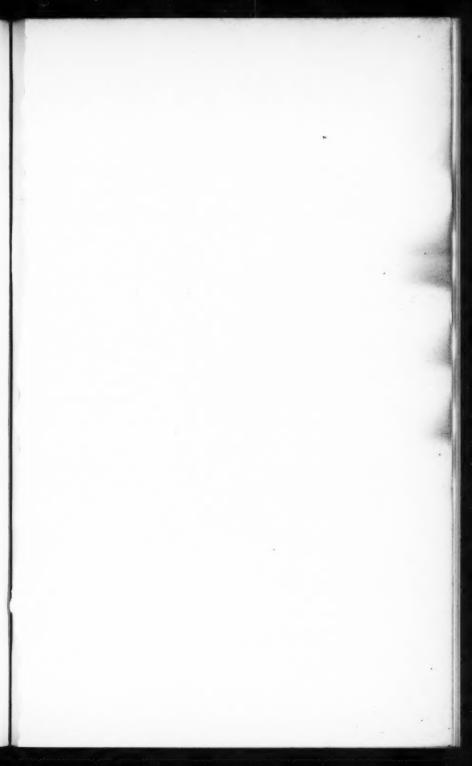
but in short stories we hold her to be unrivalled. "In Prison and Out" is a story in the vein which she has already worked to such good purpose. The author of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family" contributes one of her historical tales, the subject being "Joan of Arc." It would be impossible to speak separately of the many articles which have pleased us in the admirable volume. But we must make special mention of the "Sunday Evenings with the Children." They are very far from being equal in merit, but they are generally good, and those by Rev. G. Wangh, Mr. T. E. Arnold Foster, and the author of "Story after Story," of very rare excellence. The art of addressing children wisely and attractively is not common, but the power of writing such addresses is still more unfrequent. Some of the papers we have referred to may be just as useful for the teachers as for children, as models of what such addresses ought to be.

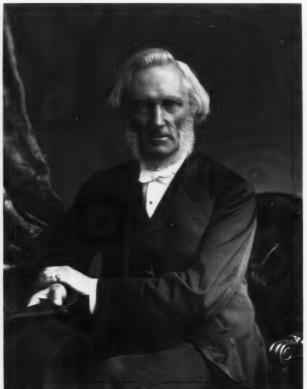
Our old favourites, The Leisure Hour and The Sunday at Home (Religious Tract Society) are as fresh as though they were in the bloom of youth. The Religious Tract Society is free, so far as the management of its literary department is concerned, from that stolid Conservatism which seems to many an enterprize turning its very prosperity into an instrument of destruction, by causing an obstinate adherence to old plans which succeeded once, forgetting that their power lay chiefly in their novelty, and that the only way of retaining the popularity is to preserve the freshness. There is nothing of this temper in the conduct of these two periodicals. Everywhere are the evidences of that understanding of the wants of the day, and that capacity for adapting a magazine to them, that power to seize on the subjects which awaken popular interest, and to deal with them in an effective manner, the skill in catering, both for those who like a magazine for the little scraps which occupy a few leisure moments. and those who wish for fuller instruction, which are the essential requisites for successful management of magazines such as these. As the result, they hold their ground in the face of all competitors, and we sincerely trust will long continue to do so. They were pioneers in their important work, and it would be greatly to be regretted if they were ever thrust out of their place by younger rivals for whom they have actually prepared the way. But this there is not the slightest reason to fear. They will stand in virtue of their own intrinsic merits, which need not fear comparison with any of the volumes of the season.

Hand and Heart. The Fireside. (Hand and Heart Publishing Office.) We are anxious to direct special attention to the important and successful work which is being done by Rev. Charles Bullock, the editor of these and other publications, partly because of their real excellence, and partly because his example is one by which we may profit. Nothing is more common than to hear denominational literature decried, and that it is impossible to give it vitality and success. It would be impossible if the ideas of those who talk in this style were to become general. They certainly do their best to accomplish their own prediction. Our own belief

is that such literature is greatly needed by all Churches. The result of the lofty superiority to denominational sentiment, which some assume, will be to lead men on either to Romanism or unbelief; and believing this, we rejoice to see men firmly attached to the Church of their convictions, and earnestly seeking to promote its interests. In the end all Churches will profit by the growth of this spirit. Now Mr. Bullock has devoted himself to the service of the Established Church, and especially to that of the Evangelical party, in this department of literature, and in the work he is doing he exerts a direct influence the extent and value of which it is not easy to estimate. Home Words, one of his periodicals, is, we are told, localized as a parochial magazine throughout England, and the success it has achieved in this way is almost incredible. If we are not misinformed, it circulates upwards of three hundred and fifty thousand copies monthly. It is idle to ignore or underrate the power which such a magazine must exercise. To us it is a sincere pleasure to think that a periodical setting forth true scriptural principles finds its way into so many of the homes of the people, and is so potent an educational instrument in the country. We do not see why Congregationalists should not work in the same manner. The Fireside is evidently meant to suit the taste of a large class of readers who do not care for anything very elaborate, but want interesting, pleasant, and at the same time edifying matter. It is popular in its mode of treatment and distinctly religious in its aims. There is nothing polemical, but it is a Church publication, and must be useful and welcome to those. Hand and Heart is more of a religious journal, both in appearance and matter, reminding us, indeed, of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal in its early days. The size of the volume is cumbrous, but it must be remembered that its primary object is to serve the purpose of a weekly religious paper, and for this it is well adapted. It must not be supposed, however, that it in any way takes the place of an ordinary newspaper, for with the news of the day it has no concern. It is a journal of Christian work, principally in connection with the Church of England. It is written in a Catholic and Evangelical spirit, and is meant to educate the heart in love to Christ, and to point out to those brought under this influence how the hand can be best employed. One of the most interesting features in connection with it is the work of Christian benevolence carried on under the name of "Robin," for whose Christmas dinner and other works of charity considerable sums are obtained.

Sunday (W. Wells Gardner) is a capital book for children. There is in it nothing that is above their capacities, while a succession of striking pictures interest the eye, and stories full of true teaching of the best kind engage the mind. It is surely better that the thoughts of Sunday should be associated in the memory of children with a book of this kind than with the dull and dreary matter which once was supposed to be the only proper Sunday reading.





Elliott & Fre Photo

Unwin Brothers Lender

Mours on Truly Alexander Raleigh

The Congregationalist.

FEBRUARY, 1880.

REV. A. RALEIGH, D.D.

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REV. A. RALEIGH, D.D.

It is unnecessary to say that Dr. Raleigh is one of the most finished and most popular preachers whom the Congregational Churches possess. If we describe him as being distinctively the preacher, it is not that he does not take his part in the general work of the denomination, or that he does not interest himself in political affairs. He is less frequently seen on the platform than some of his brethren; but he has not hesitated, especially of late years, to throw himself into great public movements: and some of his deliverances—take, for example, his eloquent and telling speech at the great Nonconformist Conference in Manchester—have been very effective. Throughout the whole of the Eastern controversy he has taken a position among those who have successfully laboured to prevent Nonconformists from being carried away by the Jingo furor, and have influenced them to cast their influence on the side of righteousness, liberty, and peace. But while he has rendered valuable and effective service in this department, the "pulpit is his throne," and from it he wields a power surpassed by but few. His style is characterized by great beauty and finish, and his sermons are elaborated to a degree which some might think excessive. But he always infuses into the reading or delivery a tender pathos, blended with an impassioned earnestness, rising sometimes to a kind of inspired fervour, by which he carries away his audience. The felicity of his language, his fresh and striking use of Scripture, the richness and beauty of his imagery, the spiritual force of the teaching, and the deep feeling thrown into the whole, give his sermons a rare charm. These sketches do not profess to attempt a critical analysis of their subjects, and it is still less desirable that they should indulge in that language of eulogy to which friendship would be inclined. The Editor is fully conscious that he could not touch the subject with impartiality, and that it would be improper for him here, as in the case of other ministerial brethren, to do more than register the judgment which the public has already unmistakably expressed. Dr. Raleigh and he were in the same class at college-a class to which also belonged one whose career opened with such promise to our Churches, but who was, all too soon for us, called to his rest, Robert Alfred Vaughan, the richness of whose gifts was equalled by the simplicity and nobility of his spirit. A friendship which has extended over so many years does not supply the best qualification for the formation of an unbiassed opinion. Happily it is not necessarv to be thus dispassionate, for no one will dispute the verdict which gives Dr. Raleigh a very high place in the first rank of the preachers of the day, and that not more for the intellectual power of his ministry than for the lofty, moral bearing by which it is sustained, and the pure, spiritual tone which it breathes.

Dr. Raleigh was born at Castle Douglas, on January 3. 1817. While yet a youth he removed to Liverpool, and there united himself to the Church at Crescent Chapel, then under the pastoral care of Rev. John Kelly, whose solid teaching and deep earnestness exerted so powerful an influence in training the character of young men. Alexander Raleigh soon distinguished himself by his Christian zeal; and as he gave evidence of great capacity for preaching, he was introduced to the Blackburn Theological Academy, of which the Rev. Gilbert Wardlaw was, at that time, the Principal. When the academy was removed to Manchester, and became the Lancashire Independent College, Mr. Raleigh was transferred with the other students, and remained at Manchester until the end of 1844, when he accepted an invitation to Greenock, where he laboured with great acceptance and success until a partial failure of nervous energy compelled his removal. In 1850 he accepted the pastorate of the Church at Rotherham, where he continued until 1855, when the Church in Elgin Place Chapel,

Glasgow, invited him to become the successor of Rev. Dr. Wardlaw. His ministry in that city was eminently popular and prosperous; but his reputation had travelled far beyond the limits of the city and the country; and the Church at Hare Court, for which the new chapel at Canonbury had just been built, was anxious to secure his services. Happily for the interests of Congregationalism in the metropolis, it succeeded. In 1859 Dr. Raleigh became its pastor, and from the first day of his settlement his success was assured. All the sittings in the spacious chapel were occupied, and enlarged accommodation had to be provided; the Church which had migrated from old Hare Court Chapel, and which, at the time of Dr. Raleigh's settlement, had dwindled to a very small number, increased to nearly a thousand members, and considerable efforts were made for the extension of the gospel, and the formation of Congregational Churches in other districts. First, a chapel was built in Britannia Row, of which the Rev. Matthew Smith is pastor, and subsequently another in Milton Road, where the Rev. John Johnstone labours. Dr. Raleigh's pastorate at Canonbury was thus a conspicuous success. After several years of happy and prosperous labour, another new place of worship was erected at Stamford Hill, and a joint pastorate of the two Churches, under Dr. Raleigh and Mr. Simon, was attempted. Circumstances, however, made it undesirable to continue this arrangement, and Dr. Raleigh accepted the pastorate of the Church at Kensington. He entered on his work there in 1875, and continues to labour on with ever-growing proofs of the Divine blessing, and of the attachment of a people who greatly prize his ministry. In 1868 he was elected Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and in 1864 he received the degree of D.D. from the Glasgow University. Some years ago he was invited to undertake a course of the Congregational Lectures, but feeling that the demand upon his time and strength would be too great he declined the honour. He has published three volumes, all of which are highly prized because of their spirituality of tone, beauty of thought, and finish of style. They are "Quiet Resting Places," the "Story of Jonah," and the "Little Sanctuary."

THE POLITICS OF NONCONFORMISTS.

A short time ago the Bishop of Peterborough went out of his way to pronounce a fervid eulogium upon Lord Beaconsfield as the greatest statesman of the day. Remembering how his lordship has won his present position, and how he has used the power he has obtained, how the supporters of his policy avow a cynical contempt for any suggestion that the affairs of nations should be governed by Christian principle, and how the action of his Government towards savage peoples has been one consistent exhibition of that contempt, it may be a subject of regret, even to some who are not identified with the Liberal party, that a Christian prelate should have committed himself to the approval of our Prime Minister. The wonder increases when we compare Lord Beaconsfield with his great rival. regard to versatility of intellect, extent of culture, and service rendered to literature, there can really be no comparison between them, and there is as little on the point of political achievement. In dexterity in the art of managing men by humouring their follies and weaknesses which some regard as the very climax of political wisdom, in adroitness and tact, Lord Beaconsfield is superior. But these are hardly the qualities on which a minister of the gospel of Christ might be supposed to put the highest value. The spirit of the religion of which he is a teacher must lead him to abhor the subordination of high principle, in order to attain personal or temporary success, and to prefer that grandeur of conception, that keen sense of right, that broad and large-hearted love of humanity, that far-seeing patriotism by which Mr. Gladstone's statesmanship has always been distinguished. Lord Beaconsfield rose to eminence by lampooning one of the most honoured statesmen England has ever known; educated his party into the adoption of a measure which they were bound by all their precedents, their well-known principles, and their own reiterated professions to oppose; has now dazzled the minds of a large body of his fellow-countrymen by a series of sensations intended to inflame their worst passions, and foster their most unworthy prejudices. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, has been the great Free Trade Minister of the day; he has spared no effort to raise his country to the high position of a peacemaker among the nations; he has increased the comforts of the masses of the people, and was the head of the first Ministry which dared to grapple thoroughly with the work of national education; he was one of the first English rulers (we might almost say the first) who sought to deal out equal justice to Ireland, and, at the risk of exciting the prejudices of a proud and high-spirited people, he had the courage to settle our dispute with America by arbitration rather than There has been no Minister of this generation who could point to so many measures placed on the Statute Book for the good of the people, and there certainly has been none who has so fearlessly faced alike the anger of self-interested classes and the prejudices of the multitude in his determination to do the right. When to this it is added that the sincerity of his Christian principle is beyond all question, it is surely strange that a bishop should prefer Lord Beaconsfield to a man of his calibre.

What is more deplorable, however, is that in this the bishop doubtless represents the views of a majority of his clerical brethren. Dr. Magee is a typical Churchman, neither too Broad nor too High, but above all things careful not to be Low. He is extremely able, a clever reasoner, and an eloquent speaker, with considerable knowledge of the world, and albeit somewhat lacking in sentiment, and too severely practical for a religious teacher, a bishop who is a great power in the Church. Few men are able to catch more exactly the tone of sentiment prevailing in the Church, and certainly there is no one who gives it more courageous and vigorous expression. What he says in relation to Lord Beaconsfield would be endorsed in a vast majority of the country parishes of England. This state of feeling is perfectly intelligible, however much it may be regretted. The Tory party are regarded as the real friends of the Church. Liberals may make what professions they will in the hopes of conciliating clerical support; they may snub their faithful Nonconformist allies, in the belief that their patient loyalty will endure much if only a few Church votes can be secured; they may defer every concession to Dissenters as long as it is safe, and minimize it when it is granted; they may pronounce against Disestablishment, and in their educational policy show the most tender and considerate regard to the rights and feelings of the clergy; but it is all to no effect. "Codlin, not Short," is the friend of the Church. They do not even need the Tory's own strong assurances to convince them of the fact, for they know it already, and act upon it. Now, whatever Lord Beaconsfield may be or do, he has given the Tories a position in the country which even to themselves seemed beyond the reach of hope. Up to 1874 Toryism seemed to be in a condition of utter collapse. It might continue to struggle on against the encroachments of the Radical democracy, and might succeed, for a time, in checking its advance. But that it would become an actual power, that its ideas would again rule in the country, that it would not only place its representatives in office, but would secure for them a long lease of power, and would revive not a little of the proud spirit which marked the good old times of Castlereagh and Sidmouth, was a possibility undreamed of, except by the most sanguine. Lord Beaconsfield has realized all this; has already given an extension of seven years in the monoply of the burial-grounds; has diverted public attention from those dangerous questions of religious equality which the clergy are so unwilling to have raised. And so his lordship is a favourite in the parsonages. There are noble exceptions, from the manly Bishop of Manchester downwards, but they are exceptions, and we fear that their number has been on the decrease. conduct of the Government towards the Afghans has been infinitely worse than their treatment of the Eastern Christians. but we doubt whether there are as many clerical opponents of the former as of the latter. The reason is obvious. There was an ecclesiastical sympathy in the one case, which does not exist in the other. The Guardian, to its honour be it recorded, has never lowered its flag or faltered in its approval of Mr. Gladstone. Its Liberalism is not very advanced, but on every question in which the principles of justice or the rights of humanity are involved, it has always been decided. But it has provoked the ire of clerical correspondents, who cannot understand how a Church organ can regard a Ministry which contains such tried friends of the Church as Sir Stafford Northcote, or Lord Cairns, or Lord Cranbrook with any sentiment but enthusiastic favour. They act on the principle expressed by the late Bishop Wilberforce, at an early period of his life, and consistently carried out through his whole career. "I am a strong Churchman; and if a man is only a Churchman, I can forgive him anything else in the world." The Cabinet is assumed to be a Church Cabinet, and it is, therefore, not well to inquire too closely into the Chauvinism of Lord Lytton, the diplomacy of Lord Salisbury, or the severities of Sir F. Roberts. Lord Beaconsfield stands between the democracy and the old institutions of the country. especially the Church, and he must be supported. It is open to doubt whether the policy is a wise one. Time only will tell whether the influence of the present Government has, in the long run, been favourable even to the interests of which they are assumed to be the conservators. Still we confess we are not greatly surprised at the attitude taken by that section of the clergy of which the Bishop of Peterborough may be considered a type.

In direct opposition stand the Nonconformists. We do not for a moment wish to deny that there are exceptions on the one side as well as on the other, but Dissenting Jingoes (including under the term bona-fide Dissenters only, not all who may attend Dissenting chapels for reasons of convenience or personal preference) are far more rare than clerical followers of Mr. Gladstone. We have for many years been tolerably familiar with the state of political opinion among Nonconformists, and we do not remember any point on which they have been so united and so enthusiastic as in their approval of the great Liberal chief and his policy. Among Congregationalists there was no approach to the same agreement, even on the Education Act or other points directly affecting their own denominational interests, as on this question of international relations. They have happily escaped the "Jingo" fever, almost without injury. Here and there personal considerations—as. for example, the well-earned influence of Mr. Joseph Cowen in Newcastle—have caused a slight deflection from the straight line: but even there the entire difference lies in a somewhat stronger development of anti-Russian sentiment, and a consequent disposition to regard the action of the Ministry with more favour. Looking at what Russia is, our wonder is, not that this feeling exists, but that it has not produced more difference of opinion on the Ministerial policy among those who are all equally opposed to the despotism of the Czar. Congregationalists, however, have seen from the first that there were other issues at stake, and some of them concerning the freedom and prosperity of the nation much more closely than the humiliation of Russia. They have seen the peril of making an anti-Russian prejudice the pivot on which the politics of Great Britain are to turn. They have felt, above all, that if there be a necessity for checking Russia, that cannot justify us in conniving at the cruel oppression of the weak, still less in plunging into deeds of injustice ourselves; in leaving the Bulgarians to suffer from the tyranny of a power which owes the opportunities for the gratification of its despotic tastes to our support, or in inflicting on unhappy Afghans the miseries of an unnecessary and unrighteous war. Hence they have stood firmly by Mr. Gladstone, and they have not been alone. The Presbyterians have been as clear and distinct in their testimony against Imperialism, and if the Tories rely upon the sympathies of the Methodists they are certainly indulging in a vain illusion. In short, Presbyterians, Baptists, and Congregationalists have shown and still show what a writer in the Spectator calls a "stern unanimity;" and the Wesleyan Methodists, if less active in the controversy, are not much less decided in their opposition to the policy of "bluster and bloodshed" which has been in vogue during the last few years.

Now what is the meaning of all this? It cannot be said that the Nonconformists, not even the Congregationalists and Baptists, whose weight has always been thrown on the side of the Liberals, are such servile adherents of party that wherever the leaders go they are prepared to follow. In this particular case, indeed, they had made up their minds and taken their position when the leaders, with the solitary exception of Mr. Gladstone, were hesitating and uncertain. Even before Mr. Gladstone had sounded that trumpet blast which stirred the heart of the nation in 1876 the Nonconformists had been moved by the hideous stories of Ottoman cruelty in Eastern Europe, and were among the first to lift up their voices in indignant protest. The first check on the intense sentiment aroused in the nation by Mr. Gladstone's

speeches and writings may be distinctly traced to the speech of Mr. Forster on his return from the East-a speech severely criticised by the Times, which at that time was earnest in its support of a movement which subsequently it has done its utmost to decry. Possibly it was necessary that we should hear the words of caution lest we might have been hurried into action which would have involved us in war against Turkey. The danger was one present to the minds of some statesmen, and though we believe it was at any time the most visionary that ever affected the minds of sane men, we are not disposed severely to complain of those who sought to curb a feeling which threatened to overleap all bounds. Assuredly it was never the interest of the Liberal party that the Eastern question should attain the dimensions it reached in 1876; and those who struggled against this tendency are not to be condemned for speeches which at the time seemed a little cold and discouraging. The Nonconformists, however, were not moved by such repressive utterances. They dwell in regions in which considerations of la haute politique are not much felt. They were certainly not so well acquainted with the strong feeling in relation to the Eastern question that prevailed in select political circles and that made the position one of such extreme difficulty. They simply looked at the facts, and they felt that the time was come when the nation should withdraw its support from a Government capable of such deeds of infamy as those which had shocked the moral sense and common humanity of all Europe.

We are not contending here that they were wise, though in politics, as in other things, the simple-minded and even the babes may get an insight into truths and principles which are hidden from the wise and prudent. All that we desire to point out, however, is that the Nonconformist action is not due to an exaggerated devotion to the Liberal party. We may be weak sentimentalists, but let our mistakes be imputed to the fervour of our sentiments, and not to the intensity, and indeed blindness, of our political attachments. We are foolish enough to believe that the Christian law of righteousness ought to govern nations, and the reproach of that folly we are prepared to meet, but we are not content to be regarded as the mere devotees of a party willing to be dragged wherever its supposed

interests or its caprice may conduct it and us. In truth, our relation to the last Liberal Government ought to be sufficient to correct any idea of the kind. Mr. Walter ventured, in his speech at Newbury, to quote Mr. Morley for his authority for the statement that the Nonconformists had thrown away seventy-five seats for the Liberal party at the last election. It would be a happy thing just now if the assertion were true. for it certainly suggests that they have the power to win them back at the next election, and if so they hold the balance of power in their hands. In what way it would incline were this actually so it is not necessary to point out. But Mr. Morley said nothing so absurd, and the only use of the statement is to show with how little wisdom and care for accuracy the affairs even of a "leading journal" may be conducted, and to serve as an indirect testimony to the independence which Nonconformists have cultivated in their political relations. Therevolt of 1870 is at least a proof that they are about the last section of the party which can safely be regarded as "dumb driven cattle." Their politics in the Eastern controversy are the result of conviction, and not a mere piece of partizanship.

But, it is asked by some, how is it to be explained that English Nonconformists should have any sympathy with Russia? Politically and ecclesiastically they must be in marked and irreconcilable antagonism. The Russian Czar is the incarnation of despotism, and they are the friends of popular freedom; he is the extreme type of an Erastian, and in their view Erastianism is as the abomination of desolation standing in the holy place. How can democrats sympathize with tyrants? How can the believers in the most popular form of Church government be partakers with one who might almost as truly say, "L'église c'est moi" as "L'état c'est moi"? The problem, presented thus, may seem a very puzzling one, and the solution not easy to find. But it only reminds us of the celebrated question started by Charles II. to the savants; and, learning wisdom from that notable example, we should advise those who suggest this difficulty first to verify the facts. Does this sympathy with Russia exist at all? It is certainly remarkable if true; but is it true? Emphatically we answer,

" No!"

It suits the purpose of the Government and its champions to represent all Liberals, from Mr. Gladstone downwards. as the friends of Russia, while they, like their Tory ancestors, pose as patriots of the purest type. This is the horse with which they have elected to win, and they are not scrupulous in the means they employ to insure its success. It is necessary to this end that they should keep alive a hatred of Russia, similar to that jealous distrust of France which was so strong up to the time of the Crimean war, and which from time to time betrayed us into absurd fancies, of which all sensible men are now ashamed. "bogey" is a favourite device of Tory statesmanship. French reactionaries, with more show of reason than the corresponding class among ourselves, appeal to the Conservative instincts of society by the red spectre and the Commune. English Tories, with less consideration for the honour of their country, have always on hand some foreign enemy with whom to alarm us, and induce us to trust the defence of the nation to the only party in which the spirit and capacity of real patriots can be found. So at Manchester, Lord Salisbury proved his spirit by proclaiming as "glad tidings of great joy" that Germany and Austria had formed an alliance which would be our defence against our dreaded foe, and gave a corresponding manifestation of capacity by forgetting that Russia and all Europe heard the words that were intended to stimulate English passion, and that Russia would certainly despise the hostility of a statesman at whose reckless imprudence neutral powers must have stood aghast. Englishmen were not so lacking in imagination, and so reluctant, or unable, to put themselves in the place of other people, Lord Salisbury's angry declamation would have been fatal to himself and the Ministry which he represents. firebrand, scattering arrows and death, is the last man who ought to be the Foreign Minister of any country which cares to walk in the path of righteousness and peace. If a Russian Minister had spoken of England in such terms as Lord Salisbury employed towards Russia, we should have seen this at once, and a howl of indignation from one end of the land to the other would have been the immediate response. Lord Salisbury commits the gross offence not only against international courtesies, but against common prudence and the cause of peace, and those who are so keen to detect the mote that is in the eye of Russians, are absolutely unconscious of the beam that is in their own eye.

But it is necessary not only to keep alive this unworthy feeling against Russia, but also to identify Liberals with her evil deeds, and this part of the work was undertaken, among others, by Mr. Bourke. A more discreditable episode has not occurred throughout this long and excited controversy, than the false charge deliberately preferred by the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs against Mr. Gladstone. When French Republicans saw the hand of Mr. Pitt in every act of opposition to their schemes, they had at least the excuse of a violent prejudice, which had no means of testing the truth of its own insane suspicions. Mr. Bourke could have brought his charge against Mr. Gladstone years ago, in the place where it could have been fairly dealt with. But he is silent in Parliament, he flings it out before an excited Tory audience, and when it is disproved at every point he refuses to make the amende honorable; and there are Tory journals which commend his refusal. Mr. Bourke has always been supposed to be a gentleman, but the strength of party feeling, or the urgency of party necessities, has been too strong for him. Mr. Gladstone must be convicted of being a Russophil, and if the alleged facts employed to sustain the charge are no facts at all, they must still be left alone in the hope that some of the mud may stick. The tactics are very unworthy, and they are not likely to influence those who, like Nonconformists, have an unwavering faith in the purity of Mr. Gladstone's motives, and the soundness of his policy, to take a more favourable view of this anti-Russian crusade.

We decline altogether to accept the reading of the question at issue which Tory Ministers and journalists would force upon us. For Russian institutions Nonconformists have no admiration; and if despotism, whether of the old Absolutist or the new Imperialist type, has any sympathizers in this country, it is not in the Liberal ranks, least of all in that of the Nonconformists, that they are to be sought. On Russian intrigues for the advancement of the power of the Czar, even though their selfish purposes may be

cloaked over by professions of zeal for the interests of the oppressed, Nonconformist Liberals cannot look with complacency or approval. As to Russian diplomacy, we believe it to be as tortuous, as lacking in high and noble qualities, as indifferent to considerations of right, as truculent towards the weak, and as subtle and crafty towards the strong, as that which was pursued in the negotiations between the present Viceroy of India and Shere Ali. We have no desire to see Russia enthroned at Constantinople, and still less are we prepared to cede to her the dominion of India. The growth of Cossack influence we should regard as one of the most terrible calamities that could fall on Europe; and there are no Dissenters (unless it be the few who hold the extreme principles of the Peace Society) who would not admit that English policy should be so shaped as to prevent such a catastrophe. But we decline to confess that there is any probability of its occurrence, that it is even among those contingencies for which we ought, in the exercise of ordinary caution, to be prepared. And as to the policy by which it may be rendered impossible, there is between us a radical difference of opinion.

We are at variance with the Tory party, therefore, not as to the merits of Russia, but as to the wisdom and justice of the course which they want this country to pursue with the view of baffling the designs so freely attributed to the Czar and his advisers. We object to have the whole course of our political action regulated by this one sentiment—all domestic reform arrested, our constitutional liberties treated as matter of secondary moment, our finances reduced to a hopeless muddle. our people burdened with needless taxation, in order that we may be always ready to meet the attacks of Russia. We have learned a little of geography, and have enjoyed the benefits of the invaluable instructions of Lord Salisbury, which have supplemented our unfortunate deficiencies. We have had lessons from him in big maps, and our memories have been more retentive than that of our teacher. With his admirable pictures present to our mind, we are disposed to laugh at the suggestion that Russia can send a force across the inhospitable regions of Central Asia (where she finds it difficult enough to keep a footing at all), over the lofty mountains, and through the narrow and precipitous defiles of Afghanistan. across the wide and deep stream of the Indus, and then meet us on equal terms on the opposite side. We have not taken leave of common sense, and we are, therefore, unable to believe that when lofty mountains and almost impenetrable passes divide us from our supposed enemy it is wise for us to go to meet him, instead of leaving to him the work of facing the difficulties of these crags and defiles before he can meet us, especially when our advance means aggression on a proud, independent, and warlike nation sure to become hostile to those who threaten them in their fastnesses. But, above all. we believe in a policy of righteousness, and are unable to accede to the cynical doctrine of which the Times is the chief prophet, that all that English statesmen have to decide in relation to the savage tribes which, unfortunately for themselves, have territory on the English frontier, is how much of their land is necessary to British security, and that, having determined that, their duty is to seize it. We do not love Russia, but we think it cowardly, not chivalrous, to defend ourselves against the Czar by making war on the Ameer. We deny, therefore, the policy or necessity of the aggression, but it is because of its unrighteousness that we feel ourselves most bound to oppose it. We differed from the entire action of the Ministry in the Eastern questions, but the Afghan war has raised more distinctly the issue between two rival policies; and as friends of peace and lovers of justice, and utter disbelievers in the "gunpowder and glory" business, our voice is in favour of Mr. Gladstone.

THE DECISIVE HOUR.*

II.

The second cause of perplexity to the disciples was, as we have said, the strangeness of their Master's teaching. Jesus spoke of His body as that which He would give as the food of the world. This seemed to them strange, fanciful, impossible. They understood it afterwards. When they saw His body

^{*} Translated from the French of M. Bersier by Annie Harwood Holmden.

broken upon the cross and His blood shed, when they celebrated in the sacred feast the memory of the redeeming sacrifice, when they saw multitudes flocking to that memorial meal, there to satisfy their spiritual hunger, they felt that their Master had spoken truly, and glowing gratitude took the place of dull unbelief. Nor was it on these words alone that such new and surprising light was to fall. How many more of the sayings of Jesus which had at first shocked, were afterwards to strengthen, stablish, and settle them? Do we not remember how, when it was first opened to them, they shrank with invincible repugnance and despairing dread from that doctrine of the cross which became afterwards their victorious symbol, and without which all their preaching would have been barren and dead?

There lies here a great lesson which it is well for each of us thoroughly to learn.

The truth revealed in the gospel contains many points of mystery which present difficulties and suggest objections, only to be overcome gradually even by the strongest faith. Most Christians lay hold of that side of the gospel which seems to meet their deepest needs; the rest they accept without realizing at first its full importance. It is often only after years of life and Christian experience that they come to understand the harmony of revelation, accepted as a whole. At the beginning they feel that the truth is there; they say, like Peter, "Lord, to whom should we go?" But the teaching of the Master and of His disciples is still in many aspects incomprehensible to them, and sometimes they are stumbled by it. This is of necessity the case. We are all in the school of truth, but we do not all occupy the same place in it. There is a great diversity both in our natural temperament and in our experience. One doctrine makes a deep impression upon one man, and scarcely touches another. The bitterness and misery of sin is not directly felt by all with the same intensity; all are not in the same way conscious of their powerlessness to fulfil the moral law; all do not realize at once the emptiness of earth and the need of a Rock which is higher than they, as their eternal refuge. Even we ourselves are not the same from day to day. We may be cold to-day under influences which may touch us deeply to-morrow.

Between Thomas saying, "Except I see . . . I will not believe," and Thomas exclaiming in adoration, "My Lord and my God!" there is a vast interval; and yet Thomas, even before his confession of faith, was a disciple of Christ. This being so, let me suppose that one of you, my brethren, finds himself in the position of the apostles in my text. You are met by teaching, manifestly Divine, which you cannot grasp, which astonishes you and at first sight appears irreconcilable with your reason and conscience. What are you to do?

The partizans of absolute authority will say unhesitatingly, "Submit at once. Faith is essentially submission." Such is, in truth, the aspect in which it is regarded by many. Because (as we readily admit) faith contains a very real element of obedience, they lose sight of every other element. In this, according to their view, lies its whole virtue. The more difficult this submission, the greater appears to them the value of the faith exercised. To accept the absurd, the monstrous, must be then, on this principle, the supreme and most heroic exercise of faith. Is this indeed that which God asks of us?

I deny it. I maintain that if faith is nothing more than outward submission, the whole gospel becomes incomprehensible. Why is such respect shown for human liberty? Why is truth always presented in the form of a proposition to be freely accepted, never imposed by coercion? Why is there the constant recourse to persuasion? Why does God humble Himself to be seech men? Why the defeat of the cross? If to subdue man was all, force would have sufficed. Terrors might have daunted men into submission; the vision of hell might have brought every sinner suppliant to the feet of the angry Judge. Moreover submission is not belief. When out of a bruised and broken spirit I say, "I yield," am I therefore convinced? If nothing within me responds to the doctrine forced upon me, what have I gained by accepting it? authority must, on such principles, be sacred, all tradition must remain intact, all superstition must be unassailable. But where, in such a system, would be the love of truth? Could the strongest contempt for truth assume any other attitude? the most cynical scepticism use any other language? Is it not the same thing whether we accept or reject all, if the conscience is not free to distinguish in that which is presented to it, between that which it approves and that which it condemns, between what it deems the lowest evil and the highest good?

What part is left to conscience at all in such a system? If St. Paul said that, "Whatsoever is not of faith (or of conviction) is sin," how shall we describe the moral condition of a being who, by submission, belies his deepest convictions, sins against the light he has, and so blinds that inner eye of which Christ speaks? Where can we pause in such a course? Like the acrobats of the circus, whose jointless limbs can bend in any direction, so conscience, thus deformed, will be capable of any gyrations; its approval will be of no more value than its blame, its glowing enthusiasm than its pitiless scorn, if, indeed, it have not become altogether lukewarm and impassive.

We maintain, then, with regard to this forced submission, that it is never safe for man to go against his conscience, and that God is not honoured by our bringing to Him the heart of a slave and the blind obedience of a fanatic.

But there is another extreme equally dangerous. There are some who reject every doctrine which offends the conscience or the reason. Such was the position taken by most of the hearers of Christ on the occasion before us. They heard Him speak of His flesh which He would give for the food of the world. This was enough to send them away in disgust. Does not the most ordinary common sense pronounce such teaching to be repulsive? These offensive words are enough to make them forget all the noble sermons, all the deeds of mercy in which the divinity of Christ had been gloriously displayed. "From that hour," says St. John, "many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him."

In our own day, as in theirs, how little suffices to give rise to similar defections! How many are there of our contemporaries who have really sounded their doubts, and who are rejecting Christ on grounds of infidelity well thought out? I do not hesitate to say that these are the infinitesimal minority. The greater part have left Christ without a fair trial of the truth He brings. They have been shocked by some doctrine; the account of such and such a miracle seems to them of doubtful credibility; they do not even ask if this same page

of the gospel has not a deep meaning, not apparent at first sight; they do not hear the testimony of Christ Himself: "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." The superficial view is enough for them; "they maintain by preference the meaning which offends them; for on this it is easy to base a summary judgment without appeal.

But side by side with the crowd who turn away from Christ there are the disciples who remain. These have not understood better than the multitude the Master's teaching. They too have been surprised, perplexed by it, all the more because they had learned to attach supreme importance to every utterance of Christ. But they do not go away, because they know what their Master is; because this obscure point in His teaching is as nothing in comparison with the Divine glories they have beheld in it; because they are no longer astonished when the thoughts of Jesus are higher than their thoughts: because they hope that by-and-by they will see light on that which bewilders and stumbles them to-day. They wait before they judge, and their confidence will not be put to shame. Soon this very saying, which to-day seems to them hard to be understood, will become to them the expression of an experimental fact, one of the most sacred realities of their spiritual life. The body and blood of their crucified Master will be to them meat indeed and drink indeed.

And I, following the great example they have given, say to you to-day, When your faith is tried on some point, when some doctrine of the gospel troubles your heart and your reason, wait before you judge.

Wait-and why?

Because religious truth, if there be such a thing, must be to us full of dimness and mystery; it cannot be otherwise.

[&]quot;It is worth while to study from this point of view such writings as "The Notes on the Gospels," by the celebrated Proudhon. Proudhon scarcely deigns to do Christ the honour of trying to understand Him. In all the metaphors and parables of the gospel he dwells by preference upon the outward, material, earthly sense; and it is curious to see by what artifices he contrives to find everywhere nothing but the chimerical and the absurd. Hartmann, the famous disciple of Schopenhauer, adopts the same tactics, though with greater seriousness and an attempt to be more scientific. In his view, the most extravagant fanaticism and the most ascetic monasticism faithfully represent the teaching of Christ.

A Divine revelation which should be within our comprehension, and which should contain nothing astonishing to us, would be no revelation at all. Neither the human mind nor human language is able to embrace the infinite. Let us illustrate this by a single example. Every time we speak of God we are obliged by the very laws of our mind to limit Him by our conceptions of time and space. Now God is in His nature above both time and space. It follows necessarily that in questions where these notions of time and space are involved there arise insoluble contradictions. Thus the doctrine of predestination is inextricably entangled with our notion of time; and the doctrine of the incarnation, which confines the infinite within a human body, is in like manner inseparable from our idea of space. We must distinctly accept it as a premise that in all these problems there will remain what is called in algebra an unknown quantity, and this unknown quantity must be to us a matter of faith. It is idle to attempt to exclude faith; faith is a necessary condition of our humanity. I read recently in one of the most avowedly positivist writings of the day the following words:-" The sciences of observation require at the very outset, from all who desire to study them, an act of faith. . . . We are bound to believe our senses as honest and sincere witnesses, when they indicate to us the existence, outside our own being, of a vast material universe." *

We are thus required to believe our senses, which nevertheless are perpetually deceiving us, and whose testimony needs constant rectifying. Well, Christianity demands of us a precisely similar act of faith. It requires us to believe in the testimony of Him who came from God, and who is called the Faithful and True Witness; of Him who on all questions of natural morality has spoken truly, † and who was the very prophet of conscience. Can we refuse such a demand? If we grant it are we doing anything irrational and extravagant? The extravagance, the irrationality in such matters is in the repudiation of mystery, the rejection of all which we cannot understand. It is the assertion of a proud independence when,

* La Bioligie, by Dr. Letourneau. Paris: Reinwald.

[†] See the working out of this idea in the sermon entitled Les vérités morales et les vérités révélées.

in view of the most weighty problems of the moral life, simple good faith compels us to acknowledge that we are ignorant and blind; when, to use the words of an illustrious sceptic, we are everywhere surrounded by a vast ocean, to embark on which we have neither ship nor sail. To forget all that the gospel teaches us, to abandon it because upon some point its doctrine seems to us startling, would be on our part an act of base ingratitude and utter folly.

When doubts arise, then, we must wait. Again—why? Because a revealed doctrine may offend us by the form in which it is presented, without ceasing to be substantially true. The fault, then, is less in the doctrine than in our own mind, which only apprehends it in a partial and therefore incomplete way.

I am one of those who believe in the necessity of dogmas. All religion that is not formulated tends to vanish away, and is liable to all the transformations and deformations to which human caprice may choose to subject it. We are bound. then, to give to religious truth as exact expression as possible: but we must bear in mind, at the same time, that all human expression of a Divine truth is necessarily inadequate and poor, and that no finite formula can contain the infinite. Our reason may hesitate to accept a formula, while our heart feels all the reality and all the force of the fact of which the formula is only an inexact translation. Especially in religious matters do we need to remember Pascal's far-seeing observation, that our reasoning must in the end yield to feeling; that feeling often grasps by intuition some higher truth, which to our intellect still seems illogical and paradoxical. Let me quote as an example the way in which we apprehend the Christian doctrine of redemption. I frankly admit that none of the theological formularies which have attempted to express this great fact fully satisfy me. I will go so far as to say that those which seem the most exact strike me as too scholastic and coldly intellectual. Do I argue from this that the doctrine of redemption may be suppressed, or treated as of secondary importance? On the contrary, it appears to me the fundamental truth of Christianity, and the gospel without it would be to me a body without a soul. The more I meditate on the death of Christ, the more do I feel its necessity, its supreme importance. To me this is the central fact of all the Divine dispensations, the very condition of all pardon, of all reconciliation between man and God. I say distinctly, that here I worship without comprehending, and in doing this I am not believing blindly. I affirm, on the contrary, that the reasons which convince me are most deep and real, though I cannot express them in words, and that the conviction which they bring to me is, in an incomparably more true and proper sense my own, than any which could result from a purely logical demonstration to the intellect.

Do you not feel that this has a manifest application to the truth which Christ had just taught the apostles in the scene before us, and which had alienated the multitude from Him? That truth was the fact that His flesh should be the food of the world. To those who heard it for the first time, this teaching might well seem monstrous. And so to-day, though this fact has become one of the most distinct and precious experiences of the Christian soul, though the joys of the communion feast have been expressed a thousand times in language as touching as sublime, is there any single definition of the communion which can express the reality without appearing to us either too grossly realistic or too coldly spiritual? The formula may repel us; the fact itself remains, and it would be madness to sacrifice the reality because of the expression which offends our taste.

I say, in the third place, Wait, before rejecting a revealed doctrine which startles you, because experience a thousand times repeated shows us that that which wounds is often precisely that which may and does heal us. We must not argue on religious subjects as though humanity was in its normal condition. The sound heart would receive the truth with rapture; the diseased heart is only irritated by it, and especially by any doctrine which brings its malady into prominence. On this subject we may make a curious observation. There is no feature of the gospel which appears to us to-day grander and more reasonable than the universality with which it appeals to all nations. Now, if you look carefully in the gospel story, you will see that it was this very characteristic which aroused in the Jewish hearers of Jesus and of Paul the most vehement indignation and the most obstinate

resistance. Why? Because this truth struck a direct blow at their national pride. That which was to make St. Paul one of the grandest of men, was the very thing which aroused a frenzy of hatred in the fanatic Saul of Tarsus. Each of us has his ruling evil passion, his false and perverted instincts, which the gospel brings to the light and condemns. And yet scarcely any notice is taken of the aversion thus created, though it is practically at the root of most of the resistance offered to the gospel. In order to justify their own unbelief, men allege general reasons—the obscurity of the gospel, the contradictions in its doctrines, the progress of criticism, the dubiousness of the texts, the difficulty of admitting the miraculous, &c. But how seldom do we hear men say that they will not have the Christian faith, because it runs counter to their passions, to their selfishness, to their whole mode of looking at things. This they do not say, and yet the share which these unspoken objections have in influencing them is incalculable. In the very best of us they too often produce hesitation, lukewarmness, an unconfessed shrinking from the lofty standard of the gospel. Absolute frankness with oneself on such matters is extremely rare. And it is just because we are so prone to self-deception that I say to you, Wait, before you reject any doctrine of revelation; wait, wait; for the motive which rouses your hostility is not, perhaps, what you think it to be. Go to the very root of your dislike, you will see that the cause is not at all what you supposed, that it proceeds from some moral obliquity, and that your conscience, if it spoke clearly, would bid you accept that which so irritates you.

Another counsel which I would give you for such testing times is to think of all the enlightenment, consolation, and strength which comes to you through the gospel. We should always weigh this against anything in its teachings which perplexes and offends us. This is what we find Peter and the other apostles doing in the case before us. The words of Christ have appeared to them, as to the crowd, strange and hard to be received. But before rejecting them, before separating themselves from their Master, their heart recalls other words of His which have brought light and peace to their souls. Can they forget the blessed hours passed at His feet,

when they saw the multitudes hanging on His lips, or when in their secret retirement He explained his teaching and opened His heart to them? All this remained with them; none of those deeds of mercy, those unfoldings of unsearchable wisdom, could pass away from their memory. Their Master has the words of eternal life, therefore they will cleave to Him. "Lord, to whom else should we go?"

And what we would ask of this thankless generation, which judges of Christianity in a manner at once so severe and so slight, is that it should remember. Yes, before it condemns, let memory speak. Let it recall all the light, the joy, the strength, the freedom, the hope which the world has derived and is still deriving every day from the gospel. Let it estimate, if it can, the vast sum of happiness and consolation which in one single day Christianity brings to earth, and then it will feel how petty and insignificant are its criticisms of detail, and will be ready to exclaim with Simon Peter, "Thou hast the words of eternal life."

Lastly, I would say, Wait, before rejecting a doctrine which strikes you as inadmissible, because you may change, and in matters of religion experience of life is a great teacher. A Divine revelation which proclaims our fall and our hopeless wretchedness is seldom comprehended as it deserves to be by those who are still in the intoxication of youth and in the pride of life. How strangely different do those great words, pardon, grace, consolation, everlasting hope, sound to us as we hear them in different stages of life! Life is a school, and the lessons learnt in it are far more valuable than those learnt out of books. There are syllogisms, the rapid conclusions of which may be reached without any effort of mind; and there are truths which are only learned through humiliation and bitter tears.

As we set out on our career, we believe in the almost unlimited power of reason; after middle age we recognize its impotence in presence of the most serious and sorrowful problems of life; in youth we believe spontaneously in the greatness and goodness of humanity; in later life we need a firm grasp of faith not to sink into misanthropy.

In our inexperience we believe in ourselves; in our maturity we have to acknowledge to ourselves so many shortcomings.

and it may be so many falls, that the brazen image which our pride set up seems no more than a plaster figure, which to-morrow may be crumbled into dust. But the gospel endures unchanged all this test of experience. The tinsel of false systems, the glamour of sophisms, only bring out by contrast its spotless and enduring purity. The very pages which provoke the smile of the young man, seem to the man of maturer age invested with a truth and beauty hitherto unperceived. It all seems changed to him, because he himself is changed.

Compare the prodigal son in the pride of youth leaving his father's house, with the penitent clothed in rags, who comes back with slow and tottering gait. The same horizon is around him, going and returning; he passes through the same country by the same road; it is the very same roof from which the youth turned away with a look of scorn, on which the man gazes again with eyes dimmed with tears. Yet for these two men, who are one and the same, all has changed because the man himself is changed.

I have seen, at the hour of dawn, the Alps standing out against a sombre sky. Their summits were livid and icy; the lake at their feet spread its sheet of water, grey and motionless; and the pale glimmer of the waning moon seemed but to light up the gloomy region of death.

Some hours passed, and suddenly those same peaks were luminous with life. The snow sparkled against a depth of blue, the glaciers raised their glittering prisms to the sun, the foaming waterfalls flecked with white the green hillside, and the dark forests quivered and murmured in the morning breeze. The lake rippled in the sunlight, and caught in its blue mirror the faithful image of the mountain peaks. The landscape had not changed in any of its features, but the sun had risen.

O grand doctrines of Christianity, ye are the Alps of the human soul! Truths old and ever new, you look gloomy, stern, and bare to this generation, which only beholds you in the dim dawn of natural reason. Men deem you dead, and turn their gaze to other horizons. We hear and wait. The dawn will come, and you will shine with a more glorious light. Your mysterious depths and dazzling heights will display themselves to the astonished gaze of other generations of believing

souls. From your summits will flow forth afresh the streams which shall carry faith, hope, and love to a dry and thirsty world. The sun of life will have risen upon the earth, and the kingdom of God will be come.

THE SECULAR LIFE.*

THE complaint has frequently been heard of late that moral principles are fast losing their authority over large classes of the community; in other words, that increasing numbers of our countrymen live according to unregulated inclination, and selfinterest, instead of according to their knowledge of duty. General statements of this kind are easy to make and hard to verify, and should not be taken up hastily because in certain directions things are not going exactly as we could wish. On the other hand, a testimony that proceeds from thoughtful men occupying the most various points of observation, cannot be summarily set aside; and when we find bishops and Positivists agreeing to lament the decay of morals, the probability is that we shall find that there is some special cause for the complaint. For one thing, it is certain that vice is at the present time withholding that proverbial "tribute" which it was formerly accustomed to pay to virtue. It is impossible to pass the shop windows or the street hoardings without feeling that coarseness and carnality now obtrude themselves upon notice with a confidence of acceptance which was not so conspicuous seven or eight years ago. Again: in social and political discussions a change of tone is to be remarked which is by no means for the better. I am by no means certain that the complaint sometimes made against public writers, that they appeal so much to the secondary instead of the highest motives, is wisely preferred: there may often be a reverence as well as a prudence in taking this course. But of late we have seemed to hear again the pagan naturalism of Callicles in our public discussions eloquently deriding considerations drawn

^{*} From a paper on "The More Systematic Teaching of Morality," read at the October (1879) meeting of the North-West District of the London Congregational Union.

from justice, equity, and humanity, and insisting that it is the prerogative of the strong to deal with the weak simply according to their own convenience, and that it would be a monstrous thing to prevent them. Again: it is becoming a too common occurrence to read of persons of Christian repute in their several neighbourhoods, men actively connected with religious movements and ecclesiastical organizations, being taken into the grasp of the law for offences against commercial morality. I need not particularize, for the facts must be in your recollection. These cases call the more urgently for notice because they cannot be accounted for on the theory of commonplace, conscious hypocrisy, for the guilty persons do not suspect themselves, and to the last not only maintain, but believe in, their own integrity.

Now does not all this suggest the fear that some serious misconceptions regarding morality are prevalent, affecting alike its standard, its scope, and its obligations? But perhaps some will say, "Why bring this matter before us? We are Evangelical Christians, rejoicing in the fulness and freedom of the gospel, and would you lead us back to the tiresome details of the 'Whole Duty of Man'?" I admit at once, and most thankfully, that whoever accepts the gospel receives therein the principle of the highest, purest, and completest morality; but to accept an intellectual and moral principle is one thing, and to apply it and work it out to its conclusion is another. Some do this, and some do not. And moreover, I believe there are special causes at work in the Church to hinder the full application of Christian principles of morality to common life.

What is the first language which a convert very often hears? Is the earliest advice given to him always such as will help him in that first great task to which he is called—that of revising his former judgments and acquiring clear fundamental conceptions of life and duty? He has new habits to form, new feelings to cultivate, and a will requiring to be trained and disciplined to all goodness. Are these duties always set before him? The "Christian workers," as they are called, come round him, and ask him "what he is prepared to do for Christ;" but is he told that the first thing he has to think of is how to please God and serve man by per-

forming well the little unostentatious duties which lie nearest to him, and make up the greater part of life; to fill his providential station well; to learn to be calm and steadfast in aspiration, charitable in judgment, patient under trial; of kind and unreprovable temper; and in all things helpful to his neighbours? Well is it if these duties are enjoined upon him with an emphasis proportioned to their importance. But there is also another set of advisers waiting for him. The Pietist says to him: "Now you have done with the world. All is vanity here below. Satisfy the indisputable claims of social duty; fulfil as a hireling your day, but expect happiness only in a future life." And others among us who have neither theories nor maxims like these at hand, but simply seize upon passages of Scripture which they isolate and misapply, seek to reduce to a minimum their concern with the affairs of this world, and withdraw into the enclosure of the family or the Church. They believe that in so doing they are fulfilling the commands of Christ and forsaking the world. But what if in so doing they are acting in a manner quite contrary to the spirit of Christ, and only forsaking the world in appearance after all?

If you ask these excellent people what they mean, they will tell you that they are cultivating spirituality of life and mind. But what, in the name of Paul and John, and, if need be, in that of the Master Himself, is this wind which does not blow, this fire which refuses to purify, this spiritual religion which retires from the life of to-day, and abandons it to corruption? Is not spirit power? and is it not the very office and function of spirit to pervade, to inform, to transfigure, to actuate that which without it would lie in the darkness and helplessness of nature?

When we come to examine this pretended spirituality closer, we find that the notion which underlies it is that life is godly just in proportion to the time spent in direct acts of religion. The doctrine that the Christian life, which in every individual is originated by Divine power, is maintained from day to day and hour to hour, only by supplies of heavenly grace; that it is a life from God, in God, and to God, and that the faith which upholds it exercises itself in "prayer without ceasing"—this doctrine is not accepted as sufficient.

Life, it is said, is good only so far as it has one attitude and direction, and that attitude and direction towards God. Against this most unscriptural view it might be enough to adduce the fact that when God made our first parent He bade him turn his face toward the world, and act in and upon that. But the error requires a fuller examination. There is a hymn in which some of us often join at the close of evening worship, one couplet of which reads—

Life's tumult we must meet again, We cannot at the shrine remain.

These pensive lines of Longfellow express the Christian's sense of the preciousness of the hour and ordinance of prayer, the blessedness of worship and its associations. But they are in no sense an expression of discontent. Most fitly is the exercise of prayer followed by the return to social duty. The providential arrangements which summon us back to common life are adapted to our mixed nature as flesh and spirit. There is a balance between emotion and will. between passion and action, which God Himself has established, and which cannot be disturbed without doing violence to our moral nature. So true is it that "we cannot at the shrine remain." Why should we wish to do so if we believe that He whom we have adored there will be with us wherever duty may call? To Gabriel it matters not that he has to turn his face away from the "living throne, the sapphire blaze," and towards this planet, if he has a message to carry to a lowly Hebrew maiden at Nazareth, for he cannot but be happy in serving and pleasing his Lord.

This disparagement of the appointed earthly life in the name of the very principle which is given to inspire and ennoble it has betrayed the Church into grievous neglect of duty. Spiritual power is given, to borrow a figure from a recent speech, in order that it may "be spent." Those whose error I am controverting may, perhaps, admit so much, but reply, "We spend it in efforts for the conversion of sinners." But this answer brings us no nearer, for the question may be asked, "Conversion to what?" If it is said "conversion to God," then His command is, "Go work in my vineyard," and we are brought back to the old inquiry in

a new form, and must ascertain what the work of the vinevard is. The most beautiful representation of a conversion which we possess is given in the parable of the Prodigal Son. How becoming, as well as necessary, are the full and humble acknowledgments of the wanderer; how generous and complete the forgiveness; how gracious the welcome of the father! But, beautiful as these things are for the son, they are incidents of the transition to a new life, not the new life itself. How will that manifest itself? Is it forbidden to imagination reverently to follow out this inquiry? It is, we will suppose, the morrow of that happy return. The festal joy has become a blessed memory. It is early morning, and the reintegrated family is assembled in the father's presence before separating for the occupations of the day. How happy is the younger son to receive once more the accustomed tokens of his father's regard. But now is it necessary, or practicable, or even desirable that he should remain throughout the busy day in his father's presence, making further protestations of duty and reverence? Is it not rather necessary and desirable that he should leave his father, and, far from his controlling eye, by the diligent performance of common duties, show how sincere were the professions he made the day before? He must go, and, if you will, turn his back upon his father, if he is to do that father's work. But he does not go out from his father's presence as Cain did from that of the Lord, in the isolation of sullenness. For now love of the father glows in his breast; the father's mind and will are his mind and will. Common his duties may seem to others, but for him the least of them derives a dignity from the place it holds in the economy of the father's household.

But it is time to meet the error against which I contend by bringing forward the truth whose place it usurps. The Christian doctrine concerning the common life does not depend upon one statement of Scripture, or upon a dozen; but there is a declaration of St. Paul comprehensive enough to cover the whole ground, and as explicit as it is comprehensive. "Every creature of God," writes Paul to Timothy, "is good." Everything that God has made—not only material objects, but immaterial; not only food and raiment, but faculties and

primary institutions, such as marriage and government. But has not the apostle overlooked something? What of the Fall and the prevalent misuse of created good? Paul remembers these, and therefore he guards his statement, but without in the least weakening it. Created things, he declares, are good for us; and then he adds conditions which are those which hold good alike for the lowliest man and the highest angel. They are not to be refused, but "to be received with thanksgiving." Eve, you will remember, did not receive the forbidden fruit in this way. She gave no thanks. And then he adds the reason: "It is sanctified." How? In a twofold way. Not in two ways, but on two sides of the same relation. is sanctified by the Word of God and prayer." By "the Word of God," I understand not the Scripture, or any part of it, but that original, omnipotent, and constitutive Word by which God at first fixed the nature and properties of every creature of His power, and ordained its relations and uses. This is the consecration on the part of the Giver-God's sanctifying part in the bestowal of finite good. But then the reception must correspond to the giving. The gift is sanctified by prayer. By prayer here I understand the spirit of prayer, which is that of filial dependence. The son discerns the intention of the father in the gift and receives it in the way of his appointment. This is Paul's doctrine of created good. A thing to be good need not be at all religious in its own proper nature; it may belong to this world and its temporal needs; but it will be God's just the same, and may be taken religiously, for the religion or irreligion is in the mind and act of the receiver-that is, in the correspondence, or want of correspondence, of that mind with the will of God. They are wrong, therefore, as wrong as it is possible for good men to be, who teach that the disciple of Christ must withdraw as much as possible from the interests of this limited earthly life. "Christianity can only exhibit its spiritual wealth where there is a free sphere of worldly action, with a multitude of life-problems which are not religious, but in which religion may be the animating and enlivening principle, the ultimate and inmost motive of action, and where it may manifest its Divine power in an endless variety of operations as well indirect as direct. Therefore the Christian life must not be confined within the limits of the immediately religious sphere, but also go forth in every-day action." *

But if this is the teaching of Scripture, how is it that so many real Christians have misunderstood it? Well, one cause of the error, which has powerfully operated in our own day, is a serious misconception of the reiterated directions given in the New Testament to leave "the world," renouncing its spirit, its communion, its ways. When our Divine Master appeared on earth, human sin had no longer that hesitating, tentative, half-remorseful air which marked its weak and confused beginnings. It had become a vast complex of powers and energies, highly developed, entrenched in ancient possession, with traditions, maxims, principles, and an imposing show of authority to which the mass of mankind willingly submitted. Organized and impersonated, it looked towards heaven with defiant pride, and towards created good to appropriate it in brutish forgetfulness of God. Contemplating this amazing manifestation of human evil in its self-contained totality, and having regard to its grand characteristic that it was a system of life in the creature set up in opposition to the Divine order of human life, the Saviour called it "the world." He Himself said He was not of "this world," and so said His disciples. This world, in their delineations of it, has a wisdom of its own, which is folly. It "has not known" the Father, it "hates" the Son, and "cannot receive" the Spirit. It "lieth in wickedness;" it is judged, and its "prince" is "cast out." The disciples of Christ are not to be conformed, but to be crucified to it, and its "friend" is the "enemy of God." No language could be more decisive.

This, then, is the world from which Christians are to come out, the City of Destruction from which they must flee for their lives. But whereas in the intention and declarations of Christ and His apostles the world is the ungodly way of thinking, feeling, speaking, and acting, those Christians whose error I have been considering have understood by the world the whole earthly life of man, so far as it is not directly religious. Overlooking the fact that it is God's appointment and the union of our wills with His that makes the goodness of an action, they have set up an unscriptural and false oppo-

sition between those necessary or enjoined acts in the performance of which we cannot but look towards earth and man, and those in which we look directly toward God. We may see how they have erred. In their concern for the kingdom of grace they have forgotten the primary kingdom of creation. They rejoice in the second article of the creed, in the work of the Son, but they forget that the Father Almighty made this earth and its life and made them good. They have looked upon this earthly scene with eyes that could see only human sin, when they should have recognized the presence of God in an order which is truly Divine. But it is just of this Divine order that Christian morality takes hold; it is just this order which that morality cannot afford to let go.

It will be in vain merely to accumulate and intensify motives to morality, if at the same time we teach men to disbelieve in the value and sacredness of this present life, considered in itself, and not merely as a preparation for another. The educational worth of our experience here will depend very much upon the simplicity and sincerity with which we accept the Divine appointment concerning us here below as carrying with it its own justification. No man will till a field without some confidence in its fertility. The servant who made his two talents four believed in trading. Let us suppose a case. I go down to the dock to see an emigrant friend on board. As the bell rings for strangers to leave, I say, "Well, good-bye! Cheer up; the country to which you are going lies under a malignant star, the dews of heaven are withheld, and troops of demons haunt its dry places. But never mind, it cannot be helped; you are not going of your own choice; besides, it will soon be over. In a few years at most you will be transferred to a country of streams and orchards, and fruitful fields, and there you will forget all your past discomfort." I will not ask you whether my unfortunate friend, if he believed this, or anything resembling it, would be likely to raise heavy crops, or to surround himself with numerous flocks and herds. I will ask merely whether, under encouragement so equivocal and dubious, he would be likely to trouble himself about the capabilities of the soil and the modes of culture suitable to it in his new-found home?

Yet too much like this is the account which many converts

hear of the appointed earthly life from Christians who ought to know better. Men have sinned, still sin, and will sin, but is that a reason for bringing up an evil report of a world which God made, which He has not abandoned, but upholds, and in which He still reigns? If it is a vineyard which has been let out to husbandmen, who have wickedly refused to render the fruits thereof in their season, those husbandmen will be condemned: but the vineyard remains good. Upon a territory which belonged to Satan we might venture now and then in order to fight, but not to live and settle there: this world, however, belongs to God, whose holy will has infinite wisdom and infinite power for its ministers. "All things," says St. Paul, "are of God," and all "are good." If, notwithstanding this, the apostles speak often and speak strongly of the vanity and nothingness of earthly things, it is to be carefully observed that whenever they do so they are speaking of that false attachment in which finite objects usurp the place in the heart which is due to their Maker, and in which the soul seeks from the creature that which is only to be found in His favour. He who has received, in the gift of eternal life, the full satisfaction of all his heart's wants, and a heightened possession of all the powers of his soul, goes forth into life to give and not to seek, to labour freely and not to come under that servile dependence upon the creature which in the New Testament is called idolatry. "All things"-kindly human association and fellowship, industry, arts, commerce, culture, civil administration, and political government-all things "are of God." It is a part of Christian morality to vindicate the worth of the multifarious occupations of our complex civilization: not merely their economical value, as resulting from the wisdom which presides over and develops the organization of society; but also their moral value, as capable of being made the forms and channels of an activity animated and directed by good-will. It is the task of Christian morality to enforce the duties which arise out of all the relations of our various social life; and, while it admits that every Christian must well consider his own individual endowment in choosing his special department of labour, it must denv that any one may lawfully discharge himself or his brethren from duties which God has made of general obligation. It is the selfishness of unbelief that permits Christian men to abandon one social or public duty after another under pretence of leaving the world. Let them hear the voice of the Master: "Have faith in God." and then looking forth upon human life with new powers, they will confess, "Greater is he that is for us than all they that be against us." It is not enough, however, to combat in detail the various forms of "the error" which we have been considering. What is required is that Christian morality shall be reinstated in its rights as the regulator of all thought, feeling, speech, and action; and for this end it is necessary to acknowledge that if, on the one hand, the ordinary life needs to be ceaselessly spiritualized, on the other, spiritual religion itself equally requires, in order to its healthfulness and power, and even to its truth and sincerity, to be continually realized in the common duties which arise out of the natural and providential arrangements of the secular life.

THOMAS WALKER.

THE CHURCH MEMBER.

It is the distinctive feature of the Congregational system that the people form the Church, and wherever a number of Christian men associate themselves together for worship and Christian work it recognizes a Church. It imposes no conditions of submission to Catholic authority; it asks no evidence of a lineal descent of the ministry from the apostles; it does not even insist on the existence of officers in order to the constitution of a Church. It teaches, indeed, that in a Church, as in every well-constituted society, there should be officers charged with special functions; but, at the same time, it does not deny the existence of a Church, because, owing to some temporary or accidental circumstance, it may be without officers. There are certain principles of order and discipline laid down in the New Testament, and on these it insists. It finds that in the early Churches there was an episcopate or pastorate which had a definite position, and that these communities also were accustomed to choose from among themselves men, and women also, to whom special work was committed, and who were the deacons or ministers of the Church. This precedent

it seeks to follow, as able to urge on its behalf all the weight of apostolic example, whether or not it be invested with absolute authority as a pattern to which all Churches in all times are bound to conform. But a Church, in its view, is a fellowship of Christian men, incomplete if without pastor or other officers, but not, therefore, to be denied the right to the title of a Church. In this there is no abatement at all of the weight of the argument drawn from the nature of things, from experience, and from New Testament precedent, on behalf of the pastoral office and the authority which belongs to it. The apostles clearly contemplated its continued existence in the Church; and in its absence a Church runs an imminent danger of falling into anarchy. All that is maintained here is that a body of Christian people. who enter into mutual covenant with each other as followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, are a Church of Christ. It becomes, therefore, of the first importance to ascertain who are entitled to a place in such fellowship, and what are the obligations resting upon its members.

There have been, of late years, some shiftings of opinion, and, to some extent, of practice, in Congregational Churches in reference to the admission of members into the Church. Apart from this question of membership, there is what may be considered a larger and more difficult point as to the right of the Church to forbid a participation in the Lord's Supper to any but its own members, in a way which it certainly would not adopt in relation to any other service, such as the offering of worship in the hymn of praise, or the act of prayer. Sincerity and faith are really as important in each of these services as in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and yet in relation to them there is no attempt to regulate the conduct of individuals. They are simply left to the guidance of their own consciences. It may seem that there is something of a more individual character in this commemoration of the Lord's death than in any other act; but it is so only in appearance. The hymn of praise in which we join is the public confession of our love and homage. Every one who helps to swell the song expresses these sentiments, and if they have no place in his heart he sings unworthily-formally, insincerely-and thus sings condemnation to himself. Every

bending of the knee before God is the outward and visible sign of the heart's adoration; and if there be no faith in God, no desire to serve Him, no feeling of penitence, no longing after goodness, no trust in the heavenly Father to work that goodness in us, surely he who professes to join in the petitions is praying unworthily; and he that is guilty of it brings himself into condemnation. That is, he himself supplies a test by which his character may be proved; he distinctly separates himself from those servants who know not their Master's will, and may plead ignorance in extenuation of the sins they commit; he makes professions by which he may be tried.

The same law, and no other, applies to the Lord's Supper. It may be said that it is a more solemn form of profession and service. This is no doubt true, for the service is one which affects the deepest experiences of the soul. it is necessary, in making this statement, that we have a clear understanding of the nature of this increased solemnity. From the very nature of the service, we are necessarily led into a more close and loving contemplation of the central truth of our religion. To show forth the Lord's death is to testify that He is our life, and that by His death we live again. Nowhere can we be brought into a more direct contemplation of the Saviour's love, and its great work in us and for us, of our own sinfulness, and of His grace in delivering us from its evil, of His sovereign compassion, and our complete dependence upon Him, than at His table. All this surrounds the service with an increased solemnity, which we should not fail to recognize, but over which it is necessary to watch, lest it degenerate into error.

For as soon as this plain ground is left, we have taken the first step towards that mischievous superstition which has materialized the most spiritual truth of our religion, has degraded an act of loving communion and devout remembrance into fetish-worship, and has turned the servant of the Lord Jesus Christ into a mere worker of magical wonders. There never was a time when there was more urgent need to guard against every tendency of this kind. The idolatry of the sacrament is a growing evil of the time. A piece of wafer bread (in relation to which there is not the slightest

evidence that it had ever received the mystical grace the priest is supposed to confer) is produced in an ecclesiastical court as a proof that the law has been broken. Aggrieved Ritualists raise a cry that the sacrament has been dishonouved; and in order to reassure them, the Primate, the spiritual chief of a Church which professes to be Protestant. and as such is the Church of the State, takes the precious morsel into his own custody, and writes to quiet the disturbed consciences of the Romanizers by telling them that it has been "reverently consumed" in his own private chapel. the administration of the Lord's Supper to the inmates of a workhouse, some of the wine is accidentally spilt over the apron of an old woman among the communicants, and the chaplain immediately proceeds to burn out the part of the garment on which the consecrated wine had fallen. Incidents such as these are painfully significant, and indicate the necessity for a faithful maintenance of the spiritual teachings of Protestantism. The theory of the sacrament which is at the root of these manifestations involves all the worst errors of Rome. The priest whose consecrating prayer can work such marvels necessarily acquires a supremacy fatal to Christian liberty. We are bound, not for the sake of any party interests, but in order to save the spirituality of the gospel from the materialism by which it is thus threatened, to guard against the growth of this error, and we cannot do it with any effect unless we purge out any of the leaven which may lurk in our own ideas and practices. Does not this distinction between the celebration of the Lord's Supper and all other acts of Christian service—the Church which throws on individuals the responsibility of deciding what part they ought to take in the latter, reserving to itself the right to determine who shall enjoy the privilege of the former -come perilously near to this idea of a mystical sanctity attaching to the Lord's table? It needs no words to prove that they who "eat and drink" should examine themselves as to whether they are "in the faith," whether Christ is to them "Prince and Saviour," and whether they can with sincere, trusting, and loving hearts show forth the Lord's death as the foundation of their faith and hope. There is no question as to what the spirit of Christian communion is, and what the character of communicants ought' to be. The only point is, whether the decision is to be thrown on the individual conscience, or assumed by the Church itself. What we suggest is, that to adopt the latter view is to place the Lord's Supper in a category apart from all other service, and so minister to a superstitious view of its sanctity.

It is the same question which arises in relation to the admission to Church fellowship. Changes, some of them very sweeping, have taken place in the practice of many of our Churches, but these do not at all affect the fundamental principles of their constitution. In the last generation there were Churches which required a public oral statement from candidates seeking admission to their fellowship. A written communication, with some detail of personal experience and religious principles, is still expected in many places, even if it be not imperatively exacted. In addition to this, the candidate is required to receive a visit from the pastor and delegates from the Church, who are to be satisfied as to the fact of his conversion and general Christian character. This was, a quarter of a century ago, and even later, an all but invariable custom; and though there are now individual Churches which content themselves with a much less formal and formidable mode of procedure, it is probably still adopted by a majority of our Churches. It is not necessary to stop here to discuss the expediency of the changes which have in some cases been effected: all that is desired is as briefly as possible to point out their nature and their bearings.

It is essential, first, to emphasize the fact that they do not introduce any change into the essential terms of Church fellowship. The root principle of Congregationalism, regarded as a system of Church polity, has always been the necessity of personal faith in the Lord Jesus Christ on the part of all members of His Church. If there be any who would assert that a man secures a right of membership in virtue of his being a seatholder, or a contributor to the expenses of public worship, or an adherent of certain theological views, they are certainly departing from the vital principles of the old Congregationalism. Its grand contention is for the spirituality of the Church of Christ, and that spirituality is regarded as depending upon the character of the individual members. But it is possible

to have great alterations in method and still retain the principle, and this is what some have sought to do. The pastor still receives the confession of faith, and in personal intercourse with the candidate seeks to supply such guidance and help, encouragement or warning, as the case may seem to require, endeavouring especially to correct any misapprehensions as to the nature of Christian profession, and to impress the mind with a full sense of its solemnity and obligation. He then proposes the applicant to the Church, and a month's delay intervenes before the Church is called to pronounce an opinion. In all this there is no abatement of the spiritual idea of Christian fellowship. The candidate is still taught that only they who have been renewed in the spirit of their minds can be true members of the Church. He is called upon to decide for himself whether he has experienced this change. It may be urged, indeed, that the old methods were the safeguards of the principle, and that it is impossible to alter the one without exerting an injurious influence upon the other. It is the plea of Conservatism everywhere-not, therefore, to be hastily dismissed as having no weight at all, but still to be received with much caution and suspicion as an argument which is used to bar all kinds of progress and reform. In the present instance it is open to an answer which at least deserves very serious consideration. The advocates of the change maintain that the new method deepens the sense of personal responsibility, and is thus the best conservator of the truth which it is the object of both parties in this controversy to enforce. They contend that no cautions or disclaimers could fully eradicate from the minds of many of those who were admitted to fellowship on the old plan the idea that the Church had pronounced them Christians. They had passed through a severe and trying ordeal; pastor and delegates had inquired into their reasons for the hope that was in them, and had declared themselves satisfied: the Church had received their confessions and had welcomed them to its communion. Is it surprising that uneducated and undisciplined minds should feel that they had the seal of the Church upon them and that the feeling of personal responsibility should thus be in some degree weakened? The reduction of these formalities will, it may be hoped, have the effect of making the individual feel that the transaction is entirely one between himself and the Lord, to whose service he is thus publicly consecrating himself. The Church withdraws, and the soul is alone with its Saviour and its God. Is it too much to expect that the result will be a deepening of the sense of obligation? It may be necessary to add that there is not here the most remote suggestion that the Church ever did assume to itself any power of so discerning the spirits as to pronounce judgment as to their relation to Christ. But we are satisfied as to the tendency of the modes of admission once so widely in use to produce this impression on minds accustomed to judge by appearances, and not to look carefully into the nature of things.

But, passing from these questions as to admission into the Church, it comes next to be inquired what are the obligations resting on Church members? The government of the affairs of the Church is, according to Congregational principles, in their hands. That does not mean that the majority of a Church is under no law, and is free to do whatever it will. Such anarchy has no place in Christ's kingdom. Every Church is under law to Christ, and to say that is to indicate the existence of a very wide, far-reaching, and imperative obligation. Where Christ rules there will be no room for the play of unworthy feeling. personal prejudice, or resentment, the spirit of faction, or the selfish ambition for power. There, at least, even the minority will receive kindly consideration, and a policy of general forbearance in all cases of division and difficulty will be the evidence that strength is tempered and guided by the gentleness of Christ. While, too, the equal rights of all are maintained, it is not necessary that the entire Church should be consulted on every detail of administration. In a wellregulated Church, grave matters of business are of comparatively rare occurrence, and with ordinary affairs the executive which the Church elects, and which it retains the right to control, is perfectly competent to deal. No doubt it belongs to every Church to determine what functions it will delegate to its officers, and in what way it will assert its own power. It is necessary, however, to note that even the most popular form of government does not necessitate plebiscites on every question, and that experience has proved that despotism has

found no more efficient mode for undermining a democracy than the employment of a weapon which, to all appearance, is the most perfect and finished instrument of democratic genius. But, however the Church may think it best to exercise the authority, the authority certainly belongs to it, and in it every individual member becomes a partaker. He is admitted to the privilege of fellowship, and in that is included a fellowship of power.

But with that fellowship of power there must also be a fellowship of service. It is not always those who are most ready to assert their rights to the former who are also most willing to acknowledge the obligation which rests upon them for the latter. But the more serious evil of the present day is. that there are so many members of our Churches who are equally indifferent to both. They have religious instincts, and even principles. Possibly they may even have spiritual susceptibilities, somewhat fitful perhaps, yet capable of being awakened to a keen intensity, and always exercising more or less influence on their conduct. To the character of these men no objection can be taken. They are honourable, righteous, benevolent as becomes professors of the gospel. Church duties and relations they are comparatively indifferent. If a storm were to arise, they might do their utmost to rescue the ship from danger, or-they might quietly seek a place in some vessel that seemed to be exempt from these perils, and to be navigating less troubled waters. It is to be feared that experience justifies the suspicion that they would be more likely to adopt the second and easier course. At all events, in times of quiet they leave affairs to take their own course. They have found a ministry under which they receive a certain degree of spiritual stimulus and profit, and a Church with which they can cultivate a pleasant fellowship, and they are satisfied. They are friendly with the pastor, encouraging him in every way except that which he most earnestly desiresperfect sympathy with his work. They are loyal to the Church, so far as lovalty is consistent with a reluctance to make sacrifices on its behalf, and with the withholding of all hearty personal service. They are liberal to its institutions; they rejoice in its success, they fail only to realize their own complete identity with it. They are the arm-chair members,

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who are too prone to speak to the pastor or the more active members about "your Church" and to act as though all that could be expected of them was a pleasant word of encouragement varied by the occasional complaint of the "candid friend."

The cause of this defect in these characters, which in many cases reach a very high degree of spiritual excellence, is to be found not so much in themselves as in the imperfect conceptions of Church relationship which are abroad, and which of course must most injuriously affect communities based on the broad and liberal principles of Congregationalism. We have no formal codes of regulation to which all our members are required to conform; and more and more is there a disposition to leave the individual conscience to be the one guide of personal action. The principle is a sound one, and the right which it guards is too precious to be lightly sacrificed. A Church cannot be allowed to prescribe the number and character of the religious observances which its members must keep up—to require that they be present at public worship twice on the Lord's day and once during the week; to mark out the particular kind of personal labour they shall undertake; and to exercise discipline, or even to administer rebuke. if, for reasons which appear satisfactory to their own conscience, some of their number feel that in these active services of the Church they cannot participate; to prescribe what quota of his income each individual ought to contribute to the work of Christ, and how far it ought to be employed for the support of the individual Church. Such rule over men's consciences is simply intolerable, whether attempted by priests. or by Churches, or by parsons who repudiate all claims to priestly authority, and yet practically endeavour to wield it under the name of the Church.

But if liberty has to be guarded against such intrusion, from whatever side it be menaced, liberty itself needs to be wisely guided. There are moral considerations which ought to have their weight where there is no legal obligation. Every society has some claim on its members, and it is only necessary to ascertain what kind of a society a Church is, for what purposes it exists, what are the aims and principles avowed by those who enter into its fellowship, in order to learn what their obligations are—obligations which are certainly not to

be escaped nor evaded because there is no absolute power to define and enforce them, and because no attempt could be made in that direction without an infraction of that personal liberty which is one of the most valued privileges of the fellowship. A Church of Christ, then, is not a select society, whose laws and conditions are to be laid down by its own members. It exists for a definite end, and has lines prescribed for it within which it is bound to keep. It is a society of those who desire to yield themselves a living sacrifice to God. called Christians because faith in Christ is the ruling principle of their lives. They are banded together for the express purpose of doing Christ's work, spreading His truth, and glorifying His name in the world. How these objects are to be attained, it is left for them to decide, but these ends, and no other, each Church is bound to seek, and every one who enters into its association professes his sympathy with its aims, and contracts a moral obligation to seek to promote them. It would be absurd to say that he is therefore bound to do whatever the majority of the society may expect from him, or even to co-operate in every plan which they may see fit to adopt; but the common object ought to be equally dear to every member, and each one should do his utmost to secure its advance. The idea that there should be one class of members on whom rest all responsibilities, while another, and that necessarily the larger one, is simply to enjoy the privileges, is one that has no warrant either from Scripture, from analogy, or from common sense.

A Christian may, no doubt, allege that he sees no necessity for such associations, that they are sure to be affected by carnal influences, and that for himself he feels that he can preserve his own spirituality by maintaining an independence of all organizations. It is never of much use to argue with men who set up such pleas, though we may be permitted to doubt whether the spirituality which needs thus to be kept under glass is of the most healthy type, and whether, if it were really all that it claims to be, it would not exhibit more of the characteristic features attributed by the apostle to that charity which is its flower, "vaunteth not itself, doth not behave itself unseemly, is not easily puffed up." From the days of Pentecost downwards there have been Christian societies, and it is hard to see

how the hard work of converting the world can be carried on without them. Still, if men believe otherwise they must maintain that isolation, let them show their spirituality in this independence; it is for those who believe in societies to show theirs in their happy union and co-operation with their brethren. The one thing which would certainly be anomalous, and, in fact, intolerable, is that any should claim the advantages and blessings of the society, without contributing to its strength and recognizing such obligations as the union may impose.

The questions which a man has to settle for himself are really these. "Is it desirable that Christian work should be done by Christian societies? Is there a Christian society with which I am so far in sympathy that I can heartily unite with it?" If both these questions are answered in the affirmative, his duty is clear. To the Church which commands his sympathy he should give not only his name but himself. It is not required that he sacrifice his individualism, and if a moral restraint be put upon his freedom, it is only such a limit as we impose upon ourselves in virtue of every association into which we voluntarily enter. A man cannot join the most ordinary society—a cricket club, a musical society, a literary union—without placing himself under certain obligations. It surely is not to be contended that in joining a society so sacred in its character as the Church of Christ, all that he does is to gain a title to a distinctive name, or some special privileges. It would be miserable indeed if he became a mere "provincial" in this spiritual kingdom, and his thoughts, hopes, labours, and affections were all confined within the narrow limits of the "Bethesda," or "Ebenezer," or "Little Bethel" to which he belongs. But Catholic sympathies need not interfere with the cultivation of the domestic affections. The true cosmopolitan temper is consistent with the most ardent and devoted patriotism; the most enthusiastic patriot may be a kind, and watchful, and loving parent. Some men take too literally the apostolic injunction, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." Rather they do not take it literally enough, for they omit that little word "also," which, nevertheless, is the key to the meaning of the whole. They are very careful about the things of all others, so far as Churches are concerned; they are indifferent only about their own. The seat in their own sanctuary lies vacant, while they are abroad in quest of some new sensation, or in the study of some novel phase of Christian teaching or work. The hearts of their own pastor and brethren are saddened through the want of their service, while they are giving their countenance and the help of their presence and support to some grander, more imposing, or perhaps only more novel and sensational, scheme of Catholic Christian enterprize. They are not to be held in by the hard lines of sectarian attachment, which is a very beautiful and noble resolve, provided it is not construed to mean that they will not care for the wants and claims of the household to which they belong. Such men are a weakness rather than a strength to the Churches with which they happen to be connected, but to which they can scarcely be said to belong.

Is it, then, to be expected (some may be ready to ask) that a member shall feel even an obligation to be present at every service of public worship which the Church may hold? and if not, where is the limit to be drawn? The only answer which it is possible to give is to appeal to the conscience of each. One thing seems clear. Apart from the question of personal pleasure and edification to be derived from public worship, the Church has a right to expect that its members will do their utmost to strengthen the forces by which it is seeking to instruct and influence the world. It is, indeed, not so certain as some seem to imagine that the spiritual life does not need so much of the help to be derived from the associations, the teachings, and the influences of God's house as was once supposed. We know what kind of men were trained by the habit of regular attendance at the two Sunday services, combined with a frequent attendance at the prayer-meeting, and that not under the stern compulsion of duty, but with a joyous sense of privilege. What a generation which should adopt habits of more laxity, systematically neglecting the Sunday evening worship, and treating the week-day service as a work of supererogation, will be and do, remains to be seen. Should its members prove to be more spiritual in the best sense of the term, more faithful to Christ and His cause, more reverent in all their feelings towards God, more under the sovereign sway of duty, more courageous in their resistance to evil, and more gentle and sympathetic in their treatment of the sinner, altogether more powerful to do the work of God and win souls for Christ, we shall have to admit that some better discipline for human souls has been discovered which enables us to regard the admonition not to forget the assembling of ourselves together as a maxim of the olden time, to which, at this advanced stage in the story of the world and the Church, it is not necessary to pay attention. But the signs of this are not apparent at present. On the contrary, those who are familiar with the internal life of Churches will be the most ready to rejoice that there are still left some of the older generation, and that some of the younger ones are, in this respect, following in its footsteps.

But the question can never be properly treated if it is regarded as having to do only with personal edification. One of the great aims of Church life is to foster habits of cooperation, to teach men to subordinate individual feeling or convenience to the interests of the common work, to create by this process of self-forgetfulness and united effort a force which shall battle with the idolatries and sins of the world. The man who enters into Christian fellowship is tacitly bound to contribute his utmost to the common force. The Church is his quite as much as it is the pastor's, and his interest in its prosperity should be as keen, his readiness to work on its behalf as prompt, his zeal as fervent. In truth, the Church belongs to neither of them, but to Christ, whose servants they and all its members are. For Christ's sake every member of a Church should be eager to learn, and, having learned, to do whatever God gives him ability to do to promote the welfare. to increase the usefulness, to advance all the institutions of a society which exists, that it may bring men to Him, and which he has joined in order that he may take his part in this holy work. J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

HANS HOLBEIN.

A RARE treat is now open to all true lovers of art, especially to those who wish to make themselves acquainted with the works of the Old Masters, in the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy at Burlington House. I purpose, however, in this article to refer only to one of them, viz., Hans Holbein. or Hans the Younger, who was the son of a painter born at Augsburg in 1498, concerning whom much may be learned from Horace Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting," and more still from Ulrich Hegner's "Hans Holbein der Jüngere." Berlin, 1827. We may classify him as belonging to the German school, and a decided realist; indeed, Kugler says he was the greatest master who laboured in this department of art. He did not altogether escape the influence of mediævalism: see woodcuts of "The Dance of Death!" Here, from the Pope down to the peasant, Holbein shows with subtle irony that none can escape the terrors of the dread King of Death. ordinary works, however, are intensely realistic and truthful. A most sincere painter. It is true of him that he painted his subjects in their ordinary every-day selves, and never tried to quicken the countenance into a passing mood of genius, or to give the least imaginative touch. His portraits themselves tell us this, but we have other evidence; for his friend Erasmus testifies that Albert Dürer painted one portrait and Hans Holbein painted another of him; the latter was the most truly like him. I understand that the engraving of Erasmus, which still exists, by Dürer, gives a very different conception of him from that of Holbein. I may say here that Holbein had not much to thank Erasmus for. In his earlier years Erasmus was rather frivolous, and wrote a book in Latin, termed "The Praise of Folly," which satire delighted young Holbein, and he sketched illustrations on the margin. If the story is true, Holbein drew the figure of a student opposite a passage lamenting the want of ordinary common sense in erudite men, and then wrote under it the name, "Erasmus." Afterwards Erasmus, rather stung by the liberty, seeing an etching lower down of a "boor drinking," wrote under it, "Holbein."

Holbein had several characteristics as a painter. He could compose, he had excellent powers of drawing, and he was not a slave to any one method, having painted in frescoe, tempera, and oil colours. Alas for frescoe work! how much admirable painting has perished through the damp atmosphere. In 1517 he decorated the house of a bailiff at Lucerne with frescoes. Inside were hunting scenes and deeds of war and here and there the patron saints of the householder; and, out-

side, feats of heroes of the Old World, and a triumphal procession. He executed frescoe-work also for the Town House at Basle, of which only three heads remain. All frescoe-work in time perishes, as we shall find in the halls of our Houses of Parliament. Some of Holbein's best pictures are in the Louvre, and some at Basle, where he went from Augsburg, and where he married. Holbein left Basle for England in the autumn of 1526, having first finished one of his most glorious works, now at Darmsdadt in Royal keeping—the Virgin as Queen of Heaven, with a child in her arms—the print of which only I have seen. It is wonderfully unpretentious in conception, exquisitely pure in feeling, and very natural. The Burgomaster, Jacob Meier of Basle, is kneeling at the Virgin's feet! It is earnest, but free from the heavy melancholy of the mediæval treatment of such subjects.

As we now come to view this Winter Exhibition we must remember that Sir Thomas More gave Holbein a true welcome to England in his own home on the banks of the Thames near London. It was some time before he introduced him to Henry VIII. Kugler suggests, Was it that he might first profit by his genius, or that he might become acquainted with the language and character of the English people? Some friends of the Chancellor were painted by him at this time. Probably (182) Sir John More, father of the celebrated Sir Thomas More, who died in 1530, was one of his earlier English paintings. The fur-lined cloak shows Holbein's beautiful carefulness of finish. The best description of his early flesh-colour has been given as "reddishly-inclined brown flesh-tones," and I know no other designation to take its place. In 1526 he seems to have been influenced by other schools - he is softer in outline and warmer in tone; and about 1546 there is an unmistakable change in his colouring. There are the same greyish shadows, but a much lighter tone in the flesh. You will notice this in 195-portrait of the Princess, afterwards Queen Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII., by his second wife, Queen Anne Bolevn. The richly-embroidered skirt is most carefully drawn. (No pictures finished in a week in those days!) This picture represents her at the age of sixteen, and as she was born in 1533 it would be painted in 1549. It is three-quarter figure, and full of truth.

Holbein's portrait of Henry VIII. at Windsor Castle, about the 1546 period, should be seen, as it is morally certain to be a faithful likeness of that monarch. I have never seen "Anne of Cleves." Walpole terms it "the most exquisitely perfect of all Holbein's works." I do not know if it is like a miniature of her, which was said to be so favourable a painting of Queen Anne that the royal butcher (despite Mr. Froude) was for the nonce irate with his favourite Hans Holbein. The monarch, we know, was kind, and more than kind, to the painter. He lodged him in the palace and gave him an annual grant, besides special payments for each of his pictures! Holbein painted many members of the royal family, knights, nobles, and ladies. See (157) Lady Heneage, daughter of Sir Nicholas Poyntz. No ideal beauty. For this is the lady as she was; and that black cap with the white border has nothing sentimental in it at all, but is sweet and homely. The portrait here of Henry VIII. (161) is quite characteristic of him, and it is full face (which enables us to see what a painter Holbein was), the most difficult attitude to paint. The hand-painting is good. Notice the little finger and the grasp of the gold-topped staff. An art writer tells an amusing story of an angry courtier who waxed warm about precedence, and complained that Holbein had taken precedence of himself, a nobleman! Henry replied, "I have many noblemen, but I have only one Hans Holbein."

There is the utmost exactness in the work of Holbein. No hesitating touches; all is done with the decision which can only come from disciplined skill. No. 147, "the head of an Old Man," is full of the ease of true power. Some of the "cognoscenti" have questioned whether it is Holbein's, and have described it as an excellent picture, and capitally drawn, but painted with a medium distinct from Holbein's method. I may add here my own conviction that 167, Henry West, First Lord Delawarr, is a questionable Holbein. Apart from the hands, it does not contain his tints, nor his lights; and the hands are quite inferior in finish and nervous power to Holbein's work. But 179, portrait of "A Man," is marvellously fine. Let me quote what my friend Mr. Peter Bayne said of it.

Look at that portrait of "A Man," of which Mr. Millais is the fortunate possessor. Holbein had little imagination, and his sole aim was to give

the exact and enduring truth: not the flitting mood of a man, not the happy gesture of a man, but the essential worth and being of him, as inscribed in the decisive lines in which the mind's construction writes itself on the face. This man has been dead for more than three centuries, and yet we feel that, if he rose from the dead and stood before us, we could not see him with more perfect assurance of his personal identity than this portrait gives. It is not only that the hairs of his moustache seem to sprout on his lip as they did that morning, three hundred years ago, when he sat to be painted, but that his eye seems to live, and the mysterious energy of thought to be at work beneath his brow. What this man was called we do not know. We seem to be beside him, counting the few grey hairs in his crisp black beard, admiring the gold tags of his black cap, noting the crimson doublet that shows through the sleeves of his black surtout, and yet he is not even a name to us. It is difficult, however, to believe that he was not a name among his contemporaries, for a man with such a face must surely have made his mark in his generation.

174, the portrait of Sir Henry Guildford, is, I think, the style of his later period. The dark surcoat over the gold and black underdress is finely drawn; so also is the hand, which with Holbein is never nerveless.

In the portrait of a child (162) we see no attempt to give the faintest ideal loveliness. Such a child did exist at that time, white cap tied round with red riband, you may be sure. There is no false refinement. If the artists of every era will but be faithful to their age, whether in painting landscape or countenance, we shall have art that is illuminated history, and so be able to see cities and customs and landscapes and countenances according to truth and reality. Mr. Ruskin says of Holbein that as a painter he was complete in intellect, what he saw he saw with his whole soul, and what he painted he painted with his whole might.

No. 183 is an interesting picture. It represents a merchant of the Stahlhof, or Steel-yard, and is lent by the Queen. These merchants were a German corporation, chiefly from the Hanse towns. Their Guildhall, for which this and other pictures were painted, was in Thames Street. Dispersed by Queen Elizabeth, the company was reconstituted, and their Guildhall, burnt in 1666, was rebuilt, relics of it remaining till 1863, when it was removed to make way for the South-Eastern Railway Station. The picture is half-figure, and we see the active young merchant cutting the string of the letter open suddenly with a knife. The black-furred surcoat and the brown beard are admirably drawn.

I have some notes on 190, Anton Fugger, of Augsburg, said to be an "important" merchant; he died worth, it is said, 6,000,000 gold crowns, beside estates; a real business, 'cute face, yet not in the least "cunning" or miserly. I transcribe Mr. Bayne's brief note on this. It is so vividly true.

Anton is painted here in black cap, dark dress with red slashed sleeves, a book in his right hand. No face that we can remember to have looked on, either in life or in a picture, has ever struck us as so expressive of mercantile keenness, clearness, intensity, hardness. There is not a trace of dishonesty in it, or of cruelty—of the wolfishness and guile with which a Shylock gloated over his bags and his bonds; but this man will not be trifled with, and will make no mistake. His lip has the hardness of polished steel; his eye looks you through and through; he is spare, the flesh strained tight on his cheek-bones. Cæsar would have feared him more even than lean Cassius.

Considerable interest belongs to this Holbein Gallery, historically as well as artistically. Look at 180, portrait of Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk: the Lord High Admiral of England, who commanded at the Battle of Flodden -imprisoned for high treason on the disgrace of his niece, Queen Catharine Howard—and who would have suffered the fate of his son, the famous Earl of Surrey, only fortunately, for him, Henry VIII. died the night before the day fixed for his execution. Indeed, he seems to have had a hard time of it, for he remained in prison during Edward VI.'s reign, and was released in the first year of Queen Mary, 1553, and then died in 1554. Here, too, is an old spelling illustration-Treasurer of Inglonde. Howard has a firm mouth; and the drawing of the excellently painted hand on the staff is a marvel of skill. The ermine-lined surcoat is most carefully painted. 177. Portrait of Christina of Denmark, Duchess of Milan, is a fine picture. She died at fourteen. On the death of his third wife, Jane Seymour, Henry VIII. opened negotiations with the Emperor Charles V. for her hand, and Holbein was sent to Brussels to take the portrait of her for King Henry. A letter from the English Minister at Brussels to the Lord Privy Seal, Lord Cromwell, says she is "a goodly personage of body, and competent of beauty, of favour excellent, soft of speech, and very gentle in countenance." Brave girl! No Henry VIII. husband for her! No, thank you. This was her naïve answer, "She had only one head; if Nature had

endowed her with two, one should have been at his Majesty's disposal." She evidently formed a different idea of Henry from Mr. Froude; and if she did not, she had no idea of aiding his wonderful statesmanship with her head. Both hands are held in front of her, full of expression. Yes; remember "hands" are the most difficult artistic work. Many modern painters do "heads" very well, who most wisely leave out "hands." It is a full-length, full-face picture, and the long black spencer, lined with sable, brings out Holbein's fidelity of work excellently. But if I go on writing more, I shall write a number of The Congregationalist, which is not desired.

Holbein did an enormous amount of good work. He made ninety woodcuts for Old Testament illustrations, published at Lyons in 1538, and woodcuts also to Cranmer's Catechism. "The Dance of Death" contains his most original work, published at Lyons; the second edition, in 1547, having twelve additional plates. Several of his designs were engraved by notable men—one especially by Holbar, "The Visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon." Seven of his cartoons representing "The Passion," drawn in his earlier time, are in the British Museum.

Two of his noblest works were painted for the company of German merchants in London, and were placed in the Banqueting Hall in the Steel-yard—"The Triumph of Riches" and "The Triumph of Poverty." Some critics have placed these two on a level with the drawings of Raphael.

Holbein, who accompanied King Henry to his celebrated meeting with Francis I., on what is called "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," is himself quite "historical" as a personage; and his works in this gallery will amply repay alike the student of art and the student of history.

It may be said that Holbein's pictures will have little attraction for those who visit galleries to view "pretty pictures;" and this is quite true. But art is something higher than a mere prettiness. It is quite possible to take a walk in the West End and see plenty of pictures which are, to some tastes, "lively" bits of mountain scenery! very "easy" bits of work they are, many of them quite superficial and worthless. But in the proportion that interest in genuine art in-

creases, there will grow up an appreciation of the true and the real work, which embodies thought and skill combined.

I quite admit that Holbein's treatment of his portraits, in all his eras, is greatly inferior to Titian and Rembrandt. Of course we know he painted for a Protestant people, and might expect some aspects of Christian faith in his work; but "The Dance of Death" has in it no relief from the desperate triumph of the King of Terrors. Still, the continental critics say that his representation of the Passion in the Basle Gallery, which fills eight compartments, is full of deep feeling scarcely inferior to Correggio's, though here, as the work is in his earlier time, the drawing is occasionally false. He painted one allegorical picture which is in the Winter Exhibition-169, The Wheel of Fortune. There are on it appropriate rhyming inscriptions in Old German. I fancy those who see it will agree with me that it is, at all events, a happy thing that the whirligig of time has upset allegorical picture - painting. 204, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Cardinal Wolsey's secretary, will be interesting to all who read Shakspeare. He was created Earl in 1539, and arrested for treason January 10th, 1540, and beheaded on Tower Hill July 20th in the same year. I think there is something in the portrait which tells us that he was the veritable son of a blacksmith! At all events, we may be sure that we are looking at the man himself. It remains only to say that Holbein was as industrious as he was sincere in art. In the Royal collection at Windsor there are eighty-nine portraits of persons who were directly connected with the Court at Windsor, and their contemporaries. These drawings are in red chalk and Indian ink; and Dr. Waagen says that they are full "of liveliness of conception, purity of feeling for nature, and a lightness and decision of touch such as have never been surpassed."

If the Winter Exhibitions at Burlington House continue from year to year, and if we are treated to gatherings of good pictures by the old masters, we may look forward to a growing interest in the especial features of the painting of the great men of the past, who are rightly called "masters!" To quicken interest in them is one of the objects of these pages; for the art of this country will become each year more and more elevated in treatment, and earnest in execution, as the public taste improves. What strides have been made only those can understand who have watched the tide that set in under Albert the Good; and he little understands the work that Mr. Ruskin has done in England who does not mark the fact that there is a demand for "conscience" in matters of art, and that the lesson has been learnt, if somewhat slowly, that the untrue cannot be really beautiful. The Winter Exhibition will not last long; and if any reader wishes to criticize these criticisms, the gallery should be visited at once, for it is not probable that such a collection of the works of Hans Holbein will be seen in England again for many a long day.

Far from exhausting the catalogue, I have left 185, portrait of John Reskimer, lent by Her Majesty the Queen. Here we have a half-figure showing both hands. The long red beard is excellently done. The colouring is, I think, in Holbein's earlier time, and it is too heavily varnished. The vine tendrils in the background deserve notice. The realist becomes imaginative only once - in this collection at least - 203. William Tell! Let it not be thought that this Winter Exhibition is destitute of other attractions. Thomas Gainsborough, R.A., and Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., are admirably represented here. As interesting to the many, doubtless, these pictures will exceed in attractiveness those of Holbein. I can only say in conclusion that, whilst the study of the Italian schools of art has been somewhat popularized in England, the German, Flemish, and Dutch schools have not received the same meed of attention. But the interest in them is on the increase, and will continue, as I hope and believe, every year. W. M. STATHAM.

MARY CARPENTER.*

MISS CARPENTER is fully entitled to a very high place among the reformers of her day. She vindicated the position of women, not by clamouring about woman's rights, but by devoting herself with singular self-sacrifice, intelligence, and success to the discharge of great duties. There was in her no weak sentimentalism, which satisfies itself with work which is sure to

^{*} Life and Work of Mary Carpenter. By J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A. (Macmillan and Co.)

be popular with every one and leaves untouched the evils and wrongs by which society is afflicted, and which are protected by such buttresses of prejudices and self-interest that it requires some courage to assail them. Her interest in political movements was the outgrowth of a true benevolence, but it was genuine and earnest. A politician, in the strict sense, she was not. She could never be persuaded to take any part in the agitation for Women's Suffrage beyond signing a petition; "but in her last years she frequently expressed her belief that legislation would not be established on its true basis until women had the power of voting on the same terms as men." It would have been instructive to be told what arguments had induced her to accept this view in preference to that which she previously held: "that her influence had been far greater than if she had been merged in the 'Bristol citizen.'" In those days, we are told, "sometimes she would playfully avoid the difficulty by saying, 'I don't talk about my rights, I take them;' or she would declare that she had all the rights which she wanted given to her." We certainly fail to see how the suffrage could have given her more power for the advancement of the great objects she had in view, especially as for general politics, except in so far as the struggle of parties might indirectly affect her own schemes, she cared but little. Her life's aim was the alleviation of human suffering, the redress of wrong, the instruction of ignorance, and last, but not least, the elevation of the great peoples who have been brought under our rule in India; and all political action was subsidiary to these noble objects. Yet there was in her a political robustness, often lacking in those in whom the philanthropic sentiment is so dominant. This was seen especially in the eagerness with which she watched the struggle for the emancipation of the slaves in America, and the boldness with which she proclaimed her sympathy with the abolitionists. even those of them who were generally regarded as extreme and even impracticable. No doubt here also that intense love of humanity which was so marked an element in her character came into operation and guided her sympathies. But altogether Mary Carpenter was as keen in intellect as she was warm, sympathetic, and generous in heart. There are some who occupy themselves in works of active benevolence as the only service to which they are at all attracted. They have no pleasure in literature or science; they love action rather than reflection; in all practical service they are preeminent, and they throw themselves into it with all their hearts. Mary Carpenter was of a different type. To give up books and plunge into the difficult and often painful duties of the ragged-school, or reformatory, was to her an act of real self-denial. She was qualified to attain high intellectual distinction, and all her culture and association, the influences of a refined home, and her own tastes, would have led her to seek it. But she sacrificed all at the call of duty. Her biographer says very truly that she "united qualities very rarely found in harmonious combination. She had the soul of a mystic, and the insight into affairs and the grasp of detail of a born administrator." In other words, she was a Mary, addressing herself patiently to the humble toils, and accepting cheerfully the innumerable cares of Martha.

She was one of a well-known and greatly honoured Unitarian family.

Over one grave obstacle this book (says the biographer) relates a triumph gradual but sure. The members of small and misunderstood communions had frequently, at one time, to encounter coldness and mistrust from without, which tended to confine their friendships and restrain their efforts.

The remark applies, in a degree, to all Nonconformists, and is as acute as it is true. The isolation is due as much to others as to themselves. The garden has been "walled around" as often by the prejudices of those who hated even to look at it as by any care of those who wished to safeguard it against intrusion. Unitarians, no doubt, were in the worst position, for the theological antagonism of Evangelicals against them was as strong as the ecclesiastical prejudice of Churchmen. Very probably they were often misunderstood, and such Unitarians as Dr. Lant Carpenter and his daughter were peculiarly liable to such misconstruction. Dr. Martineau, who was a pupil at Dr. Carpenter's, in a beautifully characteristic letter, gives this picture of the religious influence of the home:

Every Monday morning we had a Greek Testament reading with Dr. Carpenter, intended not less as a religious lesson than as an exercise in

the language and criticism of Scripture. That hour was always one of deep interest, and left, I am persuaded, lasting traces on the character of many a boy previously averse to serious thought. The influences of Sunday were still fresh. Upon the dear master they were visible in a certain toning down of his usual restless energy, and a serenity and tenderness of spirit, which removed all fears and all reserves, and often made the lesson an exchange of confidence among us all. To his daughter he was prophet as well as parent, and her whole mood and demeanour reflected him. While translating her verses with precision, and prepared with answers to questions of history and archæology, she unconsciously betrayed, by voice, by eye, by the very mode of holding her book, that she treated the text as sacred, and in following the story felt a touch from which a Divine virtue went out. The Gospels were certainly read with critical care and faithful comparison; and if the hopelessness of the harmonist's problem was unfelt, and the plain anachronisms of thought were unobserved, and the hills and valleys were levelled to one highway of sanctity, it was because an absorbing veneration for the person of Christ as supernatural filled the teacher's whole mind, and excluded the finer perceptions of the historical sense, and even obscured the gradations of spiritual character. I suspect that this early set of her religious affections, carried out as it was through her whole inner and outer life, rendered the newer light of Biblical criticism always unwelcome to Mary Carpenter, and made her glad to seek her reforming inspirations in purely practical directions (pp. 11, 12).

To numbers this will appear a very remarkable picture of Unitarian training. But there were then, as now, Unitarians and Unitarians, and Dr. Lant Carpenter was certainly much nearer to the Evangelical creed than many who to-day claim a place in orthodox communities. Miss Carpenter would certainly not have acknowledged any Evangelical sympathies, and yet some of her private utterances look singularly like the breathings of a soul full of true Evangelical instincts.

A veil (she observes in a letter) has been removed from many of my secret thoughts; I see clearer the evil of my own heart; I perceive how much and often it interferes with the good, and darkens the brightness of the spiritual life within me.

Again, speaking in her diary of her first communion, she writes:

January 3rd, 1841.—On this first Sabbath, seven years ago, I had the happiness of receiving the memorials of the dying love of my Lord from the hands of my beloved father, in company with my own dear family and my venerated aunt—that old disciple whom, doubtless, Jesus loveth, and one who, more than any one I have ever met with, realized that beautiful delineation of love, in its effects and nature, given by St. John. That was

an hour which, though soon overshadowed by clouds, and succeeded by trial and temptation, has left an enduring and blessed memory in my soul, and seemed a foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

Whatever the creed, here surely is pure Evangelical experience. Miss Carpenter, in one of her letters, quietly exults in the enlarging and educating influence the Ragged School work was exerting on Evangelicals; but in reading these and other expressions of hers, they may certainly rejoice to observe the power which true Evangelical principles, of the best and purest kind, had alike on her experience and her work. With the Rationalism of such Unitarians as Theodore Parker and Miss Martineau she had not the slightest sympathy. Indeed, a warm-hearted and spiritual letter from her to Miss Martineau called forth "a severe rebuke of her arrogance," which greatly astonished her, but was answered with all her wonted gentleness of spirit.

But while it was necessary thus to glance at her theological position, it is with her noble services to humanity that we are principally concerned. It was right to give this brief glance at her opinions, since her work was inspired by the earnest desire to be like Christ, and by a deep feeling of consecration to the service of the world for Christ's sake. it is the work itself with which we are chiefly concerned. Her intercourse with Dr. Tuckerman, who was one of the eminent Americans who visited her father's, seems first to have directed her energies to the education of the ragged children of the district; and, with her sympathies once engaged on their behalf, she laboured with an untiring assiduity, which was equalled only by the intelligence and sound judgment that guided her action. Already her thoughts had been called to India and its claims, by a brief but intimate and instructive acquaintance with that very remarkable man, Rajah Rammohun Roy, to whom she had looked as a great regenerator of his fellow-countrymen, and in whose plans and hopes she took a most keen and lively interest. His unexpected death was to her a source of real sorrow, but it left a void which her educational work happily came in to fill.

There is very much to afford the encouragement, so often needed amid the urgency of present wants, and the pressure of the difficulties we have to meet in our own work, in the contrast between the state of things with which Miss Carpenter had to deal in her early efforts, and that in the midst of which we are to-day. Forty years ago, when she undertook the task of rescuing some of the neglected children of Bristol from the ignorance and crime amid which they were growing up, the case of the unhappy waifs and strays, whose training was preparing them to become the curse and scourge of the society which left them unloved and untended, had scarcely attracted the notice either of the Christian Church or of the political reformer. "In 1839," says Mr. Carpenter, "there passed away, at Portsmouth, the venerable John Pounds, who had for many years delighted to draw into his shoemaker's workshop the wild boys and girls whom his singular influence subdued into peace and order." He was a humble but truly noble pioneer in a grand movement which, in the course of a comparatively short period, became a fashion. Sheriff Watson, of Aberdeen, and Dr. Guthrie were among the most distinguished workers in the cause, and Mary Carpenter is to be placed in the same rank. Looking at the unfavourable conditions under which she commenced her efforts, the prejudices against which she had to contend, and the extent to which. in her first and most trying days of service, she was dependent almost entirely on her own efforts, there is none among this noble band of workers to whom higher honour is due. She had to convince others that her idea was feasible: but even when that had been accomplished, there remained the scarcely less difficult task of securing the co-operation of those who looked doubtfully on one of her theological views. After labouring for several years on behalf of the destitute and outcast, she resolved on the establishment of a Ragged School in Lewin's Mead, a poor district of the old city in which her father's chapel was situated.

But the effort had to be made with slender resources, and without the avowed fellowship of those who were already prominently devoted to the cause. Only a year or two before a large committee had been formed in Bristol for the promotion of unsectarian education, on which a number of the leading clergy and Nonconformist ministers were jointly appointed. But the senior pastor of Lewin's Mead meeting was coldly excluded on the one side, while the door was shut on the Catholic priest on the other.

It is not easy to-day to realize the circumstances which would

make such an arrangement possible. During the interval the status of Romanism has been so altered that it is the Catholic priest who would refuse to co-operate with any but those who would allow him to make the school a propagandist instrument, and the "leading clergy" would be much more likely to unite with him in a common cry for denominational schools, than to associate themselves in such a movement as that here described. On the other hand, the idea of "unsectarian education" has been pushed to such an extent, that some of its advocates are ready to claim Professor Huxley as one of its prophets. Only a short time ago we had to listen to the recital of the great scientist's words as to the Bible, quoted with a fervour and unction which at last compelled us to ask whether the speaker really thought that we had come to such a position as to need the testimony of Professor Huxley in favour of the word of God. With such an atmosphere around us, however, it is as difficult to conceive of the friends of "unsectarian education" excluding a good man like the late Dr. Lant Carpenter from a committee to promote the common object, as it is to picture a "Catholic priest" willing to be on it.

Such a fact, however, helps us to understand the difficulty of the task Miss Carpenter had undertaken. How nobly she vanguished all opposition by the strength of simple goodness. inspired and guided by rare intellectual power; how wisely she planned, how carefully she organized, how diligently she laboured herself, and how wondrously she succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of others; how her self-devotion and remarkable administrative ability soon made her a power in the country at large, and gave her influence with statesmen and social reformers, who eagerly sought her counsel and assistance, is told in this volume with great simplicity and beauty. It would not be possible to condense into the space at our disposal the story even of her work in Ragged Schools, still less to follow her in her efforts for female education in India certainly among the most remarkable exhibitions of selfdevotion, earnestness, and courage. "Taking also to heart the grievous lot of Oriental women in the last decade of her life, she four times went to India, and awakened an active interest in their education and training for serious duties." Such a work done when she was past sixty years of age would not have been possible except to one whose whole soul was braced and nerved for effort by lofty purpose and strong faith. The inscription on the memorial tablet, from which these words are quoted, goes on to say, "No human ill escaped her pity, or cast down her trust; with true self-sacrifice she followed in the train of Christ, to seek and to save that which was lost, and bring it home to the Father in heaven." It is thus that Dr. Martineau writes of the friend of a lifetime, and the charming volume before us is the evidence that his testimony is true.

Unable to follow the details of this work, we can, at all events, take a view of the spirit of the worker which is all the more instructive because of the diversity in our theology. From the remarkable statement of Dr. Martineau quoted above, we have seen that the Unitarianism of Dr. Carpenter and his daughter did not exclude a recognition of the supernatural in the Gospels, and in Christ Himself. Speaking of her feelings about Rajah Rammohun Rov, her nephew says, "The climax was reached when the Rajah declared his belief in the resurrection of Christ, which she supposed must involve in his mind the conviction of the Saviour's supernatural endowment and Divine mission." Now we have no desire to use these expressions with the view of minimizing the difference that separated Miss Carpenter from the Evangelical creed, or what she supposed that creed to be. Our own belief is that, could she and liberal-minded Evangelicals have come together, and looked dispassionately at their respective beliefs, there would have been equal astonishment on both sides to discover how much they had in common even in creed, and how very near they were in spiritual sympathies. It is evident at least that Miss Carpenter found the example and inspiration of her work in our Lord. One feature in her character, which deserves special notice, was her true catholicity. Perhaps it was the point on which Unitarianism of her school had most to teach. She was trained to place practical piety before all orthodoxy, and she acted consistently upon it. Goodness, under whatever form, attracted her. John Williams greatly impressed her mind, and at one time it seemed not improbable that the impulse thus kindled would induce her to give herself to foreign missionary labour. If the purpose died out it was only because she found other and more urgent work close to her own door. On the other side, she writes in relation to Theodore Parker, "Truly, one must be thankful that so many truth-loving and man-loving spirits still are left among us. . . . I do not agree with much that Parker, Emerson, and Garrison write, but I greatly admire much in the spirit of their writings." She was thus truly catholic, but there are many indications in this volume that her spiritual affinities, whether she herself suspected it or not, inclined her much more to Evangelicals than to Unitarians of the Rationalist school.

The spirit in which her work was undertaken was composed chiefly of two elements—a simple desire to do the will of the heavenly Father, and a care for the individual souls that were brought under her care, that had in it the fervour of an evangelist or an apostle. "When I feel," she says on one occasion, "how I love a family in which I hope that I have been of some spiritual good, I somewhat enter into St. Paul's deep affection for his converts." The Ragged School readily yielded to her that for which she had unconsciously been craving in the love which was the response to the true and single-hearted love which she breathed into the service.

She had been haunted by a feeling that her nature was not lovable, that even her nearest and dearest had not loved her for herself, that there must be something in her which repelled instead of attracting. The somewhat late growth of friendships of unusual tenderness and ardour had in part removed this inner source of self-mortification, and now came the spontaneous affection of her scholars to impart fresh confidence. "How I prize the love I receive there," she could not help exclaiming. "I must confess that the Ragged School is not so attractive to me from a mere sense of duty, for I might find duties elsewhere; but it is so delightful to me to gain so much love as I feel I have from these young beings, and to help to kindle their souls by mine."

With such sentiments ruling her heart we are not surprised to find that the earnestness of her religious teaching was a very distinctive feature in her schools.

Into all her work she threw a weight of character which belonged only to few; but her Scripture lessons allowed all the tenderness of her soul to flow freely forth without the checks of scholastic necessity. The field was altogether new, and she felt herself to possess powers of which she had before hardly been aware, as one after another came to realize in some degree the principles and trusts on which her own life was founded.

Here is certainly an evangelic care for souls and a deep sympathy with them in their sorrows and needs. We fancy, too, that if we had heard some of those Bible lessons we should have found in them more of the true essence of the Evangelical creed than she herself suspected. But these are points into which we cannot penetrate. We can only admire and strive to profit by so beautiful a life, and heartily thank the biographer for the manner in which he has told its suggestive story.

HALF-HOURS WITH CHRISTIAN AUTHORS.

PREPARATION OF THE WORLD FOR THE GOSPEL.

JUDEA gave to Greece something of that deep sense of transgression which constituted the very essence of its religion; Greece gave to Judæa something of that thought of Divine nearness which made the incarnation of God in humanity ever a possible event. Hence in the last days of the old world there arose, under the teaching of Philo, a religion which was at the same time a philosophy—a religion which, in its speculations after God, did not altogether forget the needs of man. Here, as in the ordinary mythology of Greece, there is recognized the possibility of a God manifest in the flesh, but at the same time, in accordance with the spirit of Judæa, there is discovered a hindrance to His perfect manifestation. There is something which must be overcome ere the light can break in its full splendour, and that retarding element belongs to the nature of man. Philo placed the root of sin in matter, and in this respect he weakened his own estimate of its power; nevertheless, in opposition to the common tendency of the Greek mind, he considered the influence of sin to be a barrier to Divine communion. Accordingly, the incarnation of God in humanity must now be effected through a mediator. Thus wonderfully near have we come to the spirit of the cross. And when we consider the language in which this mediator is described, we seem almost already to have entered the precincts of the Christian temple. Whether Philo regarded him as a person or merely as an influence, is a point which has often been disputed, and which will probably never be settled; but it is beyond all dispute that he lavished upon him nearly every epithet which we are accustomed to associate with the name of Christianity's Divine Founder. He calls Him the Word, the Son, the Onlybegotten Son, the High Priest, the Archangel, the Mediator, the Door, the Light of the World, the Brightness of the Father.

To some, the resemblance between this language and that of the New Testament has presented itself in a startling form, as if it weakened the originality of the Christian writings; to us it has a totally different significance. We see in it only another instance of that wondrous adaptation by which the religion of Christ has sought a point of union with the natural instincts of the human soul. When Christianity came into the world, it adopted the language of the world. It had no objection to those names which man had given to God; it was quite willing that man should retain the old name, provided he had a clearer view of the object which he designated. What the Gentile apostle said to the Athenians was what the sacred writings virtually said to the whole pre-Christian world: "Him whom ye ignorantly worship, declare I unto you." Much of their language was already familiar to the ears on which it fell; nearly all the terms under which they described Divine things had been long in use either in Judæa or amongst the Gentile nations. The Fatherhood of God, the existence of an only-begotten Son, the incarnation of God in humanity, and the necessity of a regeneration in the life of the soul, were all well-known expressions to the world before the cross. But with the identity of expression the similarity ended. The religion of the cross adopted the current language, both of Jew and Gentile; and in this it revealed its wisdom, for thereby it obtained a common meeting ground on which it could speak to surrounding nations. But while Christianity adopted the old names, it deepened all their meanings. Divine Fatherhood, which is the same in sound, is no longer the same in essence with that of Judaism, for the cross has imparted to it a higher element, and has expanded benevolence into self-surrender. The only-begotten Son is no longer the vague, mysterious essence worshipped by Philo, but a living personality, capable of loving and of being loved. The incarnation of God in the form of man is no longer a

transient apparition, which comes only to vanish, but the permanent and eternal indwelling of a Divine Spirit in a human soul, uniting and blending for ever the attributes of earth and heaven. All these things were seen in the old world only as one sees the shadowy forms of objects in the night; when the sun rose, the objects indeed remained, and the ancient names were still attached to them, but the new light which permeated them made them altogether new. Yet let it not therefore be thought that the old world lived in vain. It had received a work to do, and up to the measure of its power most nobly had it performed it. It was commissioned to go forth and meet the light of Christianity-to carry human nature as far as human nature could travel over that preparatory road which led to the renewal of a world's youth. And with all the feebleness of its efforts, its commission was not wholly unfulfilled. Gradually and insensibly, yet steadily and surely, the minds of men were ripened for the coming change. In ever-deepening convictions of moral responsibility, and an ever-increasing estimate of human inadequacy to meet its requirements, in the perpetually recurring apprehension of God's nearness, in the occasional awakening to the truth that there is something more Divine than strength, and in the emergence, at rare intervals, of even some realization of the necessity for sacrifice, we see the repeated gateways through which the human soul drew nearer to the measure of the stature of the perfect man. - Matheson, "Growth of the Spirit of Christianity."

HOW TO CHEER THE PASTORS.

It is bad policy to discourage a pastor who is honestly trying to do a pastor's work, by dinning him even with the most sympathetic and affectionate croaks about his want of success, at the same time measuring that success by a merely numerical standard. The best pastor is too ready to be discouraged by real or imaginary failure. It is an old story. The words of Father Anselm come to me over eight centuries, but they sound as if they came out from some broken heart that quivers here to-day. "If it be not in the counsels of Thy eternal will that Thou shouldst by me feed and bless Thy sheep, what do I here? Why do I stay among these

tumults, if I am not through Thy grace to promote the salvation of my brother? Grant me, then, I beseech Thee, by all Thy pity, Thy heavenly consolation; for this heavy weight which Thou hast laid upon me, I know not how to bear, and I dare not lay aside. O God, the helper of all that trust in Thee, let not Thy grace forsake, let not Thy mercy leave me!"

Earnestness is a sensitive thing. It is all one to a stone whether you throw it up or down, but a man with a passion for souls is not like a stone. Tell your minister when his heart is low, that he is a successful man, for that sure as he speaks the Word of God, and sure as he commits it to His blessing, that Word "will not return unto Him void, but will prosper in the thing for which He has sent it."

To cheer the pastors, let every man mind his own business. Every man in the Church has his own Church business; let him find out what it is, then fill his own particular office, do his own particular work, and exercise his own particular gift, even if that office, or work, or gift should show no particular effect all at once, or have no immediate relation to the great enterprize of saving souls. Different gifts of the Spirit are wanted to assist the life that is already saved from penalty, by carrying on its sanctification, or its enlightenment, or its comfort, or its power of usefulness. "There are diversities of gifts." Look at the difference between John Foster and William Grimshaw, his spiritual grandfather, to whom allusion has just been made. Both were members of the true Church. and each had his own post of service in it, but how different! Bishop Butler could not have set up the first Sunday-school. Robert Raikes could not have written the "Analogy." Jeremy Taylor could not have given us "The Pilgrim's Progress," nor John Bunyan "The Golden Grove." Let every one be himself, and act "according to his measure of the gift of Christ." Let the lark sing like a lark; the sparrow had better not try; yet it is a comfort to remember that even the sparrow is God's bird. In a great manufactory you see tools rough and smooth, long and short, blunt and sharp, straight and crooked, and each one has its own use. It is never worth while to turn the knife into a hammer, or the hammer into a knife. Better sharpen the one and emphasize the weight of the other. Ministers are often discouraged by this attempt to change forces and places, and by the inclination on the part of members to slight or ignore the service for which they are severally endowed, when such service is not conspicuous, or when it does not directly tell on the conversion of sinners. Let all join to cheer the ministers by trying to stimulate and regulate the working power of the Church.

There is yet another way of cheering the pastors. If you have derived benefit from their ministrations, cheer them by letting them know. When Edward Payson died, his people came one by one into a certain solemn chamber out of which silence seemed to flow and fill the house. They lifted a covering, and saw his face fixed in its last look of delicacy, of entreaty, of listening stillness, and with the shadow of the smile left upon it by the vanishing spirit; they then looked at the paper which he had directed to be pinned on the shroud over his breast, with the writing on it-"Remember the words that I spake unto you while I was yet present with you." Then some rushed away in an agony of silence; for "words which he had spoken," but which until now had lain dormant in their, minds woke up-they believed, and told their faith. Oh, if they had but done that before! Will not some of you take the hint to-night? -Dr. Stanford, "Homilies on Christian Work."

POWER OF THE LIVING CHRIST.

For if the question be asked, how the Church of Christ has surmounted these successive dangers, the answer is, by the appeal of prayer. She has cried to her Master, who is ever in the ship, though, as it may seem, asleep upon a pillow. The appeal has often been made impatiently, even violently, as on the waves of Gennesaret, but it has not been made in vain. It has not been by policy, or good sense, or considerations of worldly prudence, but by a renewal in very various ways of the first fresh Christian enthusiasm which flows from the felt presence of Christ, that political enemies have been baffled, and intellectual difficulties reduced to their true dimensions, and moral sores extirpated or healed. Christianity does thus contain within itself the secret of its perpetual

youth, the certificate of its indestructible vitality; because it centres in, it is inseparable from, devotion to a living Person. No ideal lacking a counterpart in fact could have guided the Church across the centuries. Imagination may do much in quiet and prosperous times; but amid the storms of hostile prejudice and passion, in presence of political vicissitudes or of intellectual onslaughts, or of moral rebellion or decay, an unreal Saviour must be found out. A Christ upon paper, though it were the sacred pages of the gospel, would have been as powerless to save Christendom as a Christ in fresco; not less feeble than the countenance which, in the last stages of its decay, may be traced on the wall of the Refectory at Milan. A living Christ is the key to the phenomenon of Christian history. To Him again and again His Church has cried out in her bewilderment and pain, "Up, Lord, why sleepest Thou? awake, and be not absent from us for ever."* And again and again, in the great thoroughfares of Christian history, He, her Lord, to borrow the startling image of the Hebrew poet, has "awaked as one out of sleep, and like a giant refreshed with wine," t to display Himself in providential turns, whether in the world of events or in the world of thought, on which no human foresight could have calculated. And what has been will yet be again. There are men who can say to Him only, "Thou, O Christ, art the most exquisite work of chastened imagination, of purified moral sense, that our race has known: in that Thou art our highest ideal of human goodness, Thou art truly Divine; we cannot rival, we cannot even approach, we cannot, if we would, forget Thee." But if this were the highest language towards Him that is honestly possible, whatever else He might be, He would not be "our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble."! He would only be precious as a poem or piece of sculpture is precious; just as beautiful, perhaps, but just as helpless an object, rendered into the finer forms of the world of thought. But we Christians have cried to Him in one form of words or another for many a century-" Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father. We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge. We therefore pray Thee help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with

^{*} Psa. xliv. 23. † Ibid. lxxviii, 65.

f Ibid. xlvi, 1.

Thy precious blood." And in His being what this language implies lies the recuperative power of the Church; it lies in faith's grasp of the fact that Christ really lives and rules in earth and heaven, and that He may still be appealed to with success, even though men dare to exclaim, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?"—Canon Liddon.

THE SYMPATHY OF GOD.

Who shall attempt to describe the indescribable, and tell the power of sympathy? You go to see your friend on whom some great sorrow has fallen. You sit beside him. You look into his eyes. You say a few broken and faltering words. And then you go away disheartened. How entirely you have failed to do for him that which you went to do, that which you would have given the world to do. How you have seemed only to intrude on him with vulgar curiosity when you really longed to help him. How many times you have done this, and then how many times you have been afterwards surprised to find that you really did help him with that silent visit. My dear friends, never let the seeming worthlessness of sympathy make you keep back that sympathy of which, when men are suffering around you, your heart is full. Go and give it without asking yourself whether it is worth the while to give it. It is too sacred a thing for you to tell what it is worth. God, from whom it comes, sends it through you to His needy child. Do not ever let any low scepticism make you distrust it, but speak out what God has put it in your heart to speak to any sufferer. The sympathy of God for man has just this same difficulty about it, if we try to analyze it. We cannot say that He has done anything for us. We cannot tell even of any thought that He has put into our minds. Merely He has been near us. He has known that we were in trouble, and He has been sorry for us.

How do we learn of such a sympathy of God? How can we really come to believe that He knows our individual troubles, and sorrows for them with us? I think that this is a hard question for a great many people. The magnitude of the world, the multitudes of souls that God has made, perplexes many hearts, and makes it very hard for them to believe in personal, individual sympathy and care. More than from any abstract or scientific arrangements about the universality of great laws, I think it is the bigness of the world, the millions upon millions of needy souls, that makes it hard for men to believe in the discriminating care and personal love of God for each. Our wider view across the world, the readiness with which we take in all the millions of our fellow-men, makes it harder for us. The Jew, shut up in his little nation, found it easier. In such perplexity what shall we do? I know only the most simple answers. In the first place, give free and bold play to those instincts of the heart which believe that the Creator must care for the creatures He has made, and that the only real effective care for them must be that which takes each of them into His love, and knowing it separately surrounds it with His separate sympathy. In the next place, open the heart to that same conviction as it has been profoundly pressed upon the hearts of multitudes of men everywhere. It is not inconceivable. It is only the special prominence of certain ideas in our time which have made some people think it inconceivable that a personal God should care separately for every one of His million children. It is not inconceivable when such multitudes of men have conceived it, have rested their whole weight upon that assurance, have run into the shelter of that certainty whenever the storm was too high and too strong for them. Above all, get the great spirit of the Bible. Read into the heart of the Book of Life until you are thoroughly possessed with its idea—the idea which gives in its whole consistency and shape, the idea without which it would all drop to pieces -that there is not one life which the Life-Giver ever loses out of His sight: not one which sins so that He casts it away; not one which is not so near to Him that whatever touches it touches Him with sorrow or with joy. I know nothing which can secure a man from the sad scepticism about the personal sympathy of God, like a complete entrance into the atmosphere and spirit of the Bible, in which that sympathy is the first accepted fact of life .- Rev. Phillips Brooks.

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON THE ANGLICAN PRIESTHOOD.*

Ir might almost seem as though some of the Anglican converts to Rome had determined to open an attack on the Ritualist position all along the line. Recently we called attention to the very able book in which Mr. Allies dealt with the charge of schism and heresy in relation to the Anglican Church, and now we have a work of equal merit in which Mr. Hutton deals in a thorough and exhaustive manner with the question of Anglican orders. We cannot feel any surprise at these persistent assaults. Men who have abandoned so much for the sake of principle cannot like to feel that they have committed a great mistake, and that if they had only taken a wider and truer view of the situation they might have retained their place in the Church of their fathers, with all its possibilities of distinction and usefulness before them, and yet have been perfectly loyal to their own conscience and the Catholic Church. If the Ritualists are right, these Romish converts have been forced into exile for nothing. They are really on the defensive, and are bound to show that Anglicans have forfeited some part, if not the whole, of the "Catholic" inheritance in order to justify their own secession. If Rome has nothing, and can give nothing, which Anglicans do not already possess, there is no reason why they should have sought reconciliation with the Holy See. The question is a vital one to both parties. To us the controversy is rather a subject of curious speculation than of practical value, and yet one which has too intimate a relation to the religious life of the country to be wholly disregarded. We can hardly profess to be disinterested spectators, for there are several points of more or less importance to us which are mixed up with the decision. The whole argument for the continuity of the National Church must be very materially affected by it. To prove that the Anglican Church is not, in the true ecclesiastical sense, a part of "Catholic Christendom," that its orders are not valid, and its priests no priests at all, if we accept the principles which ruled here, as throughout Europe, before the

^{*} The Anglican Ministry. By A. W. Hutton, of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. With Preface by Cardinal Newman.

Reformation, is to sweep away all the specious pleas for the continuity of the Anglican Church, from the days of Augustine till now, which play so important a part in all discussions about Church property. So far the decision must have a bearing upon us. Still, as both alike treat us as outside the pale, without sacraments, without ministers, without any true Church, we may be able to contemplate the fray with some degree of equanimity and even impartiality. The Anglican may be reduced to our level, but that would be no possible advantage to us. On the other hand, both appear to us to be maintaining an unscriptural and superstitious view of Christianity, its ordinances, and its ministry, and on us devolves the responsibility of maintaining the more spiritual

conception in opposition to both.

As between Romanism and Anglicanism, however, it might have been supposed that the last word had been spoken in the controversy, and that the subtlest ingenuity of theological disputants could discover no new argument. But Mr. Wollaston Hutton, a learned member of the Oratory, fancies that he has made a point which has not been seen before, and a number of able men in his own Church are, we believe. convinced that he is right. Cardinal Newman, their spiritual superior, as the founder of this English oratory, has given him his sanction and written a Preface, which, we need hardly add, is one of the most valuable parts of the work. Hitherto the question has always turned upon the validity of English orders. The new controversy started by Mr. Hutton has reference to the power which those orders convey. Granted, for the sake of argument, that the Anglican clergy are ministers of the "Catholic Church," it still remains to be proved that they enjoy the gifts, and are warranted to discharge the functions which they at present assume. Cardinal Newman puts the case clearly and forcibly in the Preface. Hitherto the discussion has turned upon points which, to outsiders like ourselves, have always seemed to belong to the "infinitely little." Whether the celebrated "Nag's Head" story were true or not, whether there had been a regular transmission of orders, whether, on the principle of "Catholic" tradition, there had or had not been a breach in the line of the apostolical succession, were points which did not appear to us worth the feverish excitement or the extraordinary intellectual subtlety employed upon them. Besides, we always have had the feeling that the Anglican argument was only a clever defence of a position which it was necessary to maintain, and that if the question could have been looked at in the abstract, some of those who most confidently advanced this plea would have been compelled to admit its uncertainty. Now Mr. Hutton, "following out the line of argument suggested by Canon Estcourt and others, elevates the controversy to a higher ground. It refuses to be contented with such petty and evasive manœuvres in belief of Anglicanism as Catholic disputants have so often put up with, and claims to discuss and judge of it, not by archaeology, but by history and common sense." All sensible men ought to welcome such a change of issue. Whatever the reason which may cause Romish theologians to feel that the time is come for tearing aside all masks and fighting à outrance, we welcome the decision in the interests of truth. It is of little use to be discussing whether the Roman Catholic is bound, on his own principles, to recognize the Anglican claims to a priesthood until we have first determined what the priesthood is. contention of Mr. Hutton, sustained by Cardinal Newman, is that the idea of the priesthood, as held in the Romish Church, is an entirely new one in Anglicanism; that it has no place in the teachings of its divines; and that, even could the claim to apostolical succession be made good, it does not involve the possession of that sarcerdotium which is the inheritance most valued by the extreme Ritualists. "The question," says Cardinal Newman, "is, has not the Anglican hierarchy, has not the English people in its faith, in its formulas, in its acts, stripped itself of Christian truths and Christian gifts, and (as the Ritualist grants, or rather maintains) such as are essential to the idea of Christianity-gifts which he has not the power now to claim back at his will at the end of three centuries, and which to claim, without tradition to support the claim, is but a confession of their irrecoverable forfeiture?"

This is assuredly a searching and difficult question. It is true, as the Cardinal says, that it affects " all Anglicans ; but it tells against Ritualists more forcibly." The distinction 13

between them and all other Churchmen is a radical one. With others the Romish controversialist has first to establish the value of the inheritance which he says has been lost. The Anglican who denies that the so-called "Christian truths and Christian gifts" are Christian at all, destroys the foundation on which all the Romanist's argument is built, and he has to set to work and lay it afresh. Mr. Hutton's reasoning affects him only so far as this, that if it be true, the defence of the Establishment which rests on the alleged continuity of the Anglican Church is shivered to pieces. It is seen that in a vital and central point the old Church was in direct antagonism to the new, and that the Reformation cast out that on which the Mediæval Church, like the Romish Church of to-day, laid special stress. The case of the Ritualists is much worse. They are shown to have been walking in a vain show, and deluding themselves into the belief that they were possessed of Catholic truth and virtue, whereas all they have done is to supply the material for their own condemnation. "To claim awful gifts and to pretend to awful powers which, if their fellow-Anglicans are to be believed, they have not, is to play with edged tools." This Ritualists might endure, for they do not greatly disquiet themselves about the judgment of fellow-Anglicans. It is more serious when the representatives of the Church, whose catholicity they do not deny, thus summarily dispose of their claims, and tell them that their pretence of presenting a sacrifice makes their case worse, and not better. They deemed themselves, at all events, nearer the Catholic unity than their brethren. They are now told that they are even further off. The case is thus put by Cardinal Newman:

If the Catholic view of the sacerdotium, as residing in the Christian ministry, be a truth of revelation; if, nevertheless, it is not and never has been held by any Anglican minister since Anglicanism existed till the last thirty years; if Anglicans, I say, have neither believed in the existence of such a gift nor professed to use it nor taught and honoured it; if rather they have called it a "blasphemy"—who shall say without a great paradox that suddenly a small minority of the Anglican body is possessed of it, while the main body persists, not simply in ignoring it, or in being ignorant of it, but in knowing it too well as claimed by us Catholics, and denying utterly that such a gift was ever made by our Lord to any one? Sacraments the Church of England has ever claimed, but never sacrifice. It never, in the Ritualistic or the Catholic sense of it, has been professed by any Anglican party till now. We

know well what is a High Churchman; one who holds the Episcopal form of government, the apostolic succession, and baptismal regeneration, perhaps the real presence, not the sacerdotium. Of course all Anglicans. all Protestants, will admit the word "sacrifice" as a synonym of Divine worship, and the word "priest," when used as correlative to this "sacrifice;" but what does "sacrifice" thus accepted mean? . . . Catholics and the Ritualists hold that in the Holy Eucharist the gospel priest offers Christ in His body and blood for the living and the dead, and that by virtue of such offering he is a priest. Is there not an infinite difference between such a sacerdotium and that which Waterland, in the name of the succession of Anglican divines, claims as Christian and true? If all those writers have abjured and rejected it down to 1737, the date of his treatise, may we not go on to say that they have repudiated it from 1737 down to 1830 or 1840? Whence, then, did Ritualists get so marvellous a gift? Did Episcopacy include it? Then must Anglican ordainers have intended to communicate it. Is it included in the form of ordination? Then where are the words which declare it? Surely it is too momentous, too awful a gift, to be transmitted in silence. It constitutes a new religion. It is the formal cause, the constituting rite of the Catholic Church: where it is not there is no Church. How can the gift be real, and its profession, its use, its application, not essential? How can a religious communion which teaches, which observes so wonderful an act, be one and the same communion with a body which disowns it?

The evidence in favour of this view is very fully set forth in this extremely able and instructive volume, which is a contribution to our Church history that has a distinct value independent altogether of the opinions which it advocates. We do not attempt here even to summarize its points, but confine ourselves to a notice of Cardinal Newman's argument. Now, assuming the facts to be as stated, he has started problems with which Anglicans will not find it easy to deal. Perhaps no man is better acquainted with Anglican theology, especially in its bearing on this particular point, and he defies Ritualists to find any countenance for their views in the whole course of it. After appealing to the High Churchmen of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, he adds:

To go back still further, will not Hickes and Johnson, to whom Waterland refers, fairly represent the theology of the non-jurors? And was not the greatest altitude of thought in Hickes and Johnson, the sacrifice, not of a victim, but of material bread and wine? Did Beveridge or Bull, Taylor or Hammond, Pearson or Barrow, ever deny that the "sacrifices of masses, in which it was commonly said that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt," were blasphema figmenta, or perniciosæ imposturæ? Was the creed of Bramhall, Laud, Field, and Jackson more averse to so stringent an anathema?

In the early days of the Tractarian movement its writers were extremely fond of constructing catenæ of English theology. If there are among the Ritualists of to-day men of like spirit, and possessed of the same learning, they have a rare opportunity for the exhibition of their powers by providing a refutation of this very remarkable statement. Here is a divine, of the highest character and of the largest reading, who deliberately maintains that the very men to whom they have been in the habit of appealing pronounce against them; that even Laud and the non-jurors afford them no countenance; and that the whole testimony of Anglican theology is in direct contradiction of their claims.

A far more delicate and difficult point is raised for those who accept the "Catholic" idea of the transmission of powers in ordination, when we come to consider whether the absence of any reference to such gift in the formula of ordination. and of any design on the part of the ordaining Bishop to confer it, or rather his utter disbelief in it, deprives the priest of the gift itself. We are not initiated in the somewhat mysterious and subtle reasonings of sacerdotalism, but we suppose that its champions would be disposed to contend that the intention of the ordainer has nothing to do with the communication of the mystic power, but that everything turns on the validity of the orders; and a parallel case may be adduced from the sacrament of baptism, which is not invalidated by any defect on the part of the person administering. analogy is not so close as might appear, and, to make it at all conclusive, we must imagine a case in which baptism was administered without the use of the Divine name, and by one who omitted it because of his disbelief in the Trinity, or even in the Divine Personality. Would any one contend that the sprinkling of water, even accompanied by prayer and the sign of the cross, would, under such conditions, amount to valid baptism? And will any one, except forced into the position by stress of argument, maintain that from age to age the sacerdotium has been continued in the Anglican Church by ordination, in whose formularies it is left unnoticed; and when both the bishops who ordain and the priests whom they "consecrate" are alike solemnly pledged to regard it as a blasphemous fable? To advance such a pretension is surely

to bring the whole sacerdotal theory into a more utter contempt than even that with which Protestants are accustomed to regard it.

But even if this knotty point were settled in favour of the Ritualists, that does not end the controversy. So clear is the declaration of their Church against the gifts on which they lay most stress, that they had themselves to subscribe to articles which pronounce the emphatic condemnation of the idea of a sacrificing priest quoted above. Yet they continue to serve at the altars of a Church which disowns the sacrifice they claim to offer, and own allegiance to bishops who repudiate altogether the reality of the gift which they profess to have received from them. Was ever position less consistent or defensible? And yet it is more tenable than that of those who contend that a Church which treats the sacerdotium as the most precious of heritages, and a Church which repudiates it as a "blasphemous fable," is one and the same Church.

THE CHILDREN'S PORTION.

BOTH HANDS.

Gop would not have given us two hands if one would have served as well. There is a little song by a German poet which says,

Only one mouth, but a right and left hand,
You are complete with:
Two are to work with, you understand;
One is to eat with.

Both hands are not for the same work. Most people can use the right hand best; some the left. But when we want to do our utmost, we use both. This is what the Prophet Micah meant when he said of some of the wicked people in his day that they did evil "with both hands earnestly" (Micah vii. 3). I think we may learn a good many things from these words. If wicked people are busy and earnest in doing wrong, that is a powerful reason why you and I should be more busy and more earnest doing right. An old Latin proverb says, "It is good to learn from one's foes." Some of our Saviour's par-

ables teach us that we may often learn wise lessons from foolish or wicked people. So let us try and do right, as Micah says the wicked princes and great men to whom he preached did evil—with both hands earnestly.

I. Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well. Light and easy work can often be done with one hand. But when the woodman puts his full strength into his axe, or the blacksmith into his hammer, or the gardener into his spade, or the rower into his oar, he puts both hands to it. The pilot may steer with one hand in smooth water, but when the wind blows, and he wants the tossing ship to answer her helm quickly, he seizes the tiller with both hands. When the fisher is drawing in his net, full of great fishes, he tugs at it with both hands. When the ploughman wants to plough a straight furrow, he guides his plough with both hands, earnestly. Resolve to be one of the both-handed people.

All that you do, do with your might, Things done by halves are never done right.

II. To do our work well, we must give our mind to it. If both your bodily hands are busy, but your thoughts are flying about like sparrows, or tossed and whirled about like dry leaves, it will be but poor one-handed work after all. For you must know that our Mind has two hands as well as our Body. One is called WILL, with which we put forth our strength, both of mind and body; and the other is called ATTENTION, with which our mind lays hold of things. You may see the blacksmith wielding his hammer with only one hand, but then you will see in the other a strong pair of tongs, with which he grips firm hold of the hot iron he is beating into shape. When Nehemiah's builders and burden-bearers wrought every man with one hand in the work, with the other hand he held a weapon (Neh. iv. 17, 18). The great astronomer, Sir Isaac Newton, said that he believed his wonderful discoveries were due to his being able to attend very closely to one thing for a very long time. The late Mr. Joseph Sturge, not a great man, but a very brave, and wise, and good man, and very successful both in business and in his labours to get rid of slavery, and in many other good works, said that when he was a boy, his father always said to him and to his brothers, "Be a whole

man in whatever you are doing." Let your mind, as well as your body, work "with both hands, earnestly."

III. We should give our best to God. When an Israelite brought a "meat offering"—that is an offering of flour, or something of that sort—into the Temple, the priest was to take one handful to burn on the altar. This showed that it is not the quantity of our work, or largeness of our gifts, that God cares for, but the motive, that we really wish to please Him in all we do (Lev. ii. 2). But when the priest burned incense on the golden altar, he was to take both hands full of it. Incense was an image of prayer; and this teaches us that we must pray not only with our words and on our knees, but with all our heart.

IV. One thing more I want you to think of. FAITH is just like laying hold with both hands. Suppose a boy has climbed up the face of a cliff to a narrow ledge, where he can neither get higher nor get down again. I have often seen such places. He has hold of a bush that grows in a rift of the rock. Below him are sharp rocks and foaming waves. Some kind fishermen see him. They go up a winding path to the top of the cliff and let down a rope to him, with a loop at the end. What is he to do? Will it save him if he takes hold of the rope with one hand, and holds fast to the bush with the other? No. He must let go the bush, seize the rope and put it round him, and then hold fast with both hands, while they draw him up to the top. That is just like being saved from sin. Some people think they must be as good as they can, and God will do the rest. No. We must give up all trust in our own goodness, or faith, or prayers, or anything but the Lord Jesus. We must let go the bush, and lay hold on Him with Both Hands Earnestly, and be sure He will save us.

· EUSTACE R. CONDER.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Politicians of To-day. By T. Wemyss Reid. Two Vols. (Griffith and Farran.) Personal sketches of leading men of the times, if well done, are sure to be attractive, and those comprised in the two volumes before us are exceptionally well done. In saying this, we are not influenced by sympathy with the writer's views, for we often differ very widely from

his estimates both of men and movements. Admiration of Mr. Forster, for example, is a very marked feature in the book, and affects not only the judgment of the member for Bradford, but of some other men as well. We think the praise excessive, and we dissent still more from the views taken of the education controversy as a whole, and of some of the more conspicuous of Mr. Forster's opponents. But difference of opinion on this and some other points cannot interfere with our hearty recognition not only of the literary merit of the book, but also of the good service it is calculated to render to the cause of Liberalism. For a Liberal Mr. Wemyss Reid is, and though thoroughly independent, not one with whom independence is only a cloak for a lukewarm and half-hearted service which is little better than actual opposition. The special phase of Liberalism which the book reveals would repay a more careful examination than we are able to devote to it here. It is singularly free from the merely conventional ideas of party, and is strongly coloured by feelings towards particular men. It shows but little consideration for men like Sir William Harcourt, even though for the time he may be expressing its own opinions, because it lacks faith in his thorough loyalty; and with perfect consistency it defends a man like Mr. Joseph Cowen, because, despite a temporary mistake, he has the root of the matter in him firm and strong, and because even his errors are due to his love of liberty. Mr. Reid has had unusual facilities for the discharge of the task he has undertaken. At one time he was a constant attendant at the debates in Parliament, and is now, as he has been for some years, the editor of one of the most able of our country papers, the Leeds Mercury. He has thus been constantly behind the scenes; he is familiar with the personnel of the politicians he describes and the gossip of the clubs about them; in short, he brings to his work the close observation of years. Add to this that he has an easy, unpretentious style, free from affectation and vulgarism, and we need hardly add more to indicate that the book is a marked success.

We have the advantage of comparing Mr. Reid's present views with those of ten years ago. In 1872 he published a volume entitled Cabinet Portraits, some of whom originally appeared in 1869-1870, and as several of the same men appear in both of these galleries, we can note any change which may have taken place in Mr. Reid's estimate during the interval. We were especially struck with this in the case of the Prime Minister. At the earlier period Mr. Disraeli appealed to the sympathy of young men, and especially of young men engaged on the press. He was a man of letters who had shown great daring and capacity as a politician, and who had been baulked of his reward. There was a pity for him, and a corresponding readiness to criticize Mr. Gladstone. Both of these feelings appear in Mr. Reid's earlier sketch. After acknowledging that Mr. Disraeli had made mistakes, it goes on to say, "We must still admit that he has played a great part in the history of the country, and, on the whole, has played it well; whilst, as for his personal career, his struggle from comparative poverty and obscurity to the greatest height which it is possible for a subject to attain, and the qualities which during that struggle he has displayed, his resolution and endurance in defeat, his generosity and moderation in victory—these are things for which every man must feel the most genuine sympathy and admiration whose admiration and sympathy are worth possessing. His career is a romance, but it is a romance that teaches a thousand useful and noble lessons, and that will have power in times when the party passions of to-day shall be cold as the ashes of those by whom they are fanned, to fire many a young soul with the highest ambition, and to fill many a tender heart with the sympathy for him whose story it records, and who is not now appreciated as he deserves to be." Since that time years have rolled away; the skilful chief of opposition has now been Prime Minister of England for six years; Mr. Disraeli is the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G., the messenger of "peace with honour," the manufacturer of grand Imperialist fireworks, and now we read that the "foundations of his character are self-seeking and 'impartiality," impartiality being only an euphonism for indifference to principle. His "foreign policy may be said to betray the defects of his race. It is grandiose rather than grand, whilst it possesses the great fault of a want of moral backbone." Still further, "in his public character he has often stood convicted of conduct which, outside the domain of politics, would be justly regarded as disgraceful; yet in his private career he has shown himself eminently reputable and worthy." These references to the private life appear to us out of place. It would be necessary to know much more than we have the means of knowing before we could agree that in other characters than those of the politician "his wonderful career might be commended to the admiration and imitation of young men everywhere." If a moral paradox of this kind be possible, it is high time that something were done to recover public life to the dominion of moral principle. Sufficient for us, however, the strong and outspoken condemnation of the political life.

"It is impossible to dissociate the private individual from the public character, the man from the Minister; and when we regard Lord Beaconsfield, there is only one conclusion to which we can come: that is, that by birth, by training, by temperament, and by the strong bent of his own inclination, he is absolutely unfitted for the position he now occupies at the head of the British Empire. He would have been an admirable Grand Vizier to the good Haroun Alraschid; he would have been an excellent courtier in the train of le Grand Monarque; he would have made a fair Prime Minister in the reign of Queen Anne; but in the days of Queen Victoria, and as the leading member of a Parliamentary Government, he is, in spite of all his accomplishments and his talents, an anachronism of which it is our duty to get rid at the earliest possible moment."

We quote this with the more pleasure because we regard it as extremely significant. Mr. Reid is a type of a high class of mind, over which Mr. Disraeli had cast the glamour of his genius, and it was one of the worst omens for the future that so many young men of high promise had come under this spell. We hail such an emphatic expression of opinion, as true in sentiment as it is terse and pointed in style, as an evidence that the process of disenchantment has commenced, and commenced, as might have been expected, with the most able and ingenuous spirits. Mr. Reid would, we fancy, have written in a different style before our Prime Minister had set to work to inflate the Imperialist balloon in which he has

made such extraordinary ventures. Our author has evidently a contempt for shams of all kinds, and a respect for loyalty to principle and hard work wherever he finds it. Hence his scathing censure of the Premier, which we confess we should find more difficult to bear than the unqualified abuse which has been showered upon him of late by many Liberal speakers and "writers," and which Mr. Reid thinks he has not deserved. Hence, too, the keen but, as it appears to us, extremely just, analysis of Sir William Harcourt, and, on the opposite side, the courteous and charitable judgment of Mr. Edward Jenkins. Perhaps this latter portrait serves, more than any other, to help us to a true understanding of the artist. For some reason the member for Dundee is not popular: in our judgment is not appreciated. He is certainly loyal to Liberal principles, and serves them with ability as well as zeal. We are not prepared to assert that he is wholly free from blame for the antagonism he provokes; but we certainly feel that it is carried to an unreasonable extent, and that much of it is without any justification. But he has not caught the taste of the House of Commons, and the opinion of the House is sure to percolate through the country, and often to do very great injustice. It may be that the member for Dundee feels that it is a point in his favour that he does not please his fellow-legislators, and if this be his feeling, we have not a little sympathy with him. Mr. Joseph Cowen notwithstanding, we have never known a House which has done less to secure public respect, or to whose judgment any man of real earnestness would be less likely to pay deference. It has no doubt applauded Mr. Cowen, as it has tried to shout down Mr. Jenkins; but independent judgments of its worth are not likely to be affected by the fact that it did in a solitary case show its appreciation of real genius, even though it was enlisted in opposition to the views of the majority. But these observations on Mr. Jenkins himself have led us away from our point, which was the chivalry and generosity with which Mr. Reid has undertaken to give what we hold to be a truer estimate of his character. His mistakes are not denied. "It is evident that he might have won, not perhaps the position which he covets, but certainly one of no mean rank, if he had been more anxious to conciliate his colleagues, and to pay heed to the prejudices and susceptibilities of the House." But confessing this, Mr. Reid pays no higher tribute than is deserved to the courage with which Mr. Jenkins maintains his ground, and to a feature in his character not always kept in mind, that "in all his public actions he is inspired by a real and most earnest sympathy with the suffering and the oppressed." There is, in this resolute effort to qualify the fashionable verdict on a talented politician, who is far too good to be sacrificed on the altar of conventionalism, a manly independence as well as a true insight into character, which we greatly admire, and which is very characteristic of the book and its author.

Mr. Reid has distinct opinions of his own, and they undoubtedly affect his judgments. His sympathies appear to be largely in favour of those views of national policy of which the *Spectator* is the best exponent, and Liberals who are opposed to them do not always receive kindly treatment at his hands. Especially does this seem to us to be the case with Sir Wilfrid Lawson. "If," we are told, "he lived in France or Spain, Sir Wilfrid would probably be a Communist. The rights and liberties of

the Commune would be dearer to him than the greatness and unity of the country." We know of nothing in Sir Wilfrid's conduct that fairly lays him open to such a suggestion as this. Possibly in his favourite scheme for the suppression of the liquor traffic he has pressed the idea of local rule too far. But there is really no affinity between the most extreme view of local option and the theories of the Commune. Nor is this the point at which Mr. Reid is aiming. He is thinking of what are often called the "parochial politics" of those who deprecate our perpetual interference in the affairs of every part of the world. "A politician can hardly make a greater mistake than that into which he falls when he seeks to measure every question, be it big or little, by the interests of his own parish. The wisdom or necessity of a particular line of policy in India or the Mediterranean is not to be ascertained by the degree in which that policy is likely to benefit the people of Carlisle." Very true. Sir Wilfrid would be as ready to admit it as Mr. Reid himself; but he might urge, on the other hand, that the people of Carlisle have no interest different to that of the English people generally, and that the United Kingdom is a tolerably large parish, and, what is more, holds so central a position in the empire, that the Imperialist policy, which neglected its true interests, would only end in an utter collapse of the whole. The question is too large to be argued here. It is one which is likely to become of increasing importance to the Liberal party, and needs to be thoughtfully looked at on every side. The views of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and those who sympathize with him may be mistaken, may even be narrow. We do not admit even so much; but there is in them nothing that even approaches to Communism; and assuredly Mr. Reid is right when he says, "Our political leaders are indebted to Sir Wilfrid Lawson for many a cold douche of common sense administered to them at moments when their feelings or their party interests had, to some extent, obscured their judgments."

Mr. Reid is a warm admirer of Mr. Forster, and the fervour of his attachment has made him commit the mistake of reviving the memory of a controversy which had better have been consigned to oblivion. If we had space, we should be disposed to traverse many of his allegations, and if we do not discuss them at length, it must not be supposed that we allow judgment to go by default. We abstain because the subject would lead us too far afield. But we must express our regret that the feeling about Mr. Forster has given so strong a colouring to the sketch of Mr. Chamberlain, which is, on the whole, about the least satisfactory in the volume. It may be true that "he is generally recognized as being neither a heaven-born statesman on the one hand, nor a mere charlatan on the other," but that he is marked out for a great political leader few disinterested men who know anything of his power, whether as a speaker or an administrator, will question. But Mr. Chamberlain was one of Mr. Forster's keenest critics. That right honourable gentleman's "name was held up, I think I may say, to something like popular execration, by such gentlemen as Mr. Dale and Mr. Chamberlain;" that is, these gentlemen dared to say that Mr. Forster had introduced an element of division into the Liberal party, had been more anxious to please its enemies than to satisfy its most earnest friends, had crippled his own measure by an undue deference to the clergy. There was nothing more severe in the

criticism than is called forth in every eager controversy, especially when it is between quondam friends, and when there is a feeling of unfair treatment on one side. Mr. Reid thinks "that those of us who stood by Mr. Forster during the struggles of that period were permitted in 1874 to enjoy, not certainly our revenge, but at least our recompense. The world knows now that if the Bill of 1870 had not been passed, the choice would have rested for at least ten years between no bill at all and a bill brought in by the Government of Lord Beaconsfield." This is a petitio principii with a vengeance. Mr. Reid must surely know that the contention of all the opponents of the measure is that the signs of weakness shown in its compromises, so singularly one-sided and favourable to the clergy, the prejudice which the advocacy of the measure aroused against hostile Nonconformists, who were continually represented as though they were the enemies of the Bible, and the elements of division thus introduced into the party, were among the principal causes of the defeat of 1874. The Liberals never rallied to anything like unity after the Education Act. We had hoped, however, that until some new ecclesiastical question arose on which Mr. Forster and Nonconformists may again be forced into antagonism we had done with this unhappy controversy. We honour Mr. Reid's chivalry, and we only wish that some of it had been extended to Mr. Chamberlain.

But we must not leave these attractive volumes with expressions of dissent. We find in them far more to applaud than to condemn; and even when we feel bound to dissent, there is a frankness of utterance which commands our respect. The book is widely different from those gossiping volumes with which Mr. James Grant once entertained the English public. It is, still further, a happy relief from the sketches—half banter, half frivolity, and wholly impertinence — with which society journals amuse their readers and do their utmost to lower the character of Parliament. Mr. Reid shows himself possessed of a clear head and a true and loyal heart. He has convictions, and he does not fail to express them; personal preferences, and he does not hesitate to show them. His book has thus a strength and reality about it. It is very pleasantly written, but its chief value is that it goes below the surface, and helps us to understand the men and what they are doing to advance or hinder popular progress.

Great English Churchmen. By W. H. Davenfort Adams. (London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.) This is a very pleasant and instructive volume of a class which can hardly be multiplied too largely. Books for scholars and students are needed now as they have always been needed, but it cannot be too often reiterated that there is a large and ever-growing circle of readers, beyond those to whom books of elaborate reasoning and great research are addressed, and they want shorter works which condense a large amount of information, and give it in a pleasant and popular style. Mr. Adams knows how to do this, and he has done it very well in the volume before us. The conception is a happy one, and it has been executed with considerable ability and judgment. A society which exists for the diffusion of the principles of the Church of England can do no wiser service than to hold up her distin-

guished sons as examples for imitation. The devout George Herbert, that true pastor and sweet singer of Israel; the silver-tongued Jeremy Taylor; the bold and eloquent Latimer; the heroic Tyndale, and the saintly Ken form a bright galaxy; and if the Church of England can claim them as her particular stars, she may well desire that those who are being trained in her principles should be taught to admire their beauty. The plan which Mr. Davenport Adams has adopted, in arranging his heroes in three groups-" Statesmen," "Poets and Divines," and "Martyrs and Confessors"-is convenient and comprehensive, his biographies appear to be done with considerable care, and his estimates of character are generally fair. But, while recognizing the merits of the book and its authordespite, of course, such differences of opinion as may be anticipated from the opposite ecclesiastical standpoints which we occupy—we are compelled, in looking at the book as a whole, to ask how it is that men of such opposite characters and tendencies can be included among the illustrious men of the same Church. Nearly one-half of the volume is devoted to the lives of Anslem, Stephen Langton, and Thomas Becket, who can only be fairly classed among English Churchmen on the assumption -one of the most uncertain and disputed in the whole range of Church history-that the Anglican Church of to-day is the same as that over which those distinguished prelates presided. But we do not stop here. Tyndale and Laud appear together in these pages, but these two are singled out by a recent writer, distinguished for his devotion to the Anglican Church (Rev. J. S. Brewer, in his introduction to the "State Papers" of Henry VIII.) as types of the two antagonistic tendencies between which the Church of England has steadily held her way, refusing to submit to either. If Tyndale had lived in the days of Laud, he would certainly have identified himself with those Puritans whom Laud was determined to stamp out; while Laud would have been pretty sure to pursue him with the "cold vindictiveness" which their present biographer attributes to him in the matter of Prynne and his fellows. We are very glad to find that Mr. Adams does not attempt to be the apologist of Laud, and admits the extravagance of the praise which Dean Hook has bestowed upon him. The judgment on the struggle between him and Williams appears, on the whole, to be just. "Williams, it must be conceded, had the larger mind, but Laud the firmer will. Both were ambitious, but Laud's ambition was for the Church, and Williams's for himself. If Williams had succeeded to the primacy, he would probably not have made the mistakes that Laud made; but he would have involved himself in intrigues to which Laud would never have descended." Very possibly; and yet it would have been a happy thing for the Church of England if Williams had saved her from the rule of Laud. The disastrous effects of his administration did not end with the calamities in which his bitter hatred of Puritanism involved his master and himself. They are felt in the Anglican Church of to-day, where the memory of his teaching and example serves as a model and inspiration for those who are bent on effecting a revolution in favour of mediævalism. We are thankful to find no sign of a desire to make a book like this a medium for the inculcation of High Church principles. It is written for a Church society, but it is not written in a partizan spirit.

The Home Library. Military Religious Orders of the Middle Ages. By F. C. Woodhouse, M.A. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.) The story of Hospitallers and Templars contains plenty of the exciting and romantic element, and Mr. Woodhouse has availed himself of it to make a very instructive volume, sure to be eagerly read by young people in particular. Whether there is or ever was as much in the union of the military and the religious life as he supposes, is a point which we should be inclined to challenge. The same association appears, to some extent, in the Ironsides, but we doubt whether it would have been possible to perpetuate a race of such soldiers, and, if possible, whether it was desirable. Religion and war do not easily coalesce, and it was but in exceptional cases, and that only for a very short time, if ever, that the ideal which attracts Mr. Woodhouse's admiration was realized. But these Orders played a very important part in the history of the period, and this story of their achievements deserves to be told.

The Saint and the Saviour. By C. H. Spurgeon. (Hodder and Stoughton.) This is a new and handsome edition of one of Mr. Spurgeon's best books. It is full of the author's freshness of thought and raciness of expression, his clear and full Evangelic teaching, and his devout and beautiful Christian spirit. If any one would know how thoroughly Mr. Spurgeon is saturated with Puritan theology, he may learn it here, and in it discover the secret of his success. But let it not be supposed that he can hope to attain a similar result by merely reading the same books. A man must be full of the same spirit as that which moved our fathers, or their style will be as unnatural and as useless as the armour with which Saul would have sent forth David to fight the Philistine giant. Mr. Spurgeon has drunk in of the true inspiration, and they who would rival his power must do the same.

The Hamiltons; or, Dora's Choice. By EMILY BRODIE. (J. F. Shaw and Co.) Miss Brodie is very successful as a writer of short and simple stories with that savour of religious influence and teaching which makes them valuable as companions of the home. "Jean Lindsay" was a very effective tale of this kind, and "The Hamiltons" are in every way worthy to stand by its side. The characters are drawn with nice discrimination, and though there is not much that can be called a plot, the narrative is well told.

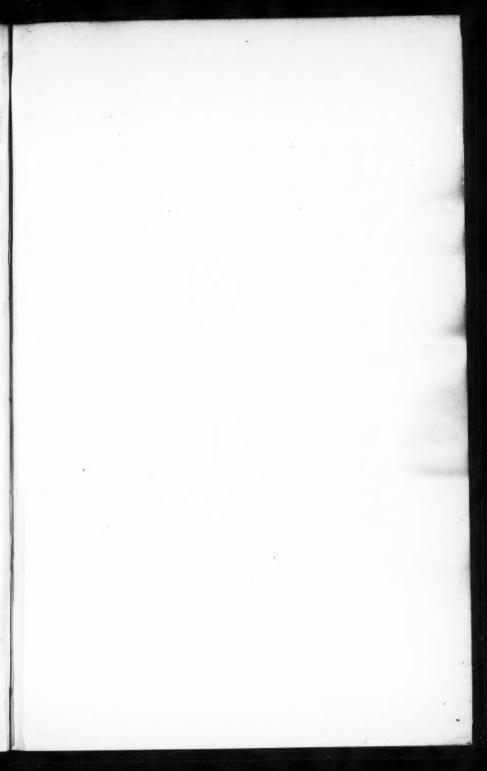
Donna Quixote. By Justin McCarthy. Three Volumes. (London: Chatto and Windus.) This is not to be classed among the ordinary novels of the day. It is both more serious in its purpose and more clever in its whole structure than nine-tenths of the stories which form so large a portion of the literature of the day. The author enjoys ample opportunities for observing certain phases of society, and, what is of equal importance to his readers, he is able to reproduce them in an attractive and interesting style. The book does not depend for success on the story so much as on the sketches of life and character which are interwoven into it. In saying this, we do not mean that the story is merely a string on which the author has hung some clever pictures of his own. On the contrary, the

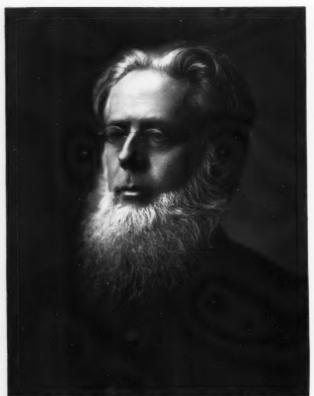
incidents all fit naturally into the plot, which has a merit of its own and is well sustained throughout. But it is in the individual portrait, or in the sketches of the follies and eccentricities of the time, that the principal charm of the book is to be found. Donna Quixote is, as the name imports, a lady. bent on doing good to others, but not, as perhaps might be expected, by undertaking the redress of great social wrongs, or the vindication of some neglected or forgotten right. There is in her no Quixotry but that of generous impulse and too eager hopefulness, which, alas! is gradually toned down and corrected by the disappointments she experiences. She is the youthful widow of a young man of property, who had long wooed her without success, but had at last persuaded her to marry him on his deathbed in order that he might leave her his name and fortune. Fully conscious of the awkwardness of the position into which she had been led by yielding to his persuasions, and made still more sensible of it by the treatment of an indignant mother-in-law, she resolved to employ the wealth which had been forced upon her and the influence which accompanied it in a ministry of kindness—the relief of poverty and suffering, the removal of the misunderstandings which separated her friends from one another, and in general the promotion of kindly feelings and happiness in the circle of her acquaintance. A few sentences give us the full idea of her character, and serve to indicate the general course of the story. "Gabrielle had very little personal self-conceit. It would have been better for herself and for others if she had had a great deal more. Perhaps her temperament was too impetuous and eager to leave her much time for mere thinking about herself. The wrongs of somebody or other were always appealing to her for redress, and they occupied to the exclusion of her own personal considerations." There is a true insight shown in this brief sketch, which is worked out with remarkable skill in the course of the story. That a woman with such a spirit, and at the same time with large means at her command, would find numerous objects on whom to bestow her sympathy, would commit frequent mistakes, would place herself in positions which hostile critics would represent as compromising, and would only become really useful after a succession of vexations and disappointments, cela va sans dire. The art of the author is shown in the filling up of the outline which thus suggests itself, and that art is very considerable. Some of the portraits-like that of Lord Honeybell, who is hit off in a sentence "as a high and dry old Whig politician, who resented every advance that had been made in anything since the Reform Bill of Lord Grey, and who occupied his mind and his time with statistics about the agricultural peasantry and the question of local as compared with imperial taxation;" or of his "thoroughly good-hearted, honest, fussy, and whimsical" wife, who was "much concerned about new things, and would patronize a new female acrobat if commended to her as a promising person deserving of an honest lady's introduction;" of Major Leven, who, with his "over-sensitive humanity, implicit belief in what anybody told him in private, and chivalric restlessness," is himself the ideal of a modern Quixote, and of "Professor" Elvin and his sister-are capitally drawn. But that of Robert Charlton, the artizan, with such lofty notions of independence and so little of true principle to sustain them, is, to our mind, one of the most striking in the story. Altogether the book is extremely clever, not to say brilliant, and, while it is amusing enough, suggests many points worthy of thoughtful reflection.

Sinai, from the Fourth Egyptian Dynasty to the Present Day. By H. SPENCER PALMER. (Christian Knowledge Society.) One of a series of small but valuable handbooks in course of publication by the Christian Knowledge Society on ancient history from the monuments. The present volume contains a summary of "the present state of our knowledge of that section of sacred geography which includes the country traversed by the Israelites in their journey from Goshen to the Mount of Law, and a little beyond it," together with a description "of the physical character and present inhabitants of the peninsula of Sinai, and an account, "as far as possible, of its past history." The writer took part in the ordnance survey of the Peninsula, which was carried out in 1868-9 under the auspices of the late Lieutenant-General Sir H. James, R.E., and this volume is mainly based on the results of that survey. Those who cannot obtain access to the large and massive folio volumes which embody the complete record of the expedition, and which were published after the return of the party, will be glad to have the digest which is contained in the present volume. But the information derived from the official volumes is here largely supplemented by the fruits of later study and thought, so as to bring the book up to the latest state of knowledge on the subject. It is only necessary to add that it is enriched with maps and illustrations taken from the ordnance survey publications, and which serve to increase its usefulness and value.

Brief Expositions of Scripture, illustrated by Remarkable Facts. By John Liefchild, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.) A new edition of Dr. Liefchild's well-known and popular book. It was, we believe, the last product of his pen, and contains the ripe fruit of a long and chequered experience, brought to bear upon the illustration and elucidation of Holy Scripture. The facts recorded are truly to be described as remarkable, and will be read with pleasure and with profit by all lovers of the Bible.

The Natural History of the Bible (T. Nelson and Sons) is divided into two parts, dealing respectively with the animals and birds of the Bible. The division is hardly a logical one, seeing that birds are animals, and should properly come under that category. But apart from this slight correction, we have nothing to say of this little book but what is favourable. It tells us much about the ways and habits of animals, and, what is more, gathers together all the scriptural references on the subject, and draws from them the lessons which they are intended to teach. It is well fitted to inspire youthful readers with a love of natural history, and especially to increase their interest in and love of the Bible. If we might make a suggestion, we should like to see a similar volume by the same author on the plants of the Bible.





Elliott & Fry. Photo.

Unwin Brothers, London.

Yours very sincerely Samuel Newth.

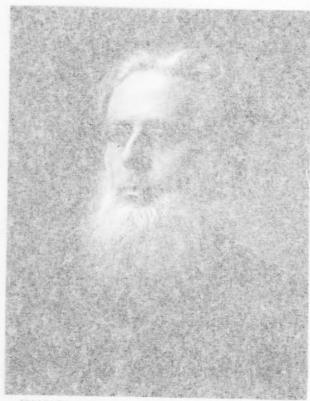
The Congregationalist.

MARCH, 1880.

REV. PRINCIPAL NEWTH, D.D.

The professors in our Congregational colleges are the more they render to the Churches, because their work is to so large an extent done out of sight, and is of such a nature that the a professor is also a popular preacher an elequent orator, or are in comparative obscurity. The fame of Dr. Harris as a Kensington was probably the reason for his selection by the Principal of the new institution. It can scarcely be said that either of them ewed any of his reputation to his collegiate titled to a high meed of honors. There are possible possiblers. who are successful professors, and it is eminently desirable students. There are, indeed, some herethal enough to believe that a sermon from a great preacher win do more good to one

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Yours very sincerely Samuel Newth.

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REV. PRINCIPAL NEWTH, D.D.

The professors in our Congregational colleges are the more entitled to a hearty and grateful recognition of the services they render to the Churches, because their work is to so large an extent done out of sight, and is of such a nature that the majority do not appreciate it at its true value. Of course if a professor is also a popular preacher, an eloquent orator, or a skilful leader, he is honoured accordingly; but that honour is paid to his eminence in positions which bring him under the public eye, and is so far independent of his special excellence as a tutor, that in that character may be inferior to some who are in comparative obscurity. The fame of Dr. Harris as a preacher led to his appointment as a professor; and the influence which Dr. Vaughan had acquired in the pastorate at Kensington was probably the reason for his selection by the committee of the Lancashire Independent College as the first Principal of the new institution. It can scarcely be said that either of them owed any of his reputation to his collegiate position, and indeed it might more correctly be asserted that the office was a tribute to his previous popularity. Yet the professor's work stands alone, demands specific qualifications, has its own distinctive place in our Church economy, and is entitled to a high meed of honour. There are popular preachers who are successful professors, and it is eminently desirable that the teacher of homiletics should be able to illustrate, by his own example, the counsels and directions he gives to his students. There are, indeed, some heretical enough to believe that a sermon from a great preacher will do more good to one

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who is learning how to preach than a number of lectures on the homiletic art; and if the professor himself possesses the power to move men's hearts for God, he will be doubly efficient as an instructor in this special department. But this is only one point in collegiate training; and in others, even more important to the future usefulness of the ministers, high scholarship and the power of using it with advantage are far more essential than the gifts which make a popular preacher. Where the professor, therefore, is successful in the pulpit, it will, in the nature of things, be mainly with the thoughtful few rather than with the many; and for that very reason those who know the worth of the men who occupy our theological chairs, are the more bound to pay them fitting honour.

Rev. Principal Newth is one of the class who has little inclination to public service, but his unanimous election to the chair of the Congregational Union of England and Wales for this year is a sufficient evidence that his brethren, who are best acquainted with his ability and his services, have formed the highest estimate of both. He is distinctively the professor; his life has been devoted to the work, and his scholarship, which is the result of years of constant application, qualifies him for the high office which he so worthily fills. He was born in London in 1821, and was educated by his father, Rev. Elisha Newth, who for thirty years was assistant minister to Rev. Rowland Hill at Surrey Chapel. At the early age of sixteen he entered Coward College, and graduated at the London University-B.A. in May, 1841, with honours in Mathematics, and M.A. in June, 1842. In December of the same year he settled at Broseley, in Salop, from which place he removed in December, 1845, to commence that important work of tuition in which he has subsequently been engaged. His first sphere was the Western College, Plymouth, where he was Professor of Classics and Mathematics. In July, 1854, his connection with New College began. He first occupied the chair of Ecclesiastical History and Mathematics, but in 1867 he accepted that of Classics in addition. On the resignation of Dr. Halley. in June, 1872, he was invited to become the Principal of the college, with the chair of New Testament Exegesis, Ecclesiastical History, and Mathematics. Such an association of subjects must seem somewhat anomalous to those who are not

acquainted with our academic system; and if on those who are familiar with our method it makes little impression, so much the worse for the method. It may be truly said that the result is much better than could reasonably be expected. first difficulty, no doubt, is to find a man competent to teach subjects having so little that is cognate to each other, but in Dr. Newth's case no question of this kind arises. He is a man of multifarious scholarship. This was recognized in the invitation given him in May, 1870, to join the divines engaged in the revision of the New Testament, and we have reason to believe that the part he has taken in the discussions of that learned body has raised the estimate of Dissenting scholarship in the minds of his Church colleagues. In April, 1875, he received the degree of D.D. from the University of Glasgow. He is a man universally respected for his genuine worth, his sincere devotion to the Master's service, and the good work which he is doing at New College.

THE PASTOR.

There are very few offices of which such opposite representations are continually given as that of the pastor of a Congregational Church. If we are to trust the portraits of one class of artists, his condition is one of miserable subservience. He is called a teacher, but those who ought to learn from him themselves instruct him how and what to teach; his office carries with it an idea of control, or at least leadership, whereas he himself is the one man in the Church who is under authority; he is a professed representative of Independency, while all the time he is nothing better than the dependent minister of an Independent Church. On the other side, there are those who would have the world believe that there is no position in which a man can be so free and untrammelled, enjoy more abundant opportunities for doing faithful service to God, be more unrestrained in the utterance of all his most cherished convictions, than that of a Congregational minister. The two accounts seem at first sight irreconcilable, and yet both are given with perfect sincerity, and it is possible to adduce a considerable amount of evidence in

favour of both. They are on a parallel to the opposite conceptions of republicanism, which are formed according as the mind has been directed to the contemplation of its more or less successful experiments. The United States produce a very different impression from the Spanish republics of South America, and the quiet and orderly Swiss Confederation attracts those who are repelled by the fierce excitements and wild atrocities of the first French Republic. In Churches, as in States, the freedom which affords scope for the noblest developments of human power admits of the intrusion, and sometimes of the predominance, of its worst elements. In either case it is impossible to secure the good without the chances of the evil. It is the common law of human life, and there is no reason to expect that Churches should enjoy immunity from its operations.

These one-sided representations are untrue because they are imperfect. Not unfrequently, too, they are coloured by the experience of those who give them. A man's own ministry among Congregationalists has been a failure, and a failure owing principally to his lack of qualifications for the special service which a pastorate in our Churches demands. intellectual power he is not deficient, and his religious character is beyond reproach; but he has not the power to win the hearts of men. He has the gift neither of sympathy nor of rule; he does not impress men with a sense of strength, nor win them by tenderness; he has utterly failed to grasp what the apostle meant by becoming all things to all men, that so by all means he might save some. He is punctilious about his rights, he has shown little tact in the way in which he has asserted them. In his anxiety to "magnify his office" he has forgotten that in a Congregational Church the Lord's law holds good, and he who would be greatest must be the servant of all, the minister of all. He has had too much of the spirit and bearing of a priest among a people to whom all priesthood is intolerable. The consequence has been incessant difficulty, involving frequent collisions and ultimate disappointment. To such a man it seems as though no position were so intolerable as that which he has been occupying. He complains of the tyranny of the deacons, of the vulgarity and assumption of the people, of the utter want of authority,

never suspecting that any part of the fault is in himself. His impressions are given with great vividness and intense feeling to the members of the Church to which he has seceded (in nine cases out of ten the Established Church), and they are quoted by Church defenders everywhere as fair accounts of the miserable condition in which Dissenting ministers of the Congregational "persuasion" exist. A few months of mutual acquaintance will, in all probability, go far to disenchant both the convert and his new friends. The former will have found that even in a National Church there are some checks on self-will, and that the bed of a curate, or even of a vicar, is not always one of roses; while those who so eagerly welcomed him as an ally may probably have begun to suspect that, whatever may be the defects of our Church system, in this case the individual was not wholly exempt from responsibility and blame.

It is equally true that any roseate pictures are probably too highly coloured by the happy experiences of a man's own life. The fault is less common, for even with those who have been most prosperous and successful there is a remembrance of difficulties which gather round every one who has to be a guide or leader of men which would check language of excessive and unqualified laudation. Those who know the work best, and have had most occasion of joy in it, would be the first to confess that he who would have real success must learn to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. In all human fellowships there are to be found wayward spirits, men of marked idiosyncrasies and strong wills. and into the best of societies there may intrude some influenced by personal ambition, and not scrupulous as to the methods they adopt for its gratification. Diotrephes was representative of a type of character which is continually reproduced, and from which all Churches are liable to suffer. No wise pastor, therefore, however free he may have been from personal vexation and annoyance, would ever give the impression that a Congregational minister may hope for exemption from trial, or that he can achieve any great result without the exercise of constant watchfulness and the patient endurance of much that is distressing to flesh and blood. But is it desirable that it should be otherwise? A pastor, as the leader of the Church, is expected to be an example of the Christian virtues—self-denial and humility—among them. But if the idea of some be carried out, he would be without any occasion for their display. He is not to be crossed or thwarted; his will is to be supreme, and its dieta are hardly to be open to discussion; his position is to be that of a despot rather than a leader whose influence is to be that of attraction and sympathy. It may be that a few men attain a position as authoritative as this, but it is not possible for all, and it is desirable for none. The idea of a Christian pastorate includes neither lordship nor ease. It is to be a veritable service to Christ, and the lead of the Church is to be undertaken for His sake, and carried out in harmony with His Spirit.

But, recognizing this as the true position of a minister of the gospel, we believe that nowhere can it be better realized than in the pastorate of a Congregational Church. Its occupant is the man of the people's own choice. Popular election is not only the theory, but the practice of Congregationalism. No one who is at all acquainted with our internal life needs to be told that the representations which our assailants often give of the kind of canvassing which goes on in connection with appointments to the ministry, of the vulgar arts to which recourse is had, and of the ignoble influences by which the decision is generally determined, are nothing better than fancy pictures, which owe their being to the gazer's eye. It is not true that deacons are the patrons of our pulpits. They, or other men of known intelligence and high character in the Church, are naturally looked up to for advice as those of like standing are in all communities. But authority they have none, and were they to descend to the mean intrigues which play so important a part in the artistic sketches referred to, such influence as they possess would speedily vanish. I am very far from suggesting that our modes of procedure are without fault. They are liable to just the same class of evils as belong to democratic action everywhere, with this qualification-that those who engage in them are for the most part under the influence of Christian principle, and endeavour to carry it out. That blunders are committed, that personal feeling often creeps in and exercises too much power, that unkindly feelings are sometimes engendered, is at once confessed. Those who have had long experience of our Churches know well that the interregnum in the pastoral office brings with it anxiety and trial; but then those who judge of them only on a priori grounds would have confidently predicted that such would be the case. But to say this is only to say that pastors and Church members are men and not angels, and that the infirmities of human nature are apt to exhibit themselves. The evils which are fathered upon us by our accusers, however, are the exception, not the rule. We do not say there is no "Salem Chapel" with Tozer, the butterman, as its lord; but it is not a typical Church. The people are the only electors, and for the most part are too jealous of their power to allow it to be usurped by those "lord deacons" whom many Churchmen suppose to be omnipotent among us. A minister who enjoys his people's trust and affection, who is their self-chosen leader and teacher, has surely great opportunities for doing noble work for God; and what more ought he to desire?

As to the difficulty of securing such a position, there may be room for improvement in method. A little prudence on the part of those who have to conduct the affairs of a Church during the vacancy of a pastorate would guard against many troubles which sometimes bring reproach upon us. peace of a Church would seldom be disturbed if these managers (who ought generally to be a committee chosen pro hâc vice, and made as widely representative as possible) never invite a candidate to the pulpit until they have satisfied themselves by personal inquiry that they can confidently recommend him to the suffrages of the people, and if they resolve to bring no other individual before the Church until a decision has been reached on the one already before them. By a plan like this they would minimize the possibilities of difference and unpleasant collision. There would still be the possibility of a division upon some particular candidate which would greatly diminish the hope of unanimity in any invitation. But this would be very much less than the evil which we sometimes see at present. There are Churches which are so anxious not to commit a mistake that they adopt elaborate methods of action which are sure to be fruitful of trouble. They invite a number of gentlemen whose names have been brought before them and invite them to preach in succession, intending at the close of the probationary period to invite one or more of those who have interested and edified the congregation most to preach a second time. As might be expected, there are probably a good many different opinions, and it is possible that almost every preacher has his own admirers. Or if it be that there is one who appears eminently fitted for the office, and to whom the suffrages of the entire Church would be given, the delay may prevent them from securing his services. We have heard of those who have a notion that there ought to be some kind of competition, and that a Church is unfairly treated when it is asked to decide finally as to the acceptance of a particular individual: but they are not the wisest of our guides. and the less their counsel is followed the better for the true interests of the Churches. In order to the wise management of the election of a pastor it is necessary that some confidence be reposed in the committee; and where the democratic sentiment runs so strong that this is refused there are sure to be openings for dissensions and mischief. The preliminary inquiries of a wise committee are simply invaluable. while such a body asks confidence, it must, in its turn. abstain from any attempt unduly to bias the Church, and must frankly accept its decision, even though it should run counter to its own recommendations. The functions it has to discharge are extremely delicate, and demand the exercise of a sound judgment, for which Divine guidance has been sought. Is it not possible that a rationalizing temper, so subtle in its operation that its presence is, perhaps, hardly detected, may have injuriously affected our action in this particular matter? The spirituality of all that belongs to our Church life needs to be distinctly realized if Congregationalism is to prosper. Treat the appointment of a minister on what are called "commercial principles." and of the issue there can be little doubt. Without any indulgence in cant, there ought to be on the part of all concerned in promoting the union between a pastor and a Church the clear recognition of a Divine lead. I should be very sorry to believe that this is not generally felt. but there are circumstances which sometimes come to our knowledge that indicate the presence of a different kind of sentiment. Time was, and at no remote date, when for a man to introduce himself to a Church and solicit the pastorate, or at least

a hearing with a view to it, was a thing almost unheard of. It is to be hoped that cases of the kind are still very exceptional, but they do occur, and such proceedings seriously detract from the spiritual idea of the office. Such a mode of application to a Church is surely one which no man of proved character need adopt, and committees which receive applications ought to look on them with suspicion, and to make very careful inquiry before acceding to them. It is hard to believe that any man who is worthy of a fraternal recommendation should be forced to introduce himself to a vacant pulpit because there is no one else willing to introduce him.

But, turning from all questions as to modes of election, let us consider what are the exact relations sustained by the pastor thus chosen to the Church which has elected him as its leader. As to the duties he has to discharge, it is hardly necessary to speak at length, for they are sufficiently understood. The pulpit is his throne, as George Herbert has it, and to occupy it with efficiency, to the edification of the Church, the conversion of sinners, and the glory of God as the one grand aim pervading all, is no light undertaking; and with the spread of intelligence, and especially of that kind of intelligence which is the fruit of imperfect culture, it becomes more difficult every day. The necessity for preserving a continual supply of power in the pulpit is, in truth, one of the most serious obstacles to the extension of Congregational Churches. It is no discredit to them to allow that their success depends, under God, upon preaching, for in this their position is precisely parallel to that of the primitive Church. In those early days it was to the "foolishness of preaching" that Paul looked as the power by which God would save those who believe. We do the same. With our increased care for the externals of worship, and our effort to make the devotional part of our public service more solemn and beautiful, there can be no abatement of our care for the pulpit. It is a fact that the most successful pastor of our day (not the less Congregational because he is a Baptist, and is fond of speaking more than we may like of God's baptized Church) dispenses entirely with the musical accessories which are now so general even among Dissenters. There are those, indeed, who go into raptures about the effectiveness of the untrained singing of the vast multitude in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and there is no doubt that the swelling song of that great company, full as it is of heart and enthusiasm, is very moving, when hymn and tune are both familiar. But the impression is not musical, and the singing would not stand the test of artistic criticism. It contributes, perhaps, to the interest and impression of the entire service, but in a very different way from the more finished musical services in many Dissenting chapels. So far as it is an auxiliary, it is itself the result of the power of the preacher, who has gathered such a multitude of hearers, and succeeded, by God's blessing on his work, in inspiring them with that fervid devotion which finds such strong utterance. We have, then, not the science of harmony, but enthusiasm of soul. If there is to be a choice between the two, my voice is for the latter. I do not believe that we are reduced to such an option, and I refer to the Tabernacle only as an example of the power which still belongs to the pulpit. There are not likely ever to be many Spurgeons, and if there were, there would still be many congregations that would demand a different style of music from that which obtains at the Tabernacle. But, believing as strongly as any one in the necessity for attention to the æsthetics of worship, I confess I am sometimes startled by the strong utterances sometimes heard on this point. Congregationalism cannot subordinate the pulpit to the organ, or place the choirmaster on a level with the preacher. Were it to enter into so unworthy a competition, it would be beaten by other Churches; but if it could succeed, it would speedily discover that it had sacrificed its true strength. The suggestions to the disparagement of the pulpit may, in some cases, be well intended, but for the most part they are inspired by a dislike to the truths which the pulpit inculcates, and by a desire to get rid of the spiritual elements in religion, and substitute in their stead outward artistic beauty and formal correctness. They strike at the root of the power of Congregationalism. Its Churches will never be held together, much less extended, except by the living force of that faith which it is the object of the pulpit to cultivate. Of all systems, ours is that which would first feel the effect of any decay in the power of the gospel. We have

not elaborate organization, by means of which we might defer the evil day; we have not the prestige of State connection; we have never depended on the attractions of splendid ritual. We have one great instrument—the preaching of the gospel—and were that to fail us, there is inevitable collapse. Our ministers, therefore, must be preachers, and preachers are not to be manufactured to order. It is easy to multiply celebrants; but preachers capable of moving the hearts of men and winning them for Christ are not obtained with such facility.

If this point, with all that it involves, be rightly understood, the minister who maintains life, freshness, and power in his pulpit will not be harshly judged if he be found somewhat lacking in the matter of pastoral visitations. The subject is one that needs very careful reconsideration. A pastor who draws a cordon between himself and his people, who regards them as hearers or as members of a Church rather than friends in whom he takes a personal interest, who sees little of them, and does nothing towards cultivating those close relations which would not only attach them to him, but qualify him to minister more wisely to their spiritual necessities, loses many an opportunity for usefulness. To some it is impossible to enjoy this friendly intercourse as much as they desire, and in secret they mourn over the lack themselves. But if they are wise pastors, nothing will induce them to isolate themselves from their people. If they are unable to be frequent visitors in the family, they will adopt plans of their own for gathering their people round them, and, as far as possible, conversing with them individually. It is not often that opportunity can be found in a social meeting, however small, for that close fellowship into which a minister would desire to enter; but even the few words that may be interchanged under such circumstances may at least show him where more intimate intercourse is desirable, and even necessary. A passing hint or light word will reveal where his sympathy, or advice, or help is most needed; and by means of the help thus given he may be able to economize and use to the best advantage the time which is at his command for this special work.

As to what is generally regarded as pastoral visitation, I

confess myself heterodox. I doubt whether any large number of our congregations desire, or would even tolerate, real pastoral visitation - that is, a regular visit from the minister for purely religious purposes. A suggestive incident, confirmatory of this view, occurs to my mind. A fellowstudent of my own began his ministerial course with a conscientious determination to do this pastoral work thoroughly. He had been trained in what some would call the "good old" school, and he set to work to carry out the lessons he had learned as to systematic and constant visitation. He mapped out his diocese, and visited every family of his congregation once a quarter. The toil proved too arduous for him, and ultimately broke him down for a time: but withal he did not satisfy the expectations of the congregation. "You never come to see us," said one of his people to him. "Not come to see you?" was the reply; "why, I was at your house only a few weeks ago, and hope to be there in a few weeks again." "Oh yes!" said the man; "of course, but that was the quarterly visitation." The answer revealed much. It is not the religious visit that is wanted by those who are ready to complain, but the friendly call. Now, for a minister to occupy valuable time in knocking at the doors of his members, leaving his card if they are not at home, or indulging in a few pleasant nothings if they are, does not appear to me apostolic or expedient. It does little good to those who are gratified by the attention, and may be injurious to the great body of the congregation by curtailing the time of the preacher for his great work. For again I insist that it is in the pulpit that his real force is to be felt, and that the employment of time on this kind of work weakens him at the centre of his influence.

Nothing is more unfair than to compare our ministers with clergymen who have curates to assist them, or with curates who, perhaps, have nothing more than a sermon of ten or fifteen minutes to prepare in the week. If any be disposed to say that Congregational pastors would do better if they followed their example, I can only reply that they know little either of our system or its pastors. The Churches would not long exist under such teaching, and the best of our ministers would certainly feel that they could serve the Master better by using their powers in some other way than by con-

tinuing as pastors under such conditions. They believe themselves called to preach the Word with all the power that God has given them; and if the Congregational Churches do not wish the full exposition and earnest enforcement of the Divine message, but prefer to have short essays full of smooth, sentimental platitudes, they have no call to the exercise of such a ministry, and would seek elsewhere more congenial and more profitable occupation. Our Churches, too, would very soon find that it is no part of their mission to provide pleasant lounges for a fashionable religion which seeks to soothe conscience by spending a certain part of each Sunday in attendance on public worship. "I always like going to church once a day," said a physician whose conceptions of the Christian life were, to say the least, of the most crude nature, "and to hear a sermon of ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. It makes me feel comfortable." There are multitudes of men of this type; but for Congregationalism to try and adapt itself to their tastes would be to sign its own death-warrant. Happily for our system, our Churches must work and grow if they would live. And in order to do this there must be living force in the pulpit—a force which can never be secured if the preacher is expected to fritter away his time and dissipate his mental strength in the wearying and worrying occupation of constant visitation. In seasons of trouble, in days of sickness or bereavement, in hours of spiritual perplexity, a true pastor will not be found wanting, and his visits under such circumstances will often be the most efficient auxiliaries to his preparation for the pulpit. He will seek to make all his people feel that he is their friend, never unapproachable or repellent, never too busy to be interested in their anxieties and struggles, and never unwilling to render them such help as his sympathy, or counsel, or personal service can afford.

The pastor is, in virtue of his office, the leader of the Church; and if the Church be wise, it will, as far as practicable, allow him to take his own course. He has in deacons or committees friends and counsellors with whom he will confer as to the expediency of particular action at a particular time; but even they will naturally be strongly influenced by his opinion. In the discharge of his special

duties as a preacher he must take counsel only with his own conscience and his God, allowing no one to invade his independence or dictate as to his duty. But even in these matters of Church arrangement he is entitled to the consideration due to one who is most deeply interested in the prosperity of the Church, and who, if he be qualified for the office he fills, must in many respects be most competent to judge of what is most likely to promote it. No man can have such influence without a corresponding responsibility. The more ready a Church is to follow, the more desirous will he be to lead wisely, the more anxious by quiet waiting and conciliatory temper to secure general concurrence, the more careful in the formation of plans, and the more considerate even of the weakness and prejudice of some who are so unwilling to move that they are ready at once to place themselves in opposition to any suggestions of change. The Conservatism of some members of Congregational Churches is, in truth, a sad worry to their pastors. They are as much attached to the existing order, even in the smallest points, as though they had been trained at the feet of Lord Eldon and had had Mr. Newdigate and Mr. Cavendish Bentinck as their schoolfellows. In politics they are such Radicals that they would sweep away the Established Church, and would not be very tender to the House of Lords. But in Church matters they are rigid and immovable. They see degeneracy in the alteration of the hour of service, and scent Popery in the addition or subtraction of a solitary Amen. They believe in the old times, and fancy that the abandonment of Cranbrook and Calcutta means the beginning of a departure from the faith of their fathers. Their eyes are ever looking back and their eyelids are turned right behind them towards those halcyon days of their youth, when everything was so much better than it is now, and when (if they would only pause to think) their fathers were dreaming just the same fond dreams of a golden past as those in which they luxuriate to-day and uttering the same lamentations over their dezeneracy as those which they express over the sad failings of their children. In some of its aspects it is very foolish; and the worst of it is that this excess of a stolid Conservatism provokes a corresponding extravagance on the opposite side. The one party insist that nothing shall be changed, and so

the other are bent on changing everything. The one would not allow a solitary nail in the tabernacle to be disturbed: the other would destroy the tabernacle, and even threaten the ark which is within it. Very vexatious is this immobile and unreasoning Conservatism to a pastor who feels that he has to meet the aspirations of the young as well as to respect the feelings of the old, and who finds his own ideas as to what is wise continually baffled by a kind of opposition which, of all others, it is most difficult to meet. But after all it is only in such circumstances and conditions that the true temper of a man is displayed. He must neither yield too pliantly nor insist on his own will too absolutely; nor be "madly rash nor coolly diffident; "beware of concessions which might be regarded as signs of weakness, and be equally cautious of allowing his firmness to be mistaken for obstinacy. There are few changes of method so important that it is worth risking any serious controversy in order to secure them; and it is seldom, on the other hand, that a minister who lives in the hearts of his people fails to carry out any reasonable wish if he understands how to lead men. But there it all hinges. A pastor is to be a leader of men, and if he cannot lead there is pretty sure to be difficulty.

To enumerate the qualifications a leader should possess, and especially a leader whose sole dependence is on the sympathy and confidence of those who have to follow, would not be possible here. One point only would I note as the characteristic feature of the pastor's office. Though he is set over the Church, and has undoubted rights as attaching to that position, he is the servant of those he is called to rule for Christ's sake. He exists for the Church, not the Church for him, and both together are to live and work for the glory of the Master. Where this is remembered there will be little chance of those collisions which are so painful and injurious. Unquestionably there is need for the exercise of judgment, and there are intellectual as well as moral and spiritual qualifications necessary to the discharge of such delicate and responsible duties. But the grand condition of success is to have the heart loyal to Christ. A pastor who is true and faithful to his Lord, and subordinates all selfish considerations to the one grand object of glorifying Him, will generally win the affections of his people. The great law of the Master holds good here, "Whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it." There is, perhaps, no sphere in which selfishness is more certain to defeat itself, none in which a self-forgetful consecration to Christ and His service is more certain to reap an abundant reward.

J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

PAUL'S FRIENDS IN ROME.

(Rom. xvi. 1-15.)

The closing chapter of the Epistle to the Romans is not a favourite chapter in either private or social reading. It consists mainly of a catalogue of obscure names, in which there seems at first sight little of interest or of instruction. I confess to an affection for obscure people; to feeling a charm in the mention of any who

"travel on life's common way In cheerful godliness."

There is a store of history hidden, irrecoverably hidden, here. Each of these names represents a human heart which had its passion and its struggle; each represents a Christian soul influencing the Catholic Church as really, though not as markedly, as the "very chiefest apostle." Obscure men and women may yet be fruitful of good; not everything that is unworthy of being recorded is unworthy of being done. In nothing can fancy or sentiment find more with which to please itself than a list of names like this. Affection beautified them when living; death has hallowed them; and oblivion has touched them with a pensiveness all its own.

It so happens, however, that this catalogue of names is unusually suggestive; it speaks to us of early Christian life, of the character of the Apostle Paul, and the feeling he had towards his work; it has a great deal to teach us in relation to modern life in our Churches.

The list of salutations sent by Paul to Rome is not only unusually copious, it exceeds the salutations of all his other

epistles taken together. Most of these names are not Latin; Greek in form, they are the names of Hebrew, Hellenic, and Roman persons. Bengel has one of his pregnant notes on this subject: "The proper names, Roman, Hebrew, Greek, of the saints, occurring promiscuously, reveal the 'marvellous riches' of the grace of the new covenant." The conception of a Church broad as humanity; a religion appealing, not to a nation, but to mankind, is due to Christ, and only in Christ can it be fulfilled.

It is largely an assemblage of foreigners in Rome that Paul is greeting. He himself had not yet been in Rome, but had become acquainted with these people in various provincial cities. Phœbe belonged to the Church in Cenchræa, the port of Corinth. Epænetus was "the firstfruits of Asia," * the most westerly of the Roman provinces of Asia Minor, of which Ephesus was the capital. Priscilla and Aquila were Jewish wanderers; we read of them first in Corinth, † whither they had come when expelled from Rome; next in Ephesus; now in Rome; and subsequently in Ephesus again. Andronicus. Junia, and Herodion were Paul's kinsmen; others had been his companions and fellow-labourers at different points of his journeyings: and they had all found their way to Rome. The reason is obvious; Rome was exerting on all the Empire the attraction which a great metropolis always has for the enterprising. The centre of commerce, the seat of government, the home of the Imperial Court, it offered a career to youth, and promised employment to all who were not afraid of work. Notwithstanding this perpetual immigration, we do not find Paul complaining that the provincial Churches were losing their most active members; nor, although we know what a Rome it was, does he forebode the decay of Christian integrity, or the depravation of Christian morals, amidst its various temptations.

It is neither manly nor Christian to set ourselves against the social and commercial currents of the times, or to be afraid of the failure of godly character in perilous places. Go where we will in England to-day, we find country Churches

^{*} The agreement of good MSS. in the reading Asia, not Achaia, is remarkably complete.

[†] Acts xviii.; 1 Cor. xvi. 19; 2 Tim. iv. 19.

drained of their most active, enterprising, and trustworthy members by the large towns; and London draws them from town and country alike. And this is just as it should be. Men go where they are wanted; workmen where work is plentiful; traders to the marts that supply the world; Christians, too, go where they are wanted. It is impossible for us to conceive the degradation into which our large towns would sink, if the new populations which crowd into them were only impelled by the desire of getting on in the world; if Christian men did not take their Christianity with them; if some were not inspired with the confidence that an enlarged sphere of social and commercial activity would also prove an enlarged sphere of spiritual influence. It is the work of the Christian Church in every age to supply the necessities of the time. The noble vocation of our country Churches at present is to train up men and women in robust, intelligent, and earnest godliness; these are a perennial source of feshness and vigour to the Churches in our large towns, which are ever tending to become, through overstrain and luxurious habit, self-indulgent and visionary, unenterprising and half-hearted. Christians will be Christians everywhere; we ought to rejoice to send our purest, noblest, and best into the high places of the field, the great towns where the strife with evil is hardest, and the call is loudest for men.

There is another aspect to this statement of the vocation of our country Churches. The priceless service they render should be frankly recognised and generously repaid. It is the smallest matter that they who "sow spiritual things" should "reap carnal things." They deserve also consideration, affection, and the regard which is ever due to those who are labouring, not for their own, but others' good. It is not of Divine ordination that the towns should "be eased" and the country "burdened;" but "by an equality," that as the "abundance" of men in the country "supplies" the city's "want," so the "abundance" of other resources in the city should "supply" the country's "want."

Paul's warm and abiding interest in his converts and friends is revealed in his salutations. He remembers all these people, remembers them by name; he has not forgotten that

they have gone to Rome; and he appends to many a minute descriptive touch, showing that he can recall their personal character. Not only is he thus mindful of Phœbe, who was a Church officer, and the bearer of this letter; of Aquila and Priscilla, with whom he lived and made tents at Corinth, who were his fellow-travellers to Ephesus, and who perilled their lives for his sake; of Epænetus, his first Asian convert; and of Mary, who "bestowed much labour" on him: he recounts a number of persons who are not otherwise distinguished than by the fact that he greets them. He remembers that Andronicus and Junia were in Christ before him. He calls Stachys his "beloved," and Amplias his "beloved in the Lord;" Urbane is his "helper in Christ;" Apelles is "approved in Christ;" Rufus is "chosen in the Lord;" Tryphena and Tryphosa "labour in the Lord;" the "beloved Persis laboured much in the Lord." These different epithets are not given for the sake of literary style, to avoid sameness of thought and repetition of phrases; they show that each of those whom he thus mentions stands out distinctly in Paul's remembrance. each has his own place in the affection of the apostle.

Paul was by no means a man of leisure; he was "in labours abundant:" nor was there any lack of incident in his life: his personal perils might have obliterated his remembrance of all except his intimate friends. There "came upon him daily the cares of all the churches," and his sympathies were daily exercised. One of the failings of many a busy man is that the multitude of his affairs makes him forgetful of acquaintances; and it is a weakness of some of sympathetic temperament that the friends of to-day efface the thought of the friends of past years. Inability to recall acquaintances may be an affectation. Young men and women, by no means overburdened with cares, will peer, with half-shut eyes, or out of an unneeded pince-nez, at any one to whom they have not been introduced half a dozen times, as if he were the inhabitant of another planet. It is a contemptible affectation. Weakness of memory is not a mark of brain power; the want of ability to remember persons means either a congenital defect or undue self-engrossment.

A memory for persons is sometimes spoken of as a special intellectual endowment; we often hear it called "a gift." It

may be so; but it is a "gift" always associated with many other qualities highly useful, and indeed essential, to those who would exercise great and permanent influence. Men may be impressed in the mass, but they are influenced one by one. Insight into character and appreciation of individual worth are almost certain to lead to a vivid remembrance of persons. Any one who would do a good work among men and womenand work among men and women is the highest work we know of-will have to set himself to acquire such an individual acquaintance with them as will make it easy to remember them. The tradesman who has this faculty keeps his customers: the physician who has it cures his patients. In the absence of it a man may be a political thinker, but he will never be a popular statesman: even the temporary neglect of it in the leaders of a party may throw the party into disorganization. We need not be surprised at the personal influence of Paul when we read this chapter. Nothing so binds a man to his fellows as this personal discrimination and remembrance. It has a charm subtler than all flattery. To see our characteristics recognised and ourselves unforgotten is a never-failing gratification. Among the tenderest sources of piety are these words of God-"I have called thee by name, thou art mine;" a principal charm of the parable of the Good Shepherd is here-" I know my sheep and am known of mine."

Closely connected with the apostle's personal interest in others is his assumption that others will be personally interested in him. He recounts the services rendered him by one and another of his converts, not doubting that the Church in Rome will be pleased to hear of these things. Phoebe is commended because "she hath been a succourer of many, and of myself also." Priscilla and Aquila are "my helpers in Christ Jesus, who have for my life laid down their own necks." Mary "bestowed much labour on us." Andronicus and Junia are "my kinsmen, and my fellow-prisoners, who also were in Christ before me." With a play of sentiment which is near akin to humour, he calls the mother of Rufus his own mother. It is a mark of his unselfishness of spirit that he can venture to speak thus; or rather, he is not conscious of venturing, he speaks out of the simplicity of his

heart. No selfish man is safe in talking about himself. If he be sensitive, self-conscious, he will blush and hesitate: if he be bluntly egotistical, he will disgust. Any strong feeling that quenches and overpowers the thought of self will give a man such freedom. Affection will do it. We write to our families about those who have been kind to us. assured that they will be interested in the theme. Devotion to a common cause will do it, the feeling of our work rather than of ourselves. Occasionally we are disgusted at the egotism of preachers and evangelists; the error of most of us who read The Congregationalist is probably that we make too little of personal motive in our Christian appeals. Is the reason that we are not sufficiently engrossed in our work to forget ourselves? that we go out in our own name rather than "in the name of a prophet," and hence are not assured that they who "receive" us "shall receive a prophet's reward"? that our lives are not "hid with Christ in God," and therefore we cannot pretend that they who receive us are receiving Christ?

There is another reason for Paul's appending to the names of these Christians some note descriptive of their character and the work in which they excelled: the Church in Rome would thus get a hint as to the special esteem in which to hold them, and the special work to which they might be appointed. Strangers are less strange to us when we have the key to their characters. It would spare our Churches much disappointment if we were kept from assigning persons to service for which they are unfitted by knowing already that in which they are most apt. We can fancy the effect on the Roman Church of hearing this page of Paul's letter. It was no mere catalogue of names. As they listened, there would come up the image of deaconess Phœbe, and brave Priscilla and Aquila, of the beloved Amplias and chosen Rufus, and the much-labouring Persis. If the Romans had not before known the worth of any of these, they would know it now; and their satisfaction with those whom they had proved faithful would be increased as they saw that Paul, too, appreciated their value. Even the indistinguished persons mentioned in verses 14 and 15 would be brought into fuller prominence by the contrast. Some of these may have been

Roman Christians, personally unknown to Paul. His silence about them would be a delicate suggestion that he would like to be better acquainted with them. And the Church, in its reply, would speak of the character and devotion and special labours of Hermas and Asyncritus, and Patrobas and Nereus and his sister. Some of them Paul may have known too well as having no excellencies to be described; and they would take his hint not to be characterless and indistinguished. "Be no longer mere names among us, dear friends; be men and women, living members of the body of the Lord."

Some time ago, on leaving the coffee-room of the hotel at St. Pancras, I was accosted by a waiter thus: "Are you number 282? because if you are, number 315 would like to see you." It is in something like this impersonal, characterless way that many of our Churches introduce their members to new congregations. A printed or lithographed circular, signed by the pastor or the secretary of the Churches. testifies that "A. B., of such a town, left on such a day, being a member of the Church meeting at such a chapel." In many cases the dismissory letter only mentions that the persons named are, at the date given, commended to the fellowship of the Church they are entering, with not a word, except their names, to mark them out from hundreds of others. What can be colder than this? If even the number of children they had were mentioned, it would give a little human feeling to the business. Surely we are not so shamefaced as to be unable to write, "A beloved brother," "a sister in the Lord." Surely we are not so indiscriminating that we cannot recognise a generous man, or a valiant man, or a persevering labourer, a peacemaker, a sister who, in her "meekness," is "inheriting the earth." Is it that we do not know each other well enough to say for what any one is distinguished? or that we are so careless about our members that we do not develop their graces and their gifts?

The number of women whose labours are mentioned by Paul is remarkable. We too have our deaconesses, although we do not call them by that name. Any one acquainted with our Churches knows that a great part of the most valuable Christian work is done by women. Why should we not mention this when we introduce them to a new spiritual home?

"We commend to you a tender nurse; a prudent counsellor of the poor; an excellent secretary; a valuable collector; one gifted with the charm that wins children." Such women are too precious to be lost to the Church of Christ, and we ought not to leave to them the disagreeable, to some the impossible, task of speaking of their own merits and asking for work. A word or two like these in our transfers of both men and women would set them at once at home in a new Church; there would be an opening of hearts, the beginning of the home feeling in a strange place.

For the purposes of Christian intimacy it sometimes is a positive advantage to go to another town an invalid or in some trouble, for then a private letter from pastor to pastor will probably accompany the official document. Of course it may be said that the business of our large Churches is already sufficiently exacting without adding to it the burden of finding out and recording, when necessary, descriptive details of the character and service of our members. My answer is, let our Churches, if need be, be more fully officered. Lamentations that we have not the methods of other religious communities are out of place while we are neglecting methods quite in harmony with the genius of our own ecclesiastical system.

Never were opportunities of intercourse between sister Churches more abundant than now. Frequent change of residence is a result of the extension of business and the growth of large towns; there are annual visits of families to the country and the seaside. The shorter pastorates which prevail among us, and which some unwisely deplore, as if they were an unmitigated evil, afford another opportunity for interchange of kindly greetings, and the extension of personal interests between the Churches. Why should congregations not dismiss pastors, as they do members, to another fellowship? They are, for the most part, neither cold in relation to a departing pastor's future happiness nor careless about his future success. Why should they sit silently by as if they were?

The want of personal interests is, I have been long convinced, a great cause of the apparent want of friendly interest complained of between our Churches. There is no want of lovingness; but lovingness is not enough for love, there must be

acquaintance too. For the effectual working of our Church Aid Society we want this. Gratifying as is the response of fraternal sentiment to the appeals made to it, we must add to it knowledge of one another. Persons are the objects of love, not ideas; and the Church, abstracted from the men and women who compose it, is an idea. It is no perversion of Scripture slightly to vary the words of the Apostle John and say, "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love the church which he hath not seen? This commandment have we from him, that he who loveth the church love his brethren also."

ALEX. MACKENNAL.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE

It is a high tribute to pay to any man to say that the lapse of time only makes his loss more keenly felt, and that the more full and intimate the revelation of his personal life and character, the more profound the respect in which he is held. Both these statements may, we believe, be made with perfect truth in relation to Bishop Wilberforce. The tidings of his sudden death sent a shock through the Church of which he was so distinguished a ruler; but that shock would have been greater if it had been possible to grasp at once all that has been realized since of the extent of the loss which the Church sustained. We had as little admiration for some of the methods of his policy as we had of sympathy in its general aims and objects; but his abilities as an administrator and his skill as a tactician will be hardly questioned even by those who take the most unfavourable view of the man and the nature of the influence he exerted. There have been few prelates of our day better qualified to guide the affairs of an Establishment like ours, and if such praise as this may seem rather to detract from his personal goodness, this biography, of which Canon Ashwell has, unfortunately, been allowed to give us only an instalment, comes in to qualify and correct such an impression. For, whatever be our judgment upon the vicar or the bishop, we think it impossible to rise from

^{*} Life of the Right Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, D.D. By A. R. Ashwell, M.A. Three Vols. John Murray.

the perusal of these records of his private life contained in his letters or his diary without a higher opinion of the man and the Christian.

It is the misfortune of men of Wilberforce's type to give to all but ardent admirers and partizans a view of their own characters which does them very imperfect justice, if, indeed, it be not positively untrue. The prevalent impression of the late bishop, outside the circle of his familiars, was that he was ready to become all things to all men; that he was perfeetly trained to assume any manner and play any part; that he cared for himself and his Church, and was not particularly scrupulous as to the means he employed for the aggrandizement of either. He was credited with great subtlety, consummate tact, great knowledge of human nature and art in dealing with it, singular fascination of manner, silvery eloquence, and indefatigable activity. But of high moral and spiritual qualities, strength of principle, single-eyed devotion to truth, intrepid courage, few supposed him to be possessed. We are not prepared to say that some of these virtues are very conspicuous in the revelation this volume gives, but there are certainly evidences of a deeper reality of nature, a more earnest thirsting after goodness, a more humble and devout spiritual life than his public appearances would have led us to suspect. It is one evil consequence of a life so crowded with engagements to produce superficiality; and so unable are the majority of us to understand a nature so versatile and so richly gifted as the bishop's, that we are ready to suspect him of being more superficial than is really the case. He is met in different scenes sustaining various characters, doing an infinite diversity of work, and apparently throwing himself heart and soul into all, and the idea suggests itself that he cares little on any point except to win popular applause for all that he says and does. That the bishop found extreme pleasure in popularity, and sought it eagerly-sometimes, perhaps, too eagerly-was obvious to every observer, and the suspicion was that he was ready to sacrifice too much in order to obtain it. When to this it was added that he was a man of strong and eager impulses, on which he was wont to act at once, it ceases to be matter of surprise that he acquired the somewhat unenviable reputation

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which attached to his name and was expressed in well-known epithets which were the reverse of complimentary. All men who are both impulsive and effusive are sure to be thought insincere. Wilberforce was impulsive by nature; his effusiveness was no fancy acquired. But, however he came to possess this quality, the effect on the general opinion of him was the same.

On this point the present volume ought materially to alter the prevailing notion. There was, perhaps, no single circumstance which produced so unfavourable an impression in relation to the bishop as his conduct in the Hampden case. A cardinal mistake on so critical a matter would no doubt, under any circumstances, have been extremely injurious to his reputation; but the extraordinary blunders which the bishop actually committed damaged him to such an extent as in all probability materially to affect his subsequent career. His biographer fully recognizes this fact, and enters with great fulness into the narrative of the whole affair, in the hope of clearing his memory from the reproach resting upon it because of vacillation, which hostile critics would describe by a much stronger term. On no occasion in his episcopal career did he seem more anxious to run with the hare and yet to hunt with the hounds. We frankly say that, reviewing the whole transaction in the light of the narrative here given and the documents by which it is illustrated, we do not think the charge can be sustained. His position was an extremely difficult one, and he was not the man to meet its demands; but that there was double-dealing or conscious insincerity we have not a vestige of proof, but much that tells in the contrary direction. He was a great favourite of the Court, where the appointment of Dr. Hampden was regarded with approval: and he was, at the same time, regarded as a champion of orthodoxy by the clerical party, who were moving heaven and earth in order to free the Anglican Church from the scandal which, in their judgment, the presence of the new Bishop of Hereford on the Episcopal bench would inflict upon her. He was unwilling to sacrifice the smiles and applauses of either. and he experienced the common fate of those who seek to serve two masters. If he were to hold his own under such unpropitious circumstances, it was necessary that he should

have great prudence and unbending firmness; that he should be slow to commit himself, but, having once put down his foot, that he should steadily refuse to lift it again; that, however conciliatory in manner, he should have been decided and unfaltering in purpose and action. Wilberforce was the very opposite of all this, and those who had before them only the record of his conduct, without such explanatory notes and comments as his own narrative may supply, would be sure to

pronounce him shilly-shallying.

But such judgment would be too rash. That he was desirous to give as little offence as possible may be granted without convicting him of employing any unfair methods to secure this end. That he vacillated is true, but his vacillations were those of impulsiveness rather than of tortuous policy. His greatest fault was his pronouncing against Dr. Hampden on the strength of mere extracts from his book selected by opponents with a hostile intent. Considering the seriousness of the issues at stake, it was a grievous fault that he should have given a public deliverance on data which were certainly imperfect, and which his usual shrewdness should have led him to suspect as misleading. But let it be put over against this blunder that he had the manliness to confess it. We fear that in such controversies the fault is more frequent than the confession. We have not a word to say in defence of a mode of procedure which was specially reprehensible in one who occupied a position of authority and had to give a semi-judicial decision. For he had to determine whether he would grant the letters of request sought by those who wished to take legal proceedings against Dr. Hampden, and to give his assent to their wishes on the faith of certain exparte extracts from his book was worse even than indiscretion. But the manliness which led him to confess his error and recall his original promise is surely to be commended, and is an indirect evidence that his mistakes were largely due to impulsiveness. Men of his type are pretty certain to be misconstrued. They take impressions easily and yet very strongly; they speak and act on the spur of the moment, especially if their own prejudices or party feelings are awakened; the reconsideration of the subject is forced upon them, and they discover their error, and are led-partly, perhaps, in remorse for the mistake already committed—to speak or act too strongly on the other side. We do not say that this explains all the apparent inconsistencies of Bishop Wilberforce. With his strong impulsiveness there was combined a decided love of popularity, the consciousness of which is revealed in some of the entries in his diary, to which we shall hereafter refer. These two influences united were sufficient to produce that deflection from the straight path which his best friends regretted, and in which his enemies found an occasion of reproach which it was not easy always to answer.

His relation to the Tractarian party laid him open to the same kind of censure, though with less justice. The High Church Evangelical is a character English Protestants find it hard to understand. There are Philistine Protestants, who never take the trouble to examine into the historical origin of the party distinctions in the Establishment, and numbers of whom have so little acquaintance with facts as to believe honestly enough, though with a stupidity equal to the honesty. that the Establishment was designed to be the home of moderate Evangelicals with a Protestantism as decided as that found in Dissenting Churches, and differing from it chiefly in relation to the use of the liturgy and the authority of bishops. If these blind adherents of a party could once come to see that this is the very last view of the Anglican Church which history sustains, and that, on the contrary, the High Church element has always been marked in the legislation and policy of the Establishment, there is some hope that they may be aroused to a perception of the peril to which Protestantism is exposed by the influence of that National Church of which they are such devoted adherents. They were right in their dread of Bishop Wilberforce, for there is little doubt that he did more than any other man (unless we except John Henry Newman) to promote the growth of those High Church principles which lead surely on to Tractarianism and Ritualism, if not to Popery. But they were utterly wrong in suspecting him of secret leaning to Rome; and the misfortune, so far as the general interests of the Church and Protestantism are concerned, is that the appearances which they regard as Romish are nothing more nor less than Anglicanism pur et simple. Could they have

seen this, they might have directed their artillery in another direction and done better service. As it is, they are exposing themselves to constant defeat, and in their adhesion to the State Church, whose real character and tendency they refuse to acknowledge, are themselves helping on, all undesignedly, that Romeward movement which they so earnestly deprecate. To put it in a more correct form, using the Bishop as our illustration, they support the Establishment of which he was not only a Bishop, but a distinguished ornament; and, indignant at the kind of influence which he exerted, impute to Romish leanings what is nothing more than a consistent working out of Anglican principles.

The bishop was not even a Tractarian. He began his Oxford life as a commoner at Oriel, at the time when Keble, Pusey, and Newman were among the fellows; and Hurrell Froude was a commoner with himself. From the beginning, therefore, he must have had some acquaintance with the Oxford movement and its leaders, and up to a certain period had sympathy with their views. But the divergence began to be manifest at an early stage. In 1837 we find the following entry in his diary: "Friday, Nov. 24. Bishop's letter with my Southampton sermon—perplexed. I am in a false position with him. I do not hold what he rightly dislikes in Pusev. Newman, &c., and I hardly know how to disavow this without seeming also to disavow what I do hold, being more High Church in feeling than he is. Lord, keep me humble, and free me from the fear of man, which bringeth a snare." The difficulty is one which must, in one form or other, have troubled many others besides the bishop. It is the best security which the Ritualists enjoy at the present moment; as, indeed, it has been the covering under the defence of which they have been able to work so long. High Churchmen have always hesitated to disayow Ritualists because of the vital sympathy between them, and because they feared that action against them might tell in favour of strong Evangelicals, to whom they are still more opposed. The more moderate men of the great historical High Church party, to whom certain Evangelicals pay so much deference, are mainly responsible for the very excesses under which they chafe. And so it will continue to be unless Ritualists rush into some revolutionary extremes. Wilberforce and Hook both disliked extreme Anglicans, but the Dean generally stood by them in any great crisis, whereas his friend the bishop often took the opposite side, as in the severe struggle for the Professorship of Poetryat Oxford, when he voted for Mr. Garbett, and later in the condemnation of Mr. Ward.

It is gross injustice to accuse such men of insincerity. Wilberforce speaks of himself as being ground between the Evangelical and the Newman mills, and in this expresses his feelings with perfect truthfulness. He was afraid of the Tractarians, partly because of some of their teachings, which grated upon his Evangelical sympathies, but still more because he was afraid of the reaction which their exaggeration of High Church opinions might produce. "I fear," he says in a private letter in 1836, "they are pushing some things too far. Do you see the 'Tracts for the Times'? They are very well worth your reading. There are two octavo volumes now published of them which I wish you would get and read. It is the view of baptism which seems to me to be pushed too far. I mean the deadly state to which they picture sin after baptism to reduce men." There is nothing in any part of his course that is inconsistent with this avowal, which itself, however, indicates the distracted and divided state of his mind. To the same effect is a letter to his intimate friend, Rev. C. Anderson:

I agree with all you say about the Oxford school; but I have some fears. When did the mind of man not run into extremes? My principal fears are that they will lead to the depression of true individual spirituality of mind, in the reaction of their minds from the self-idolizing tendency of the late leading religious party, by leading others to elevate solely the systematic and communion parts of Christianity; that they will disgust some well-intentioned Churchmen by a fanciful imitation of antiquity, and drive them into lower depths of "peculiarity." I cannot use all their language about the Eucharist; I cannot bear Dr. Pusey's new sin after baptism. They hold up a glorious standard of holiness; and for us, my dear Charles, who know well the hopes of the gospel, and supply all they leave deficient, it is the very thing needful; but there are ignorant and bowed down souls who need a more velcoming treatment than their view of penitence will allow. I do not know that I make myself clear. Do you understand me?

In our view he is perfectly clear and intelligible. The words we have italicized are the key to the situation. The leading doctrines of the old Evangelicalism he continued to

love, but he had grafted upon them this new High Churchism. The gravest point in connection with this is the effect which this amalgam produced. Dr. Wilberforce opposed the extreme views of Tractarians, and yet no one gave them more practical help. Had he been an avowed sympathizer with Newman, his influence would have been materially curtailed. As it was, he pursued his own moderate course, and his diocese was enveloped in a High Church atmosphere, the effect of which was seen everywhere. He was not counted upon by Tractarians, for in July, 1838, Newman declined any further contributions from him to the British Critic distinctly on the ground that—

I am not confident enough in your general approval of the body of opinions which Pusey and myself hold to consider it advisable that we should co-operate very closely. The land is before us, and each in our own way may, through God's blessing, be useful; but a difference of view which, whether you meant it or not, has shown itself to others in your sermons before the University, may show itself in your writings also; and, though I feel we ought to bear differences of opinion in matters of detail, and work together in spite of them, it does not seem to me possible at once to oppose and co-operate; and the less intentional your opposition to Pusey on a late occasion, the more impracticable does co-operation appear.

Thus it was that Wilberforce ceased to write for the British Critic which, in those days, represented the party; and, though there was no actual breach of friendship, there was a distinct separation. Whether or not the bishop could at this time of his life be fairly described as a High Churchman would depend very much on the definition of the term. In doctrine he was Evangelical; in sympathy he was High Church, but with a strong antagonism to many of the Puseyite views, with considerable distrust of Newman, and after his secession, of Pusey, and with an intense dread and hatred of every Romeward movement. It is clear that he was fully alive to the tendency of the Tractarians long before there were any converts to Rome. Hence he writes in very strong terms of the remains of Hurrell Froude, a friend whom he greatly admired, but of whose published "Remains"-"They are," he says, "most instructive to me, will exceedingly discredit Church principles, and show an amazing want of Christianity, so far. They are, Henry Martyn unchristianized." We have always

regarded Froude as one of the creators of the party, and his "Remains" as one of its Text-books; and this criticism of its teachings and influences affords a very correct index to the ecclesiastical sympathies of the critic. But those who have formed their estimate of the bishop from the popular idea of him will probably be most surprised at the relations between him and Dr. Pusey. The correspondence between them at the time of Wilberforce's appointment to the see of Oxford is very striking and suggestive: but to judge of it, it should be read in full. We prefer rather to quote the bishop's view of Dr. Pusey, as given to his most confidential correspondent, Miss L. Noel, the letters to whom form one of the most charming parts of the volume.

I must say a word or two about Pusey. I quite believe him to be a very holy man. I could sit at his feet. But then I see that he is, if I understand God's Word aright, most dark as to many parts of Christ's blessed gospel. He now, Henry says, acknowledges that what I said of old, in 1837, of his "sin after baptism" view was quite true. I see that he has helped, and is greatly helping, to make a party of semi-Romanizers in the Church, to lead some to Rome, to drive back from sound Church views those amongst us who love Christ for another half-century, and to make others grovel in low, unworthy views of their Christian state, trembling always before a hard Master, thinking dirt willingly endured holiness, &c. Now there must be some cause why so good a man should fall into such fearful errors, and do such deep mischief; and that deep cause, I believe, is a great want of humility, veiling itself from his eyes under the appearance of entire abasement. I see it in all his writings and doings. His last letter about Newman I think deeply painful, utterly sophistical, and false. He says, for instance, that he does not think himself, as an English Churchman, at liberty to hold all Roman doctrine; but he does not censure any Roman doctrine whilst he holds the canonry at Christ Church and his position amongst us on condition of signing articles, onehalf of which are taken up in declaring figments of Rome to be blasphemous deceits and dangerous fables. Then his language about the Church of England patronizing, fault-finding, apologetic; his evident assumption of the position of the head of the party since Newman's secession; this very Leeds self-appointed Holy Week; his letter to his own bishop—all seem to me full of egotistic assumption (p. 311).

All this is so contrary to the ordinary conception of the writer's views that it cannot fail to be read with amazement. But it must be remembered that the development of Wilberforce's Churchmanship went on. He was a much higher Churchman when he passed from Oxford to Winchester than when he commenced his Episcopate. What is

more unfortunate for the Anglican Church is that there had been a change in the atmosphere, and the surroundings quite as marked as in himself. The revolution has been gradual, and so its extent is hardly perceived; but of its reality and its breadth there can be no question, and it is a fact of evil omen. The whole story of the bishop's relations to the Tractarian party has important bearings on the controversies of our day; but into these we cannot enter here. We wish rather to dwell on the personal character of the man as it is made known to us by Canon Ashwell, the opening part of whose biography is so well done as to cause an additional regret that, in consequence of his unexpected death, the work must be completed by another. If we have a fault to find, it is that the earlier years of the bishop's life have been so briefly done. It would seem as though we were never to get any intimate knowledge of those days at Oriel when the men, who were afterwards to exercise such an influence upon the destiny of the Anglican Church—an influence which shows no signs of being exhausted yet-were preparing for their work. We hoped that there would have been some reminiscences of Wilberforce's residence there. We readily admit that the public life of the bishop was so varied, and contains so many topics of interest, that it was impossible to do any justice to his incessant activity as a prelate and a politician, and at the same time to include any minute record of his private life, without extending the biography to undue proportions. As it is, three large volumes devoted to the biography of a single bishop, taken in connection with a parallel case in the employment of five volumes in the narrative of the brief life of the Prince Consort, make us wonder to what dimensions the story of this nineteenth century will grow. For ourselves, we could have spared some of the details of the Hampden affair, which the biographer has related at great length in order to justify the action of his hero -a point in which he has but imperfectly succeeded-and, in our judgment, thirty pages or more transferred from this part to the earlier chapters would have greatly improved the volume.

We feel, however, that complaints of this kind are a little ungracious in view of the great service Canon Ashwell has done in helping us to understand the bishop. Taken in connection with the extremely well-informed article in the Quarterly Review, which appears to have been written by a secretary or chaplain, and is replete with characteristic incidents, it gives us an admirable photograph. Of his extraordinary social qualities, of his unsurpassed and almost unrivalled energy, of his remarkable capacity for administration, and of the still more vital points of his character, his earnest piety (of which his diaries and letters contain evidence that it is difficult to question), and of his deep feelings, we shall speak in another article. We have looked here chiefly to his ecclesiastical position as a point greatly needing to be carefully examined and understood. The real character of the element he represented is, we are satisfied, very imperfectly appreciated. Churchmen are divided into Evangelicals and High Churchmen, and the class (a hybrid one, as it appears to extreme men on both sides) who are at once Evangelical and High Church is overlooked. Yet they are the men who are really working the silent revolution, the ultimate issue of which is not yet apparent. The maintenance of a position like that of Wilberforce is not easy, and there are incidents in his public life, to which we shall refer subsequently, which have not a pleasant look. It is not very surprising that he acquired the sobriquet of "Soapy Sam;" and the accuracy of his own explanation of it—that, though he was often in hot water, he always came out with clean hands-will not be universally admitted. It was something that he was able to maintain and assert a belief in his own integrity. Far be it from us to accept the invidious task of throwing a stone at him. Happily, we are not judges of our brethren, and our own experience of the misconstructions to which we are all exposed ought to make us extremely careful in judging the motives of others. So far as the bishop is concerned, we believe the anomalous position of the Anglican Church and his own native impulsiveness account for most of the blots on his life, without imputing to him any graver fault than too eager a craving for popularity.

RAPHAEL.

RAPHAEL SANZIO, of Urbino, was born in 1483, and died in 1520. Like many other names, it is still open to Anglicize it or not. The modern Italians spell it in four syllables—Raffaelle. It is written by Vasari, Raffaello. The one autograph letter which remains of him is signed Raphaello; but on his pictures he wrote "Raphael." So, dear reader, take your choice, and let no self-elected critic condemn your selection.

I want—as with Holbein—to interest you in his work by associating the criticism with your power of observation; and, instead of writing about Foreign Galleries, I shall take, as illustrations of the subject, the large cartoons in distemper colours which, originally placed in Hampton Court, are now in the South Kensington Museum. They were drawn in 1515 and 1516, as designs for tapestries to adorn the Sistine Chapel at Rome. The events illustrated are from the lives of the apostles; and Kügler says of them:

They display not only great dignity and grandeur of form, a most intelligent and harmonious arrangement of the groups, but also such depth and power of thought, such a surprising dramatic development of each event, that historical representation here appears to have attained its highest triumph.

But before commencing our survey of them, let us note the art era in which Raphael worked, and the peculiar powers which constitute him the "Shakespeare" of art; for, with all the diversities of opinion, which are as common in the art world as in the musical world, I apprehend that to Raphael will be conceded the royal place in all groupings of masters in art.

We must go back a moment from the sixteenth century, in which he laboured, to the thirteenth, when the Free States of Italy had emerged from their wars against the Emperor Frederic I., during the latter part of the twelfth century. Then it was noble cathedrals lifted their stately towers into the skies, which constitute to this day the central glories of cities abroad and at home, and around which the noblest modern buildings look like huts.

Art at first in Italy was "imitative," consequently the new

life of the people, in the complete decline of all native art, sought out Byzantine artists, and began the slavish workfor such it is-of repeating traditional forms and types. But "life" soon tells, and "transplanting" is poor work. When Constantinople was conquered, in 1204, we need not wonder that the Byzantine artists rushed into Italy; already they had been at work in Venice-vide the walls and ceilings of St. Mark's, which contain mosaics executed in all the stiff severity of Byzantine work. We find the Byzantine influence continuing for some time, notably in the baptistery at Parma, where, in 1230, were painted in the cupola the Apostles, the Prophets, and Christ with the Virgin, and John the Baptistall full of energetic colouring, but hard execution. About 1221, Guido da Siena, and after him Giunta da Pisa, carried on the Byzantine style. Then followed Nicola Pisano, who manifested a sympathetic taste for classical antiquity.

But it was in 1240 that one of the noble family of Cimabue, named Giovanni-"the Florentine Giovanni"-was born, and who lived on to the close of the century. He followed at first the Byzantine style, but used it with all the freedom of a true artist. He evidently was a student of nature; and the engravings which remain of his work are said to be less hard. The frescoes in the Upper Church of St. Francesco at Assisi are ascribed to him. With Cimabue art became "living and original," animated in figure, and touched with passion. Then followed Duccio, whose picture was the glory of Siena. It still exists, with the artist's name on it. It was carried from the artist's studio to the cathedral in gay, festive procession. In it there is harmony of arrangement and classic feeling for beauty; here what artists call "motives" are said to be seen - familiarity with the springs of human emotion. The Passion is divided into many episodes. A scene which fills one of the largest spaces is Christ's Entry into Jerusalem. The Byzantine style here is weaker still.

We now come to the fourteenth century, and to an era which may, in an art sense, be described as the Great Revolution. It was the age of Dante, who seems to have exercised an allegorical influence over his age. In 1276, in the neighbourhood of Florence, Giotto was born. With him art took a new development, which rendered it true and noble; and

Giotto lives to-day. When I say that at first Giotto painted allegorically, what do I mean? As an illustration, let me speak of a hall in Florence, called the Hall of the Podestà, where the Commonwealth was painted by Giottoin the form of a judge with sceptre in hand. Equable scales are over his head, and on either side Fortitude, Prudence, Justice, and Temperance. Another is a mosaic, painted for the ancient basilica of St. Peter at Rome; it is a ship with the disciples in it—the sea is tempest-tossed, the winds take person in human shape; and over and above them all are the Old Testament Fathers speaking consolation to them. Giotto then proceeded to paint scenes in the life of Christ and of St. Francis; he, also, painted in the Church of St. Francesco at Assisi, and completed many altar pieces.

What have we in England of his? Only one relic—the heads of the apostles—and this may be seen in our National Gallery. "Anatomical correctness and nicety of perspective and the difficult task of foreshortening with exactness" may be accorded, it is said, to him. He has the glorious title given him of the restorer of painting. Of course these two heads are but a slender possession; but they are a fragment of an original painting formerly in the Church of the Carmelites at Florence. I fortunately secured an old engraving of them during a ramble at Norwich the morning after a lecture; a copy made by command of the King in 1818, in company with

some of Raphael's and Ruben's.

Giotto, then, could draw. Let us see what that means; for so we shall be led up to Raphael. It takes a most laborious education to learn to draw. We make the amusing mistake that we can draw a straight line; but we cannot! Giotto, when Pope Boniface VIII. desired to secure artistic specimens from the artists of his day, so as to select a painter for the decorations at St. Peter's, did his work with the swift triumph of accomplished skill. He had no compass, but he executed in red chalk a perfect circle, and sent that to the Pope. Wonderful! No such work has ever been accomplished since, and probably never will be. The Pope selected him at once. Hence we have the proverb, "round as the O of Giotto." The great poet—he of the Inferno—is quoted by Mrs. Tytler in her excellent work on the Old Masters:—

Cimabue thought To lord it over painting's field; and now The cry is Giotto's, and his name eclipsed.

Perhaps the reader will now understand why so many so-called art works are little cared for by the true artists. They are "out of drawing" arms, legs, hands, heads, feet; and this, however clever their colouring, is their condemnation. In one word, with exactness in drawing, Giotto went to Nature for his inspiration, and inbreathed into art the living soul. Grief was there, and gladness too. He was the first, says the authoress I quoted just now, "to paint a crucifixion robbed of the horrible triumph of physical power and of the agony which is at its bidding, and invested with the divinity of awe and love." Giotto, then, be it remembered, was the founder of the honourable school of Early Italian art-a man who was a great realist, it is true, but essentially in its noblest meaning an idealist too. Though Giotto painted for a superstitious Church he was not superstitious; and here Mr. Ruskin's criticism comes in—that character always shows itself in the artist's work. Kügler himself says, "To come to those qualities which appear to have been essentially original in Giotto, we observe that his invention is mainly distinguished from the earlier productions by the introduction of natural incidents and expressions, by an almost modern richness and depth of composition, by the dramatic interest of his groups, and by a general contempt for the formal and servile style of his predecessors. This last circumstance is partly to be explained by a total absence of the superstitious enthusiasm of the time."

I must mention here Andrew Pisano, born at Pisa, who lived when merchant guilds were proud of their native cities. The princes and nobles having possession of the land, the merchants glorified the cities in which they lived. The guild commissioned Pisano to execute reliefs from the life of John the Baptist, which were cast in bronze in 1330, and were gilded. They were made for the baptistery of San Giovanni in connection with the cathedral at Florence. All art then was "ecclesiastical"—altar-pieces, cupolas, baptisteries—this was the rage. The mistake was made of supposing that Christian art was painting or executing Christian subjects,

forgetful of the fact that true Christian art is infusing a Christian spirit into all work, natural or historical. I must notice also another painter, Andrea Orcagna, born in Florence in 1350, to whom Michael Angelo and Raphael were indebted for design, for the greatest men carry up to highest points the influences of others. Orcagna executed the wonderful frescoe of "The Triumph of Death" in the Campo Santa of Pisa. But I notice him here in order that you may go and see in the National Gallery a brilliant altar-piece of his filled with more than a hundred figures. Following in order, we come to Lorenzo Ghiberti, and I mention him also that you may visit the South Kensington Museum and see casts of the gates which he designed and which Michael Angelo said were

worthy to be the gates of Paradise.

I have said enough now to take the leap in art history which I must take to the time of Raphael. I must pass by the Tuscan schools, making no reference now to the more subjective style of treatment which Kügler notes in the Sienese school, the art of which is still scattered in various places in Siena, and in which "beauty" was greatly developed. Neither can I make any criticisms on the schools of Upper Italy, save to say that the colouring became warmer, and that, particularly with the Veronese, what is termed severity in drawing was united with an ever-advancing beauty. The great painters of the fifteenth century continued to develope "truth" in form and a keener study of nature. To the Tuscan schools belong Masaccio, from 1402 to 1428 the great inspirer of the artists of Florence, even up to Raphael's era. He painted frescoes in the Carmelite Church at Florence, which no doubt led on to Raphael's cartoons. They are The Expulsion from Paradise, The Tribute Money, The Preaching of Peter, Peter Baptizing, Healing of the Cripple at the Beautiful Gate, The Fall of Adam and Eve, Peter in Prison, Resuscitation of the King's Son, Peter and John Healing the Cripple, Peter and John Distributing Alms, Martyrdom of Peter, Liberation of Peter. Then lived also Ghirlandajo (see a Madonna and child in our National Gallery), 1449-1498. It is impossible, however, in a brief article to follow the various Italian schools-Venetian, Paduan, Umbrian, Roman, Florentine, &c.: suffice it to say that Gentile Bellini's work can be seen in the British Museum; Mantegna's Triumph of Julius Cæsar at Hampton Court, in the form of nine cartoons; and a Madonna of his in the National Gallery. Also in the same place Il Francia's picture of the Enthroned Virgin and Child. Leonardo da Vinci, whose great picture is the Last Supper, lived from 1452 to 1519! Next, Michael Angelo, sculptor as well as poet, who worked at his designs for St. Peter's under five of the Popes. He painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. which contains two hundred figures. A sublime painter, but not a first-rate colourist. It is said of him that so greatly was he respected that one Pope declined to sit down in his presence. Marvellously unlike Popes in general, I should say, He did not execute one picture in oil, but disdained its use. Next to him in order comes RAPHAEL, the head of the Roman school, who lived only from 1483 to 1520; while Leonardo da Vinci lived from 1475 to 1564. A glorious beauty pervades the creations of his art. All historians agree in testifying to the lofty tone of his mind and the delicate purity of his soul. Perfection of form is united in him with harmony of development. Kügler says of Michael Angelo that he had a grand subjective mode of conception; but beauty of form is a secondary element. Raphael reverses this! His beauty of form expresses elevation of mind. He was a man who made many friends and no enemies. It may be true of him, as averred by competent critics, that sometimes his accessory figures are so living and interesting as to create greater interest than the chief subject of the pictures.

Now we cannot, many of us, see his Madonna at Urbino, nor his Holy Family in the sacristy of St. Andrea, nor his altar picture of the Adoration of the Kings in the Berlin Museum, nor his Coronation of the Virgin, as painted for the Church of St. Francesco at Perugia, and now in the Vatican, nor his many works at Florence—and, be it remembered, he painted more works, and more works well, than any artist that ever lived. But we can do this: we can visit the South Kensington Museum, and see the large cartoons in distemper colours, executed by him in the years 1515 and 1516, for the tapestries to adorn the Sistine Chapel. These cartoons were first drawn with chalk on paper and then coloured with distemper. The tapestries themselves, worked in wool with silk

and gold, were completed in 1519—just a year before Raphael died. Faded enough now, they are to be seen in the Vatican at Rome.

Whence came the cartoons here? Well, they appear to have been left at Arras, where the tapestry was made for a century nearly. We have not much to thank Charles I. for: but one day Rubens in talking to him mentioned these cartoons. and advised his Majesty to purchase them, which he did, and at his decease Cromwell bought them for the nation for £300. We have not much to thank Charles II. for, but he did not sell them, although in his reign they were almost allotted to Louis XIV., who would have given a high price for them: but somehow they were left unsold in one of the Whitehall lumberrooms till the time of King William III. Much neglect had to be overcome. The king had them carefully pasted together. the cartoons having been cut into slips two feet wide. For a long time they remained at Hampton Court; but now, under plate glass, and in a fine room, especially prepared for them, they are to be seen at the South Kensington Museum-that is. the seven that remain out of the ten.

They are (1) The Miraculous Draught of Fishes; (2) Paul Preaching at Athens; (3) Elymas the Sorcerer struck with Blindness; (4) Paul and Barnabas at Lystra; (5) Peter and John Healing the Lame Man; (6) The Death of Ananias; (7) Christ's Charge to Peter.

We may fairly exclaim, as we study them, Whatever artist ever drew like this? or composed like this? Of course, the bold and somewhat rough treatment was needful for life-like effect. In No. 5 we see the exquisite figure of a woman, with fair hair, contrasted with a deformed cripple close beside her. It is the hour of prayer. The perfect columns which adorn the temple would be taken from those relics of the temple at Jerusalem, which are now in possession of the Pope in St. Peter's at Rome. The whole is full of intellectual power and beauty. It has been well said by Mrs. Jameson of No. 6, "We have here an instance of the truly Shakesperian art by which Raphael softens and heightens the effects of tragic terror. St. John, at the very instant when the awful judgment has fallen on Ananias, turns to bestow alms and a blessing on a poor man before him." Note in No. 7 how the setting sun cast its

glory on the colours of the apostle's robes: here, too, is one of the noblest conceptions of the head of Christ. Note No. 3: "Who else could concentrate all interest in one action?" says Mr. Blackburn: "here terror graduates down to independent curiosity, while one person explains the event to another. Note, too, in all the drawings-the wonderful anatomical skill; in No. 6 the bent hand, the bodily weight upon it: in No. 3 the outspread hands; and the fine form and muscular energy in No. 4; note also the daring cross of the legs in No. 5; the faces in No. 4 are all fine studies. "The essence of frescoe," says R. St. John Tyrwhitt, "is the speed, breadth, and decision which made Michael Angelo prefer it so justly to oils. Ghirlandajo only called for walls, and wanted to paint all Florence, and Michael Angelo "struck into frescoe all at once and painted the Sistine under protest." Raphael, the friend of the poet Ariosto, had multitudes of distinguished Italian and other artists as his friends, the only jealousy of him being of Michael Angelo. One great advantage he possessed was that he had a contemporary engraver named Raimondi, who well engraved many of his pictures. We must leave him now in his room and dying, his unfinished picture of the Transfiguration hung above his head. He had a beautiful face, some say, with atouch of womanliness on it, and a delicate mouth. Raphael. aided by his scholars, drew and coloured some nine hundred pictures, in all. Of these, one hundred and twenty are Madonnas-for the art and skill of the world then were all subjected to the dominating power of the Popes. Some eight or more of these are in private collections in England. We must leave him now. Vasari concludes his biography of Raphael thus: "O happy and blessed spirit! every one speaks with interest of thee, celebrates thy deeds, admires thee in thy works. Well might painting die when this noble spirit ceased to live, for when his eyes were closed, it remained in darkness. And besides the benefit which he conferred on Art as her true friend, he neglected not to show, us how every man should conduct himself in all the relations of life. And thus, O art of painting! thou too couldst then account thyself most happy, since an artist was thine who, by his skill and moral excellence, exalted thee to the highest heaven." We can forgive the rapture, though certainly painting did not die. As there is an exhibition of beautiful women's faces just opened in the "Graphic Gallery" by our Modern Masters, contributed to by such men as Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., and Alma Tadema, A.R.R., I wish to say that the four renowned beautiful women of the Old Masters are Lionardo's "Mona Lisa," Raphael's "Fornarina," Titian's "Bella Donna," and Rubens' "Straw Hat."

W. M. STATHAM.

BELOW THE LIBERAL GANGWAY.

I .- MR. COWEN.

Mr. Cowen's position in English politics at the present moment is certainly unique. There is nothing like it among his contemporaries, and we do not know where we should find a parallel to it in our political history. We have seldom been without "independent Liberals"—the torment of the party to which they professedly belong. They are a "generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet are not washed from their filthiness." "Oh! how lofty are their eyes, and their evelids are lifted up!" and yet their assumptions of political virtue, for the most part, end in the propping up of iniquity and wrong. They are so anxious to be independent that the difficulty is to discover on what ground they can fairly be regarded as Liberal. But the member for Newcastle does not belong to this order. Whatever be his idiosyncrasies, he is always true to the cause of Liberalism; and, as the result, even his most vehement and telling attacks on his own allies . have as yet failed to rob him of the confidence of sound Liberals. It is here that we find the peculiarity of his position. His present attitude is very much like that of Mr. Roebuck; but the party whom he assails with an impassioned fierceness which the late member for Sheffield could hardly exceed, and with a glowing eloquence to which he could never pretend, regard him with a respectful admiration which is in striking contrast to the intense antagonism which, in his later days. Mr. Roebuck awakened. There are, of course, those who are ready to insinuate that the Newcastle Radical is about to pursue the same sort of course as that which began in an independent and advanced Liberalism at Bath, and

ended in the most malignant and bitter Toryism (for such assuredly it was, by whatever name described) at Sheffield. But there is no real resemblance between the men. Mr. Cowen is cast in a very different mould, and breathes an altogether different temper. We hold that his creed on foreign politics is irreconcilable with the triumph of the principles of home reform which he advocates with a power in which he has few rivals. But we believe that in maintaining views which we hold in utter abhorrence he is true to his own deepest convictions; that if his judgment be warped (as we certainly believe it is), it is by generous impulses only, and not in any way by selfish feelings; and that in his whole conduct he desires to prove himself faithful to the sacred cause of liberty. We shall have to take very strong exception to his conduct, and to point out the injurious influence which his Imperialist sympathies are exercising over his political character, and we are therefore glad, at the outset, to record our conviction of the nobility of the man, and of his uncompromising loyalty to principles for which we shall have to contend when the bitter controversies of the hour are over. That he is doing those very principles serious injury, we cannot doubt; but as little do we question the sincerity of his own convictions to the contrary.

The phenomenon he presents, however, is a very remarkable one. Of all the speeches made in the long campaign which stretched from the end of last session to the beginning of the present, there has not been one which has so seriously damaged the Liberal party as that delivered by Mr. Cowen on the last day of January. It was a carefully prepared manifesto against the whole of the foreign policy of the Liberals, in which no pity was shown to those with whom the speaker is associated, and no effort was spared to present the action of the Ministry in the most favourable light. We cannot so far compliment Mr. Cowen as to say that it was the speech of a statesman, for it was rather the special pleading of the skilful advocate. But it was certainly one of the finest examples of its own style of oratory which we have had for a long time. One-sided it was, to an extraordinary degree; but it was the one-sidedness of a man whose soul has become so possessed with one feeling that he is incapable of looking at the other

side of the subject he is treating. If he could have been subjected to cross-examination, his pieces of brilliant rhetoric taken to pieces and looked at separately, his stirring declamation thrown into the crucible of common sense and fairly tested, the result might possibly surprise even himself. This oratory of passionate conviction, however, is just what tells on the popular mind in a struggle like that which is going on over the whole country: and we are not astonished that the Tories hail with rapturous plaudits the new and unexpected ally who has brought them such invaluable help. If the celebrated wreath of Turnerelli has not been otherwise disposed of, it might be used to supply materials for the letters of gold in which one enthusiastic Tory is desirous of seeing it engraved. But even this would scarcely satisfy the passionate admiration of the Tories who, throughout the country, are so eager to hail this new Daniel come to judgment. One hundred thousand copies of this fierce diatribe against Liberals are to be distributed over the country, so that Mr. Cowen is thus to be made the great electioneering power on behalf of the Tory.

It is certainly an extraordinary distinction to fall to the lot of the friend of Kossuth, Mazzini, Garibaldi, and all the great democratic and revolutionary heroes of the Continent, to be used now as the favourite champion of Benjamin Disraeli! We ask in astonishment, What fellowship can there be between light and darkness? What communion between the ardent democrat, who has spent strength and money without stint for the defence of human rights, and the man to whom the very notion of right and freedom is only one of those taking pieces of claptrap by which the people are begulled? Joseph Cowen and Lord Beaconsfield! Their names are to us representative of two great tendencies, between which there must be eternal warfare. The one has ever been to us a name associated with pure and unselfish patriotism; the other is a symbol only of clever political charlatanism. The one has ever been ready to sacrifice himself for the good of the people; the other has sought to use the people only as tools to aggrandize himself. Yet Joseph Cowen has become an apologist for Lord Beaconsfield! We rub our eyes as we read the burning words of his prophecy, and wonder under what baleful planet our island has been brought for the time. It must be that the fogs which have hung so persistently over us have exerted some mystifying influence on the mind of the apostle of freedom.

Yet Liberals retain confidence in Mr. Cowen. Sir William Harcourt, in his speech at Liverpool, referred to his utterances, but with extraordinary indulgence and respect. A little pleasant chaff on his superior goodness and patriotism was all that he said in way of censure. The temptation was very strong, for the Tories, while lauding to the skies the member for Newcastle, who has never concealed his sympathies with the Home Ruler, were charging Lord Ramsay with designs against the integrity of the Empire. Yet the one only promised to vote for a motion of inquiry as to the exact meaning of the demand, while Mr. Cowen is willing to support the demand itself. But, though the opportunity was so inviting, Sir William Harcourt passed it by, and showed no sentiment but one of friendship to Mr. Cowen. There must have been in his mind, as in that of many others, a feeling of pity for a man apparently destined to do such noble service in the cause of progress, who has allowed himself to be turned aside from the straight path by a sentiment which, however pure and chivalrous in itself, is so unreasoning and visionary as to be nothing better than a mere illusion. Pity, we all know, is near akin to love; and it is all the more likely to incline towards this tenderer and more sympathetic feeling when the sentiment by which Mr. Cowen has been deflected from the straight course of Liberal orthodoxy is in itself so noble. For his is not the vulgar temper of the "Jingo," full of pride and arrogance, and desirous only that his nation should have a great name and high place in the world. It is the aspiration of a man who wants England to play a part as noble as that of Oliver Cromwell, when he threw the ægis of his mighty name over the oppressed peoples of Piedmont. He pictures Russia as the foe of humanity; he sees the signs of her ambition, her cruelty, and her hatred of freedom, wherever her baleful influence is spread; he believes that the extension of her power is a menace to the country he loves as the champion of freedom, and thus a peril to liberty and civilization; and he is ready to sacrifice every other consideration to the one object of thwarting her plans.

We believe him to be mistaken, not as to the spirit, but as to the power of Russia; mistaken in allowing this one idea which has taken possession of his mind to blind him to other perils at least as serious which this fierce and fanatical hatred of Russia serves to increase; mistaken in giving his adhesion to a policy the keynote of which was struck in the "glad tidings" which the Marquis of Salisbury accentuated so strongly and proclaimed so loudly at Manchester; mistaken in the belief that the cause of European liberty can ever be advanced by a party which has always been the firm supporter of dynastic interests. We understand how any believer in popular rights should hate Russia; it is the trust in Lord Beaconsfield, the leader of a party whose mission is to keep back the democracy, which is not intelligible. But all this does not affect our faith, nor the faith of numbers beside. in the soundness of Mr. Cowen's Liberalism. His later utterances have a ring of passionate defiance, the explanation of which may possibly lie in some local circumstances of which we are ignorant; but, much as we regret their tone, and the use that is being made of them, they do not affect our judgment of the man. We differ from him, but we place more entire trust in his Liberalism than in that of some who are very ardent in their denunciation of the foreign policy of the Government, but who, when some great question of progress comes under discussion, are sure to be found holding back.

Beyond this general faith in the loyal honesty of the man, there is in Newcastle an admiration for his ability and character which goes far to explain the influence which he exerts. We remember him, in the days of his youth, when he was known chiefly as a fervid (many would say harebrained) enthusiast, contemptuous of public opinion, and apparently rather fond of outraging conventionalism. He commanded even then considerable respect from those who were able to discriminate between the man and the extreme opinions of which he was a champion. We have grown wonderfully in this point since that time. The Spectator seems as though it still found it very difficult to tolerate any one who advocates Disestablishment, and went so far recently as to declare that "we should say that any Liberal candidate who

promised to inquire into the expediency of doing this had made a serious mistake, and had, in so far, lost weight as a statesman." But such bigotry as that of the Spectator on this point is comparatively rare, except in the case of Jingoes, who generally are unable to endure either Mr. Gladstone or any of his earnest admirers. As a rule, we are more candid in our estimates of theological or ecclesiastical opponents. Thirty years ago a youth who had Republican sympathies, and did not hesitate to express them, and who was suspected of heterodoxy in religion, was regarded with a good deal of pious abhorrence in the circles of Northumbrian respectability. That Mr. Cowen outlived all this prejudice. and so conquered it by the force of simple integrity and consistency, without abating a single iota of his convictions. speaks volumes as to his real worth and power. If the passionate devotion to liberty and right, manifested as it has been in so many generous and noble acts of self-sacrifice. has carried him too far at present, it is easy to condone the error. It is only one of the innumerable proofs Mr. Cowen has given of his sincerity in the cause which has inspired his recent eloquence. It is not for the first time that he now awakes to the enormities of Russian tyranny, nor is it by shouting wild cries of "Rule Britannia!" that he has attested his sympathy with the victims of Russian despotism.

What he is in relation to the sufferers from political injustice, he is also in relation to all whose sorrows and distresses establish for them a claim on his sympathy. His charity is boundless, and as modest as it is liberal. A man of considerable ability, whose own folly had brought him into grievous straits, met him on one occasion crossing the Type Bridge. The poor fellow had left home that morning with the intention of going to the office of the Newcastle Chronicle in the hope of getting employment. What previous acquaintance he had with Mr. Cowen we do not know, but we believe that the latter knew something of his history and circumstances; and when the unhappy sufferer stopped him and told him of the miserable state of destitution to which he was reduced, a ready ear was lent to the sad tale. "Well," said Mr. Cowen, when the story was ended, "I cannot go back to the office to-day, but come and see me

to-morrow, and in the meantime oblige me by taking something for present needs." He put something in his hand, and the poor fellow found, to his inexpressible astonishment and relief, that the generous Radical had left him several sovereigns for the purpose of extricating him from his difficulties. He called upon him the next day, and found that the promise of permanent help had not been forgotten. He was employed on the staff of the *Chronicle*, the true charity of whose proprietor thus rescued from despair a man who, in all probability, would have been utterly lost.

This is no isolated case. Mr. Cowen loves to do good by stealth, and would blush to find it fame. Any one who will go and talk with the Tyneside folk will hear of numbers of such deeds of munificent liberality, on which no small portion of his fortune is spent. That his fellow-townsmen are proud of him is natural enough. After being represented for many a day by a series of political nonentities, they suddenly found that they had unexpectedly hit upon a great "find," and that their member was one of the most brilliant orators of the day. Without going into the extravagant raptures about his speaking by which the Pall Mall Gazette showed that, when necessary, it had at command a superabundance of that gush at which it is so ready to sneer in others, and by which it made itself ridiculous, and would, if possible, have made Mr. Cown ridiculous also, we must say that some of his speeches are pieces of extraordinary eloquence. To have elicited the praise of the Pall Mall Gazette, which of all journals is most bitterly hostile to every cause Mr. Cowen loves most, can hardly have been pleasant to him. His eloquence, however, deserves high praise, altogether, irrespective of the side on which it is employed. The electric effect produced by the oration on the Imperial Titles Bill, in which his power was first revealed to the House, will not easily be forgotten; and the impression then produced has been fully sustained by some of his subsequent efforts. All this has reacted upon the electors of Newcastle, who are proud to feel that their fellow-citizen, whom they had learned to admire, had, despite the great disadvantages against which he had to contend as the representative of unpopular opinions, speaking a strong Doric, which must have made him almost unintelligible to many of his audience, conquered the admiration of the most fastidious and critical assembly in the world. When on his native heath his glowing rhetoric gathers additional force from being clothed in the provincial dialect, to them so familiar and so redolent of all the associations of home. If other Liberals, especially those who are soundest and truest themselves, can pass over his divergencies from the common Liberal creed, in Newcastle he finds sympathizers who adopt his opinions. Even Nonconformists have not escaped the influence, and among them Mr. Cowen has some of his most ardent supporters, men altogether unlike the exceptional Dissenters to be found in the metropolis, who admire the foreign policy of the Government. These latter are generally very mild in their Liberalism, but this is not the case with those of whom we speak in Newcastle. They are advanced on all other questions, but they have revolted against the peace doctrines of the Manchester school, and believe that it is quite possible to unite a care for the honour of the country abroad with a zeal for wise reform at home. They would extend the county suffrage, reform all administrative abuses, and before and above all, disestablish the Church. But while doing all this, they would raise a strong rampart against the aggression of Russia. It would be unfair to call them Jingoes, for they have no love for a policy of bounce and aggression. But they have a very strong conception of an Imperial as opposed to an insular policy. Whether they would on this account prefer a Beaconsfield Administration to a Liberal Government is a point open to doubt.

This suggests one of the pleas which may properly be urged on behalf of Mr. Cowen. To those who attach immense importance to the deliverance of the country from the reckless policy which Lord Beaconsfield has been pursuing, the work that a new Liberal Ministry has to undertake may appear sufficiently serious without the initiation of large projects of reform. But as Mr. Cowen has no faith in this view of the foreign policy, he necessarily judges of party claims mainly by the domestic reforms which the Liberals are prepared to introduce in case of their accession to power. Whether Lord Hartington or Sir Stafford Northcote leads the House of Commons is to him a matter of supreme indifference, unless

the Liberal leader is prepared to make some decided advance towards the realization of the objects he has at heart. And here it must be admitted that there is very little to arouse his enthusiasm. The great object of many of the Liberal leaders lately has been to discourage hopes of real progress. We must be rid of these Tories, and to that end everything must be sacrificed, is the cry on every side. For us it has power, but for those who feel like Mr. Cowen it has little or none. . This is an aspect of the case which does not seem to have been sufficiently considered, but which must be taken into account if we are to judge Mr. Cowen fairly. He has always been an independent Liberal, ready to follow his leaders whenever they were willing to lead, but at the same time apt to reprove them for not leading with sufficient energy and decision. There is, therefore, no strong attraction towards the chiefs of the party to counterbalance his opposition to their foreign politics. He disapproves the adjournment of reforms which he holds to be necessary, and is certainly not consoled for the vexation and disappointment of this delay by the argument that it is necessary in order to defeat a foreign policy, which to him is objectionable, only because it does not go far enough in the direction of which Liberals disapprove.

An incident in our own experience has helped us, we fancy, to comprehend something of Mr. Cowen's sentiment. During the contest at which Mr. Headlam was first returned, and the borough delivered from the dominance of a particular family who had succeeded in holding one of the borough seats for the Tory party, we happened to get into conversation with the principal hairdresser of the town, a man of considerable intelligence, who had acquired a certain social status in the town "Why, Mr. —, I am surprised to hear that you, a Methodist and a man of intelligence, are going to vote Tory. Will you excuse my asking the reason? I understand why aristocrats, and those who hang on the skirts of the aristocracy. are Tories; but that an honest tradesman should belong to a party that despises trade is what I cannot comprehend." "Then, sir," he replied, "I will tell you. I go on business to Howick and to Ravensworth Castle. At Howick I am always -the hairdresser; no one takes notice of me. I do my business and I come away. But at Ravensworth I have a kind welcome. 'How d'ye do, Mr. ——? Take a little lunch, sir.' So I always vote Tory, sir.' Perhaps Northumberland is not the only region where the same contrast has been drawn. Certain it is, its Whigs were too often cold and freezing, and as the result Radicals grew independent, and the distinction between the two sections used to be very marked. Mr. Cowen grew up amid traditions and influences of the kind which may have affected him to a greater extent than he is conscious of. At all events, he has never been a servile member of the party, and we should be sorry to see him occupying that position.

But for that very reason we deplore his recent developments. We honour his independence so much that we are sorry to see him destroying its strength by ebullitions of anger against those with whom he is supposed to be in general agreement. There has been a very perceptible change in the spirit of his speeches. In January, 1877, he said, "It might appear hard and unheroic, but it was his belief that the right course was to have nothing to do with Turkey. The best course for us was to leave Turkey alone." At that time, then, Mr. Cowen was in agreement with the Liberal party. Strange to tell, in the same speech, he said, that, "The Russian Government has many faults to answer for, but I have never been able to condemn it so bitterly as others have done." He certainly compensated for any restraint under which he had previously held himself by the fierceness of his attacks in the speech of January 31st of this year. During the interval Russia had come to be "a crushing and devouring political mechanism, which has annihilated fully fifty distinct nationalities." We are curious to know how many of these have been annihilated since the time when Mr. Cowen found himself impossible to adopt the severe terms in which others condemned the Government of the Czar. No doubt during the interval the Russian army has crossed the Balkans, and dictated peace at the very gates of Constantinople. Still other nations, when they have engaged in war, have rivalled, or attempted to rival, such achievements; and as Mr. Cowen has never been of the Manchester school, he will surely not be excessively severe on Russia simply for waging war. What puzzles us is this: If Russia be a "crushing and devouring political mechanism" now, it surely must have been so three years ago, and the condemnation it deserves now it merited then. But in the meantime Mr. Cowen had changed his tone, and no Jingo is so fierce as he. The change in relation to Turkey is equally significant. Alas! every sentence of the Newcastle oration was in the teeth of wise words he spoke in 1877. "The best course for us to pursue is to leave Turkey alone, and Russia also." Three months prior to this (Sept. 30, 1876) he had said, "The fear of Russian aggression is an exploded illusion." In 1880 this very fear has become the pivot on which all his political views turn.

He will answer that the Turkish war and its results have taught him his error on this point. Granting this, however, it is, to say the least, remarkable that a fear which so recently seemed to him visionary should now dominate him so absolutely. Russia has displayed no new qualities in the interval. If she has humbled Turkey and annexed some of her territory, all statesmen knew in 1876 that this is what she was waiting, longing, intriguing to do. The ardour of new converts is proverbial, and Mr. Cowen having been aroused to a danger on which he recently poured so much contempt, perhaps runs into a natural exaggeration. He may be assured, however, that those who most sincerely respect him, who look for the future progress of the country, not to the timid and hesitating occupants of the front Opposition bench, but to the bolder spirits below the gangway, and who hoped that among them he would have a foremost place, have read his speech with a surprise that approaches to dismay. They believe in his humanity, but they find it hard to reconcile it with his indifference to the wrongs of unhappy Afghans butchered to make us a scientific frontier. They have faith in his political sagacity, and are amazed to find him indulging the thought that the policy of "Vivian Grey" can ever be for the elevation of any people. They know his love of right, and whatever might be his differences of view in relation to the merits of the Berlin Treaty, and the policy which led up to it, fancied him incapable of approving the secret diplomacy which secured the Anglo-Turkish Convention, and the tortuous and unworthy procedure which involved the unhappy Ameer in war. They

have no doubt of his desire for progress at home, and they wonder that he fails to see that it is effectually hindered by these foreign distractions, which in this country, as in others, are the favourite instruments of rulers who desire to hold back all popular movements. They can fully understand that there may be Liberals who hold that the Manchester school have pushed some of their non-intervention views too far: but, remembering what its members have done for the cause of liberty, remembering especially the eminent services of the veteran statesman who is its chief representative, they fail to understand how a Liberal politician can treat it with a sneer while he undertakes to be an apologist for the ministry of Lord Beaconsfield, and of the servile Parliament which is content to do his bidding. Above all, they marvel that a politician of his sagacity does not perceive that the spirit of militarism which his speech encourages has always been hostile to progress. That the orator, who delivered the speech of January 31, should be quoted by the Cardens, and men of similar spirit, pleasantly commended by all the friends of reaction everywhere, be a favourite in the West End clubs, where every democratic sentiment is treated with a sneer, be regarded as the main defence of the Beaconsfield Government, is not surprising. The only marvel is, that Joseph Cowen should be the orator, and that he should fancy that he has spoken in the interests of liberty. We mourn the absence of such a combatant from our side, but it would be a narrow Liberalism indeed which should rule him out of its ranks. even because of this diversity of opinion.

OUR COLLEGES AS THEY ARE.

In the May number of The Congregationalist we offered a brief sketch of the origin of our colleges. We now invite attention to some of the aspects of their present condition. Our ancestors laboured hard and suffered long before they secured the victories of which we inherit the blessings in the freedom we enjoy. Their adversity has had "sweet uses" to us, and the educational stimulus they originated has been invaluable.

But we cannot withhold the confession that subsequent history has not fulfilled the promise of those earlier times. The fruit has not been as fair or as full as might have been augured from the seed. The growth of our college system has been disappointing. There may have been a decay of the conviction that our strength must ever lie in keeping up an educated ministry. Hence a comparative indifference to the efficiency of our colleges may have prevailed. But we believe that to whatever extent the indifference has existed, and however it may be accounted for, it exists no more. The sentiment is deep, and all but universal, that, no matter what other branches of the Church of Christ may do, Congregationalists must hold their principles in alliance with a high standard of culture. We do not desire that any branch of the Church of Christ should step down to a level of academic training lower than it now occupies; but when we see how widely this has occurred, is occurring, and is encouraged and provided for in the largest religious community in the country *-perhaps because nothing else is possible—we Congregationalists are furnished with a reason of overwhelming strength for avoiding a like deterioration. And we can avoid it only by a frequent and a careful survey of our position. It is not enough for our Churches to interest themselves with the particular institution that happens to be in their own neighbourhood. The whole denomination is concerned in the welfare of every college. The case is one in which the maxim is peculiarly applicable—"whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." Perhaps, therefore, a presentation of some of the results we have arrived at, chiefly from an examination of the reports of the colleges, will not be unwelcome. It may enable our readers to take a bird's-eye view of our denomina tional academic landscape. We must at present exclude the two institutes, as well as the Welsh colleges, from our survey, and must confine our attention to the eight English colleges -New, Western, Rotherham, Cheshunt, Airedale, Hackney,

^{*} See Dr. Littledale's article on "The Studies of the Clergy," in the Contemporary Review, April, 1879. It is evident that hundreds of men now enter the ministry in the State Church with an education vastly inferior to that which is received by students in our Congregational colleges, or even in our institutes.

Lancashire, and Spring Hill. Our figures shall be as correct as we can get them, and we believe they will present sufficient accuracy to display the true state of the case. It is, however, impossible to obtain information that is derived from perfectly corresponding and co-ordinate sources. In each case we have a year's report before us, but the year of the Lancashire ends in the winter, the year of the other seven in the summer. The Year Book corresponds with the calendar year, and so does the Congregational College Calendar. But in the date and details of their information they do not correspond with each other or with the college reports. If the College Calendar is to become the volume of authentic information on the subject, we submit that it should be furnished with a special report from Lancashire, bringing the information from that college down to the date of the other seven, viz., the beginning of the summer vacation. Another element of inaccuracy is found in the reports themselves. There is not one that is self-consistent, and it is evidently impossible to make them so. The report read at the public meeting by the secretary does not quite square with the auditor's balance sheet, or with other conclusions resulting from close examination of the figures presented to the constituents. The diversities are small and, no doubt, are unavoidable and easily to be explained: but it is necessary to make this reference to them, as it might otherwise be supposed we had to deal with figures as rigid as the multiplication table, and with facts as clear as a problem in geometry. And again, it must be remembered that changes are continually taking place within the institutions in the course of the academic year. Sometimes students join and sometimes they leave a college during the progress of a term. Some, after their college course is over, forsake the ministry, discovering for themselves what the college authorities should have found out before-that they had mistaken their calling. Sometimes, after a year or two of disappointment in the Congregational ministry, they seek in another sect a more congenial sphere. Some break down in health, and for some life's labour altogether ends. The resources of the colleges also suffer considerable fluctuations. The subscriptions vary from year to year. Neither income nor expenditure are in any case constant. The amount of interest upon fixed capital that should be reckoned as the annual cost of each institution is quite indeterminate. But notwithstanding these drawbacks we believe that certain results may be arrived at sufficiently correct to be worth presenting, and to be of service to those who desire to succour colleges as they are, and to make them more effective for the great work they are intended to do.

The Christian ministry amongst Congregationalists requires a supply of about seventy to eighty men a year, at the very lowest estimate, to keep it up to its present efficiency. And about that number actually enter its ranks; but a great many of them do so without having had the advantage of college training. They have climbed up some other, though it may be perfectly justifiable, way. But many have proved themselves sadly unprepared when they have taken up the work. Of course, men whose native clay has not been moulded by any college manipulation may form highly honourable vessels, and we should deprecate the making a college course the necessary preliminary to the ministry. But those who without such advantages are now doing good service would have been more valuable all their lives if they could have received four or five years of collegiate discipline. And there are others labouring painfully whom the college potters would have shown to be unfit to make into vessels of the ministry at all, very much to their own happiness, and very much to the relief of the Christian Church. Whatever may be the reasons that a large number of men enter the ministry without any college training, those reasons certainly are not to be found in any scarcity of the number of institutions, in any deficiency in professors, in any lack of funds, or in any undue elevation of literary requirement.

We have in England about 2,000 ministers. There are English ministers in Wales and Welsh ministers also in the Principality who have been trained in English colleges. There are also English-trained ministers in Ireland and in Scotland. On the other hand, colleges outside England have sent men to English Churches, and the exportations and the importations, if we may so speak, may be regarded as balancing one another. The estimate will not be far from the mark that the regiment of ministers in England numbers 2,000 men.

The last Year Book shows a list of 57 members deceased: but many of them had previously retired from active service. We find from the same authority that there were 70 new settlements. Many of these were, however, out of England. It has been estimated that 100 men per annum are required to keep up our forces. If this conclusion were correct, the failure of our colleges to meet the case would be lamentable in the extreme. But taking our own estimate that, as we have named above, a supply of 70 to 80 men every year is sufficient to keep us where we are, what do we find? Surely the eight colleges might furnish that number? In the whole of the 70 new settlements mentioned in the Year Book, page 261, we find that only 26 were of men who came from the colleges. Thus: Hackney furnished 2, Cheshunt 3, Lancashire 4, Rotherham 3, New 3, Spring Hill 5, Airedale 4, Western 2 =26. This relates to the calendar year 1878. Lancashire, in its own report for the same period, gives 6, instead of 4, as the number of its alumni that entered upon pastoral work. On consulting the last reports of the seven remaining colleges. all of which end their year with the summer of 1879, we find the settlements stated thus: from Hackney 5, Cheshunt 9, Rotherham 5, New 8, Spring Hill 2, Airedale 0, Western 2= 31. The figures vary so widely from year to year—as we have ascertained from the examination of the reports for several years—that a single year's statistics may prove very deceptive as to the results of any particular institution; but we can affirm that as to the total the figures just given show a very fair average of what the eight colleges do for the Churches year by year. They educate considerably less than half the number of men our ministry requires. They furnish to our Churches about 30 men per annum; they expend per annum about £30,000, drawn from various sources. Each man may be considered to embody (at least) a thousand pounds' worth of collegiate education. We simply state the fact as illustrative of the enterprize of our Churches.

The eight colleges have under instruction about 264 students—say an average of 33 students to each college. This is far less than was anticipated half a century ago. When Highbury College was built, as long since as 1826, accommodation was provided for 40 students. At the present time New

College, though it combines Highbury, Coward, and Homerton, has fewer than 60 students on its roll, and fewer still in actual attendance. But this number is nearly double the average of the whole eight colleges, and at once indicates that some of the sister institutions fall correspondingly below the average. The three larger colleges, New, Lancashire, and Cheshunt, account for nearly 150 students, leaving considerably less than half the whole number of students to the other five. The three institutions we have named might easily swallow up their five little sisters, and they might do so without any need for increasing their own professorial digestive apparatus.

All our colleges are governed by committees, in which we have the greatest possible confidence. Sometimes these committees are called councils, sometimes boards. They are elected by the constituents, but the names are usually proposed by the retiring committee. It is observable how varied is the view of the constituencies as to the number of directors required to form an adequate staff. Rotherham, one of the lesser colleges, requires, it seems, a force of no less than 62 brave Yorkshiremen to move her ponderous wheels: while New, a college twice as large, achieves a similar result with only 35 councillors. Hackney and Spring Hill affect the mystic number of three times nine. We need not go through the list. It is enough to say that, while it would baffle a Kepler to establish the existence of any ratio, direct or inverse, between the number of students and the number of gentlemen required to manage them, it is manifest that in every instance. except those of New and Lancashire, the committee-men are more numerous than the alumni. Adding all the committees together, it seems that there are some three hundred and forty good and true men amongst us in direct contact with our college work. Of course, many of these are ornamental, though very estimable, lay figures; nevertheless they are chosen by the Churches for their spirit of prominent philanthropy, and the Churches have a right to look to them to maintain the efficiency of our collegiate system. Committee-work is, we believe, at present done by very few, and the work is laborious and exacting to those who undertake it; but if the large number of able men of business, who voluntarily stand committed to the management of our colleges, would look into

their working as a whole, without confining the attention to this or that particular institution, we are satisfied a day of much greater economy and power than we at present experience would very soon dawn. The management of our colleges is left too much to our ministers. No doubt ministers. from their knowledge of college life, their experience in their sacred work, their acquaintance with academic and literary questions, their familiarity with the tone and temper of the Churches, and, above all, their own consecration to and exercise of the very office for which students are preparing, possess special qualifications for the duty of college management. But if ministers know what ministers ought to be, laymen know what lavmen need. It is not merely because our institutions should be conducted on sound business principles that we desire a wider co-operation on the part of those who are daily applying such principles, but because Christian men who are not "Reverends" bring to the government of our colleges an element which is absolutely essential to the spiritual end in view. The representatives of hearers and worshippers, of the homes and families of our congregations, are sure to regard college affairs from sides that may easily escape the observance of ministers, and their opinion is invaluable on every step in the career of the student, from the time of his admission to the hour of his departure. It would be trite to say that some of our commercial friends who render our colleges the least service are those from whom we hear the most ungenerous complaints; but we may venture, without implying any reproach. to challenge the large company of merchants, who nominally are the rulers of our colleges, to enter more closely into the details of their administration.

When we view with reverent interrogation our professorial staff, we find that statistics are as vague and ratios as indeterminate as in most of the other departments of the subject. It is, for example, impossible to tell how many professors are engaged in instructing our future pastors. In addition to 18 who devote themselves exclusively to professorial work, there are at least 12 who, while occupying the chairs of professors, sustain also the office of pastors. We must further count some of the professors of Owens and of University Colleges, and we must include also occasional lecturers. Roughly speaking,

we employ an engine of more than 35 full tutor-power to turn out at the very highest figure less than 35 students per annum. One minister a year for every professor employed is really more than the Churches receive. It cannot be denied that there is great waste of teaching force. Our present staff of professors could teach three times as many students as are now under their charge. Or to put it the other way: if professorial power were economized, a third of our present staff might do all the work, and do it with greater efficiency and with far more satisfaction to themselves than is now the case. We need to avail ourselves more largely of the principle of division of labour. If we consider the number of the subjects to which a student should apply himself, it appears desirable for him to come successively or contemporaneously under the instruction of at least seven professors. As many as seven will not be needful whenever the happy time shall arrive which the College Reform Conference desires, at which our colleges shall exist solely for theological purposes; but while each institution combines a literary with a theological course, any number of professors below seven necessitates inconvenience and weakness. You cannot assign Systematic Theology. Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis, New Testament Exegesis, Ecclesiastical History, Homiletics, Logic, Moral Philosophy, Classics, Mathematics, Natural Science, and Modern Language to fewer than seven teachers, without great injury to both teacher and scholar. Our professors are put at a great disadvantage in the necessity for dealing with totally unrelated subjects. Ecclesiastical History, New Testament Criticism, and Mathematics do not constitute a very harmonious trinity. A man's mind is unfairly dealt with when, from the discussion of the Cur Deus Homo? he has to fly off at a tangent; or when he has to plunge from the orbit of a parabola into the mysterious behaviour of a Greek particle. It is equally disadvantageous to students, for they should see learning at its best, and should have before them in each branch of study the highest attainable model. The excess of teaching power and its unwise arrangement arise from the isolation of our colleges. This independence is accounted for by their origin; but a condition of things that was excusable, and indeed unavoidable, a century ago is not defensible to-day. There is an imperative

demand for more mutual help. We have no desire for absolute uniformity in methods of study, and we certainly do not wish to see only some three or four minds ruling the inquiries and forming the views of our future ministers. But before any such danger as this comes in sight, we may go a very long way in the direction of united action, concentration of force, and economy of resources.

It is the extreme virtue of the colleges that makes them so difficult to deal with. They are, in fact, immaculate as to their objects, their disinterestedness, and their recognition of Christian principle. But this is not saying that their isolation is desirable, their methods perfect, or their maintenance economical. They are controlled by unpaid directors at great personal sacrifice, and no one is pecuniarily benefited by their extravagance. The old academies were for the profit of the proprietors; they were boarding-schools, and the students paid to go to them. We pay the students to come to our colleges. The college authorities have no pecuniary interest in the institutions whatever. They may very well, therefore, take their stand indomitably upon their own disinterestedness, and exclaim, for their beloved institution, "Nemo me impune lacessit." But we do not fear the prevalence of this spirit to any great extent. On the contrary, we believe that the tutors and those most closely concerned in the management of the colleges are the very persons most sensible of the necessity for reform. But the difficulties are great, and they arise in part from the local attachment of subscribers. Probably only a very small portion of subscriptions would follow any college that should submit to be absorbed by another. Western dwells apart, a lonely, distant occidental orb: but-to come to terrestrial figures of speech-New. Cheshunt, and Hackney form a geographically convenient southern group that might become a strong confederacy; and there are no insuperable legal difficulties to prevent amalgamation. A similar remark may be made of the three Northern, Rotherham, Lancashire, and Airedale; and when the Victoria University has entered upon its career in Manchester there will be increased reason for the present injurious isolation of these three colleges being carefully considered. Spring Hill is the tropical college, which perhaps accounts for the amazing luxuriance of its expenditure. A Spring Hill man ought to be a highly-cultured creature, for his trainers have received salaries twice as high as those which are paid for similar services at Rotherham. Such anomalies abound, and will assist in convincing our Churches that in supporting a number of little semi-domestic institutions we are frittering away our strength. Our system has taken steps of improvement in the past; it is time it took another. The colleges began as domestic institutions. The students lived with the tutor. Now the tutor lives with the students—at least in the majority of cases. In a minority of instances the tutors and students alike reside out of the college. That this will be universally the case we have no doubt. The domestic idea is obsolete. The family relation is a very nice idea, but it becomes increasingly inapplicable. The age of college matrons and of principals burdened with domestic cares is waning to its close. and we trust the intention of Hackney to maintain and perpetuate this middle age of the collegiate system is not fixed beyond alteration.

We have not space to set before our readers a comparison of the balance sheets of the eight colleges. The results are very extraordinary, but we refrain from giving them with the less regret because the money question is not at the root of the subject. Reform will involve financial considerations, but general principles of action must first be determined. In the meantime we believe that the College Reform Conference, the Northern and Southern Boards of Education, the Senatus Academicus, the Victoria University, the presence of an unusually large number of young men in our professorial ranks, and the increasing interest of our Churches in the matter, will not long leave things as they are. Dissatisfaction with the net results is deep and real, and it is not our habit to sit still in such a frame of mind. We have enjoyed the guidance and the blessing of God hitherto, and we doubt not "the fire shall ever be burning upon the altar: it shall never go out."

THOMAS GREEN.

THE EARLY YEARS OF THE BEACONSFIELD ADMINISTRATION.*

WHETHER the defenders of the Government regard all criticism of its foreign policy as unpatriotic, whether they will be more tolerant of a review of the domestic policy, remains to be seen: but assuredly it is high time that the entire course of Ministerial conduct should be reviewed, and that pains should be taken to make the electors familiar with the facts. The excitement of the last three years has obscured the history of the fiascos. the blunders, the vacillations which marked the earlier days of the Ministry. The Premier's shameless repudiation of the Conservative declarations by which a majority had been secured: the miserable attempts to satisfy the interests by whose support the Ministry had obtained office and power: the reactionary schemes which would have been carried but for the persistent resistance of the Liberal Opposition: the intolerance of the Endowed Schools and the Education Acts; the revival of a tyranny which, it was hoped, had been destroyed for ever by the Slave Circular—have been thrust out of people's thoughts by the dazzling fireworks of which we have had a constant succession during the last three years. It may be profitable to turn aside from the latter, and recall the memory of the domestic policy of the Ministry. We are sure to hear enough of Afghan and Zulu affairs; it is essential that we do not forget those of our own country. The two departments are intimately connected. The "gunpowder and glory" business is clearly intended to divert attention from the "do-nothing" or reactionary policy of the Government at home. Had the monotonous course of the first three Sessions of the Parliament continued much longer, the prestige of the Ministry would soon have been lost. If the people had really that desire for rest which has been attributed to them, it would soon have been satisfied: and if the Ministry had not been prepared for action, they would have lost the confidence of the country.

Mr. P. W. Clayden, whose political knowledge and journalistic experience well qualify him to discharge the duty, has undertaken to revive the memories of a period which with many has

^{*} England under Lord Beaconsfield. By P. W. CLAYDEN. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

passed into oblivion, by telling the story of what he calls a "very striking episode in the political history of England." Episode we hope it will prove to be, for it would be evil for this great nation if the Governments of the future, by whatever name they may be called, should be of the type of Lord Beaconsfield's Administration. The extent to which his lordship's peculiar policy has demoralized both Houses is too painfully apparent, and is one of the most distressing phenomena of the time. How far the evil has spread among the constituencies, the general election alone can teach us, and then only can we form any reliable opinion as to whether this unhappy chapter in our history is drawing to an end. Perhaps it might have been more appropriate that the history should not be told until the end has come. It would certainly be more in harmony with artistic law than that the drama should break off abruptly in the middle of the fourth or fifth act as it may happen to prove. But we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Clayden for disregarding literary considerations, or subordinating them to the political necessities of the time. It is now that the instruction is most needed, and it is given here in such a manner as to make this book invaluable to all who take part in the forthcoming electoral struggle. The facts are set forth with clearness, fulness, and accuracy; the style is not pretentious, but its lucidity and directness make it admirably suited to the subject; the Liberalism of the writer is unconcealed, and is sufficiently decided, but Mr. Clayden so far preserves the judicial spirit that he never writes as a blind and undiscriminating partizan. Mr. Clayden's work has been well done-impartially, thoughtfully, with a desire to meet the wants of "thoughtful people in all the constituencies who are not content to take their impressions of late events from party speakers on either side, and who would wish, before pronouncing their verdict on the men and measures of the past six years, to refresh their own recollections by reference to authentic documents." The idea is excellent, and it has been well carried out. The book ought to have a place in every public library. Readings from it with illustrative and explanatory comments might very wisely be introduced at gatherings of working men. Careful digests of its facts presented in terse and striking language, should be circulated widely. Political education is the need of the hour, and here is a great instrument by which it may be easily, and yet successfully, given. Most heartily do we recommend the book, not because we agree in every one of its opinions, and adopt all its estimates of our politicians, but because we believe it to be remarkably accurate and fair, and one of the most useful publications that could have been produced at the present juncture.

To a few only of the points raised in this narrative can we direct attention at present. The first relates to the dissolution of 1874. Mr. Clayden talks of its "fatal folly," and even goes so far as to call it "the most needless, most untimely, and most unfortunate dissolution in English history," and is not likely, therefore, to present the case for its author in a very favourable light. Yet even he supplies quite sufficient reasons for causing us to hesitate before we pronounce a decisive verdict against Mr. Gladstone. On the whole, indeed, we agree with him in the idea that it was a serious blunder to dissolve before Mr. Gladstone had produced the Budget, to which his election address pointed, and which his magnificent surplus of six millions would have enabled him to make the most remarkable financial scheme of the century. But we are not to suppose that he anticipated the defeat which deprived him of the opportunity to do his country this great service; and looking back Mr. Clayden does not even now, after the event, see that there were any signs which should have led him to expect it. A diminution of his majority there might have been, an establishment of Tory supremacy seemed out of the question. How far it was consistent with national precedents for a Premier to dissolve without even consulting his Cabinet, we are as unqualified to pronounce as to decide what blame, if any, attaches to the advisers with whom he conferred as to electoral probabilities. But Mr. Gladstone's defence is, even on Mr. Clayden's showing, much stronger than is recognized by those who, retaining a very vivid recollection of the disaster and all its consequences, forget the circumstances which led up to it, and by which it is explained. There was a majority-one nominally larger than Liberal Governments had been wont to have at their command-still left, and to many it seems madness to have cast it away. Still we believe that, whatever fault there may have been in the method or

time of dissolving a Parliament in which he still had a supremacy, Mr. Gladstone was following true constitutional principles in the dissolution. It was said that the country had lost confidence in him, and the single elections seemed to confirm that view. He resolved to put the matter to the decisive "In the fifty-three weeks which ended with the Stroud election in January 1874, ten Liberal seats had been lost; and though Bath and Taunton had been kept after exciting contests, in the former of which Mr. Disraeli wrote his celebrated letter accusing the ministry of blundering and plundering, not one had been gained." How can it be thought surprising that a Prime Minister grew uneasy under such circumstances? or how can he be regarded as blameworthy for asking the country whether these defections expressed the national judgment, and whether he had lost the confidence accorded to him five years ago?

The Parliament had done the work for which it was elected, and before he entered upon new work it was constitutional to consult the constituencies; and as financial reform was the next great measure contemplated, it was put prominently forward, with the view of taking public opinion upon it. To say that it was a "bribe" is worse than absurd. The surplus was waiting to be used, and Mr. Gladstone indicated the way in which he thought it ought to be used, leaving the people to accept or reject his suggestion. It was a bribe in the sense in which a promise of good government would be a bribe, in which a pledge of wise economy would be a bribe, in which a pledge of wise economy would be a bribe, but in no other.

Mr. Clayden reminds us of another point in Mr. Gladstone's favour which was adduced in his own address, but which seems well-nigh to have passed out of sight. "The diminution of strength was not shown in the divisions in the House of Commons, but Mr. Gladstone perceived it in 'the rapid and summary dismissal' in the House of Lords of measures which had cost much time and labour to the House of Commons." This was an element that could not be left out of account. The Lords had it in their power to bring legislation to a dead-lock; and though they are very indignant with obstructives from the Green Isle, they have generally been ready to

exercise their own power of obstruction whenever they could do it with safety. Their hatred to Mr. Gladstone reached the point of malignity; and as the elections encouraged the belief that they could indulge it without any apprehension, there is no doubt they would have been impracticable, and the ensuing Session would thus have been barren of result, and the Ministry would have been humiliated. There is one more point our author has omitted, and we do not wish to dwell upon it more than is necessary. But it must not be forgotten that the altercations on the Treasury Bench in the closing weeks of the Session of 1873 rendered it very difficult for the Ministry to meet Parliament again. Perhaps Mr. Gladstone cut the Gordian knot somewhat too hastily, but the knot had become sufficiently tangled, and any other mode of unravelling it was not very obvious.

To those who judge of the conduct of the late Government by the glib representations given by Tory speakers of to-day, some of whom tell us that its economies had been effected by a neglect of the defences of the country, while others have been so given up to their own devices, and have gone so far in their impudent scorn of truth as to assert that there was no surplus at all, it will be a surprise to read not Mr. Clayden's statements so much as the declaration of Her Majesty's Ministers as quoted by him. In those early days, before the "bastard Imperialism" had been devised, the great anxiety of the new Government seemed to be to show how slight the differences between them and their predecessors. In the Session of 1874 there was even a profusion of compliments, which contrasts very strikingly with the language to which we have since been accustomed. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Secretary for War, and the Indian Minister all bore emphatic testimony to the excellence of the previous Administration; and when poor Mr. Ward Hunt endeavoured to get up a scare about the "phantom" fleet, he had speedily to eat humble pie, and, as Mr. Clayden says, "the ten days' scare became a nine days' wonder." Remembering how the Premier has spoken since. it is difficult to believe that he could at the opening of Parliament have adopted a tone which might with advantage be imitated by some of Mr. Gladstone's envious critics at present. "If I had been a follower of a Parliamentary chief as eminent

as the right honourable gentleman, even if I thought he had erred, I should have been disposed to exhibit sympathy rather than to offer criticism. I should remember the great victories he had fought and won. I should remember his illustrious career; its continuous success and splendour; not its accidental or even disastrous mistakes." There is more justice, as well as chivalry, in these earlier utterances of Mr. Disraeli than in the spiteful ebullitions of Lord Beaconsfield, irritated by finding that another had shown the same spirit of watchful jealousy towards his policy that he had exhibited for years in the treatment of his Liberal rivals.

Sir Stafford Northcote used, if possible, even stronger language in speaking of that surplus which some treat so lightly now, but which the Chancellor of the Exchequer would be so glad to anticipate instead of the alarming deficit which, threatening to devour him, opens wide. "I myself," he said in the first of those Budget speeches which have exhibited such steady and painful deterioration and descent, "never ventured in any degree to challenge the calculations upon which I felt sure my right honourable friend the late Prime Minister must have made that statement. I knew he was not a man who was likely to be deceived in these matters, or to risk his high reputation by making a reckless statement on so grave a subject." The time had not come for calumniating or depreciating Mr. Gladstone, or treating him as a wild dreamer of dreams, whom any tyro might be set to answer. The memory of his grand achievements was too fresh. Sir Stafford had not come under the spell of his chief; the "lying spirit," of which Mr. Cross told us, had not gone forth, and so the Chancellor of the Exchequer had to lav before the committee what he very properly called "wonders." Mr. Gladstone had intimated that there would be a surplus of five millions, and the statement had been received with incredulity. "The surplus," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which I have taken at £5,492,000, will as nearly as possible, or perhaps may fully, reach the extraordinary amount of £6,000,000." The vindication of Mr. Gladstone was complete up to this point, but it was even more signal when the next Budget speech showed how unable his successors had been to keep or to spend wisely that which had accumulated as the result of a wise and patriotic policy.

It is simply false to say that this policy meant the starving of the services. Of this point sufficient testimony was borne by one who, of all the members of the Ministry, was perhaps the least likely to take a favourable view, or speak in words too pleasant and flattering. Lord Cranbrook, then Mr. Gathorne Hardy, was at the head of the War Department, and if there were faults to be detected, he was the man to ferret them out and mercilessly expose them. He is a Tory of Tories—one of those self-complacent politicians who seem to regard any attack on institutions under whose shadow they have found so happy a resting-place as high treason against a divine ordinance which has marked them and their class for honour, and all who dissent from them to dishonour. Yet he was compelled to bear testimony for Liberal management.

The most striking part of his speech was that in which he described the state in which the late Government had left the army. During the election the Conservative candidates, and the papers which supported them, had spoken with the greatest indignation of the wretched economy of the late Government, which had discouraged the volunteers, depleted the stores, weakened the fortifications, neglected to arm the troops, and left the army in a state in which it was utterly incapable of defending us. Mr. Hardy, however, told a story which absolutely reversed every one of these charges.

Still the self-same accusations are brought up in speeches and articles to-day in the full confidence that the people will forget that the most complete answer has already been given to them in the statements of the Tory Ministers on their accession to office. There was, indeed, very little indication in the first Session of any intention to reverse the policy which Mr. Disraeli when out of office had so severely condemned. It was clear that he had either been mistaken, or that the "blundering and plundering" had been so thoroughly done that any retrogression was impossible. The clergy and the publicans, of whose appearance in the lobbies on the night when the Lords were to discuss the cause of the one, and the Commons to consider the concessions which Mr. Cross was prepared to offer to the other, Mr. Clayden has given a graphic picture, were both disappointed. Mr. Bruce's Act had more to do with the great Conservative victory than any other single cause-more even than the infatuated policy adopted by Mr. Forster, not only in the

provisions of the Education Act, but in a mode of advocacy which irritated Nonconformists, alarmed timid Churchmen, and lost numbers on both sides to the Liberal party. But Mr. Cross did not venture to give his very good friends of "the trade" the reward for which they hoped and which they had some right to expect. "The publicans, like Balak, had called him in to curse, and he, like Balaam, could only stand up to bless." "Lord Aberdare had the satisfaction of witnessing a general uprising of the public conscience in favour of his much-abused Act, which remains the basis of the licensing system."

The clergy were not more fortunate. The most decided attempt at reaction was made on their behalf. The Endowed Schools Bill was intended to benefit the Church; but, after affording opportunity for an early exhibition of that narrow and fierce bigotry which Lord Sandon hides under so conciliatory a demeanour, for a display of that partiality which has on more than one subsequent occasion detracted from Mr. Raikes's conduct of the committees, and, what was more remarkable, for an egregious example of Mr. Disraeli's contemptuous indifference to the ordinary business of the House, the obnoxious clauses of the measure had to be withdrawn, the disorganized and despondent Liberal minority being able to score a victory over the serried host of the triumphant Ministerialists.

Nothing is more manifest in the whole story of this period and more contrary to the public opinion than the utter inefficiency, not to say peril, of Mr. Disraeli's management of the House of Commons. He is generally credited with being one of the ablest and most successful of leaders; but his course from 1874 to his elevation to the Peerage in 1876 is marked by one almost unbroken succession of blunders. On the Public Worship Regulation Act he talked in his usual style about the three parties of "ceremony, enthusiasm, and free speculation" and not only committed himself to an approval of the measure, but spoke in terms of his absent colleague which, but for the determination of the Tories to bear all things rather than lose the power so hardly won, must have broken up his Cabinet. Since then the "great master of gibes, and flouts, and jeers" appears to have become the trusted

friend and confidant of the chief who thus assailed him in his absence, but it is hard to believe that the bitter words of the speech have died out of his memory. Be that as it may, the Act about which Mr. Disraeli blustered almost as loudly as he has done about resistance to Russia, has fulfilled the prediction we made in relation to it at the time and, as Mr. Clayden truly says, "must be pronounced to be the most pretentious and preposterous legislative failure of modern times."

The Premier's action in reference to the Endowed Schools Act was even more reprehensible. It was the conduct of a man who fancies that he can impose any statement he pleases on the public, provided it be made with sufficient audacity, and expects to compensate by clever repartee for the neglect of proper care as to the details of business. His statement in relation to the clauses of the measure, which involved a reversal of the entire course of recent legislation, was not only a humiliation. but a disgrace. "I honestly confess-although it may be an argument to prove my own incapacity for the position I occupy—that as to those clauses, although I have given them many anxious and perplexed moments of consideration, they have much perplexed me. I have not been able to obtain that mastery over them which I should wish to have." The Bill was a Government measure, and it was drawn on lines of bigotry and exclusiveness distinctly marked out, it was intended to inflict a gross injustice on Dissenters, it had been hotly and almost fiercely discussed, and the Prime Minister did not quite understand the clauses. It is hard to say whether he dishonoured himself most by this profession of ignorance, or by the meanness with which he sought to throw the blame on the unfortunate officials who had drafted the measure. As to to this last piece of shabby shuffling, "Sir Henry Thring naturally resented it, and the Lord Chancellor apologized for it in the House of Lords. Mr. Disraeli was afterwards obliged to explain that the Bill was that of the whole Cabinet, had been adopted and prepared by the Ministry as a whole. and had been given to Lord Sandon to introduce from the Prime Minister's wish to give the rising statesman of the day a chance." It is to be hoped that Lord Sandon relished the suppressed suggestion as to the way in which the "rising statesman" had disappointed the expectations of his gracious chief.

Of the Scotch Patronage Bill all that is necessary to be said is well put by Mr. Clayden: "It will be written in Mr. Disraeli's memoirs that in the first Session of his last Administration he and his Ministry and Parliament of Repose passed an Act to save the Scottish Church Establishment which made the disestablishment of that Church the immediate question of the hour." It may be said, of course, that he was too much engaged in preparing to checkmate the aggressive designs of Russia, and to initiate that "spirited foreign policy" which was to be the glory of his Ministry. But at that time the Czar, representative of that power whose wickedness Mr. Joseph Cowen depicts so graphically, was fêted and lauded in this country by the Ministry whom the member for Newcastle honours for their anti-Russian policy. As to the spirit in which the new Government were prepared to maintain the honour of England, it is forgotten that the first speech of this very Premier at the Guildhall was followed by a disclaimer of all reference to Berlin, in a statement which could have no other reference. It was described by our candid friend, M. John Lemoinne, as "the very humble excuse from the first Minister of England to the first Minister of Prussia." So did not Mr. Gladstone. His worst foes will not dare to say that any procedure of his could be thus characterized. "The classic land of liberty has in its turn been invaded," says our French critic, "'The Prime Minister of England can no longer speak without incurring and submitting to censure from Berlin.' The sting of the taunt lay in its truth." The first year of the Administration was marked everywhere by incapacity and weakness, and the second was even worse. It saw the Judicature Act postponed at the bidding of a caucus of peers and lawyers, the revenue exhibiting the first signs of that weakness which has since become chronic, and the head of the most pewerful Ministry of the day baffled and discomfited by an ardent enthusiast standing alone and yet moving Parliament and the nation by the force of his own passionate zeal. The Session "disproved Mr. Disraeli's claim to efficient leadership." As a Home Minister he was an utter failure. and had he not been able to divert the nation from home affairs his career must have closed before now. Alas! he

understood too well the weakness of the English people, and has appealed to it with singular skill. The last three years of his Ministry have a very different story; but on this we must not enter here. In due time we intend again to trust ourselves to Mr. Clayden's guidance, in order that we may do something to impress on our readers the lesson of this period of reaction.

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

The prayer-meeting may fairly claim to be regarded as second only to the pulpit in the spiritual life and growth of a Christian Church. Some would give it the first place; for, while many Churches have managed to keep alive without a pastor, none have ever been able to live long without a public service of prayer. If prayer is the vital breath of the Christian, it is equally the vital breath of a Church. In these columns there appears each year a series of addresses by eminent men at New Haven on the right conduct of the pulpit. It may be well, therefore, to discuss occasionally the right conduct of the prayer-meeting.

In many congregations the pulpit service on the Sabbath is far in advance of the devotional services during the week. The one depends upon the mental and spiritual sagacity of a single man; the other depends upon the spiritual condition of many people. It commonly requires the presence of several sensible people to make a good prayer-meeting; but it is in the power of one or two weak-headed and troublesome people to mar it most wretchedly. Certain persons of this sort will come into a meeting as moths fly into a candle. They stick there like the moths; but, instead of being scorched to death. they nearly extinguish the meeting. Now, it is the imperative duty of the pastor, or of the conductor of the meeting, to deal with such brethren most frankly. If self-conceit makes the brother so troublesome, then that self-conceit should be most kindly rebuked. If he offend ignorantly, then his ignorance should be kindly corrected. The man who has not enough sense or conscience to take a wise hint gratefully will never be of any value to a devotional meeting. Some good people mar a meeting without intending it. For example, one fluent brother gets to monopolizing the time by the inordinate frequency or the inordinate length of his utterances. I once had an excellent Church-member who spoke regularly at every prayer service (and it requires a very full man to do that profitably). I frankly told him that he was crowding others out of their rights; and also suggested that he might better address the Almighty in petition sometimes, instead of always addressing his neighbours in exhortation. He accepted the hint kindly and reformed. Some good speakers would be listened to more eagerly if they relieved their talks with more frequent "flashes of silence."

A praver-meeting is sometimes marred by aimlessness, both in the addresses to the Lord and to each other. Brother Atalks about faith, and Brother B- about the pestilence at Memphis, and Brother C--- about-no one can exactly tell what; and the prayers go off about as fairly at random as the squibs which boys fire off on the Fourth of July. One method of correcting this aimless diffuseness, and of compacting the service, is to select and announce beforehand some profitable topic for discussion. This may be even selected by the leader, and announced on the previous Sabbath. Then everybody has some definite object to aim at in his remarks. Then the whole service hangs together like a fleece of wool, and there is spiritual instruction afforded, as well as a kindling of devotional feeling by a study of God's truth. If a company of Christians will discuss carefully such a practical topic as "Obeying Conscience," or such a passage as the Twenty-third Psalm, or the parable of the wheat and the tares, they cannot but be instructed and strengthened. Food for devotion will be furnished, and both the praying and the speaking will be directed "at a mark." Of course, this arrangement need not hoop a meeting as with iron, or forbid any one from presenting some especial request or some matter of immediate interest that lies near his heart. The moment that any system of management kills the freedom of the family gathering at the mercy seat, then the system should be abated. A cast-iron rigidity may be as fatal to the meeting as aimless verbiage. If the Spirit of God is present with great power, there is no danger from either quarter. Wherefore the most effectual cure for an invalid prayer-meeting is to open the lips and the hearts in fervent supplication for the incoming of the Holv Spirit.

There may be cases in which a meeting is seriously disturbed by the unwelcome utterances of persons whose character is more than doubtful, and who desire to gain a cheap reputation for piety by taking part in prayer or exhortations. Such transgressors should be frankly informed that they had better remain silent until they are ready to open their lips in honest confession. Mr. Moody pithily says that "a man who pays fifty cents on the dollar, when he could pay one hundred cents on the dollar, had better keep still." To confess fragrant wrong-doing in a social meeting is no easy thing; but I once heard a man do it in a way that not only thrilled the assembly, but brought a rich blessing on his own soul and reinstated him in the position which he had lost. Sincere confession to God or to our fellow-men fills a prayer-room with an odour as sweet as that of the alabaster-box in the house of Simon the leper. But there is a species of wordy and windy parading of one's own "awful guiltiness," which only nauseates the auditors and cannot impose upon God. It is a terrible thing to tell lies in the name of the Lord. Whatever else be the faults of our prayer services, let them be delivered from pious fraud and solemn falsehood.

Brevity should be rigorously enforced in the prayer-meeting, except in those rare cases where an individual is speaking so evidently under the inspiration of the Divine Wisdom that it would be a sin to apply the gag-law. Five minutes is commonly long enough for an address, and three minutes for a prayer. The model for our petitions which our Lord has taught us does not consume half a minute; and even that wonderful intercessory prayer which He offered for His followers on the night of His betrayal occupied just twenty-six sentences. We ministers too often transgress in monopolizing time at our people's devotional meetings. It is their meeting. We have ample opportunity for Bible exposition on the Sabbath. If the social meeting has broken down under the weight of long, heavy preachments, it is time it were mended. An energetic leader can do this by a prompt tap of a bell, or a kind word of monition. When the service takes too continuously the form of exhortations, he may prudently suggest that "some brother (or sister) in Christ should offer prayer." The face of a prayer-meeting should always be kept towards The Throne.

(From the New York Independent.)

THE NEW MACKONOCHIE SUIT.

In the new suit which Lord Penzance has allowed Mr. Martin to commence against Mr. Mackonochie, it is not the Vicar of St. Alban's but the Church of England and the law of England which will be placed on their trial. Mackonochie's disobedience to law, nay, of the practical contempt which he has put both upon it and the court to which the Legislature has entrusted the duty of administration, there can be no question. The point to be determined whenever the case comes up for hearing is not whether the action of the vicar is illegal, but simply whether any method has been provided either by the Church or the State for the suppression of proved illegality; or whether, so far as the government of the clergy is established, laws are a mere name, and judges the figure-heads of a court which has no authority at all. If Lord Penzance has any just sense of his own dignity, he is bound either to see that the decrees of the court are enforced or to resign an office which has been covered with such ridicule and scorn. Disappointed suitors continually complain of judges and scoff at their decisions, but they are, nevertheless, compelled to abide by them. Dr. Kenealy has not been sparing in his attacks upon three of the ablest judges of the land, but his "criticism" and denunciations notwithstanding, the "illustrious nobleman" still languishes in Dartmoor prison. But Lord Penzance is not only lampooned by ritualist journalists, he is denied even such consolation as might be derived from the submission of recusant ritualistic priests. His ruling on Mr. Martin's application involved a confession sufficiently humiliating to himself; but the scandal really rests upon the English law, or the provisions for sustaining its authority in matters of Church regulation.

The case stands thus:—Mr. Mackonochie has already been twice admonished in the existing suit to desist from his illegal practices, and these admonitions, having been wilfully and persistently disregarded, a decree of suspension has been issued against him. This decree he has, I presume, treated with the same contempt with which he has received the previous monitions, and now, instead of coming to the court and asking

that its authority shall be asserted and the decree of suspension be enforced, the promoter abandons the suit altogether, and seeks to commence a fresh one, the principal charge in which is that the existing decree of suspension has not been obeyed. Where is such a system of litigation to end? Any decree that the court may make in this fresh suit will probably meet with as much obedience, and no more, than that which has been paid to the existing decree, and this will lay the foundation of another suit, and so on ad infinitum. The prospects of this new suit are not encouraging. If the promoter only seeks for a decree of suspension in it, he will be at the termination of it precisely where he is now. I presume, therefore, and indeed the learned counsel, Mr. Jeune, has said to, that he seeks a decree of deprivation. Whether this court, which in some other cases has undoubtedly the power to pronounce such a decree, has the power to do so in a case of this kind, is a question upon which I do not desire to express or intimate any opinion. But I think it is probably a question upon which opposite opinions may be held. Any such decree, therefore, if made, may lay the foundation for fresh appeals and open the way to fresh applications to the temporal courts; but if made and subsequently upheld, what reasonable expectation is there that this will secure Mr. Mackonochie's submission? No one connected with these suits wishes, I imagine, to punish Mr. Mackonochie. Mr. Martin, I presume, desires nothing of the sort; but what he does desire is that a stop should be put to Mr. Mackonochie's illegal practices, and that the scandal involved in the constant celebration of a service which to all outward appearance differs little, if at all, from the Roman Catholic mass in an English Protestant Church should be restrained by the law. In thus seeking for obedience to the law, he is lonly requiring from Mr. Mackonochie what we are all-high and low, rich and poor, gentle and simpleaccustomed in this country to render.

We doubt whether such a statement from a judge has any parallel in the history of our courts. It means nothing less than a declaration that Mr. Mackonochie is in a state of open revolt, that hitherto no means have been found of suppressing the revolt, and that it is extremely questionable whether any effectual methods can be devised. The court first ordered him to discontinue certain illegal practices in the celebration of public worship, and he persisted in them. The court ordered that he should be suspended from his office altogether, and he still continues his ministrations. Lighted candles, vestments, incense, wafer-bread are prohibited in St. Alban's, but they are still there and so is the vicar, a prohibited person, as they are forbidden rites. Of course, it would be possible to employ force for his removal, and to visit his contempt of the law by imprisonment. But nobody desires this; and if this course be followed out to the bitter end, it is questionable whether it

would do anything towards advancing the real objects of the suit. What is desired is, not to afflict Mr. Mackonochie, but to stamp out of the Established Church the scarcely-disguised Romanism of which he is one of the most prominent exponents. But the Vicar of St. Alban's sees his advantage. He knows that any personal proceedings against him would certainly excite odium, and by elevating him to the status of a martyr, might possibly advance the cause which unquestionably lies very near his heart, and so he persists in his course. It may be that he will find his calculations wrong. The English people are very forbearing, but if their patience become exhausted, they can be determined also. Happily there is a growing distaste to everything that has even the semblance of religious persecution, and all wise men look with extreme jealousy on any measures adopted to suppress a man who appears to be suffering for "conscience" sake." But the people have also a reverence for law, and so soon as they perceive that a party is trading upon some of their noblest sympathies, and using them as a lever in order undermine the defences which guard the National Church to against the intrusion of Romanism and priestcraft, they are quite capable of acting in such a manner as either to compel obedience or to sweep away an institution which has become the home of lawless anarchy.

But what right has Mr. Mackonochie to set up that plea of loyalty to conscience to which Englishmen generally are ready to pay such proper deference? No law compels him to belong to the Anglican Church, still less to minister at her altars. A Congregationalist objects to all interference of the State with the religious convictions of its subjects or with the government of the Church of Christ, and he is, therefore, compelled to remain outside the Establishment. He suffers precisely the same injustice as that which would be inflicted on Mr. Mackonochie if he were forced to resign his clerical position. It is urged by the defenders of the Ritualists that their position is exceptionally difficult, owing to the fact that the Anglican Church is, in their view, the only branch of the Catholic Church in this country, and they cannot secede from it without being guilty of schism. They are thus torn between two conflicting sentiments. If they submit to the law of the

land they crucify their conscience by admitting an authority which has no place in the Catholic Church, and if, unable to obey, they dissent from the Establishment, they become schismatics. The difficulty may be a grave one, but it is one which can be determined by no one but themselves. If their objections to the control of law arise only out of its bearing upon themselves, and do not affect the catholicity of the Church, even though its rulers accept the authority which they as individuals repudiate, they can hardly be as serious as they are accustomed to regard and represent them. Mr. Mackonochie defies the law himself, but the bishops acknowledge it, and the great mass of the clergy yield it their obedience. He as an individual may be free from all guilt, but the Church as a body does that which he condemns. How is it that his conscience will not allow him to submit to the law, and, in fact, treats such submission as a serious infraction of the supremacy of Christ, and yet suffers him to continue in a Church whose bishops and clergy are guilty of that which is so abominable in his eyes? There is a subtle refinement about all this which we confess ourselves unable to comprehend. In the statute by which the present Church is established, there is a distinct interference of the State with spiritual things. Whether the Three Creeds and the Thirty-nine Articles be "Catholic" or not, that is certainly not the reason why the Church which includes them among its formularies is the Church of the nation. That character, with all that it involves, has been given to it by Parliament, and Mr. Mackonochie, in his capacity as a clergyman, is partaker of the gift. It may be brought even closer. The State appoints the bishop who is his spiritual superior. We do not say that Mr. Mackonochie obeys him, for disobedience is common among men of his school, and, indeed, of other schools besides his that does not call for special remark. But if he yields little practical submission, he, at all events, acknowledges the authority of a spiritual ruler appointed by the Crown. It is only when the decree of a court crosses his own pet ideal that his conscience becomes so sensitive and his friends talk as though he were a martyr for conscience' sake. It is an unfounded pretension, whose hollowness is detected as soon as it comes to be examined.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Sermons by Rev. William Braden. Edited by Agnes Braden. With a Preface by Rev. H. R. REYNOLDS, D.D. (James Clarke and Co.) We have on our table several volumes of sermons waiting till we can find space for the full notice which some of them, at all events, demand. But this posthumous volume has for ourselves, as it will have for numbers of our readers, a special and distinct interest. It is no subject for criticism; for, alas! the time when criticism might have hinted at possible improvements is over, and these touching and powerful sermons, which might have been the earnest of greater things to be done in the future, are now only the memorial of a life whose early close snatched from the Church a preacher so full of the highest promise. We cannot read them without emotion, so vividly recalling, as they do, in the whole tone of thought and expression, not only the ardent and enthusiastic young servant of Christ, who seemed to be just entering on a career, bright in its prospects of usefulness and honour, when the Master's call summoned him to his reward; but the loyal and chivalrous friend, whose warmth of heart endeared him to all his intimate associates. A more true, loving, and courageous spirit than that of William Braden we have not often met. He loved his friends with all the tenderness of a woman; he would have fought for them with the courage of a lion. For an attached friend to sit down in cold blood and undertake either to analyze the merits of these sermons, or to suggest where there may be defects, would be a treason to the heart. Happily, there is no need for a solitary word of apology or explanation. The sermons abundantly justify the reputation which Mr. Braden had won, and the high expectations which had been formed in relation to his future. They are fresh in thought, very tender in feeling, chaste and finished in style, and altogether reveal powers which must have placed him high among the best class of preachers. We are not surprised to hear that his "career was remarkable for its spiritual rather than its outward successes," if these sermons be at all fairly typical of the character of his ministry. They are addressed to the thoughtful; are rich in spiritual insight and instinct with earnestness and force; are the utterances of strong conviction and fervid zeal. Mr. Braden had devoted himself to the work of the pulpit with conscientious diligence; and these sermons show that his labour had not been profitless. His preparation was extremely careful, and so, though these discourses had not the benefit of his revision, they exhibit considerable finish. "No careful reader," says Dr. Reynolds, in the appreciative notice with which he introduces the volume," "will be deceived by the remarkable lucidity of the style in which these thoughts are penned into an under-estimate of their great value." The caution is not wholly unnecessary, for there are many who do not realize the full beauty of simplicity, and still more who fail altogether to understand at how great a cost it is obtained. We admire these sermons, not more for the vigour of the thought than for the clearness of the expression. But most of all do we value the evangelical and spiritual tone by which they are characterized. Dr. Reynolds speaks of "the electric thrill of strong conviction by which they are pervaded," and tells us that "old Christians wept tears of joy

when he spoke to them, and young men said they could believe the gospel since he preached it with strong conviction." This witness is true, and can be easily understood even by those who only read these sermons without the impression of the preacher's personnel and delivery, so well described by his mourning widow in the affectionate and graceful words of introduction she has prefixed. "A word or sentence will recall the eager yet dignified step of the preacher who lived his message; the kindling, flashing eye that pointed and sent home deeper meanings than words could convey; the distinct, true voice upon which every hearer could depend, as that of a man who would speak only what he felt to be truth, the voice that could either take persuasive and pathetic tones, or ring out in utter scorn of all that was mean and untrue." His old hearers will be glad to have these impressions recalled, and to linger in quiet thought over the words that quickened their spiritual life as heard from the pulpit; and those who did not know him as a preacher will not find it difficult, after reading these discourses, to understand his power. He spoke from the heart, and he touched the heart while he instructed the intellect. His first formal sermon, preached at the age of seventeen in John Bunyan's old pulpit, was recognized of God, as Mrs. Braden tells us, "in the conversion of three hearers;" and throughout his ministry there was a constant preaching of Christ, not as an article of a creed, but as a living Saviour and Teacher, which was singularly successful. We are glad that so many of these sermons are on the Lord's ministry. In this, as in various other points, the book is just what such a book should be-a revelation of the man. We feel when reading it as though our friends were yet with us, and are conscious anew of the great loss which the Church sustained in his removal. We can heartily recommend the book on the ground of its own intrinsic merit; but we trust that its wide circulation may prove the living remembrance in which he is still held.

The Queen of the Meadow. Three Vols. By Charles Gibbon. (Chatto and Windus.) Mr. Gibbon has here ventured into a field which Mr. Trollope has of late cultivated with considerable diligence and success. He has undertaken to steer a young lady of somewhat unsettled purpose and slightly coquettish turn through the intricacies of a time at which she is wooed by two rival suitors, and he has certainly executed his task with marked ability and success. Comparing him with Mr. Trollope, we must say that, happily for his readers, he occupies less space with the private meditations and uncertainties of the heroine, and is generally content to allow events to develop her resolves; that the plot is more interesting, and the delineation of character quite as subtle and true; and that there is less of a small and mean worldliness about the different actors: In truth, there is about some of them an unworldliness which, alas! is only too rare, and for which, in one case at all events, we were wholly unprepared. When we are first introduced to Miss Holt, the heroine, we were afraid that we should have to wander through three volumes in the company of a strong-minded female, scornful of all conventionalism, bent on asserting her rights and those of her sex, and somewhat disdainful of poor masculine creatures who might sue for her favour. She is the owner of "The Meadow" farm, which she manages by herself, and has, we are told, been little disposed to listen to the suitors who have been desirous of sharing her lot. But any unpleasant impression thus produced speedily wears off, as we find her a thoroughly feminine woman-perhaps a little too feminine in the sort of treatment she accords to her two lovers. The struggle between these two, the constant misunderstandings which arise between the heroine and both, and the incidents by which they are cleared away and the right thing done at last, are all told with considerable artistic power. The plot is very well conceived, and so ably worked out that it would need a well-practised, critical eye to discern what the probable end would be. It is pleasant, too, to be in company with a circle in which there is so much of unselfishness. Mrs. Walton and her daughters, indeed, are full of a thoroughly worldly spirit; but they lie rather outside the real life of the story, and serve rather as foils to the principal characters. The surprising thing is that the son of such a mother should show so much nobility and generosity; and in truth, prior to its manifestation there was nothing in his conduct to prepare us for it. One of the most disagreeable characters in the book (and yet we fear she is only too true to nature) is the cousin who lived on Miss Holt's kindness, and yet plotted so meanly against her. Yet even here there was the excuse that she had the expectation that her plotting would turn out for the best. Of course it brought about unforeseen trouble, as intrigue and tortuous dealing are pretty sure to do. She was not to be blamed for the results; but she had to face the responsibility of the evil which accrued from her own treachery-for such, in truth, it was. Mr. Gibbon has given us a novel considerably above the average. Some of the pictures of rural life are simple, fresh, and charming. The old farmer, Job Hazell, is wonderfully true to nature, and interests us even in his faults and defects. His son has a genuine nobility of spirit which the story developes with great effect. Whether the incidents connected with the trust and the will which called forth his remarkable manifestation of unselfish generosity and high honour are very probable is a point we do not care to raise. It is something to find a novel in which there is so much to interest, and in which there is no ground for serious exception.

With the Armies of the Balkans, and at Gallipoli, in 1877, 1878. By Lieutenant-Colonel Fyfe Cookson. Third Edition. (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. We are not surprised that the popularity of this book is attested in the best way, by its reaching a third edition, for it well deserves the success it has achieved. Colonel Cookson had rare opportunities for observation, and he has, what perhaps is hardly less rare, a capacity for turning them to account. He did not allow prejudice to cloud his vision; he saw things as they were, and reported them, not as some at home might have wished him to report, but as he believed them to be; he spared no effort to learn the facts, and he has not been afraid to represent them fairly. He joined the Turkish army as a representative of our Government, and so had exceptional facilities, and is able to give us a faithful account of a part of the campaign which has been but little understood. The collapse of Suleiman Pasha was one of the most remarkable, and in some respects most unintelligible, points in the whole struggle. Colonel Cookson helps us to a full understanding of its causes by pointing out, as a military

critic, the blunders of the general who was at one time represented as one of the chief defenders of the Empire. There is no evidence of any desire to depreciate the man or to explain the motives of his action; all that Colonel Cookson does is, in this most straightforward and matterof-fact style, to point out the faults of the commander. Some of them were attributable to the miserable policy adopted by the Porte in relation to its commanders; some were the result of the insufficient information the Turks had of the movements of the enemy, and had a belief that he was in much greater strength than was actually the case; but after every allowance of this kind has been made, the extreme slowness of the general himself, and, if a civilian has a right to an opinion on such a point, we should say his absolute incompetence for high command, must bear the chief responsibility for the failure. Our author is clearly of opinion that, on assuming the command, Suleiman should have acted in concert with Reouf, his predecessor, and instead of making a separate attack on Eski Zara should have advanced on the right flank and rear of the Russians, so as to crush them between the two armies. Of course military men differ on questions of strategy, as much as politicians on points of ministration, but in holding that this course ought to have been adopted Colonel Cookson is justified by the event. Eski Zara was taken, and yet the result was disastrous to the Turks, in consequence of the defeat of Reouf. But the error, if such it be, is easily explained. "Suleiman Pasha had superseded Reouf on reaching the Balkans, and it was more than probable that, according to the usual system, Reouf would be reinstated in the chief command should he win his share of the battle while Suleiman lost his. The latter appeared to have determined that this should not occur." The interest which was felt at the time in Suleiman, whose apparent gallantry and temporary success at the Shipka gained him a reputation which was clearly beyond his deserts, has passed away, and if it were only a personal question there would be little advantage in following the details given by an impartial English observer of his frequent blunderings and delays. There is, indeed, a dreary monotony in the record of his wasted opportunities, but the story is instructive in the light it throws upon the strength of Russia. This mighty power, which makes so many of our politicians who, neverthless, talk about a "spirited foreign policy," shiver at the bare possibility of its meeting us in India, was hardly able, for a long time, to scope with Turkey, and if the Turkish troops had been handled with anything like ordinary skill, must have been driven back with dishonour. If Colonel Cookson be correct, Suleiman might have saved the Empire, but for the hampering influence of the system and, perhaps, his own personal deficiencies. His waste of time on the march to Shipka "was inexcusable. Though everything depended on rapid movement, he had taken three weeks to do the work of one, to say nothing of the manifest tactical blunders which had rendered a week necessary instead of a single day." Still, though fighting against an enemy who knew not how to use his own opportunities, the victory of the Russians was not easily won, and that largely because they could not bring up a sufficient number of troops. The Turks throughout laboured under the delusion, which the Russians did their best to keep up, that they were much stronger than was actually the case. Had the Ottoman generals ever learned the real weakness of the foe to whom they were opposed, the issue might have been very different. If it was so difficult for Russia to keep up adequate strength on the banks of the Lom, what reason can there be for believing that she could meet our troops in sufficient force to produce any impression on the banks of the Indus?

There are points of more interest even than this in this book. It is a faithful picture drawn without any special artistic skill, and without a single trace of exaggeration of the actual incidents of war, and it is not possible to conceive of anything more ghastly. Cruelty, violence, the extinction of humane sentiment, the degradation of human beings into beasts of prey, the sacrifice of the innocent, the violation of the pure, the massacre of the helpless and unoffending, are the things which meet us everywhere. To attempt to apportion the blame would be as profitless as it would be unsatisfactory. Turks, Bulgarians, Circassians, all plundered and murdered in turns, and Russians, at least the Cossacks, were too often content to look on, if they did not actually take part in, the diabolic work. Colonel Cookson does not seem to be a partial witness, although he makes a statement, which it would not be easy to verify, in relation to the Bulgarian massacres of 1876. "It is well known, however," he says, "that these excesses were in retaliation for massacres of Turks which the Bulgarians, stirred up by foreign agents, committed at the beginning of the partial rising at that period." So the Turks maintain, but with very insufficient evidence. We accept this as the Turkish defence, and that is all. Some of his other statements as to Bulgarian cruelty our author derived from the Turks, and they are open to suspicion. But we have no desire to act as special advocates for Bulgarians. Such experiences as those they had passed through were enough to infuriate any people. On Colonel Cookson's own showing, the Russians had sufficient provocation even in the war. Writing of the bloody struggle at the Shipka Pass, he says, "The Turks made no prisoners in these battles at Shipka. The Turkish officers avoided the subject, but sometimes said that the troops would give no quarter, as they had been exasperated during their march through the Tunja Valley, at finding everywhere that the Mahommedans had been massacred. The Bulgarians, who were fighting side by side with the Russians, were regarded as rebels, and from the first received no quarter: this no doubt tended to embitter the struggle." It could not be otherwise. The wind was sown, and the whirlwind was reaped. Every deed of brutality produced reprisals, to be followed in due course by fresh atrocities. And so the dreary tale runs until every humane heart sickens at the recital. Even those who feel most indignant at the ignorant tyranny of the Porte, and most anxious to see the rich provinces which are cursed by Turkish misrule allowed to develop their vast resources under the fostering influence of liberty, may well doubt whether it would not have been better to trust to the causes which were at work for the destruction of that cruel despotism without attempting to accelerate the process by war with all its waste, its evil passion, its cruelty and bloodshed. Let it be said, however, that the presence of the Circassians in these provinces rendered endurance difficult. We need only the testimony of our author to see what a curse and provocation these licensed bandits and murderers must have been. More than once he barely escaped their murderous

strokes, and they were, all through, the curse and disgrace of the army. Once when they had been deprived of some booty they were so incensed, "and so much confidence had they in their right to loot the infidels, that they sent word to Suleiman Pasha to say that they would complain about him to the Sultan. From first to last, in Turkey, I scarcely ever knew a Circassian punished. No doubt their harem influence at Constantinople is much considered, the most beautiful of their children being married by the most influential of the Pashas there. A belief also exists that the Circassian himself will probably revenge the indignity of being beaten by killing the man who ordered it, and that if one of them should be killed his companions would avenge his death." So they persevere in their iniquities, the curse and peril of the Empire. The book is full of interesting and thrilling adventure. Perhaps the greatest marvel about it is that the author should be alive to write it; for, what with dangers of pestilence, dangers in his observations in the field, and dangers from the mistakes of Turkish irregulars, he was exposed to almost as much peril as an actual combatant.

Contemporary Portraits. By E. DE PRESSENSÉ, D.D. Translated by ANNIE HARWOOD HOLMDEN. (Hodder and Stoughton.) This volume of sketches will make Pressensé more popular even than his more elaborate contributions to theological literature. Pressensé occupies a position in France to which we have no complete parallel. We are beginning to understand that a minister of the gospel does not cease to be a citizen; but even now we are scarcely prepared to see one take his place in Parliament, not in virtue of his office, as bishops do in the House of Lords, but in the right of his election by the free voices of his fellow-Until we are ready for this we are not delivered from the bondage of the old priestly idea to the extent to which that freedom has been attained by French Protestants like our author. He is an eloquent preacher and an earnest Christian worker; but he is also a keen politician. and has been a Deputy. The book before us represents him in both these characters. It really divides itself into three parts. The first deals with Thiers. The second is devoted to Ultramontanism, and is intended to establish two points-"first, that the course pursued by the Ultramontanes is one fraught with danger to our social interests; and secondly, that it is both unjustifiable and unwise to attempt to combat Ultramontanism with its own weapons." The third treats of great questions relating to Evangelical Protestantism in sketches of Monod, Vinet, Verny, and Robertson. These are all subjects on which he is thoroughly at home, and, what is of as much importance to his readers, which he is sure to present in aspect unfamiliar at all events to the English mind. The essays have all the cardinal recommendation of freshness. They are marked not only by fulness of information, but by that philosophic insight, that breadth of sympathy, that trust in the simple power of truth, that love of liberty, and that pure evangelical sentiment which are so characteristic of the writer. There is a nameless charm about one whose piety is so sincere and yet so free from the conventional notions which do so much to cramp a good deal of the religious life among ourselves, whose theology is so true at the core and yet so free and progressive, and whose

politics are so bold and practical and yet so thoroughly baptized into the spirit of Christianity. The publishers have done a good service by introducing these essays to the knowledge of the English public; and the translator, to whom we are indebted for the admirable translation of M. Bersier's sermons in her own pages, has done her part of the work well.

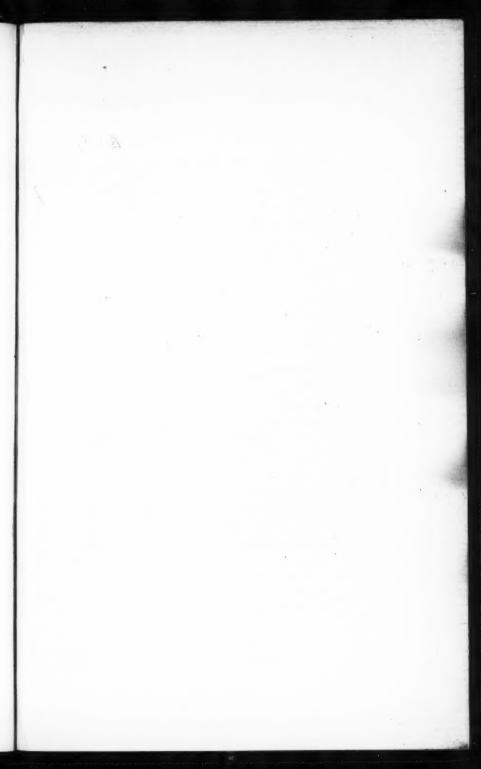
M. Thiers is a character whom Englishmen would like to understand, and it will certainly tell in his favour among thoughtful and candid men that he had the confidence, and something much more than the confidence, of a disinterested observer like Pressensé. His closing words of eulogy are such as might satisfy the ambition of any patriot. "His name is inscribed in letters of gold on the annals of his country—that country which he so passionately loved, so courageously warned of its danger, so faithfully served, and so gloriously saved." That is the estimate, too, which numbers of intelligent and Liberal Englishmen, forgetful of the evil spirit which once animated him, and of the false views of his country's true interest which he so persistently advocated, and of the hatred to England by which at one time he was inspired, and remembering only the glorious self-devotion of his old age, have come to M. Pascal Grousset, as a champion of the Commune, is very severe upon him and his conduct of the civil war; but he had no option except to put down that terrible revolt against society, and it is not for those who know little more than the outside of affairs to pass judgment too hastily upon any mistakes he may have committed. The marvellous energy with which he conducted "the triple conflict with the Commune, the German Chancellor, and the Assembly" was one of the most extraordinary spectacles that this century has seen. Pressensé does not speak too strongly when he says that "history has not on record a more flagrant act of ingratitude" than the vote of 24th May, by which the reactionary party deposed the man who had, by his unequalled tact and by exertions which, in a man of his age, were little short of miraculous, saved them first from the foreign and then from the domestic foe, and given them the power which they turned against himself. To us, in the present condition of this country, Thiers is specially interesting as a warning against Jingoism. He was a Chauvinist, and his last days were employed in rescuing France from the results of that Chauvinism, or Jingoism (for the one is only an English name for the spirit which the Napoleonic tradition awakened), of which he had once been the most eloquent apostle.

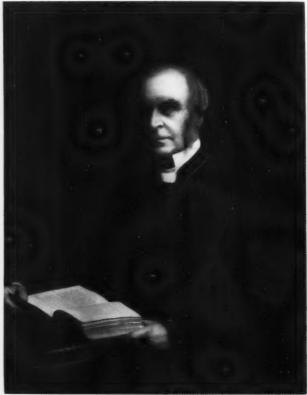
Every paper in this series is full of great interest, and we only regret that the limits of space forbid our discussing them seriatim. We will content ourselves with a single extract from the striking essay on Vinet, a man with whom Pressensé was in such full accord that he does him full justice. He quotes Vinet's noble utterance relative to Protestantism: "I may, as a Protestant, hold Catholic opinions; and who knows whether I do or not? That which I repudiate utterly is the right of any power to control my beliefs." No truer or grander definition of Protestantism could be given. It takes it out of the region of objection to mere details of ritual, or even doctrine, and places it on the high platform of liberty. The man who asserts the right of the individual conscience has grasped its root principle. This is Pressensé's own position, and he thus comments on Vinet's noble words:—

"How grandly does this exalted liberalism of Vinet's, based upon the purest religion, contrast with the social theories which the materialistic school deduces from its philosophical principles, theories which daringly apply to humanity the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, and declare with a cynical indifference that the weak must give place to the strong. Was not Vinet right when he said that Materialism throws all its weight into the scale of tyranny? The world has never yet seen any despotism so terrible as that which would hold it in its grasp if these deadly systems, to which some of the most distinguished psychologists of the day lend the support of their genius, were ever to become dominant in the minds of men. Let us fully realize the position. We are lost if Christian spirituality does not win the day; and it will only win it if it is faithful to those principles of broad and honest liberalism which Vinet consistently advocated. We are sick at heart of those ostentatious appeals to liberal principles made by the worst enemies of liberty when they are anxious to secure a vantage-ground for trampling underfoot. . . . Vinet has left a noble heritage to be entered upon by this generation. To give full liberty to religion, and to restrict the authority of the State to its proper civil sphere, this was the object of his unrelaxing efforts. We are fully convinced that no other solution of the ecclesiastical problem is possible, and that till this is accepted we shall see the perpetual renewal of those disastrous and dangerous struggles for exclusive power and privilege to persecute which are equally dishonouring to the Churches and prejudicial to the State." More wise and weighty words, and words more necessary to be pondered at the present time, could not well be penned, and we leave them, in all their truth and eloquence, to commend this most useful and interesting volume to our readers.

Jobson's Enemies. By Edward Jenkins, M.P. Parts I-III. (Strahan and Co.) It is impossible to discuss a serial tale with any kind of satisfaction during the time when it is appearing, and we do not attempt it in the present case. But we call attention to these early parts of Mr. Jenkins's story, to express our appreciation of the power they exhibit. We do it the more readily and heartily because we have a strong feeling that justice is very seldom done to the author, who is not only a man of great talent, but one who is earnestly set on the redress of wrong and the relief of suffering, and who has the courage plainly to expose fashionable abuses.

Ways and Tricks of Animals, with Stories about Aunt Mary's Pets. By Mary Hooper. (Griffith and Farran.) Most children are fond of animals, and are glad to know something about them. This book is well adapted to increase their love for them and teach them lessons of kindness and consideration for dumb creatures, who, as the author says, "are capable not only of physical, but also of mental suffering." Much needless cruelty is often done to animals by children heedlessly which might be avoided by a remembrance of this simple fact. The book is intended for the very young, and is written in a style suited to their capacity. Its value is much enhanced by the twenty-three illustrations by which it is embellished.





Elliet & Fry. Phote

Unwin Brothers London.

Yours very Sincerely Soshwa C. Harrison

The Congregationalist.

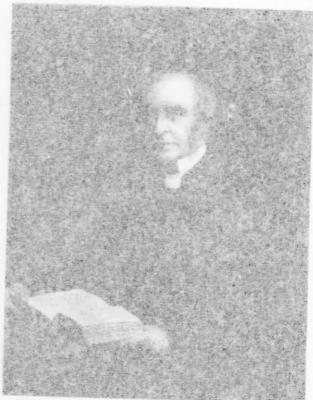
APRIL, 1880.

REV. J. C. HARRISON.

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Drain Systems Landau.

Yours very Sincerely Joshua C. Harrison

The Congregationalist.

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Mr. Harrison is one of the most earnest, most beloved, and most successful among the Congregational pastors of the metropolis. In the North-West, among the teeming population of Camden Town, he has gathered a large and devoted congregation, who are remarkable for the excellent organization, the earnest devotion, and the generous liberality with which they carry on their extensive Christian work. Mr. Harrison is the mainspring of the whole. He lives for the work of his Church: and while he does it with a conscientious thoroughness which is beyond all praise, his loving and beautiful Christian spirit attracts to him an amount of affection and honour such as falls to the lot of but few. His state of health would prevent him from plunging much into public work, even if his natural tastes inclined in that direction. His outside labours, therefore, have been restricted almost entirely to preaching, and in the pulpit he is always effective because of the fervour of his spirit, and the Evangelic simplicity of his teaching. But in his own diocese he is an indefatigable labourer, a wise and sympathetic pastor, as well as a sagacious leader, and a faithful preacher of the gospel.

Mr. Harrison is the son of the late Rev. Joshua Harrison, of Woburn, at which town he was born March 7th, 1813. He was educated at the Congregational School, Lewisham, from which he went to be classical tutor in a large school at Canterbury. From this, however, he passed into commercial life, and for four years he was in the house of Messrs. J. and R. Morley, and probably to his experience and training there may be due some

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of that practical temper by which he has always been distinguished. During this time he was a member of the Church at Poultry Chapel, then under the care of Rev. John Clayton. In 1835 he entered Homerton College, of which Dr. Pye Smith was then the Principal, and continued there for three years. Ill-health compelled him to seek a warmer climate for a time, and for a year he resided at Montauban, where he attended the classes in the Protestant faculty of theology. In 1841 he accepted the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Tottenham, and, after a ministry of five years, removed to London, and became the first pastor of the new Church at Park Chapel, Camden Town. His career there has been one continuous success. The Church which he has thus built up from its foundations has become a great power. The large chapel is crowded to the door, and the various institutions of the place are all in healthful and active exercise. and show steady progress. One of the most striking features of the place is its large and successful day-school, for which not a single penny has been received from State funds, Mr. Harrison being now, what he has always been, a consistent adherent of the purely voluntary system in education. 1870 he was elected Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and the heartiness with which that honour was accorded was only indicative of the universal feeling of his brethren towards him. Joshua Harrison is one of those men in relation to whom there is but one sentimentthat of profound respect and hearty affection. In spirit, in character, in simple piety, and in a steady devotion to principle, which is not less decided because of the amiability. which is his marked characteristic, he is a very high type of the Christian minister.

THE GENERAL ELECTION—ITS ISSUES AND ITS PROSPECTS.

THE dissolution has been sprung upon the country, as from the first everybody anticipated it would be, as a surprise. It seems paradoxical to say that the unexpected was expected, but so it certainly was. There was a difference of opinion as to whether the election would be in the early spring, or at Whitsuntide, or in the autumn; but there was a general belief that, whichever of these periods might be chosen, the exact date of the dissolution would be kept a profound secret to the last possible moment, and that if there was a time when it seemed less probable than another, that would be the very time selected for action. So it has proved. The Cabinet has been praised for the secrecy it maintained, but it may be questioned how far such eulogy is deserved, for it is open to grave doubt whether it had any secret to keep. Sir Stafford Northcote's remarks in giving the signal for the battle, so long and so eagerly anticipated, conveyed the impression that the step had been resolved upon some time previously, and that the Government had only waited until the meaures for the relief of the Irish distress had been accepted by the House. But the statement is hardly convincing. Nobody would throw any doubt on the word of so honourable a man as the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But it is possible that, though he gave the version of the case which to him appeared to be true, it may have been a representation so imperfect as to be wholly misleading. What is most extraordinary is that he did not seem to perceive in how unfortunate an aspect his account exhibited the action of the Government, and this was made all the worse by the strong remarks used by the Premier, in his own grandiloquent style, as to the grave responsibility of a Minister who advises an appeal tothe country. According to Sir Stafford Northcote, the Government called Parliament together-talked in the most confident style of their determination to signalize the Session by great measures of practical legislation-introduced a Bill which involved a larger amount of speculation on the Stock Exchange than any measure that has been proposed for many a day, and the mere proposal of which, while it has not only made

and wrecked fortunes, has certainly assured to the unfortunate ratepayers of the metropolis a serious addition to their payments for water, already far too heavy—passed a standing order for the purpose of facilitating business—and all the time, in their secret mind, never meant business at all.

We do not think even the Ministry so bad as they represent themselves. The supposition that the entire procedure was concerted is really too monstrous. Such a farce would certainly have made fools of the Liberal party and the country; but what could be said or thought of the party who undertook to play it? The truth appears to be that the Ministry were only waiting on circumstances. They meant to dissolve if they could find a favourable opportunity, or if they were forced to a decision by some unforeseen exigency. Strange to say, both these conditions seemed to be fulfilled at once. The Southwark election raised their hopes in a manner which seems unintelligible to those who know the circumstances of the case, and the only excuse for which is that the Liberals, who had equal opportunities of learning the facts, were depressed to a corresponding extent. At the same time came the Water Bill-that grand legislative farce of Mr. Cross, so contemptuously described by his chief as "some bill about water "-which affected the minds of a multitude of people in the metropolitan constituencies, who had been inaccessible to any appeals addressed to their sense of justice, to their human sympathies, or their Christian principles. The careless indifference to the sufferings of Bulgaria was excused by the alleged necessity of caring for British interests; the immorality of our diplomacy in Afghanistan was treated as the only possible mode of meeting Russian intrigue, and dealing effectually with a treacherous savage; for the imprisonment of Cetewayo and the cruel treatment of his people the "prancing proconsul" alone was held to be responsible, and the Government whose mild rebukes were admonished so gently that they were hardly felt, and on whose high-handed proceedings no check was placed, is held to be "not guilty." An unreasoning passion for what is called "national honour" was in the ascendant, and all appeals to better sentiment seemed to be in vain. But when it was seen that the Government which had made its own "scientific frontier" by filching the territory of the

Ameer was going to allow the water companies to imitate so illustrious an example by appropriating a sum, variously estimated at from ten to fifteen millions, out of the pockets of the London ratepayers, the transaction was viewed in a very different light. There were demonstrations which made it evident that the Government had calculated rightly when they resolved not to present the Bill to the Jingoes who had shouted so loudly for the honour of England, and who, if they had the money (as their songs in their music halls boasted), were resolved to keep it too. To persevere was dangerous, to withdraw would have been humilating. The only course open was to dissolve, and to accept the good which, if Southwark and Liverpool could be trusted as indicating the feeling of the country, fortune had provided for them. It is said that, had the Bill been persevered in, not a solitary Conservative seat in the metropolitan region could have been regarded as safe. Whether the Premier is wise in trying to minimize a Bill dealing with such enormous interests, and affecting every household in the metropolis, is extremely doubtful. He certainly overdid the part, and yet it was necessary for him to try and disociate himself from so unlucky a measure, the full effect of which the election will reveal. How far the determination to cut the knot so suddenly was due to the return of Lord Salisbury to town is not likely to be known at present, but the coincidence, in point of time, was remarkable, and accorded with the rumours which had been current for some time as to the dissatisfaction of the Foreign Secretary with the dilatory and indecisive action of the Prime Minister.

When this reaches the eyes of our readers, the country will be in all the excitement of one of the most serious political struggles which has occurred in our days. Lord Beaconsfield has not asked the nation to declare in favour of a particular policy, but to give himself what will practically be absolute power. In the first days of the contest, when as yet there had been no sign of that extraordinary awakening of Liberal enthusiasm which has surprised friends and foes alike, The Times talked of Lord Beaconsfield returning from the elections as the most powerful Minister of his generation. At first we were a little puzzled, for we could not understand how his Lordship could secure any increase of a power which at pre-

sent is almost undisputed. But on reflection we see that The Times was right. There is not a chance that he can increase his majority: but if, after such a manifesto as that contained in his letter to the Irish Vicerov, the Prime Minister could secure a majority at all approaching that he at present commands, his authority would be indefinitely augmented. and our only hope would be that he would become intolerable even to the peers who have hitherto so devotedly supported him. Earl Granville, in his clever speech in the House of Lords, in turning his Lordship's most objectionable phrase upon himself, said very happily, "The noble Earl's ability, his courage, his experience must give him great influence in his Cabinet. Would it increase his influence to boast in public of his ascendancy over those of whom he is the admitted chief?" It was a quiet hit, but it must have touched some of his auditors upon the raw; and a victory which would give the Prime Minister not merely ascendancy, but supremacy, might prove fatal to himself. The men who owe everything to him, such as Mr. Cross and Mr. W. H. Smith, may possibly submit to anything. But there must surely be a point at which the patience of the aristocracy will be exhausted. We will not insult the Tory party by suggesting that they approve of personal rule. It is an article not in the programme of the old historic party of which the Prime Minister is the acknowledged head. But it is the one article of the Beaconsfield creed, and one great question to be settled at these elections is whether the people of England will approve it or not.

The manifesto deserves careful study. If its suggestions were really true, it would be one of the most alarming documents which ever issued from the pen of a Prime Minister. If we are to accept his own statements, Lord Beaconsfield stands between the country and the disintegration, or, as he phrases it, the "decomposition" of the empire, on the one hand, and the loss of its prestige and authority on the other. We are fallen on evil times, indeed, and the "power of England and the peace of Europe will depend largely on the verdict of the country," that is, translated into the vernacular, the glory of the nation, if not its absolute safety, depends on the continuance of Lord Beaconsfield in power. The Duke of Marlborough learns

nothing as to the policy which is to be carried out in order to avert these menaced dangers. He is only warned, and the country is warned through him, of "some who challenge the expediency of the Imperial character of this realm," and who, "having attempted, and failed, to enfeeble our colonies by their policy of decomposition, may perhaps now recognize in the disintegration of the United Kingdom a mode which will not only accomplish but precipitate their purpose." It may be hoped that there are in the Tory ranks not a few who could only blush as they read his pompous and mystifying sentences. Fiery partizans have eagerly caught up his cry. But there must be rational Conservatives who are ashamed of this manifesto - ashamed of the wretched English; of the absurd affectation in phraseology as well as thought; of the wicked attempt to play upon fears for which there is not even the shadow of a foundation; of the shameless unfairness with which, in his greed of power and fame, and his scorn of all moral scruples, as to the means used to obtain them, their chief assails adversaries as honourable as himself, and with a patriotism proved by years of service. The Liberal chiefs are the only men to whom such insinuations could apply. Of course, no one supposes that the Prime Minister believes that Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington have any sympathy with the "destructive doctrine" which all men of "light and leading resist," and which even Home Rulers themselves do not maintain. But his Lordship hopes to work upon the passions and fears of the ignorant, and so gives a false representation of the past action of the Liberals in order to give some colouring to the calumny which he now seeks to fasten upon them. It is an unworthy mode of warfare, and it is sure to recoil upon the party which has recourse to it. Mr. Gladstone very truly said in the opening speech of his new campaign:

For the first time in my life, on the occasion of a general election, it is attempted by the leaders who are in power, and especially by the very eminent and distinguished man who is the heart, and soul, and life, and centre of the Government, to have this great cause tried, not on the merits of the Government, but on the merits of the Opposition. I have never known an instance of that kind before. I have always found that it was considered to be the business of the Opposition to challenge and criticize the Government, and of the country to try the criticisms. But the

Government appear to think that that process had better be reversed; and among the long list of innovations which they have introduced perhaps the latest is this, that it is the demerits of the Opposition, and not the merits of the Government, which the country is invited to try.

It may suit the leading journal to sneer at this criticism, but the fact on which Mr. Gladstone thus comments is one of significance. Lord Beaconsfield is free to censure the Opposition as he pleases, if he will show even ordinary regard to truth and fairness; but for a Minister to require the country to place a blind trust in him in order that he may save it from the designs he chooses to impute to his political adversaries is a novelty, and one that is very undesirable. The constituencies are asked, not to pronounce on the merits of two rival policies, but to say whether they regard the Liberal chiefs as secret traitors, and Lord Beaconsfield as the one saviour of the nation. That honourable men should be content to serve under such a flag, should readily take up such cries, should assail men whom in their hearts they know to be as loval and as much adverse to any severance between England and Ireland as they are themselves, is one of the sad evidences of the extent to which the influence of the Prime Minister has demoralized his party. We do not remember any contest that was waged on so unworthy a ground, and into which such illegitimate appeals were introduced. But it is due solely to Lord Beaconsfield, who has always given a prominence to the purely personal element which interferes with the calm discussion of political principles. For such principles, indeed, he does not conceal his scorn. He fights not for truth or right, but for power. The fantastic theories which he wrought out in his novels he has sought to translate into facts, but he cares less for the theories than for the part which they assign to him. His admirers in the continental press (such as M. John Lemoinne) and those in this country who are not blind partizans, discuss him as a clever player rather than a highminded statesman. In the days of the "Young England" school, the Duke of Rutland, whose son, the present Postmaster-General, was one of its members, wrote to Lord Strangford, father of Mr. Smythe, its most brilliant adherent—

I do not know Mr. Disraeli by sight, but I have respect only for his talents, which he sadly misuses. It is grievous that two young men such

as olm and Mr. Smythe should be led by one of whose integrity of purpose I have an opinion similar to your own, though I can judge only by his public career. The admirable character of our sons only makes them the more assailable by the arts of a designing person.

It would have been better for the Tory party, so far as its permanent reputation is concerned, if it had been governed by the same instinct which led the Duke of Rutland thus early to dread the influence of this "designing person." It might not have had its present long lease of power, but we are greatly mistaken if, before many years are past, its leaders do not discover that even that has been far too dearly purchased. Tories may not unnaturally be so elated with their position that they may not see it now, but to outside observers it is clear that the character of the party has undergone an entire transmutation. The Torvism of Lord Beaconsfield is not that of Pitt, still less of Peel, least of all of Canning. In no true sense of the word is it Conservative or Constitutional. Instead of respecting the principles and precedents of our history, the Prime Minister shows his ingenuity in the audacity with which he evades them, and the skill with which he contrives to destroy their spirit while preserving their letter. Whether he was right in his endeavours to prop up the effete despotism of Turkey, or in the policy which he pursued at Berlin, is a secondary question when compared with the constitutional soundness of the principles on which he has acted throughout. The purchase of the Suez Canal shares may or may not have been a wise investment, but the manner in which the negotiations were conducted got rid of the control of Parliament, and so made the operation more costly-so costly, indeed, as to become a financial scandal. Whether the summoning of Indian troops to Malta was expedient is open to dispute, but there can be no question that contempt was quietly put upon Parliament by the fact that the step was announced the very day after the House was broken up with the assurance that no new move was contemplated. To assume the Protectorate of Asiatic Turkey was bad, but to do it by a secret treaty was still worse. These may be small matters in themselves, but it is only by such subtle assaults as these that the foundations of our freedom are ever likely to be undermined. That our Prime Minister holds in 21

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contempt the safeguards of our liberty, is well-known to those who have read his novels, and it is when interpreted by them that the full significance and menace of his procedure become apparent. Englishmen are too confident in their own security to perceive the reality of the danger. They applaud the dexterity of such a move as the bringing of the troops to Malta as a stroke of genius, and do not stop to consider all that it implies. Lord Beaconsfield, they are accustomed to say, may be a little erratic, and he certainly does things different from every one else, but he is "monstrous clever," and as to fancying the Constitution in danger from him, that is nothing more than party exaggeration, if there be not a little personal spite and jealousy in the suggestion. They are so far right, that the actual danger of success may be small, for there is too strong a Liberal party to render many such advances safe. But were a majority now to confirm the proceedings of the last three years, we should look forward with some anxiety to the next moves. It would be better for the Tory party themselves that they should suffer defeat. The mortification of present failure would be a small price to pay for emancipation from that infatuation by which they are possessed. The Toryism of Bolingbroke was a "heavy blow and a great discouragement" to them for years after the accession of the Hanover dynasty. Lord Beaconsfield's is of the same type, and when the bubble bursts, as burst-it must before long, the effect on the future fortunes of the party will be as disastrous.

That there is an uneasy feeling abroad as to the tendencies of the Imperialist policy of the Government is manifest among other signs by the unity and enthusiasm which are displayed to so remarkable a degree in the Liberal party. Of the noblemen who disapproved of the action of Mr. Gladstone on the Eastern Question, some, at least, have returned to their old allegiance. The Wentworth flag has been unfurled on the Liberal side in South-West Yorkshire, and in Devonshire Lord Ebrington appears in the ranks of the party which his father was supposed to have forsaken. On the other hand the son of the Tory Earl of Dalhousie is one of the most promising recruits of Liberalism, and has already fought one of its most gallant battles at Liverpool, and the heir of the Tory Earl of Darnley

refuses to contest Rochester in the colours of his family, and avows himself a convert to Liberal principles. Twelve months ago we heard constant complaints about the lack of Liberal candidates, especially in the counties; but now seats which have been regarded as the strongholds of Torvism are assailed with an earnestness and determination which we have seldom seen at any election; and not the least gratifying feature is that the example of Mr. Gladstone has been followed by men like Mr. Rathbone, who leaves his safe seat in Liverpool to challenge Tory supremacy in South-West Lancashire; and Mr. Tennant, who gives up Glasgow, where his return was certain, to wage a more doubtful, though we believe it will prove a successful, contest in Selkirkshire. Another satisfactory point is the all but entire absence of those wretched contests among Liberals, which threw away so many seats the last election. This is the more surprising, as the tone adopted by The Times, and which even The Daily News seemed to catch, conveyed the impression that there was a widespread dissatisfaction in the party with the conduct of the leaders, and that a "not inconsiderable minority" approved the foreign policy of the Government. We certainly feared that, as the consequence, there would be a split in many boroughs, which would imperil the Liberal victory. The discouragement produced by the Liverpool and Southwark elections, and by Mr. Joseph Cowen's remarkable deliverance. created an opportunity which was eagerly seized by some of these "moderate Liberals" to express their disaffection, and for the moment appearances looked serious. Colonel Clive issued an address to the electors of Hereford avowing his dissent, as an old Whig who had once held office under Lord Palmerston, from the action of his present leaders. Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice made a speech at Calne, marked by that self-sufficiency which so seriously interferes with the success of a rising politician of considerable ability and many fine qualities, in which he undertook to instruct Mr. Gladstone as to the merits of Austria. Altogether it looked as though some serious discontent, which had long been smouldering, were about to break forth. But all this has vanished. Colonel Clive has had to resign his candidature at Hereford, and the interesting young gentleman who was elected for Grimsby as a Liberal,

and has generally been found in the Tory lobby on questions of foreign policy, has had to adopt a similar course. Their local influence and commercial position have secured for Mr. Samuda and Mr. Norwood a consideration which would certainly not otherwise have been extended to them, while Mr. Torrens owes his immunity to the generosity of the leaders he has so often deserted. As to Mr. Walter, he has been extremely anxious to give prominence to his Liberalism on domestic questions, and as The Times is never beyond the possibility of conversion, and as it is capable of rendering important service, if rightly advised, and as it is not easy to find a county candidate when the party authorities do not advise a strife, it seems probable that the representative of Berkshire will be undisturbed. It is a question whether this policy of conciliation has not been carried too far; but it is a sign of conscious strength. One manifest result of the dissolution already is the scattering of the illusion that there is a strong party of "moderate Liberals." Whether there is, on the opposite side, a section of moderate Conservatives who are so displeased with a sensational policy, utterly at variance with all the best traditions of Conservatism, that they will withhold their support from the Government, the poll will show. Lord Derby cannot be the only Tory whom the Premier has disgusted. He is, on the contrary, a politician of the type which moderate and practical Englishmen, who love the middle path of safety, most admire. It will be strange if there are not numbers of those who regarded him as the strength of the Ministry who, if they do not follow his example by joining the Liberals, will remain neutral in the coming strife.

The event we anticipate without a feeling of anxiety. Appearances must be deceptive indeed if the Opposition do not transform their minority into a decided majority. The attempt—which was nothing less than immoral, as well as unpatriotic—to excite an anti-Irish feeling has not only settled the Irish vote, but will materially affect many English elections beside. It is hard to understand how so accomplished a tactician as the Prime Minister could make so unguarded a move; but it is still harder to see how its effect could now be repaired. Ireland will send a strong force which will be more amenable

to Liberal influence than in the last Parliament, and Liberals will seek to attract the sympathy of its members, not by holding out wild hopes that can never be realized, nor by throwing out sops to soothe those whose demands cannot be satisfied, but by doing justice, redressing proved wrongs, and carrying necessary practical reforms. Of Scotland there can be no doubt, and every day increases the hope that England and Wales will cast their weight in the same scale, and Liberalism be victorious, if not all along the line, at all events to an extent which a few weeks ago would have seemed incredible. Every day sees the growth of an enthusiastic and hopeful spirit in which is an earnest of victory. It has affected even the metropolis, where Jingoism has hitherto been been sorampant. The candidature of Mr. Herbert Gladstone for Middlesex is a sign of the times, and though it is to other parts of the country rather than to the London district that we look for our majority, we have a hope that even within the metropolitan area there will be some revival of its old Liberalism.

But while there is everything to warrant hope, there is nothing to justify a presumptuous confidence that might induce supineness and indolence. The change in the tone of opinion, as reflected in the public press, is both amusing and astonishing. The Times during the last fortnight has been a study. It may be said that it has lost the confidence, so often expressed, that the country is on the side of the Government. Beyond this it would not be safe to venture any statement, though it is quite possible that before this is in the hands of our readers it may have arrived at the perception that the Liberal reaction is a great fact. For the time it seems to waver. It applauds Lord Hartington, snarls at Mr. Gladstone, and really succeeds only in demonstrating its own impotence. Though the name of Mr. Gladstone is that which alone awakens the enthusiasm of the Liberals in all parts of the country, it still seeks to persuade its readers that it is the speech of Lord Hartington which has produced a result of which it is pleased to say, "The effect upon public opinion has been already remarkable." For ourselves, we are unable to discern any difference in policy between our two chiefs, and the only fault which is now charged against the veteran statesman, whose name is at the head of the most remarkable chapter of our legislation, but who is lectured as though he were a young political dreamer whose power in practical work had never been tested, is the power of his oratory. The following extraordinary passage from *The Times* of March 19 is worthy of preservation. After telling us that "eloquence is Mr. Gladstone's unrivalled gift," it adds:

"Mr Gladstone and Mr. Bright are among the greatest of living orators" (it would have been more correct to have said the 'two greatest of living orators') "and a general election in which they should be silent would be a very incomplete performance. Yet for all this, those Liberals who desire that the strength of their party should be renewed in a healthy and natural manner, by contact with the prevailing currents of thought and feeling, must regret that these formidable combatants cannot be excluded for a brief space at least from the field of battle."

This is something like asking a general to spike his most formidable battery, and an admiral to withdraw his ironclads from the battle. The Times has written a good deal that is absurd, but hardly anything to compare with this. If the suggestion was meant as an insult to these eminent statesmen, it is only a new demonstration of the imbecility that has overtaken the management of a paper which was once a power. To us, however, it seems intended only to cover its own retreat from an untenable position, and to please itself and its friends with the idea that the Liberals have yielded to Printing House Square, whereas it is Printing House Square which has had to succumb to the Liberals. The Ministry must have been greatly surprised at the new tone adopted to them. Poor Mr. Cross in particular must have thought it very hard to be told in relation to his great speech that we cannot believe "that speeches like that of Mr. Cross at Warrington are listened to, except as a tribute to usage." It is only a sign of the times, an indication that the "leading journal" expects a Conservative victory as little as does The Daily News. which has exchanged its cautious tone for one of unhesitating decision. All that remains now is that all true Liberals should work as though the success of the party depended on their own individual exertions. In this Nonconformists, we are assured, will not be found wanting. On every side we

hear that they are conspicuous for their loyalty and earnestness, and to them victory will be all the sweeter because in the darkest hour they never despaired of the cause of liberty, and have never been carried away by that strange delusion to which so large a majority of the people seemed at one time to be given up.

THE DISCIPLES IN THE STORM.*

Mark vi. 45-51.

THE events recorded in the text took place at the close of one of the grandest and most glorious days in the ministry of Jesus Christ. From early morning He had been surrounded by an immense crowd, gathered from all the country of Galilee, and He had fed them by multiplying the loaves and fishes-a striking symbol of that other miracle by which, to the end of the world. He is ever satisfying the spiritual needs of the multitudes who come to Him. How great the contrast between this scene and that described in my text! In the one, the green and pleasant hills which border the Lake of Tiberias are basking in the glow of an Eastern sun, and thronged by an excited crowd eager to proclaim Jesus king; in the other, a few hours later, all is solitude, darkness, storm; a little ship is tossing helplessly upon troubled waters, and the disciples. lately so confident and exultant, are crying out for fear, as though God had forgotten them.

Scripture is full of such contrasts, nor could it be otherwise, since it is the faithful reproduction of human history. As illustrations of this truth, we have but to recall the august day when Solomon dedicated the newly-built temple at Jerusalem, in that sublime prayer which seemed to set apart for ever the nation and the sanctuary for the service of the living and true God. Who could then have dreamed that, within a few short years, this same son of David, having made himself the slave of impure passions, would set before Israel the scandalous example of a shameful fall, and, fresh from the vision of the glory filling the temple, would bow down in the house of idols? We remember, too, the solemn hour in which Elijah, having triumphed over the priests of Baal, set up again on

 $[\]ensuremath{^{\circ}}$ Translated from the French of Pasteur Bersier, by Mrs. Annie Harwood Holmden.

Mount Carmel the worship of the true God. The whole nation was subdued into obedience by his mighty faith, and the air was rent with the shout of victory: "The Lord he is God! the Lord he is God!" It seemed for the moment as though idolatry was finally overthrown, and Israel would henceforward be true to its sublime mission. But two days only have passed, and we see this same Elijah, forsaken of all, fleeing, a proscribed exile, to the desert of Sinai, his soul utterly cast down within him, and we hear him cry: "It is enough! Now, O Lord, take away my life."

Again: do we not call to mind how the alleluias which rose to Jesus on the first day of Passion Week were changed, almost before their echoes had died away from the Mount of Olives, into the imprecations of the Prætorium and of Calvary?

And yet again: do we not see on the Day of Pentecost, three thousand persons falling at the feet of the apostles, repentant, believing, and desiring to be baptized? And within a few days of this signal triumph the same Peter and John are cast into prison and scourged as common malefactors.

We cannot, then, be surprised to find that in the history of the Church, successes are followed by unexpected reverses, and that here, as elsewhere, there is but a step from the most signal triumph to the most searching trial. Such transitions may shake a superficial faith, but they will not stumble any who have studied in the light of Scripture, the habitual ways of God to men.

The early part of the eventful day in the life of Christ of which we have read in the text, had witnessed an enthusiastic popular demonstration in His favour. The multitude were ready to proclaim Him king. The disciples thought that He was about to take to Himself His great power and reign. And should not we ourselves have believed as they did? Should we not have deemed it expedient for Him to take advantage of this readiness of the people to espouse His cause, and inaugurate the kingdom of God upon earth? With the multitude on His side, was He not master of the situation? What did it signify that many erroneous notions and low ambitions mingled with the devotion of the crowd? These incongruous elements would soon be separated, and all that was impure and false would die a natural death. Let the power be once

placed in the hands of the Holy One and the Just, let might be once made the servant of right, and all would be well.

Such was the specious sophism to which in after time the Church lent a ready ear, and which fostered in it the desire to have under its control all the powers of the State. It failed to discern the snare concealed beneath this fair promise of success; it did not perceive that a merely external kingdom, based upon popular enthusiasm, would impart no new power, no regenerating principles, to mankind; it did not see that such a triumph is nil, and that the most crushing defeat is better than such illusive victory, if only it vindicates to the conscience the inalienable supremacy of justice and of truth. Has not experience taught us this lesson? Has the Church become strong through the patronage of the great ones of the earth? Has it not had to pay with usury for any favour conferred on it by worldly patrons? Was it not at the very time when its visible head was being crowned with the triple tiara that it had to cede to Mahometanism the third of its territory? Did the distinguished patronage of Louis XIV. prevent the religious decadence of the eighteenth century? Did it not, indeed, rather hasten it? Whenever the Church has sought the kingdoms of the earth, it has obtained them only on the terms laid down by the tempter in the wilderness—by falling down before the prince of this world, and fighting with his weapons.

All this was clear and open to the eye of Jesus, and hence when His disciples are in danger of being carried away by the popular frenzy, He bids them leave the multitude and go over to the other side of the lake. They must be separated from the world till they shall have learned how His kingdom is to come, and by what power the world is to be subdued. He Himself, as John tells us (chap. vi. 15), when the people would take Him by force and make Him a king, retired to a mountain alone to pray. How notable an example to those who are to teach the gospel to men! It is not in the favour and applause of the crowd that they are to seek their inspiration and strength; it is in the calm retreat of solitary meditation and prayer.

At the bidding of their Master the apostles embark and set sail for the other side, where Jesus is to meet them again. The command is clear, the promise certain; but when they try to reach the shore their efforts seem of no avail, for we are told "the wind was contrary." Cannot their Master, then, command the winds and the waves? Surely He can, and when the right time comes He will; but till then it is theirs to struggle against natural obstacles that seem insuperable. "The wind was contrary." All this, my brethren, is an epitome of history; so it has literally been for eighteen centuries. But this same page of the gospel is also a sublime parable, which, in its more minute circumstances, contains teaching for all the ages, and which is peculiarly adapted to sustain the faith of believers in our day.

What is it, in fact, which so often disturbs our trust in the promises of God? Is it not the fact that God does not make all events and conditions subserve the triumph of His cause, so that it is often defeated, as it were, by a fatality of nature? This is an enigma which baffles us. God's will is that truth should triumph. He commissions His Church to proclaim it to the world. His design in this respect is clear and manifest; and yet when the Church essays to fulfil it, God permits it to be arrested by a concurrence of untoward circumstances.

"The wind was contrary." How often Christians have had to feel this! In the early ages of Christianity there was the constant recurrence of fierce persecution, scattering the flocks, putting the pastors to death, destroying the sacred writings, blasting in one dark hour the harvests of which the glorious first fruits had already enriched the world. "The wind was contrary." At the close of mediæval times, and under the influence of the scandals rife at Rome, the Church was undermined by a profound and cynical incredulity to such a degree that, without a religious revival, the world seemed on the verge of relapsing into paganism under the influence of the Renaissance. "The wind was contrary."

More recently, the ardent and generous passions of the eighteenth century blew strong against the Church. And in our days is it a wind favourable to the cause of religion which sweeps down with its keen breath from the glacier peaks of positive science? Is it a current of sympathy which meets us from the depths of our democratic associations? Are you not often alarmed as you see all the hostile forces which

mass themselves to-day against Christianity? Openly materialistic doctrines, atheism serious or cynical, criticism keen or petty, accusations for which the unfaithfulness of Christians gives too much ground, prejudices, misconceptions, blin, passions—are not all these ominous, even to the least observant eye, of terrible tempests ahead, to which our present difficulties are but child's play? Why should God permit His cause to be so compromised? Why does not He who rules the floods still the stormy winds? These are questions which cannot fail to present themselves to every one of us.

And Scripture replies to them in a measure. It has pleased God, Paul tells us, to use the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. He would show us thus that the triumph of the gospel is not to be dependent upon any outward things upon the support of the masses, the impulse given by mere popular feeling. That which was true in his day is true in ours. The conquest of the modern world is subject to the same conditions as that of the ancient. The same apostle of grace tells us in another place that God has put the treasure of the gospel in earthen vessels, that it may be manifest that the power which preserves it is of God, and not of men. All the forces of earth may be leagued against Christianity, and the earthen vessels may be broken and crushed by the pressure. but the truth they contain will remain no less great, pure, and indestructible. Nay, more. We have an inward assurance that these apparent defeats of truth shall be indeed its triumphs, and that the sufferings of the Church are the very means of its regeneration and salvation.

Again: St. Paul teaches us that we are to walk by faith, not by sight; and that it is in this stern school souls are trained for the kingdom of God. We are impatient to see rapid progress, demonstrative sympathy, unequivocal signs of the coming victory. We eagerly desiderate the adherence of the learned, the applause of the multitude, the strength of numbers and of authority. We forget that Christ conquered the world by stirring up its vehement opposition against Himself; that the cross was only a symbol of victory, because it was first the instrument of His suffering, and that the secret of its power and irresistible attraction will always be found to lie in its ignominy and seeming impotence.

Disciples of the Lord Jesus, you should not marvel that the winds are contrary, and that swelling floods threaten to sink the vessel of the Church. Never think that the Master has forgotten you. While you are battling with the stormy sea, Christ is above, on the mountain top, watching your struggles, praying for you, for "He ever liveth to make intercession." He said to His apostles, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." He did not add, "You shall have the learned on your side; Athens and Rome shall open their gates to you." He did not promise them the applause of the multitude. He only said, "Lo, I am with you, even unto the end of the world." He alone; and it is enough. Yes, we want Thee only, O Divine Master; and may Thy Church at length learn that in Thee alone, through all the ages, can it find strength and salvation.

"The wind was contrary." And this was not the only obstacle which the disciples met with, nor is it the only symbolical feature which strikes us in the narrative. There were the disciples in peril and terror on the lake. But have you observed what is said in the text? Jesus came to them, but not till the fourth watch of the night—that is, when it was almost morning. Until then He seemed to have forgotten them. He did not come to their succour till the last moment.

History through all the ages is like a long night. In all times believers are constrained to wait for God's intervention; but He tarries, and this is the supreme trial of faith, even greater, perhaps, than that which arises from the opposition of men and from persecution. The early Christians believed in the immediate return of Christ. This hope often filled with enthusiasm a generation of believers. Already they saw the whitening dawn, and hailed the day when the King of Glory should come to deliver His Church and to subdue His foes. It was a false excitement, a dangerous and feverish fanaticism, with which imagination had more to do than faith. On awaking from such dreams the enervated soul is apt to sink into despair, and in the reaction of dull discouragement to lose faith in the truth itself and in its ultimate triumph over all opposition. It is well to arm ourselves beforehand against such disappointments, by rejecting the illusions which

give rise to them. We must always bear in mind that God. who is the Lord of all the hours, has reserved it to Himself to fix times and seasons, and has clearly forbidden us to lay upon Him the limitations of our human modes and measures. Now that which is true with regard to the history of the race is true also of our history as individuals. When the night of trial begins, we cry out in its very first watch for deliverance. Why does God remain silent and inactive? Why these long delays, these unanswered prayers? Why this quiet, unbroken slow progression of secondary causes, behind which the first cause remains mute and motionless? The strong emotions aroused by great trials are not so hard to bear as this unvarying monotony, which enfeebles and exhausts all the energies of the soul. Now it is just because this danger is so real that we are bound to provide against it. Let us recognize beforehand that this trial is awaiting us. If God tarries, wait for Him. If watch after watch passes, if night deepens around us, let us set faith against sight; things to come against things present; the "morning of joy" against the "night of weeping;" the reparation of infallible and inflexible righteousness against the injustice which crushes us; and against the reign of iniquity, which must come to an end, the kingdom of God, which, on His sure word, is to be established for ever and ever.

Last of all, Christ is coming. He walks upon the water to meet His disciples; but they, terrified and affrighted, think it is a spirit, and cry out for fear.

Every point of this narrative seems to us suggestive of some striking spiritual analogy, and this most of all. How often has Christ appeared to poor humanity as a phantom of dread! This pure and holy image, every feature of which blends to the eye of faith in beautiful harmony of outline; this form, which has no equal among the sons of men, and around which through all the ages there gathers an aureole of justice, purity, infinite grace, and tenderness; this Man, at once so real and so ideal, so real that no other man has left upon our world an impress so deep as His, so ideal that no creation of the imagination has ever reached so high a type of perfectness—this Christ has often aroused in the hearts of those who beheld Him for the first time, feelings of aversion,

shrinking, and scorn; and more than one generation has met Him, as did the disciples in the ship, with a cry of distrustful dread.

To this the writings of the earliest adversaries of Christianity bear abundant witness. Not a single page can be quoted in which we can trace the same moral impression which the life of Christ produces in our day on every upright conscience. We might be ready to suppose that these men had never really contemplated it, never allowed it to produce its legitimate influence on an unbiassed mind. They had the Gospels, they had the living testimony of the Church, and the history of Jesus Christ was not yet blurred by the misrepresentation of its exponents. Nevertheless, they could only see it through the thick cloud of prejudice and hatred. They fought against a phantom of their own creation, which was not the Christ of history. The Jesus of Celsus and of Julian, the Jesus of antichristian satire, is a despicable Jew. lacking all the real greatness of character of the Christ of God.

The same tendencies have shown themselves in our day under quite another form. What was the intention of the vigorous and able attack made by Strauss upon Christianity but to reduce Christ and His work to a myth-that is, to a mere conception of the human mind? Now a mythical personage is a phantom, and nothing more. All who have closely studied these questions must remember the profound impression they produced upon the mind, and perhaps the anguish which they caused. Under the influence of this criticism of details, so keen and apparently conclusive, which collates the various conflicting texts of the Gospels so ingeniously, that they seem by their very justaposition to refute each other, which saps all the historical foundations of faith, eliminating the facts and retaining only the idea, the gospel history seems transformed into a poetic legend, becoming ever more vague and intangible. The Christ is no longer anything more than the creation of a lofty imagination, haunted by dreams of an ideal perfectness; it is the vision of Messiah sublimated to the last degree, but a vision only, to which there is no answering reality. When, emerging from the blinding glamour of this system, we seek to discover what lies

behind these dazzling images, we find nothing but shadows, which flee before us into the night of nothingness.

In the present day antichristian criticism has again changed its tactics. There is not a thoughtful scholar living who dares to deny the historical verity of the life of Christ. The fog in which former critics endeavoured to enshroud it is clearing away, and men are constrained to acknowledge that the Gospels, as a whole, are worthy oe belief: that they are based on the firm and immovable ground of history. Science has proved beyond question the authenticity of the large majority of the details given in the Gospels; they are such as could not by possibility have been invented, and they bear the unmistakable impress of the age to which they belong and of its conditions. Fact after fact which has been called in question, is now proved to be beyond suspicion. Discourses of the Master's, of which criticism had explained the gradual accretive formation by His followers, are shown, upon exact inquiry, to have been unquestionably His own ungarbled utterances. It is admitted that the attempt to represent the Christ as a mythical figure was a prodigious error; that on such principles of criticism, history would be rendered absolutely unintelligible, and Christianity would be an effect without a cause.

If Christianity was, as no one can deny, the most radical revolution which the world ever underwent, it is mere folly to attempt to account for it by a legendary and unsubstantial apparition. Nothing unreal could so deeply affect the human conscience and shake society to its foundations. The Christ then did live. Most of the facts related of Him are authentic. He did utter the words attributed to Him; but as these deeds and words are so extraordinary and so transcend the limits of what we call the natural, they must be explained as the aberrations of a great mind diseased. Jesus Christ is, then, either a gloomy giant (according to M. Renan) or a sublime fool; * that is to say again a phantasm of the mind. And so this Divine personality remains the unexplained problem of every

^{*} M. Soury, "Un fou sublime." I quote this expression from memory, and as a specimen of the explanations current about Christianity. The idea has not been taken up, and the author has therefore failed to increase his reputation by starting a fresh scandal.

age, the dark enigma of history to all those who will not recognize in Him the natural glory of His divinity.

And we ourselves, without having yielded to the influence of the critical school hostile to Christianity, may have been vexed by the same haunting difficulties. The greater part of us have, perhaps, never been compelled to give an account to ourselves of what we may call the scientific aspect of our faith; and yet it has only been gradually, and by dint of repeated efforts, that we have arrived at a clear and settled belief. We were not able at the outset to apprehend Christ in His true character. How many prejudices, misconceptions, mistakes had to be dispelled. The same words which to-day seem full of light struck us at the first as fraught with mystery and contradiction. The mysticism of the gospel startled and repelled us; we saw only paradox where now we recognize Divine harmony; and the moral truths which charmed us the most seemed enwrapped in a dim and legendary haze. We should have been prepared at once to accept Christ if He had presented Himself simply as the Son of man, the Teacher and Comforter of humble souls; but we could not but perceive that He claimed another place—that He asserted His supreme authority over the wills and affections of men, and these claims repelled us. The supernatural Christ was to us an imaginary Being, and we little thought that at the feet of this Divine Saviour we should one day find light and peace:

Nothing is more common than this instinctive aversion to religious truth, this lingering repugnance to accept it. How many of us set out by hating that which we feel to-day was worthy of our earliest and deepest love.

When the Jews were on their way to the promised land, they sent spies secretly before them to bring a report of the prospect. When these men returned, one of them, Caleb, spoke in tones of courage and hope. He said, "Let us go up at once and possess the land, for we are well able to overcome it" (Num. xiii. 30). But others who were faint-hearted sowed despair among the people, saying, "The land through which we have gone to search it is a land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof" (ver. 32). "And all the congregation lifted up their voice and cried, and the people wept that night" (Num.xiv. 1).

And so it is also in our own day. When we show you all that the gospel promises of light and strength, other voices

raise a contrary report, and always find ready listeners. They give a gloomy parody of the Christian life; they show it in the most repellant aspect, and Christ, the Deliverer of souls, they describe as a dread phantom, from whom the heart shrinks back affrighted.

But in the midst of the darkness which enshrouds the disciples, a voice is heard. Christ speaks: "It is I; be not afraid." The apostles recognize the tones, and in the midst of the tempest their hearts are hushed to heavenly peace.

So is it in every age. There is an incomparable power in the words of Christ. In the darkest night of trouble and anguish the soul hears His voice and is still. Let men offer what explanation they will of this phenomenon, it is a fact to which witnesses can be called to-day from all parts of the world.

The storm of doubt is raging around us. We have tried to read the secrets of human destiny; we have inquired of the philosophers; at length we have thought we had discovered it. But, like the vessel which is caught by a great wave, and dashed rudely back at the very moment when it seemed to be entering the port, so reason is for ever baffled, driven about and tossed by various winds of doctrine, till it despairs of reaching the firm ground of truth. Suddenly Christ speaks: "It is I;" and as we look and listen our hearts are at rest and in the light. Let us ask ourselves, why do we believe that God is a Father? Why do we shake off the bondage of fatalism? Why do we believe in life eternal? Why do we see in history the preparation of the kingdom of God? To all these questions there is but one adequate reply: Because Christ has spoken.

There is another night which falls around us—nay, which reigns within and enwraps our very soul in darkness. This is the night of remorse; the memory of a guilty past which takes grim possession of the human conscience. We have been told, "It is but a bad dream. Shake it off and you will find peace." But we cannot shake it off, any more than the forger can efface his counterfeit signatures, or the debauchee undo the consequences of his ill deeds. Whence comes the hope that suddenly springs up in our heart? Whence comes it that pardon seems to us a certain reality, which may be

ours if we will? Why do we rest in hope of perfected communion with God, beyond the sufferings which may still await us on earth? Because Christ has spoken.

Again: it is the night of affliction. There are some, we are told, to whom this never comes. Is it so? Ah! if, indeed, there are any who, knowing no suffering themselves, are also indifferent to the sorrows of others, who have never had their eves dimmed with sympathetic tears, let us pity them, for they are not human. We are called to suffer. On some this law falls with overwhelming severity. They are the elect of sorrow. Humiliation, poverty, sickness, bereavement, all meet on their devoted heads. How is it that from such lips we often hear songs of thanksgiving, the sublime hymn of hope? Whence comes this phenomenon, so strange to the ancient world, to us so familiar-joy in suffering? Whence this mysterious fact, observed a thousand times, that the most afflicted are the most grateful? How is it that the lowest and most ignorant men among us know that sorrow is a crucible in which the soul is purified, a holy discipline which makes for heaven? Because Christ has spoken.

Lastly, it is the night of death; to so many of our fellow-travellers the hour of final separation. Death is around us with its gloomy retinue; death, which no raptures of idyllic poetry, no lucubrations on the eternity of the race, can make other than terrible; death, with its awful impenetrable silence, with its stern sentence, "dust to dust." Whence comes it that we Christians, who in one sense take a more solemn view than other men of death, since we see in it the bitter consequence of sin, yet speak of it often as a vanquished foe? What mean those hymns of hope which rise over open graves? Why do we talk of the land of pure delight beyond the stream of death? Why do we call the dead blessed? Because Christ has spoken.

He has spoken. Mark well; I do not say, "He has reasoned, argued, proved;" I say simply, He has spoken. And everywhere and in all time we find that there are men whom this voice heartens, calms, consoles, to whom it conveys an immutable conviction, an immortal hope.

Christ has said to them, "Be not afraid; it is I."

"And He went up unto them into the ship; and the wind ceased."

HALF-HOURS WITH CHRISTIAN AUTHORS.

REVERSAL OF HUMAN JUDGMENT.

Suppose any supernatural judge should appear in the world now, and it is evident that the scene he would create would be one to startle us: we should not soon be used to it: it would look strange: it would shock and appal: and that from no other cause than simply its reductions: that it presented characters stripped bare, denuded of what was irrelevant to goodness, and only with their moral substance left. The judge would take no cognizance of a rich imagination, power of language, poetical gifts and the like, in themselves, as parts of goodness, any more than he would of riches and prosperity; and the moral residuum left would appear, perhaps, a bare The first look of Divine justice would strike us as injustice: it would be too pure a justice for us; we should be long in reconciling ourselves to it. Justice would appear, like the painter's gaunt skeleton of emblematic meaning, to be stalking through the world, smiting with attenuation luxuriating forms of virtue. Forms, changed from what we knew, would meet us, strange unaccustomed forms, and we should have to ask them who they were-"You were flourishing but a short while ago; what has happened to you now?" And the answer, if it spoke the truth, would be-" Nothing, except that now much which lately counted as goodness counts as such no longer: we are tried by a new moral measure, out of which we issue different men; gifts which have figured as goodness remain as gifts, but cease to be goodness." Thus would the large sweep made of human canonizations act like blight or volcanic fire upon some rich landscape, converting the luxury of nature into a dried-up scene of bare stems and scorched vegetation.

So may the scrutiny of the last day, by discovering the irrelevant material in men's goodness, reduce to a shadow much exalted earthly character. Men are made up of professions, gifts, and talents, and also of themselves, but all so mixed together that we cannot separate one element from another; but another day must show what the moral substance is, and what is only the brightness and setting off of

gifts. On the other hand, the same day may show where, though the setting off of gifts is less, the substance is more. If there will be reversal of human judgment for evil, there will be reversal of it for good too. The solid work which has gone on in secret, under common exteriors, will then spring into light, and come out in a glorious aspect. Do we not meet with suprises of this kind here, which look like auguries of a greater surprise in the next world, a surprise on a vast scale? Those who have lived under an exterior of rule, when they come to a trying moment sometimes disappoint us: they are not equal to the act required from them : because their forms of duty, whatever they are, have not touched in reality their deeper fault of character, meanness, or jealousy, or the like, but have left them where they were; they have gone on thinking themselves good because they did particular things, and used certain language, and adopted certain ways of thought, and have been utterly unconscious all the time of a corroding sin within them. On the other hand, some one who did not promise much come out at a moment of trial strikingly and favourably. This is a surprise, then, which sometimes happens: nay, and sometimes a greater surprise still, when out of the eater comes forth meat, and out of a state of sin there springs the soul of virtue. The act of the thief on the cross is a surprise. Up to the time when he was judged he was a thief, and from a thief he became a saint. For even in the dark labyrinth of evil there are unexpected outlets; sin is established by habit in the man, but the good principle which is in him also, but kept down and suppressed, may be secretly growing too; it may be undermining it, and extracting the life and force from it. In this man, then, sin becomes more and more, though holding its place by custom, an outside and coating, just as virtue does in the deteriorating man, till at last, by a sudden effort and the inspiration of an opportunity. the strong good casts off the weak crust of evil and comes out free.-Mozley.

HUMILITY.

There are tendencies abroad which seem to be converging towards the proscription of humility by modern opinion. Our conquests in the world of matter and in the world of thought

are held to justify an attitude of mind widely different from that of the generations who have passed away. It was theirs, we think, to cultivate virtues which might beseem the babyhood of civilization: it is ours to practise the modes of thinking and acting which are natural to its manhood. If they in their ignorance did well to be self-distrustful, we in our knowledge and our power do better to be self-reliant and self-asserting. This is the thought and tendency rather than as yet the avowed language of a school which is exercising a very powerful influence in the formation of character and opinion. It is often said that Oxford men of the present day are more selfreliant than their predecessors of fifteen or twenty years ago: and if this be so it only amounts to saying that you, my younger brethren, have suffered from the action of intellectual causes which doubtless are at work in all classes of English society. You may meet with those who will congratulate you on the fact, if unhappily it be a fact; but no man could do so who was speaking to you from this pulpit in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. You will pardon-nay, you will welcome-a frankness which is not so much the right as a necessity of a sincere ministry of the truth, and which is due not less to yourselves than to Him whom here we represent; but it is possible that some of you may be disposed to ask why it should be implied that humility is a virtue thus absolute and indispensable. I must answer by asking you to reflect on the only possible condition of its ceasing to be so. If God could be pronounced non-existent or dead; if Positivism or Pantheism were new revelations, at whose bidding that Living Being whom we Christians worship should vanish as if He were but the great Pan of an expiring heathendom; if there were no governing Providence on earth, no throne raised high above all other thrones in heaven; then there would be no room, no justification for humility. Man, however he might have come into existence, might then seriously suppose himself to represent the highest existing life; and the man who possessed a keener intellect or a stronger arm than his fellow-men might naturally demean himself as if he were God.

Certainly, in the absence of belief in the living God, there would be no occasion for the culture of humility. But whatever other questions are being agitated around us, at least we

are not vet inquiring whether God exists or not. Nav. our Christian lips still profess to ascribe "Glory to the Father. and to the Son, and to the Holv Ghost: as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end." We have not vet ignored the first and highest of all facts. We still confess the existence of one Being, who is utterly and awfully unlike all others. We are "sure that the Lord he is God:" that "it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves:" that "we are his people and the sheep of his pasture." * We, the work of His hands, live consciously beneath the eve of our Creator. He alone is almighty, alone eternal, alone and literally incomprehensible. Creation, as it lies in all its marvellous beauty spread out before Him, with its countless worlds. its innumerable orders and forms of life, its vast, unimagined, unexplored materials, and forces, and laws, is to Him as a toy, which in the fulness of His almighty freedom He fashioned but vesterday. It exists as it was framed, simply by His will. He alone is self-dependent; He alone needs nothing from other beings: He is the one Being whom nothing can impoverish, whom nothing can enrich, whose greatness and blessedness are altogether beyond the reach whether of loss or increase. † He, our God, and He alone, is essentially holy. In the highest and most saintly of His creatures He beholds the taint of moral imperfection, of "folly:" and they, in turn, offer Him the tribute of a perpetual adoration which proclaims that He is altogether, in His essence, beyond and unlike themselves. 1-Liddon.

WATCHFULNESS.

"To stand," here is opposed to sleep and sloth; standing is a waking, watching posture; when the captain sees his soldiers lying secure on the ground asleep, he bids, "Stand to your arms;" that is, stand and watch. In some cases it is death for a soldier to be found asleep, as when he is appointed to stand sentinel; now to sleep deserves death, because he is

^{*} Psa. c. 2. † Dr. Pusey.

[‡] Exod. xxiv. 17. Deut. iv. 24; ix. 3. Heb. xii. 29. Rev. v. 8; viii. 3, 4. St. James v. 15. Burning incense is the symbol of the sin-covering power of prayer—like the cloud that filled the temple.—Keil on 1 Kings viii. 10, 11.

to remain awake, that the whole army may sleep, and his sleep may cost them their lives; therefore a great captain thought he gave that soldier but his due, whom he run through with his sword, because he found him asleep when he should have stood sentinel, excusing his severity with this, that he left him as he found him-Mortuum inveni, et mortuum reliqui: I found him dead in sleep, and left him but asleep in death. Watchfulness is more needful for the Christian soldier than any other, because other soldiers fight with men that need sleep as well as themselves; but the Christian's grand enemy, Satan, is ever awake and walking his rounds, seeking whom he may surprise. And if Satan be always awake, it is dangerous for the Christian at any time to be spiritually asleep -that is, secure and careless. The Christian is seldom worsted by this his enemy, but there is either treachery or negligence in the business; either the unregenerate part betrays him, or his grace is not wakeful to make a timely discovery of him, so as to prepare for the encounter; the enemy is upon him before he is thoroughly awake to draw his sword. The saint's sleeping time is Satan's tempting time; every fly dares creep on a sleeping lion. No temptation so weak but is strong enough. to foil a Christian that is napping: Samson asleep, and Delilah cut his locks; Saul asleep, and the spear is taken away from his very side, and he never the wiser; Noah asleep, and his graceless son has a fit time to discover his father's nakedness; Eutychus asleep, nods, and falls from the third. loft, and is taken up for dead. Thus the Christian asleep in security may soon be surprised, so as to lose much of his spiritual strength ("the joy of the Lord," which is his strength), be robbed of his spear, his armour (graces, I mean), at least in the present use of them, and his nakedness discovered by graceless men to the shame of his profession (as when Joab could take notice of David's vain-glory in numbering the people, was not David's grace asleep?)—yea, he may fall from a high loft of profession, so low, into such scandalous practices, that others may question whether there be any life of grace in him. And therefore it behoves the Christian to stand wakefully; sleep steals as insensibly on the soul as it doth on the body. The wise virgins fell asleep as well as the foolish, though not so soundly: take heed thou dost not indulge thyself in lazy distemper, but stir up thyself to action, as we bid one that is drowsy stand up, or walk. Yield to it by idleness and sloth, and it will grow upon thee; bestir thyself in duty, and it will be over. David first awakes his tongue to sing, his hand to play on his harp, and then David's heart awakes also (Psa. li. 8). The lion, it is said, when he first wakes, lashes himself with his tail, thereby to stir and rouse up his courage, and then away he goes after his prey. We have enough to excite and provoke us to use all care and diligence possible.

First. The Christian's work is too curious to be done well between sleeping and waking, and too important to be done ill slumbered over. He had need be awake that walks upon the brink of a deep river or brow of a steep hill. The Christian's path is so narrow, and the danger is so great, that it calls for both a nimble eye to discern and steady eye to direct; but a sleepy eye can do neither. Look upon any duty or grace, and you will find it lie between Scylla and Charybdis, two extremes, alike dangerous. Faith, the great work of God, cuts its way between the mountain of presumption and gulf of despair; patience, a grace so necessary that we cannot be without it a day, except we would be all that while beside ourselves, this keeps that we fall neither into the sleepy apoplexy of a blockish stupidity, which deprives the creature of its senses; nor into a raging fit of discontent, which hath sense enough, and too much, to feel the hand of God, but deprives the man of his reason, that he turns again upon God, and shoots back the Almighty's arrows on His fiery face, in the fury of his froward spirit. The like we might say of the rest. No truth but hath some error next door to her: no duty can be performed without approaching very near the enemy's quarters, who soon takes the alarm, and comes out to oppose the Christian; and ought he not, then, to have always his heart on the watch ?-Gurnal.

THE DEACON.

"How is it," said a worthy deacon to me once, "that whenever a reference is made to deacons at any of our denominational meetings there is pretty sure to be a laugh?" The case was overstated; the good man himself was perhaps

unduly sensitive; a little harmless pleasantry was probably regarded in too serious an aspect; and yet it is impossible to deny that there was some reason for a question which it is not easy to answer offhand. Assuredly the deacons of our Churches, as a body, deserve not only respectful mention but high honour. There are few classes of men who render so freely such noble service, and if they are to meet with scarcely suppressed ridicule or contempt, they have just ground for complaint. But it is not so. It is true that a joke at their expense, even though it be a very small one, is generally well received; but in this respect they do not occupy an exceptional position. I remember an advocate of a society which had not much in the way of actual result to adduce beginning a speech by saying, "A craving for facts is an infirmity of our common nature." It would be equally, if not more, correct to say that a love of small jokes, especially at those in authority, is a common human weakness, which, I should have said, was particularly developed in ecclesiastical circles, were it not that all reporters bear testimony to the eagerness with which the smallest witticism of a judge is caught up in court. It is very doubtful whether deacons suffer more than other classes from this weakness. Nevertheless it must be admitted that they are targets at which a good many arrows are aimed. Church defenders always talk of their office as though it were the weakness of the Congregational system. The reason is not far to seek. Deacons occupy an intermediate position between the pastor and the people, they are open to attack on both sides, and our enemies are glad enough to cite these hostile criticisms.

But such criticisms do not affect the calm and sober judgment that is formed of a body of high-minded Christian men, who contribute largely to the strength both of the individual churches and of our denominational institutions. The amount of time, thought, money, and energy which numbers of them devote to the service of the Churches is but very imperfectly understood and recognized. No doubt there are exceptions, but in this case the exceptions are, with great injustice, continually quoted, as though they were the types of the class. The ideal of the deacon is too often taken from the "lawless and disobedient," or the arrogant and

overbearing, who are the few, and not from the righteous and the good, who constitute the large majority. Remembering the acts of true sympathy and thoughtful kindness by which the hearts of pastors have been cheered, or of wise and judicious management by which a Church has been safely steered through difficulties by its deacons, it is hard to understand why they are often so harshly judged. Of course, some of them are narrow, or are worshippers of the past, or slaves to mere routine; some are lacking in enterprize, and others in thoughtful consideration and tact; some are disposed unduly to "magnify their office," and others are overbearing in tone and manner. But it would be strange indeed if the faults of these men were to make us indifferent to the virtues with which they are relieved even in their cases, and still more to keep out of view the immense majority of intelligent, large-hearted. loyal, and devoted men who are doing their utmost-though, of course, with such imperfections as compass the best of Christians, to minister to the happiness of the pastor and the prosperity of the Church. If in the Churches whom they serve so well there is, nevertheless, a disposition to look with some jealousy on their exercise of the power which has been entrusted to them by the vote of their brethren, they only share the fate which overtakes almost every executive. It is pretty certain that a Liberal Ministry will no sooner be installed in power than those who place it there will speedily begin to cavil at some of its proceedings. Conservatives have the wisdom to keep their murmurings to themselves, but now and then there are indications that even they are not content to part with the privilege of every free-born Englishman to grumble even at the man of his own choice. The same spirit Their members are men of indeenters into Churches. pendent thought, and they are prone to comment with freedom upon the proceedings of their representatives in the conduct of affairs in which they have as deep an interest as the deacons themselves. It would not be a good sign were it otherwise. The unchallenged rule of officialism would be death to a Congregational Church. It needs, in order to its efficiency. the loving sympathy and active co-operation of each member, and where this exists there is sure to be independent criticism. But it does not imply actual discontent, still less does it

necessarily indicate a feeling of hostility or disrespect. Underlying expressions which may sometimes seem keen, and which may annoy those who are affected by them, there may be, and often is, a sincere appreciation of the personal worth and a grateful recognition of the value of the service rendered by the very men thus criticized.

The deacon's office is a necessary one in the present condition of our Churches. Whether the New Testament precedents which are pleaded in its favour have all the authority which the exponents and defenders of the Congregational polity have been wont to ascribe to them, is certainly open to very serious doubt. It is true that the Church at Jerusalem chose seven deacons, in order to relieve the apostles from the duty of "serving tables;" but it is a very large conclusion to draw from such slight premises that every Church ought to have a body of men called "deacons," to whom the entire management of its financial affairs shall be committed. The precedent comes to have even less weight when it is adduced on behalf of an office which in such a large number of cases has attracted to itself certain spiritual functions and duties. The deacons are, indeed, generally a consulting council, with whom the pastor confers on all questions affecting either the spiritual or secular interests of the Church. The admission of members, the exercise of discipline, the extension of Church operations, are all regarded as coming within their province. There is no doubt a deeply-rooted feeling on the part of numbers that duties of this kind rightly belong to them, and with not a few deacons a natural disposition to extend and insist on their rights. I had at an early date in my own ministry to oppose a claim set up by one who took a very exalted view of a deacon's rights, that before introducing a candidate for fellowship to the Church I was bound first to propose him to the deacons, who would institute an independent investigation of their own and then determine whether the pastor should submit the name to the Church. Now, apart from every other objection, an office of this character is so utterly unlike that to which the Church at Jerusalem elected Stephen and his colleagues, that it is hopeless to try and find in the one a parallel to the other.

It is a curious fact also that we never read of these deacons

in their corporate capacity afterwards. They were men highly honoured in the Church. Stephen was undoubtedly one of the most enlightened and large-hearted teachers of the gospel. and Philip was an earnest and devoted evangelist; but there is not a hint that the great work which they did was done in an official capacity as deacons, and of the body we have not a word. So far as the record in the Acts is concerned, they may have been nothing more than a committee pro hac vice, whose office ceased when the emergency had been met. It is true that we find "bishops and deacons" as officers in the different Churches, but the question arises, did these "deacons" correspond to the officers whom we designate by that name? There are certainly some indications (I do not pretend they are conclusive. I merely throw out a suggestion) that the term was of a general character, and included all who had any work entrusted to them by the Church, whether of a permanent or temporary nature, and who thus became its servants. Thus, among ourselves, Sunday-school superintendents, lay preachers, delegates to any county association, or Congregational Union, members of building committees would, on this principle, be properly described "deacons" of the Church. They would not necessarily have any corporate character, but they would all alike be "ministers" or "servants" of the Church.

The only inference I wish to draw from this is that a Church is not bound to have a class of officers such as our deacons now are, and that they cannot pretend to a Divine right, nor even establish a decisive apostolic precedent in their The simplicity and freedom in the constitution of the early Churches seems to me to point to the right of all Churches to adapt their organization to their circumstances. provided only they introduce no office which would interfere with the sovereign rights of the Lord, or encroach upon the individual liberties of the members of His Church. They may have deacons and elders-either, both, or neither-as may be judged by them most expedient. They may, if they see fit, commit the business entirely to committees, between whom they may divide the work of the Church, appointing one to assist the pastor in purely spiritual work, another to manage finance, a third to superintend evangelistic work. The period for which any of these officers shall be elected, the names they

shall bear, and the particular sphere they shall occupy, are all points to be determined by themselves. Traditions and precedents may, indeed, point in one particular direction, but Congregationalism is not hide-bound by custom or authority. It is wise no doubt to adhere to the old, unless good reason can be shown for change, but this is only the conservatism of plain common sense, not of servile deference to the past. The glory of our system is its freedom, and one result of that freedom is elasticity.

It is necessary to add that there is a difference between our Churches as generally constituted at present and the Churches of apostolic days, which itself would render necessary some variation in our official arrangements. In the primitive Churches we find a plurality of bishops or presbyters. With us it is seldom possible to have more than a single bishop, and it seems, therefore, desirable that he should have his council, whatever the name by which it is designated. Whether it be expedient that its members should be called presbyters or elders, and that the deacons should be a separate body to which should be left the financial work of the Church, is a point I shall not attempt to discuss here, and indeed it is one which might wisely be settled in a different way by different Churches. It is not with the idea of suggesting any revolutionary changes that I have thrown out these hints as to the nature of the diaconate in primitive days, but solely to get rid of a notion which has been too prevalent in many quarters, and has worked no little mischief, that deacons constitute a separate order in the ministry, with a certain sanctity attaching to their office and with an authority independent of that which they receive from the Church.

The evil resulting from such a view is manifest. In the first place, the office is regarded as an office for life. A Church may discover very soon after it has made its election that it has committed a serious mistake, and that its chosen deacon is a different man in office from what he was as a private member. Qualities in him which had been unsuspected because there had been nothing to call them forth may reveal themselves in this new position of authority. But however impracticable, or arrogant, or fussy he may be, the Church must endure him, and do its best to grapple with the difficulties

which his wavwardness or self-assertion may create. Or a man who is very suitable and useful for office in a Church at the time of his election may after a few years be altogether unfitted for the position in the same Church under the changed conditions which lapse of time has produced. The Church itself has been transformed, and a new generation has succeeded to that by which he was elected. Or there may have been a change in the pastorate, and the strong sympathy which existed between the deacon and the former minister may no longer exist. Yet he holds his office, though he may show an increasing lack of interest in its duties, the example of which tells with fatal effect upon the Church. He may pass from indifference to watchful jealousy and active antagonism, distressing the pastor and hindering the progress of the Church, but still he remains, and is determined to remain. a perpetual obstructive, if nothing worse. Yet he may act with perfect conscientiousness. He occupies a position from which no one can remove him, and which he fancies it would be wrong in him to resign, and he feels he must carry out his own ideas of duty, however unpleasant to himself or distressing to others or disastrous to the great work of the Church. He is an elder, and he is alarmed at some of the tendencies of the rising generation, and thinks himself bound, at whatever sacrifice of feeling, to resist them. He has a conviction that he has been called to office for this very purpose, and that it would be cowardly and disloyal to turn aside from the duty which so obviously rests upon him. A false conception of the office, its nature, its rights, and its permanence, lies at the root of much of the mischief. Were the diaconate viewed only as the Executive Committee of the Church (and I fail to see what it can be besides), and were its members chosen for a limited period, which could be extended if they retained the confidence of the Church, we should not hear, as we sometimes do, of a Church suffering from a deacon who sits as a heavy incubus upon both pastor and Church.

The relations between pastor and deacon must be so close and intimate, and it is of such importance to all parties that they should be cordial and friendly, that it has long appeared to me that provision should be made for an election of new deacons, if not for an entire renewal of the diaconate, within

a limited period after the commencement of every pastorate. Many a young minister's spirit has been worried, his early vears made miserable, perhaps his whole career blighted, for the lack of some such provision as this. In all the fervour of youth, and with all its inexperience, he has had to deal with deacons who may not have meant unkindly, but who were wedded not only to old notions, but to old phrases; who had the distrust which each successive age seems to have of the theology of that which is to come after it: who could make no allowance for faults of expression, but construed every phrase in its severest sense and with a disposition to detect some heresy in it: who had no tolerance for little idiosyncrasies or eccentricities: and who took no care to soften the objections they thought it necessary to make. The result, as might have been expected, was trouble, and possibly disunion, leading to the rupture of the tie which had just been formed. It is not necessary to point out how unequal the terms on which the young pastor has to deal with men of matured character and of long and intimate knowledge of the people. Perhaps he finds friends who rally round him and enable him to maintain his position, though not without considerable cost of feeling; or perhaps he is too timid or sensitive to enter upon the struggle at all, and he succumbs to an opposition which has embittered his spirit and possibly disgusted him with the system. It is possible, however, that neither party is much to blame, and that the fault, such as it is, is pretty equally distributed. The system very often receives the condemnation, and vet the error is not in it. but in an unwise method of administration.

The deacon, it should be remembered, is intended to be a helper to the pastor, not, as some appear to believe, the jealous critic of his doctrine and the great check upon his action. It is not well that a pastor should be an autocrat, and no doubt, one object which is served by the existence of a council of deacons is the repression of tendencies in the direction of despotism, which popularity in the pulpit and a consciousness of influence in the Church may easily engender. But the desire of that council should always be to promote the usefulness and happiness of the pastor as one condition of the prosperity of the Church. The idea of a rivalry of

authority, in which each party has constantly to watch lest its province be invaded and its prerogative curtailed. is one that cannot intrude without leading sooner or later to serious mischief. It is not suggested that the deacons should be nothing more than the mere instruments of the pastor, but unless they can work in harmony with him, they should decline the office altogether. Pastor and deacons together form the executive of the Church-are, in fact, a kind of administrative Cabinet; and as it could not long be tolerated that the other members of the Cabinet should be at variance with the Premier, so ought it to be in a Christian Church. A deacon may indeed allege that his opposition to his minister is prompted by a desire to resist some heresy or prevent rash and heedless innovations, and that, in conscience, he could not act otherwise. But the remedy is obvious. There is an appeal to the Church, just as in the case of dissension in a Cabinet, Parliament and the nation must decide which policy shall prevail. If the Church has confidence in the pastor, a dissentient deacon who makes the point of difference a matter of conscience, has no option but to resign, unless indeed it be a case in which the Church itself appears to him to be so far departing from its accepted principles and compromising its character that resistance à outrance becomes to him a positive duty. Extreme cases of this kind do sometimes occur, and the deacons who, under such conditions, fight the battle of principle and truth, deserve to be honoured for their loyalty to conscience even by those who regard them as narrow. Probably they have not had the inestimable advantage of being born within the last thirty, or even forty, years, and they may have imbibed ideas which it is the fashion in these modern days to regard as obsolete. They may never have felt the influence of the "advanced" thought of the age. and possibly have no pretensions to be regarded as intellectual; but they honestly believe that they are called to the defence of the truth which is precious to them, and it is to be said on their behalf that it is the truth which has given the Church such life and power as it possesses. Happily, it is not often that deacons are called to discharge a duty of this kind, and for that very reason it is possible that they may commit serious blundering in their manner of performing it. But they are not to be rashly condemned. They are as faithful to truth as the ardent advocates of an extended liberty, and even could they be proved to be mistaken in their sense of duty, merit only approval for the boldness with which they act up to it.

But these are not the cases to which I chiefly refer. I speak rather of those in which, from differences on point of management, and perhaps from incompatibility of temper, a pastor and deacons may come into collision. Many of them, it appears to me, might be altogether avoided, or very much minimized, if on both sides there was first a distinct recognition of the supreme importance of the common objects in which all are interested, and of the one Master whom all alike desire to serve and glorify; and secondly, a more sincere endeavour on both sides to understand the position and difficulties of the other. No doubt there are deacons who are intolerable. I have heard of a deacon who was in the habit of going into the vestry after a service and, standing by the fireplace with his hand on the mantel-shelf and his head upon it. addressing his minister in these very encouraging words, "No, sir, it won't do! This preaching will never gather or keep a congregation." But after a long and somewhat varied experience of deacons during a ministry of thirty-four years, I am bound to say that this gentleman was, happily, a very rare specimen. I believe in the fact because of the evidence by which it was sustained, but personally I have met no parallel to it. The "lord deacon" of whom we hear so much in the writings of the Church defenders, belongs to the past generation. Perhaps the species is not so absolutely extinct as the dodo. but it is not often met with, and if, unhappily, one of the class is to be found, his influence may, for the most part, be overcome by a pastor of kindly spirit, wise counsel, and earnest work. Still I do not underrate the difficulties with which many pastors have to contend in consequence of having around them officious, or impracticable, or over-cautious, or fussy, or unsympathetic deacons. Whether if we had a convention of deacons we might not hear from them complaints of their pastors, is a point on which I will not venture even to throw out a hint. But neither the one nor the other class is free from frailty, and perhaps neither is always sufficiently anxious to appreciate the feelings of the other.

It would be a great mistake, however, to believe that the relations between them are always, or even frequently, in a state of severe tension, such as the representations of enemies would lead us to expect. On the contrary, the majority of ministers would say that their deacons are their most tried and loyal friends. Perhaps my lot has been exceptional, but I have found among my deacons many of this character. It would be in bad taste to introduce personal references to those with whom I am now associated, or even those who still survive of the noble band with whom I worked for fourteen happy years in Lancashire. But there rise up to my mind some five or six of my former colleagues, now in heaven, who certainly were of the excellent of the earth, and who were as loyal in their attachments, as tender in sympathy, as generous in purpose and deed, as any man could desire for his friends. One of them was a venerable Christian, a deacon in the first Church of which I, then a mere stripling, undertook the charge: and now, after the lapse of more than thirty years, I cannot think without deep feeling of the way in which he taught others by his own example to "deal gently with the young man." Another, I was told before I entered on the pastorate, was one of the "lord deacon" class, and that I must be careful not to cross him. I fear that is a kind of virtue I should not find it easy to practise. I do not believe in diplomacy, and I did not try it. But I had no occasion. We worked together for fourteen years, and a happier friendship there never was than that in which we were united during the period. He was taken away to his rest just before I resigned the pastorate, and some of his latest utterances were expressions of attachment to his pastor. Of a third a slight incident will give the best idea. He was a man of high Calvinistic opinions, but of singular breadth of charity, and with a saintliness I never knew surpassed in any one with whom I have been acquainted. One day I called upon him in an anxious and worried state of mind to talk over some little vexation. It happened that he was conducting family worship, and as I remained outside the door, I heard a prayer for myself so tender and earnest that I forgot my trouble, and went away cheered and comforted. The fourth was a simple working-man, but in sound judgment, in earnest piety, and in single-hearted devotion to the Church, he had not many equals. Such are some of my reminiscences of deacons, and I cannot but write kindly of a class among whom I have met such hearty sympathy and co-operation.

To sum up, it may be desirable to make some changes in our official arrangements; but these are points on which each Church must decide according to its individual circumstances. Certain it is, however, that we need a class of men to discharge the duties at present performed by our deacons. I can see considerable advantage in the division of their spiritual from their secular functions, and in assigning the latter to a committee. But a minister needs a consulting council to advise and to help him in his work. Let the Churches be careful in the election of men for such an office, wisely studying the feelings of the minister, if for no better reason, because the prosperity of the Church so largely depends upon the harmonious action of its officers. They should avoid men who have earned an unfortunate character for impracticability. or who are possessed by some pet idea which they ride to death, or who are afraid of enterprize and venture, and tremble at the sight of novelty, or who are so cosmopolitan that they do not care to devote themselves to the work of their own Church. They should seek men of amiable temper, of comprehensive views, and, above all, of sanctified common sense. They should certainly be men who regard the office as a trust, and not as an honorary position, and whose first thought is for the prosperity of the Church to whose service they have been called. Happily there have always been such men in the Churches: there are numbers of them who are in the diaconal office now; and we trust in our Congregational Churches that godly succession may never fail. Pious, prudent, and devoted deacons are hardly less essential to the prosperity of our Churches than able preachers and wise pastors. Those who would promote jealousies between pastors and deacons are enemies of both and of the Church also. They should ever be "fellow-helpers to the truth," and the grandeur of the common service in which they are engaged should lift them above the petty feelings which might otherwise divide them. J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A RELIGIOUS RAMBLER.

WHEN I began to be a student at New College, London, twenty years ago, the Rev. James Stratten, my pastor, was just retiring from his work at Paddington Chapel. Attendance at my own place of worship was frequently interrupted by preaching engagements, even early in my college course; and when I did attend, I found a new minister ("a supply") in the pulpit. When the pulpit began to wander, I began to wander also. I do not defend my practice. Indeed, I have often in a mild way remonstrated with young people who had not my excuse for being rolling stones. And I certainly never fell into that objectionable class of hearers who belong nowhere. My aberrations were always tinged with a kind of lovalty to my own church, and I think I was never blamed by those in authority for what I did. But enough of excuses. I became somewhat of a rambler. Names which had been but shadows before became realities to me, and I should have gone on increasing my stock of varied knowledge if circumstances had not arisen to prevent me from doing so.

One Sunday morning I found myself in the comfortable and pretty church in Holloway, curious to see and hear Alfred Morris. As I look through the shadowy past, I see a wellmade, somewhat bent form, just a slight ring of baldness on the head, and dark hair, not too dark, and bright eyes. There was something decidedly racy about his style, a something that was rather new to a youth who had rarely ventured to smile in a place of worship. The men and women of the congregation had a look of expectancy on their faces, and they dared to show that they could relish the humorous strokes which now and again lighted up the sombre background of thoughtful meditation. To me there was something decidedly fresh and suggestive in the whole service. I determined to go again. On the second occasion the somewhat quaint text was announced, "Grey hairs are here and there upon him and he knoweth it not." Many had no idea that there was such a text in the Bible. It was not only evident that it existed, but when Mr. Morris began to handle it the meaning of the words became clear. Many were the smiles as he opened fire on the social customs by which men

and women endeavoured to conceal their advancing age from one another and from themselves. Husbands looked at their wives in a curious way, and you could see that the family circles would talk about these introductory remarks at the forthcoming dinner-table when they got home. The young were delighted, the old listened with calm composure: but among the middle-aged there was a decided flutter. But as the sermon proceeded the ripples on that lake of humanity were smoothed away, and it seemed as though you could see reflected in every face the judgments of God. For Alfred Morris was a prophet. With clear, vigorous strokes he described the old age of the spirit, and the spiritual insensibility with which it was often accompanied. All the moral faculties seemed to be decaying, and the will moved "like the loosened hand of a clock, without aim or purpose, over the face of the soul." The sermon was read; but it was lighted up by such clear common sense, by so many expressive phrases, and by so much human interest, that no one seemed to tire beneath it. And so he fades into the past, a striking figure, a voice that once heard was not forgotten, a sweet and simple and persuasive personality, a mind at once sober and racy, a serious, penetrating, and withal a humorous preacher.

Another preacher who has produced a deep and a lasting impression on my mind and memory was Thomas Lynch. I knew nothing of the Lynch controversy; but a friend read me some of his hymns and advised me to go and hear him. The Iron Church in Hampstead Road will be well remembered by some readers. It was a comfortable structure internally. though far from being externally attractive. His congregation was never very large, perhaps three or four hundred. It was composed of thoughtful men and women. Here and there would be a family of children; but for the most part he had to minister to those who had emerged from childhood in more senses than one. The first impression of Mr. Lynch, as he went up into the rostrum, was decidedly disappointing. He was of good stature, and yet his spareness, his paleness, and his evident feebleness gave the feeling of insignificance. But as soon as the Bible was opened there was a feeling as of a fresh breeze from the sea. The readings were carefully selected, being very varied, and all bearing on one central thought. They led up through the praise and prayers to the general idea of the sermon. The prayer was quite unique. It was as far removed from what is merely formal in arrangement as it is possible to conceive: but it was most devout and reverent. It consisted in a large measure of spiritual communing with God. Every one can feel a difference between the Lord's Prayer and that other prayer of our Lord's recorded in the seventeenth chapter of St. John. This may serve to illustrate the contrast between public prayers which are only a string of particular petitions, and those which are a direct fellowship between the human mind and the Divine. Mr. Lynch's prayers partook of this latter character. The lifting up and inspiring process on those who joined was a thing to be felt, and not explained.

His sermons were at first hard to be understood. Most average and casual hearers would perhaps go away puzzled. They would feel that many good things and even original ones had been said, but they would find it hard to bear away the connecting and underlying course of thought. Mr. Lynch's mind did not move logically so much as poetically. He was synthetical in his thought. His discourses were sometimes a string of pearls; but the pearls were so thick that it was difficult to see, much less to hold, the thread. But to those who listened attentively and sympathetically his meditations were eminently suggestive. I have never heard a preacher who was so provocative of thought as Mr. Lvnch. Many preachers say all the good things that are to be said about a subject and leave the hearer replete; others utter true and beautiful sentences which linger for years in the memory. But Mr. Lynch made you feel that he had only taken you to a point from which you were to start again. His thoughts were like shady summer lanes, which you could pursue endlessly; or like the windings of the river Wye, opening out into fresh reaches of beauty. Hence, to a certain class of minds, he became eminently attractive. I went to hear him as often as I could, not certainly as a model of what preachers ought to be, but as an inspiring teacher of the very kernel of Christianity.

I can see him now in that little rostrum in Hampstead Road. As he preaches he holds by one of the side gas stems as if he needed some material aid to keep body and soul together. His dreamy eyes look not at, but over, the congregation. He has an ample forehead and a fine intellectual look, which make you forget the retreating chin and smooth face. He is nervous, almost fidgetty, and is evidently suffering now and again from acute pain or great exhaustion. He has a resonant and by no means unpleasant voice, with a swing in it and a downward inflection. And as I look on him with the eye of memory I see him, above all, thoroughly absorbed in what he is saying; and the whole congregation around seem to have but one pair of eyes and one pair of ears, for the hush that is upon them shows that the absorption of the preacher has made its mark on every hearer.

As I look back I think of him as a man of deep, spiritual insight. He doubtless had onesidedness as a theological thinker; I am not, however, criticizing his mind, but only recalling my memory of him. He was not a textual preacher, not an expositor, and certainly not a system maker. The Bible was in his heart and also at his fingers' ends. He quoted Scripture most appropriately. The Bible was evidently regarded by him as the instrument by which man was to get to know God: and as such he reverently used it.

Mr. Lynch had great natural shrewdness. Though he had read widely he did not parade his book-knowledge. His thoughts had been digested well. He seemed to know human nature by a kind of instinct, and he never spared its follies. He knew, perhaps, more of the religious world than of the world; and though he had not been treated altogether kindly by the former, he showed no sourness of temper. Few preachers could expose Pharisaic pride with such charming force, and yet there was no sort of acerbity in his tone. Sometimes his quaint humour sent a ripple of smiles over the congregation. He never entered into an elaborate argument against folly or error, but he often tried to laugh men out of their silly superficialities. If they remained dull and ob tinate he let them alone. It was not his fault. I remember his speaking in discriminating language on the subject of revivals of religion, and hitting off the folly of mere emotionalism, by saying that some revivals were "like showers that washed the pavements clean, but they did not enable you even to grow a cabbage out of the hard stone." Speaking of prophetic interpretations, he said on one occasion that "many of them were the laying down of a programme for the Almighty." But underneath all this playful irony there was a deep tenderness toward souls that longed for the truth. I once heard him say that "thoughtful piety is perplexed piety." His "Letters to the Scattered," which I did not know then, are sufficient to show what a warm sympathy he felt for those whose burden was not so much a moral as an intellectual one.

The fertility of his mind was very marked, and often surprising; he would talk for an hour without uttering one commonplace word, or indulging in mere padding. The movements of his mind were directed not by ratiocinative processes, but by a lively fancy; hence surprises and paradoxes were not unfrequent. In Dec., 1870, I heard him preach from the text, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom:" when he opened his discourse in the following way. "It is to be wished that there were fewer Christians—and better." His theme was that the "few" existed for the sake of the "many," and that it was better, therefore, to have quality than quantity. If that little congregation would but receive the kingdom of God in power, the city of London would be a different place, he said, to-morrow.

Once or twice I went to hear him on Thursday evenings, and I was always richly rewarded. As far as thought and illustration were concerned, his week-night addresses would have made the fortunes of many preachers. On one occasion he discoursed for nearly an hour on political economy and religion. The subject had been closely conned beforehand, and was full of keen analytical touches.

The first thing and the last thing about Thomas Lynch was his freshness. He was never formal. The firstly, secondly, and thirdly style of thing was as foreign to him as it would be to a wandering summer breeze. He plunged into his subject as into a beautiful wood, and plucked a flower here and a flower there without apparent plan; and yet when he had finished, men felt that they had had a most refreshing and fragrant arrangement of truths. He was never dry, or precise, or

parsonic. He was spontaneous. You had not to look for the man through a huge silk gown, and pulpit tone, and across a huge crimson cushion. A flower given to him before the service would, perhaps, go with him into the pulpit, and be the theme of thoughts not soon forgotten. A friend of mine went to his little chapel in Albany Street one week-night when it was full of smoke: and when the coughing had somewhat subsided, Mr. Lynch took smoke for his subject. It ended, no doubt, in flame and fire. His congregation was more like a little brotherhood than anything else. So it seemed to me as a casual hearer. They appeared full of sympathy, not only with what he said, but with him. If he stopped to gain breath, or put his hand painfully on his heart, they waited respectfully and silently till he had recovered strength enough to go on. I found it an inspiring thing to hear Mr. Lynch; and though probably my visits did not exceed twelve, they stand out memorable above all my wanderings in the Churches. And in these days when numbers go for so much, and quantity is apt to outweigh quality, I often think of that bright, brave ministry in Mornington Church. SAMUEL PEARSON.

LUCIAN'S TESTIMONY TO CHRISTIANITY.

The "undesigned coincidences" which are found in heathen writers, confirming the truth of the Christian records, have scarcely received that amount of attention which they deserve. In some cases they have failed to impress the general mind because they have been less fully and accurately traced than they might have been. We propose, in the present article, briefly to sketch the outline of an argument which is founded upon a very strange and rather perplexing narration, of the second century, found among the writings of the satirist and humorist Lucian. This very extraordinary man, full of the most powerful wit, and with a lofty feeling of a moral mission in his writings, was a Syrian by birth, having been born at Samosata, on the Euphrates, probably about the year A.D. 125, and seems to have been considerably influenced in his views and character by the great Stoic philosopher Epictetus. The

circumstances to which we are about to refer are thought to have occurred in the year A.D. 165. He was brought up to the profession of a public advocate, or rhetorician; but turning from the prospect of an artificial and not very honest life with disgust, he became a writer, and a very voluminous one. According to Suidas, he died a blasphemer and apostate from Christianity; but of this there is no real evidence. He reveals in his writings—those which are certainly his—a considerable acquaintance with the broad facts of Christianity: but the whole tone of them is that of a scorner and a philosophical critic rather than of a backslider. His writings are very various-some merely pieces of rhetoric, others criticism, others moral and philosophical dialogues, romances, biographies, together with a few poems and miscellaneous pieces. He was not a deep thinker, but seems to have been a kind of Thackeray of his age, with great knowledge of human nature, great hatred of all shams and fanaticism, wonderful fertility and originality of invention, racy diction, and Attic purity, strength, and grace. We wish that we could commend any of the various translations which have been made of his writings into English. They none of them do his style justice, and often miss the point of his satire. But without dwelling longer on Lucian himself, let us now introduce our readers to the very interesting and suggestive little paper ' which he wrote about the year A.D. 165, with the title, "Concerning the Last End of Peregrinus." He writes to a friend, Cronuis, to give him an account of a strange scene he witnessed—a certain cynic philosopher named Peregrinus, or Proteus, who, in a passion for glory, immolated himself in a burning pile of faggots at the Olympic games at Olympia.

The wretched fellow (he begins) has at last, after being a true Proteus, in passing through all kinds of metamorphoses, gone off into fire like his namesake, as described by Homer,

Who, wrapt in flame, glows at every limb.

What an ass! Yes, so I thought as I saw the sight, but was nearly torn in pieces by the cynics round him for indulging in laughter. I was at Elis, and happening to pass the gymnasium of that place, I heard a certain cynic philosopher pouring out the praises of Peregrinus for his wonderful project which he was about to accomplish, and comparing him to Jupiter himself. When he had finished his harangue, another mounted

the rostrum and poured the utmost contempt on the whole thing, giving a full account of the previous history of Peregrinus, in which he showed what a hypocritical and fanatical-and worthless scoundrel he had been.

Lucian then narrates that, being resolved to witness this strange spectacle, he repaired to Olympia. A great crowd assembled. Some tried to dissuade Peregrinus from carrying out his purpose, but others shouted that he must keep his word. About an hour's distance from Olympia there was a great pile of fir faggots and brushwood erected. Surrounded by cynic philosophers with torches in their hands, Peregrinus, with a torch himself, went by moonlight to the appointed place. He then laid down his wallet, cynic's cloak, and Herculean club which he always carried with him, and appeared in a dirty under-garment, called for a handful of frankincense, threw it into the fire, turned his face to the south, and, appealing to the maternal and paternal deities to receive him, leapt into the fire and was immediately surrounded by the flames and seen no more. On his way home Lucian met many people, and told them the tale with his own scoffing embellishments, and he has no doubt there will be multitudes who will at once worship him. But he knows that the man was really a coward and a fool, for he sailed in the same ship with him once from Troas, and heard then of his absurd terror in a storm in the Ægean; and his physician. Alexander, says that only nine "days before he was immolated he was shrieking and groaning in an attack of fever and cholera, brought on by his own gluttony. Democritus would laugh at such a fool, and let us do the same, especially when we find that he is admired and worshipped by others."

Now this is the story in bare outline, without Lucian's clever touches of description and satirical dressing out. But there are several most remarkable allusions to Christians in the paper which we must now proceed to lay before our readers in their exact form, that they may judge of the value of the argument which we are about to draw from the whole case. Peregrinus was said to have been an immoral young man at one time; and when his father, who had large landed property about his native town of Parium in Mysia, on the shore of the Hellespont, a Roman colony, had reached the age of sixty, the son strangled him to become possessed of his

dominions, and then had to flee for his life and wander about from country to country.

Then it was that he learnt thoroughly the extraordinary wisdom of the Christians, becoming acquainted in different parts of Palestine with their priests and scribes. And what do you think? In a little while he made them appear children, becoming himself prophet and thiasarch (chief of their sacred rites), and president of the synagogue-in a word, factotum. And some of their books he explained and commented upon, and others he himself composed, and they regarded him as a divine, and put him in the position of a legislator, and gave him the title of superintendent (#pooτατης). [Cyril gives this title to Peter and Paul in his address to candidates for baptism.] They yet reverence, it seems, that great one, the man who was crucified in Palestine (άνασκολοπισθέντα), because He introduced into the world (/ς τον βιον) that new mystery [τελετη-sacred ritereferring probably to the celebration of the Lord's Supper, by which the Christians were distinguished]. Well, then, Proteus, having been caught at this, was cast into prison, a circumstance which contributed not a little to fan in him that singular vanity which had actuated him through lifehis fondness for the marvellous and vainglorious. As soon, then, as he was imprisoned, the Christians, taking the occurrence as a misfortune, made every effort to procure his escape; but as this was impossible, every other service they could render him they did, not casually, but assiduously. At the first dawn of the day there were old women to be seen waiting round the prison; some widows and orphan children, and some of their chief people, having bribed the prison officers, passed the night with him inside. Then they prepared meals of several dishes [possibly love-feasts], and their sacred writings were read, and the dearest Peregrinus (for so he was still called) was described by them as a modern Socrates. Moreover, there were even some representatives of cities in Asia, appointed by the Christians at public expense, to give the man help and consult together about him and comfort him. For these people, when anything concerning the community happens, show themselves wonderfully alert, sparing nothing, in short. Indeed, Peregrinus made a great deal of profit out of them on the pretext of his imprisonment and raised a considerable income. For the poor wretches have persuaded themselves that they are altogether immortal, and that they shall live for all time; for which reason they despise death, and many of them have willingly offered themselves to it. And besides, their first legislator persuaded them that they would all be brethren of one another when once they had forsaken and put away the Grecian deities and worshipped that crucified sophist of theirs and lived according to His laws. Therefore they despise all things alike and regard them as common (κοινα), having received such ideas without any exact faith (or, having put them together without security) (ἄνευ τινος άκριβους πιστεως τα τοιάστα παραδίξαμενοι); so that any wily impostor, when he comes to them, or any magician, if he understands how to do it, can soon deceive these simple people, and become a rich man at their expense.

The governor of Syria, being a philosopher, set Peregrinus

at liberty, finding that it was a foolish matter of vainglory. Returning home to Parium, he was in danger from his fellow-citizens because of his father's death. So to appease them he made over to the town the whole of his paternal estate. He went out then upon a second peregrination, depending upon the Christians for support. "In this manner he subsisted for some time. Afterwards he committed some offence against them (I imagine it was that he was seen eating some of the things forbidden to them); and as they no longer supported him, he began to be in want, and thought fit to apply to his city for his property to be returned." The emperor refused the necessary mandate, as it was opposed by the citizens on the ground of the gift being voluntary. He then went to Egypt and procured himself great fame as an ascetic, and by all sorts of pranks. He then went to Italy, and began to abuse and vilify the emperor—one of the mildest of men-and was expelled from Rome for his insolence. Thence he went to Elis, there venting his spite against the Romans by trying to induce the Greeks to make war against them. And then, finding this provoked a popular tumult, he presented himself at Olympia; and, having exhausted all attempts to procure notoriety, he announced that at the next festival he would burn himself. It is too good a death for such a fellow. And what does he mean by preaching about patience? Would it do for criminals to learn to despise death? and should children be taught to imitate such an exploit? But is it not Peregrinus's notion that he will prove himself as brave as the Brahmins? Yet they suffer themselves to be scorched and gradually burned without shrinking or changing their posture. But although the speaker ridiculed the motives of Peregrinus, he made sure that the affair would take place. So Lucian went to see it. The last words which are placed in the lips of Peregrinus, when he addresses the multitude before leaving the town for the pyre, are somewhat remarkable:

Taking his place where the criers carry on their competition, he discoursed for some time about himself, describing the kind of life that he had lived, and the perils through which he had passed, and what things he had endured on account of philosophy. There was a great deal of that kind of talk, but I could only hear a few things on account of the crowd of spectators, so I escaped lest I should be crushed, but managed

to hear this much. He said that he desired upon a golden life to place a golden crown, for it was fitting that one who had lived like Hercules should die like Hercules, and should mingle again with the upper air $(r\psi \alpha i\theta \delta \rho i)$; and, said he, I am desirous of doing good to men by showing them what kind of death they ought to die. It it is fitting, then, that all men should be to me like Philoctetes.

And some of the more foolish of the men shed tears, crying out, "Save thyself for the Greeks!" But the more hardy ones cried out, "Complete the things that have been determined upon." There are other singular allusions in this remarkable work. "The Elians," Lucian says, "will be sure to erect statues to his memory, as he sent them epistles:

For they say that he sent epistles to almost all the considerable cities, and prescribed certain testaments and institutes and laws, and that he ordained certain deputies from the communities for this purpose, calling them by the titles "messengers from the dead" and "runners from the shades" (φασι δὲπασαις σχεδὸν ταις ἐνεόξοις πολεσιν ἐπιστολας διαπεμψαι αὐτον, διαθηκας τινάς και παραινεσεις και νομους και τινας ἐπι τούνω πρεσβευτας τῶν ἐταιρων ἐχειροτουησε, νεκραγγελους και νερτεροδρομους προσαγορευσας.") § 41.

And at the end Lucian says that he found Peregrinus, "a few days before his death, applying to his eyes, on account of an inflammation in them, a sharp ointment that occasioned them to water exceedingly. Do you see? Æacus would not quite accept the blear-eyed. So it is like a man who is about to be crucified trying to cure a bruise on his finger."

And now a few words, in conclusion, on the evidence of this singular production. That it is a genuine work of Lucian's, no one can doubt. That it has been interpolated by Christian hands, is very unlikely; for the character of interpolations is, generally speaking, much more abrupt and decided. Besides that, an interpolation here and there would not account for the whole tenour and cast of the writing. Some critics have supposed the whole a fabrication. But it would be going too far to deny the existence of the cynic philosopher and the story of his burning. Some such man lived about that time. Some such event may have occurred to a cynic philosopher. But the allusions to it are very few and very obscure, and may be taken from Lucian himself. Aulus Gellius gives an account, in his book called "The Nights" (Bk. xii., chap. xi.), of his visit to a certain Proteus, a cynic philosopher at Athens, and the beautiful sentiments he heard from him, and styles him

"virum gravem et constantem;" but we have no proof that he was the same person referred to by Lucian. Certainly the description, unless it be taken as the delusion of a young man, as Aulus Gellius was, is altogether inapplicable to a mere fanatic. It is impossible, with the little light we possess, to say anything about Proteus or Peregrinus. We know that Lucian was quite capable of either fabricating the story or, like Dean Swift, merely using it as a vehicle of satire.

Now it is a remarkable coincidence that Polycarp was burnt in a fire made of logs and faggots at Smyrna, just about the time that Peregrinus was said to have immolated himself at Olympia, about A.D. 165. The date is very uncertain; but scholars vary in regard to it from 161 to 169. Some of the incidents of the martyrdom have a resemblance to those described by Lucian. But what must strike every reader of the work is the strange echo we find in it from the history of the Apostle Paul. The name Peregrinus the Itinerant; his three journeys; his visits to Greece and Italy; his journey from Troas; his being in a storm in the Ægean; his blear eyes; his position among the Christians, and their visiting him in prison; the deputation from Asia; the widows and orphans; his prison interview with the elders; his epistles, written to nearly all the most important cities of Greece; his ordination of laws and regulations in the Churches; his last words, that he desired to crown his life with a golden crown, recalling the words addressed to Timothy (2 Tim. iv. 6-8) concerning the "crown of righteousness laid up" for him; and even the mention of the cloak and books-all are certainly very remarkable. Why may we not suppose that Lucian wrote this satire, not really upon Proteus and the cynics, but upon the Christians, whom he satirizes in other places in his works: and that, under the guise of the philosopher, mad with the thirst for fame and glory, he intends to ridicule Paul and the Christian martyr Polycarp, blending together the facts of their history, that he may decently cover his innuendoes, and yet easily suggest their application? At all events, Lucian, writing in the year 165, or a little later, clearly testifies to the existence of large communities of Christians, their love of one another, their order and constitution, their feasts of love, their rules of food, their care for widows and orphans, their community of property, their possession of sacred books, their belief in immortality, their fortitude in persecutions and death, their faithfulness to the memory of their crucified Saviour as their Teacher and Master. All this is deeply interesting and important. If there is any truth in the representations made by Lucian concerning Peregrinus or Proteus, we may certainly conclude that he embraced Christianity some twenty years before A.D. 165, and at that time he is said to have been able to learn the doctrines of the Christians; while the allusion to the crucified Jesus seems to point to the crucifixion as considerably before the time when the cynic philosopher accepted the new views. So that we are brought, naturally, to the first century by the evidence of Lucian; and the whole account is therefore strongly confirmatory of the gospel narrative and the Christian history of the first hundred years after the apostles. As to the suggestion that Lucian had St. Paul in view, we leave it with our readers as nothing more than a suggestion; but a perusal of the whole work leaves the impression that it is not a historical fact which Lucian is dealing with, and his animus against the Christians renders it not unlikely that his object was to hold up them and their great apostle to ridicule. R. A. R.

SMALL CHURCHES AND SMALL SALARIES.

A PLEA FOR THE WEAK.

We are proud of our Independency. Not a Nonconformist who knows anything of history but is proud of the honourable ancestry of our Free Churches; and looks back reverently upon the days in which "there were giants" of thought, intellect, and ecclesiastical freedom. Every Congregational Church, however feeble or poor, embodies some of this spirit; and the smaller descendants of these great men desire to tread in some measure in their steps. As Independent Churches, we are free to worship God according to our conscientious ideas of worship. We possess the boon for which the old Puritans suffered loss, banishment, and exile. They and their contemporaries argued, wrote, wrestled, taught, preached,

and endured; and we are entered into their labours. We inhabit the Canaan which they only viewed afar off; the halcyon days in which every man should worship God, sitting in peace under his own vine, and figtree, have dawned upon us; and when a few more of the shackles are knocked off we shall possess ecclesiastical liberty and opportunity for growth in the fullest senses.

But may not our freedom develop other troubles? As single Independent Churches, unsustained by outward help, isolated from sister Churches, dependent only on ourselves, are we not also free to be poor, and so to be fettered in all schemes for progression, social well-being, and aggressive effort? Are we not free also to be isolated and single-handed, in a conflict with hydra-headed obstacles, to vegetate within the narrow circle of our own sympathies, to become exclusive, selfish, little-minded, and heedless of outward claims? Are we not free to let our ministers starve for lack of suitable maintenance. not literally, we grant, for lack of bread, but for lack of all that constitutes the higher, nobler, and more intellectual life? Those in our country churches who decry organization and outward help had better consider whether the foes of a poor Independent country church, be not those of her own household. It may be all perfectly right, and according to principle, to insist upon our "independence" as it concerns organization; but to carry the principle to its legitimate extent we should take care that our means of support are so plentiful that we may be, and are, independent in a pecuniary sense. But does this rule obtain? We will see.

Take the case of small country churches. We have one in our mind's eye which is much like its fellows, and will serve as a sample of the rest. Its members belong both to the manufacturing and agricultural classes, with a small sprinkling of tradesmen, and about three persons who may be considered as well-to-do. Its membership numbers about a hundred, all told, including old, young, sick, active, poor, rich, and working members. Now, the average of the contributions for Church needs, benevolent purposes, missions, and Sundayschools, if struck for the past three years, would amount to from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty pounds. Of this, about ninety or one hundred pounds find their way

into the minister's pocket, while the rest is absorbed in benevolent agencies and necessary expenses. Here we find that we have an average of thirty shillings per annum as the contribution of each member to these various funds—an average which is a very fair one for country churches. But a great number of the members are old, sick, paupers, or labourers, and can only pay a few mites. Indeed, some need relief, and cannot afford to give at all. As to the congregation generally, it will be found that their subscriptions are needed to make up the average among the members; and indeed a large portion of the congregation is composed of the families of the members, and the scholars in the Sunday-school, who may not be supposed to possess any means of their own, but for whom the Church has to provide sittings, accommodation, and the gospel free.

Now, any one knowing the members of these small churches, accustomed to their ways, going in and out among them, and possessing a knowledge of their average circumstances, would see at a glance that such people cannot raise more money than they do. .To these people, accustomed to work hard, week by week, for the wages which only keep soul and body together, every sixpence is of importance; and the father of such a family who puts into the weekly offering box a shilling weekly for his sittings makes a real sacrifice. It is useless to urge such people above their power to do: in some cases it would lead to absence, in others to sullenness and prejudice. Some fall short of the utmost they might do, we admit; but then, when the children are wanting boots and clothes, and work is short, or necessaries of life dear, what can be said to those who, with all their striving and scraping, can only just manage to live? In our English climate, cold, hunger, and hardships combined soon swell the death-rate; and we must not blame poor hard-working people for trying to live somehow, as comfortably as they can, if the collection box does suffer. Here it is that the deficiencies of the poorer members are made up by the subscriptions of the richer members and hearers.

Then, is it any wonder that the minister of such a church gets a small salary? Would it not be a greater one if he got a large one? A hundred or a hundred and twenty pounds is

the very outside salary which such churches can make up: and many fall far short of these amounts. Seventy, eighty, or ninety pounds annually forms the stipend in many decent country churches. We presume that these stipends, in their purchasing power, are about equal to the "forty pounds a year" of Goldsmith's time: but antiquity is no rule for right. the parson of those days found it impossible to live on his salary, although "passing rich," without having recourse to other ways of finding money, we may be sure that they cannot now. Fifty or sixty years since, Congregational ministers. along with other dissenting ministers, received stipends varying from twenty to seventy pounds per annum in country churches, and were esteemed very well paid indeed in some quarters. But then, as now, the lives of these ministers were full of all sorts of anxieties and contrivances to make both ends meet. We know of one instance in the present day in which a village minister was driven to eke out a tiny stipend by rearing pigs for the market; of another, whose five younger children had all to be taught at home by their elder brother, who had only just entered on his teens, and who would greatly have valued education himself, had it been in the power of his parents to have given it; of a third, whose wife did her own washing; and of a fourth, whose clothes got perfectly antiquated through sheer carefulness, because of her inability to replace them if worn out, while the little children had to trudge six or seven miles daily to gain a common school education. And numerous are the instances in which ministers' wives open schools to bring in additional means. Small salaries mean all these hardships, and a hundred more such, to the ministers who receive them. As to books, reviews, daily papers, magazines, summer holidays, and all the things which fling brightness and culture in the lives of those who by nature and training are intellectual. They are luxuries not to be thought of. As to relieving the sick, poor, or aged ones of the congregation in his pastoral visits, the pastor dare not dream of such a thing, for his empty purse forbids it. Of all the professions, the ministry should bring enough to enable its members to live above want: the serene heights of divinity should never be marred by ignoble worries about "wherewithal shall we eat, drink, and be clothed?" but, taken as a whole, its votaries are the worst paid. There is a text which says, "The labourer is worthy of his hire." There is another which says, "Even so hath the Lord ordained, that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel." But can such pittances form livings for ministers with wives and families of children? Few would be found to say that they do. An unmarried minister might live comfortably enough, but if he be not inclined to adopt celibacy he must either angle for a place with larger salary, or take a step in life which commits him and his bride to poverty at once.

The ministers of country churches are the rank and file of our ministerial army. They may not be learned, talented. eloquent, or popular; indeed, in many hundreds of cases they are not; but they are a plodding, patient, conscientious. hard-working Christian body. They form a good part of "the salt of the earth" in country districts; they are lightbearers for the Lord, and messengers of His Word to those who hear the gospel. They may be small men, in the conventional sense of the term; but who could expect commanding talent or Apollos-like eloquence in such circumstances? Would a clerk, possessing any of his employer's confidence, or acquainted with Continental languages, vegetate on such a salary? We are sadly afraid that if the strong churches in our Congregational body do not help the weak ones, the race of country ministers will grow smaller, both in quantity and quality. How many among the middle and manufacturing and educated classes will push forward their sons for the ministry, when the end of a five or six years' college course. with its numberless expenses, is a post in an obscure village. on a starving pittance? Rather, will not the lads, if endowed with energy and intellect, push forward into business, so that they may live, and at the same time be able to give liberally to Christ's cause? A Sustentation Fund is the crying want of our weak churches, and along with this boon, its sister-boon of some organization by which transfers might easily be effected. The coming of a new minister means often the infusion of new life and new blood into a lethargic church, while the good brother who departs feels his soul energized by the fresh warm sympathy of new friends, and betakes himself valiantly to work in new circumstances. Do we not all know

the new energy which developes itself when we find ourselves in new relationships, and have new work to do? Is it any wonder that ministers and churches in country districts stagnate between sleepiness, semi-starvation, routine, and prolonged pastorates? Even a Paul would not withstand altogether the depression and lethargy engendered by such a life.

This is a plea for the weak. Ministers themselves shrink from discovering to the world their wants, their hardships, and their poverty; and the finer and more educated the man's mind, the greater sensitiveness there is upon these points. All the statements here made are facts known to the writer, who has not herself any relative in the ministry, but who has mingled much among ministers and has observed carefully. The Scotch are noted for their love of freedom, but they support a Sustentation Fund, not esteeming it in anywise derogatory to the prestige or success of Free Churches. If those who decry organization will suggest some better way, we will listen to them; but if they do not, we must adopt this one. The law is written in letters of gold: "The labourer is worthy of his hire." It is not charity, it is not benevolence; it is only common honesty, to pay ministers such salaries that they can live comfortably and educate their children. And if this branch of organization be allied to one whereby ministers can move easily from one church to another, after a pastorate of five or seven years, our Congregational Churches will become endowed with new energy, and fight with redoubled power the battles of right and of freedom, so that every little Bethel, with the Master's blessing, shall be indeed as "a city set on a hill, whose light cannot be hid."

EMMA RAYMOND PITMAN.

[We insert this as a contribution to the right understanding of a subject which needs to be brought home to the heart of our Churches Our contributor lives in an agricultural district, where Congregational. Churches have a hard struggle for life. It is for the stronger Churches to decide whether that struggle shall be successful. The Church Aid Society is intended to answer the question, and on the character of that answer will depend, under God, the future of Congregationalism in large districts of England.—Editor.]

PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.*

Westward the course of Empire takes its way;
The first four Acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

These lines of the philosopher, Bishop Berkeley, inspired by his noble missionary and educational zeal for the British Colonies in the Western Hemisphere, are often quoted as a prophecy of the future greatness of America, and express a general law of historical progress. Civilization and religion follow the course of the sun from east to west, encircling the globe, until they shall reach again the lands of their birth. Asia is the cradle of the human race. Europe is an advance upon Asia; America ought to be, and will be, in due time, an advance upon Europe, unless the world should come to a sudden end.

But it may be said with equal propriety, especially at this time:

Eastward the course of Empire takes its way.

The West acts back upon the East. As Alexander the Great carried Greece to Syria, and as Napoleon carried France to Egypt, so Russia and England are now transplanting their sceptre and institutions, the one to Siberia, the other to India. America, too, by her politics, commerce, letters, useful arts, and religion, exerts a growing influence upon older nations.

The whole civilized world, by the wonderful inventions of the press, the power of steam, and electricity, is becoming more and more one international and intercontinental community. Time and space are annihilated. An American gentleman reads at his breakfast what was said and done the evening before in London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, and Calcutta.

EUROPE AND AMERICA.

Europe is in the prime of manhood, America in her fresh youth. Manhood has moderation, wisdom, and experience; youth has its levity, vanity, and conceit, but also its buoyancy,

^{*} Dr. PHILIP SCHAFF, in Princeton Review.

elasticity, and hopefulness; and while it has much to learn and to unlearn, it may with its peculiar gifts teach a good lesson even to old age, as Elihu did in the poem of Job.

Dean Stanley, of Westminster, who has in his keeping the venerable mausoleum of English history and literature, was struck with the remark he often heard during his recent visit from American lips in a tone of plaintive apology: "We are a young people," and "We have no antiquities;" but he adds (reversing Lord Bacon's "Antiquitas sæculi juventus mundi"): "The youth of a nation is also its antiquity."

America has, it is true, no pyramids like Egypt; no colosseum like Rome; no venerable cathedrals like Westminster and Cologne: no libraries like the Vatican and the British Museum; no Universities like Oxford and Berlin; no art collections like Paris and Florence: no poets like Shakespeare and Milton, or Goethe and Schiller: no philosophers like Plato and Aristotle, or Leibnitz and Kant: no historians like Gibbon and Macaulay, or Neander and Gieseler: no theologians like Augustine and Calvin. She lives on the immortal works of genius which older countries and former generations have produced. She was discovered by an Italian sailing under the Spanish flag, and named after another Italian: she derived her language, laws, customs, and religion from England: her idea of a republican confederation from Switzerland and Holland; her population, books, and works of art from all parts of the globe. Without the preceding history of Europe she would be still an unknown wilderness inhabited by savages.

But America—by which, of course, I mean here the United States—has learned a great deal in a short time, and claims a joint inheritance in the potent traditions and historic memories of all Christian nations, from whom she gathered her own population. Her few historic spots, such as Jamestown, Plymouth Rock, Independence Hall, Mount Vernon, touch English history in some of its most important epochs, and are as inseparably connected with it as the stem is with the root. The achievements and fame of Christopher Columbus, Sir Walter Raleigh, Captain John Smith, the Pilgrim Fathers, Roger Williams, William Penn, General Oglethorpe, Bishop Berkeley, John Wesley, George Whitefield, Count Zinzendorf,

General Lafayette, Dr. Priestley, Louis Agassiz, James McCosh, and other distinguished men of modern times, are divided between their native Europe and their temporary or permanent home in America.

In one respect America is only a new edition of Europe. Human nature and Divine grace are the same in all ages and countries, and the great antagonist of God is as busy in the New World as in the Old. There is nothing new under the sun. And yet there is nothing old under the sun. History never repeats itself. Every age and every nation has a peculiar mission to fulfil, and adds to the capital of wisdom and experience. America is not a feeble echo of Europe, but is honouring her ancestry by making a profitable investment of her rich inheritance, and will transmit it doubled in value to posterity.

CENTENNIAL PROGRESS.

The progress of the United States within the first century of their independent existence is one of the marvels in modern history. It is due not to superior merit, but chiefly to the immense extent of country and a foreign immigration which has assumed the proportions of a peaceful migration of nations. We would not forget that God sometimes selects the smallest countries—as Palestine, Greece, Switzerland, the British Isles—for the greatest service. But vast empires are also included in His plan, and the unprecedented growth of the youngest of nations foreshadows a great future, as it involves corresponding danger and responsibility.

The United States of America is the daughter of Great-Britain. It passed from the colonial into the national state by the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776; was recognized after a seven years' war by Great Britain, February 10, 1783, and adopted a constitution September 17, 1787, which was enlarged from time to time by fifteen amendments, the last amendment being passed February 26th, 1869. It has had nineteen Presidents, some having served two terms of four years. In 1876 the nation celebrated its first Centennial by an international exhibition in Philadelphia, the city of its birth, and by innumerable local commemorations. No nation on earth has celebrated such a centenary; none had such cause

of gratitude for the past and hope for the future; none received such a rich legacy, none such a vast responsibility.

During that century the United States has had four wars: two with Great Britain, one with Mexico, and, worst of all, a fierce civil war which brought it to the brink of dismemberment. The first was the war for independence, the last for the preservation of the Union, the sovereignty of the national government over State rights, and the emancipation of four millions of negro slaves. The civil war cost probably more blood and treasure and stimulated more speculation and corruption than any war of the same duration: but the destruction of slavery -that relic of barbarism and heathenism which turned the Declaration of Independence into a lie and attracted the finger of scorn from the civilized world upon this land of boasted freedom and equality—was worth the cost. And, what is not less remarkable, immediately upon the defeat of the rebellion the immense army melted away like snow before the vernal sun, and the soldiers returned to the occupations of peace. Fortunately this country needs no standing army except for the protection of the frontier against Mexicans and wild Indians.

The progress within a century may be summed up in the following facts: The population — in round figures — has grown from less than three millions to more than forty millions, the number of States from thirteen to thirty-eight (besides ten Territories which in the course of time will take their rank among the States), the extent of territory by purchase and war from 420,892 to 3,026,494 square miles, with every variety of soil and climate, and inexhaustible agricultural and mineral wealth.

The growth of churches, schools, colleges, libraries, newspapers, benevolent institutions, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, public roads, railroads, steamboats, and every branch of industry and art, has been in proportion to the increase of population.

The American idea of a republic, as "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people," has been consistently developed and ceased to be a mere experiment.

At the same time we have learned that republican institutions are just as liable to be corrupted and perverted as monarchical and imperial institutions, and that liberty without moral self-government and respect for law is a delusion and a snare. Universal suffrage, which after the civil war was extended to the negroes without any qualification, has worked well in the country as a whole and in national elections, but in the large cities it has thrown the ruling power into the hands of an ignorant multitude of voters under the control of selfish demagogues; and even our national elections are not free from disgraceful frauds. But universal suffrage once given to the people can never be recalled, except by a revolution, and its evils can only be counteracted by universal education. The evils of older countries are fast accumulating among us. Wealth is breeding extravagance and luxury, and is sweeping away the noble simplicity of republican habits. Materialism and Mammonism are undermining the foundations of virtue and spreading a degrading form of idolatry. Vice, crime, and pauperism are on the increase. Capital and labour are coming into conflict. We had street riots in Philadelphia (1844), New York (1863), and elsewhere, and even a fearful outbreak of communistic violence (in 1877), which stopped railroads, destroyed millions of property, and threatened whole cities with destruction. Bribery and corruption have disgraced many a legislature, and even the judiciary is not always administering impartial justice. We are forced to witness the humiliating and shameful spectacle of whole States repudiating their honest debts, after Mississippi long ago had set the bad example, and there is no power in the general government to vindicate the national honour. If with a comparatively small population in an immense country waiting for occupants we have already so much trouble, how much greater will our dangers and troubles be when the land shall be as thickly settled as Europe?

Some look upon universal education as the remedy for all evils, forgetting the inborn depravity of human nature. But intellectual education is worth little without virtue, and virtue must be supported and fed by piety, which binds men to God, inspires them with love to their fellow-men, and urges them on to noble thoughts and noble deeds. Our safety and ultimate success depends upon the maintenance and spread

of the Christian religion. This was the conviction of our greatest statesmen from Washington to Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln. The religious tie of authority and loyalty must be strengthened in proportion as the political tie is relaxed. A self-governing democracy which does not obey the voice of conscience and own God as its Ruler must degenerate into mobocracy and anarchy. "Despotism," says De Tocqueville, that profound student of American institutions, "may govern without faith, but liberty cannot." God's Church, God's Book, and God's Day are the three pillars of American society. Without them it must go the way of all flesh, and God will raise up some other nation or continent to carry on His designs; but with them it will continue to prosper notwithstanding all hindrances from without and within.

A distinguished English divine, when visiting Niagara Falls, as he looked at midnight from the bridge which spans the river and unites the British and American dominions, into the seething chaos below and listened to the ceaseless roar of that avalanche of water, thought it a fit emblem of the restless and bewildering whirlpool of American life; but when he raised his eyes to the moonlight sky, "there arose a cloud of spray twice as high as the Falls themselves, silent, majestic, immovable: that silver column glittering in the moonbeams seemed an image of American history—of the upward heaven-aspiring destiny which should emerge from the distractions of the present."

It is the motto of an American citizen never to despair of the commonwealth, and it is the motto of every believing Christian never to despair of the progress and ultimate triumph of Christianity.

STATISTICS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK IN 1878.

We add the ecclesiastical statistics of the American metropolis, taken from the last report of the N. Y. City Mission Society, carefully prepared by its secretary, Mr. Lewis E. Jackson. It may furnish an idea of the strength of the churches in the larger cities.

Of these 496 church organizations (including chapels and

mission stations), 387 have church edifices, and these, together with the ground they occupy, are estimated to be worth \$40,172,850. The total population of New York City in 1875 was 1,041,886.

The church organizations average a membership of 300, equal to a total of 80,000 communicants. The number of attendants, of course, is much larger. The Protestant churches and chapels afford accommodation probably for 275,000 persons, and the whole (nominally) Protestant population of the city is estimated at from 500,000 to 600,000.

The Roman Catholic churches are usually crowded on Sundays, and are not sufficient for the Roman Catholic population, which probably amounts to one-third of the whole.

THE DIFFERENT ELEMENTS OF AMERICAN CHRISTIANITY.

The first distinctive feature of America is the commingling of nationalities. It is truly e pluribus unum. The Anglo-Saxon nationality forms the solid foundation, the very best for a vigorous, enterprizing, liberty-loving, independent race; but on this foundation are built stones from Scotland, Germany, Holland, Celtic Ireland, France, Switzerland, Scandinavia, Italy, Spain, Hungary, and Bohemia. Even African negroes, Red Indians, and Asiatic Chinese are there in large numbers, but keeping apart.

With the exception of the last-mentioned races, the process of amalgamation is going on with wonderful rapidity, and out of the different nationalities of Europe there is fast rising a new and distinct nationality which more than any other seems destined to realize the unity and universality of the human family, with a continent for its home and two oceans for its outlet to the other continents. If the present English nation is superior to any of the three elements—the Celtic, the Anglo-Saxon, and the Norman-French—of which it is composed, may we not reasonably expect that the American nationality will ultimately be an advance upon any or most of the nationalities which contribute to its growth?

A similar phenomenon is presented to us in American Christianity taken as a whole. It has gathered its material from all the churches and sects of Europe. It strikes its roots in the most excited and interesting period of English history, in

the first half of the seventeenth century, when all the leading English denominations-except the Methodist-assumed a separate organization. It embraces the Anglican Episcopal Church, the Congregational, the Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Methodist Churches, and the Society of Friends-all of English descent. Ireland furnishes the chief material for the Roman Catholic Church, Germany for the Lutheran, German Reformed, and Moravian, Holland for the Dutch Reformed Church. All the historical denominations are now represented in America except the old Greek Church, which numbers but one congregation in New York, in connection with the Russian Embassy, and another Alaska Territory, which was bought from Russia under President Lincoln's administration. But these Churches are not, and probably never will be, melted into one national American Church. They exist as separate, independent organizations, on a basis of equality before the law, enjoying the protection of the Government, but deriving no support from it. They are selfsupporting and self-governing.

CHURCH AND STATE.

America has solved the problem of a "Free Church in a Free State." Church and State co-exist in peaceful and respectful separation, each minding its own business without interference or hindrance from the other. The State takes care of the secular, the Church of the moral and spiritual interests of the people. The Church enjoys the protection of the Government for its property and the free exercise of public worship, but asks and receives no pecuniary support from it.

Congress is for ever prevented, by the First Amendment of the Federal Constitution, to make any law "respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." This, indeed, does not apply to the several States, and some of them continued to tax their citizens for the support of the Church till 1839; but the voluntary principle has gradually triumphed in the whole country, except in the abnormal territory of the Mormons. The law of Congress, it should be distinctly remembered, is protective as well as prohibitive, and owes its origin not to contempt but to respect

for religion and its free exercise. Herein the American idea of religious freedom differs toto cœlo from the red-republican idea, as faith differs from infidelity, and as constitutional liberty differs from antinomian license.

The experiment of unrestricted religious freedom has been tried for a hundred years, and has worked well. There is no desire anywhere to change it. Every church knows that the freedom and independence of all other churches is the best safeguard of its own freedom, and that the least attempt to aspire to political power and supremacy would arouse the jealousy and opposition of the others.

Religious freedom—which is very different from mere toleration, and which necessarily includes freedom of public worship—is regarded in America as one of the fundamental and inalienable rights of man, more sacred than civil freedom or the freedom of thought and speech. It is the highest kind of freedom, and is at the same time the best protection of all other freedom. The dominion of conscience is inviolable. No power on earth has a right to interpose itself between man and his Maker. All attempts to compel religion from without are apt to beget hypocrisy or infidelity. Religion flourishes best in the atmosphere of freedom. The inevitable abuses of freedom are more than counterbalanced by its benefits. These are settled principles in America.

Experience has proved already in the first three centuries of persecution that Christianity is abundantly able to support itself and to govern itself, and to do it much better than the secular power can do it. The voluntary principle has its inconveniences, and entails a great deal of suffering on pastors of young and poor congregations, and among immigrants who are not yet weaned of reliance on Government support. The average salary of ministers is probably not more than \$700 (although a few receive from \$5,000 to \$10,000), and ought to be \$1,000 to enable them to live comfortably and to give their children a good education. But, on the other hand, the voluntary principle secures an able, energetic, devoted clergy, who command respect by their selfdenying services. It makes the laity feel their responsibility. calls forth a vast amount of liberality, and attaches them to the Church in proportion to the amount of labour and money

they have invested in it. Liberality, like every other virtue, grows with its exercise, and so becomes a settled habit. The more we give the more we feel the blessedness of giving. "Make all ye can, save all ye can, give all ye can."

Upon the whole we may venture to say that America, in proportion to her age and population, is better provided with churches, Sunday-schools, and religious institutions and agencies than any country in the world, with the exception, perhaps, of England and Scotland. Church extension keeps pace with the growth of the population; and this is saying much, if we remember the enormous influx of foreign elements.

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER OF THE AMERICAN NATION.

The separation of Church and State is not and cannot be absolute. It does not mean a separation of the nation from religion. It means only the absence of an Established or National Church to which all are bound to belong and to contribute, whether they agree with its creed and polity or not; it means that citizenship is independent of church membership; it means that every man is free to choose his own creed or no creed, and that his religious opinions and ecclesiastical connection have nothing to do with his civil and political rights.

But the American people are nevertheless, in fact, a Christian nation; and if religion may be judged from the number of churches and Sunday-schools, colleges and seminaries, from the extent of Bible-reading, Sabbath-keeping, churchgoing, liberal giving, and active charity, they need not fear a comparison with any nation in Christendom. The clergy are. upon the whole, the most respected and influential class of the community. They are invited to all public festivities, and called upon to open even political meetings with the invocation of the Divine blessing. The Government employs in the judiciaries and in the introduction of officers the Christian oath. It appoints from time to time days of thanksgiving, fasting, and prayer. The memorable national ordinance of 1787, for the government of Territories west of the Ohio, declares that "Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and means of education shall ever be encouraged." Congress, the army and the navy, have their regular chaplains, paid by the Government. Church property, like school property, is exempt from taxation. Christianity is an integral part of the common law of the land, and enjoys as much protection in courts of justice as in any country under the sun. It is deeply rooted in national habits, which are even stronger than laws, and has a mighty hold on the respect and affections of all classes of society.

I have consulted on this important subject, which is often misunderstood in Europe, one of the most learned jurists, Judge Theodore W. Dwight, President of the Columbia Law School, New York, and he has kindly furnished me with the following confirmatory statement on the legal status of Christianity in the United States:

It is well settled by decisions in the courts of the leading States of the Union—e.g., New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts—that Christianity is a part of the common law of the State. Its recognition is shown in the administration of oaths in the courts of justice, in the rules which punish those who wilfully blaspheme, in the observance of Sunday, in the prohibition of profanity, in the legal establishment of permanent charitable trusts, and in the legal principles which control a parent in the education and training of his children. One of the American courts (that of Pennsylvania) states the law in this manner: "Christianity is and always has been a part of the common law of this State—Christianity without the spiritual artillery of European countries—not Christianity founded on any particular religious tenets—not Christianity with an Established Church and titles and spiritual courts, but Christianity with liberty of conscience to all men."

The American States adopted these principles from the common law of England, rejecting such portions of the English law on this subject as were not suited to their customs and institutions. Our national development has in it the best and purest elements of historic Christianity as related to the government of States. Should we tear Christianity out of our law, we would rob our law of its fairest jewels, we would deprive it of its richest treasures, we would arrest its growth, and bereave it of its capacity to adapt itself to the progress in culture, refinement, and morality of those for whose benefit it properly exists.

CONTINENTAL RECORD.

FRANCE. - The Reformed Church. The officious synod, as it was called, that was held towards the close of 1879, with a view to prepare the way, if possible, for a general synod, or at least to bring about some arrangement by which the Reformed Church may once more secure for itself the enjoyment of the full right of self-government—this unauthorized gathering, called, as we have said, the officious synod, serves to have done little more than add to the confusion already existing. Its debates led to the adoption of one or two useful measures, such as the resolution to found a preparatory school of theology in the south of France; but on the great point in debate, the course to be taken with a view to the future government of the Church, it settled nothing. The gathering was composed of representatives of the orthodox party, and the question mainly debated was, whether the simple confession of faith voted by the general synod of 1872 should be retained, because as long as it is retained the Liberals refuse to take part in another general synod; and consequently the Government, in whose hands the Church really is, refuse to allow the general synod to be held. The minority, headed by M. Bersier, voted for the abolition of the confession; the majority, led by M. Balut, voted for its retention, but not for its enforcement by the State. Since then other propositions have been started, and confusion still reigns.

GERMANY. - The Jewish Question. The growing numbers, wealth, and influence of the Jews form a subject very earnestly discussed by the German people at the present time. Grave fears are expressed for the future prosperity of the Empire, unless this Semitic power can be checked, and by some of the alarmists severe measures are proposed. It is true that in the eastern parts of the country the number of the Jews increases very rapidly, partly through emigration from the neighbouring districts of Austria and Russia. But it is not so much their numbers as their wealth which cause anxiety. By their money transactions, and especially by their usury, they are in some parts of Germany, especially in Bavaria, becoming possessors of the land. Again: their organs in the press-and they are among the ablest and most widely circulated—have for years been heaping contempt on Christianity, and have done very much to promote that general irreligion which now so largely characterizes the Fatherland. The Court preacher, Stöcker, the leader of the Christian Social Democratic movement, has entered the lists with his wonted courage and earnestness, and has published some lectures in which he urges on the Jews more modesty and a spirit of greater religious toleration, and on Christians the practice of a more real Christianity. The Neue Evangel. Kg. also reminds its readers, in treating this question of the apostle's words, "Who is he that shall harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?"

Belgium.—The New School-law and the Romish Church. Since the advent to power of the Liberal party various measures have been passed with a view to lessen the power of the Church of Rome. The most important of these is the law signed by the king on the first of July last vol ix.

which at one blow destroyed the domination hitherto exercised by the priesthood in the commercial schools. It ordains that the instruction imparted by the teachers shall be exclusively secular, and that the ministers of religion, Romish, Protestant, and Jewish, shall be entrusted with the religious education of the children respectively belonging to them-this education to be given by them at stated hours and in rooms specially set apart for the purpose. The outcry raised against the measure by the Romish party has been tremendous. All the teachers who should retain their connexion with the commercial schools, as also the parents who should continue to send their children to them, have been threatened with excommunication—that is, debarred from all benefit of clergy in life and in death. An appeal has been addressed to all good Catholics to aid in the formation of schools where religion should be properly (!) taught, and the priests should be able to exercise their legitimate rights. In other words, the Church has assumed an attitude of haughty defiance. But it has been found that money does not flow in abundantly for the erection of new schools, and that the large majority of teachers refuse to give up their positions. It has also been discovered that the Government regard the action of the clergy as revolutionary, and that consequently the Church of Rome may find itself placed in an awkward position. The command, therefore, would seem to have come from the Vatican to exercise moderation, and to direct the clergy to give religious instruction in the manner ordained by the law.

But the commotion caused by this clerical opposition is likely to have other results than merely to lessen the influence of the priesthood over the teachers and the children. Multitudes throughout the land, and even in the Flemish districts, which have hitherto been so completely subject to clerical despotism—multitudes, we say, are being led to face this question, "Must we not, as good citizens, and in the interest of our liberties, seek for another religion? Rome is showing her hand, and lo! it is an iron one. Is there not a religion which, while satisfying our religious needs, will help us to maintain our freedom?" Here, then, is a wonderful opportunity for Protestantism, or, as we would rather say, for the gospel, and we trust that the Belgian Evangelical Society will be enabled, in some measure at least, to meet the increasing demands made on its resources of men and money.

SWITZERLAND.—Rationalistic Activity in German Switzerland. In 1859 an association was formed by the Reformists, as the rationalists there call themselves, for the purpose of lighting up "the torch of free thought in matters of religion." Proceeding on the lines laid down by evangelical societies, it has published a newspaper (Religiüses Volksblatt), organized a tract society, and set up an institution for the training of young men for the ministry. And it must with sorrow be confessed that its success has been great. It has won to its views the vast majority of the people, and its influence in the State, the Church, and the School is immense. But it can at times act generously towards its opponents. Thus, when recently the venerable evangelical pastor of one of the parishes in the town of St. Gall died, and it became necessary to choose a successor,

the public called for the appointment of a Reformist; but the leaders of the party, learning that many of the attached hearers of the former pastor threatened to leave the National Church should a rationalistic pastor be appointed, sent out an appeal calling for the nomination of a thoroughly evangelical man. And their appeal was listened to, and Pastor Miescher, editor of an excellent paper, the *Christlicher Volksfreund*, was chosen.

Temperance Movement in French Switzerland.—Many Christian people, alarmed at the rapid increase of drunkenness, are beginning to concert measures for the staying of this plague. Pastor Lucien Rochat has become the apostle of the movement, and is prosecuting an active propaganda, sustained in his efforts by some of the pastors and by a number of devoted young men. Already some drunkards have been reclaimed. In Geneva four temperance cafes have been opened, and bid fair to prove a success.

Spain.—New Protestant Magazine. We are glad to hail the appearance of the Rivista Cristiana, a fortnightly periodical, intended more especially for the better educated among the Spanish Protestants, but also to enlighten the middle and upper classes as to the nature and claims of evangelical Christianity. It is a bold venture on the part of Pastor Fliedner, of Madrid, and his supporters. Two numbers have appeared, but they do not exactly realize the idea of a Review, nor bear a sufficiently Spanish character. We trust that the editor will secure such a staff of writers as will preclude the necessity of translations from the English.

ECCLESIASTICAL AFFAIRS OF THE MONTH.

THE "S.P.G." AND THE SOUTH AFRICAN CHURCH.

The latest "Natal scandal," as Churchmen are fond of calling it, has been causing not a little trouble. Dr. Colenso, as most of our readers know, lies under the censure of Convocation, and all good Churchmen of the High party, feel bound to deny his Episcopal authority, and to regard Dr. Macrorie as the true head of the see. But Dr. Colenso is in possession and is sustained by the law. A Mr. Colley has recently accepted the office of archdeacon under him, and asserts that before leaving England he was assured of the approval of his own diocesan, the Bishop of Worcester, and of the Primate. Of course, this has given great offence to all High Churchmen, and so strong has the feeling become that the standing committee of the "S.P.G.," thought it neccessary to propose a resolution at a recent monthly meeting of the society, which,

cautiously though it was worded, could be regarded as nothing less than a censure of the two prelates concerned. Considering that, in the case of the Primate, the only evidence was the statement of Mr. Colley himself, who appears to say the least to be somewhat hasty in arriving at conclusions which are in harmony with his own wishes, and that the Archbishop disclaims the construction put upon his conduct, this must certainly be pronounced a rash and perilous procedure. But the proposal of the committee did not satisfy the ardent members of the High Church party, and Mr. Berdmore Compton gave notice of an amendment which Archdeacon Denison, in his turn, proposed to make still more stringent. As Mr. Brownlow Maitland put it. "A fiery member of the higher-militant section of the Church, not finding it the original resolution sharp enough for his purpose, wanted to make it a little sharper; whereupon a still more fiery member of the same school had rushed forward and proposed to rub a little venom upon it." The result was a meeting which, according to the statements of correspondents of The Guardian who were present, must almost have exceeded the wildness of the proverbial bear garden. The Bishop of London, who was in the chair, and as was to be expected from a bishop, mildly recommended the adoption of the previous question, so as to get rid of motion and amendments by one fell swoop, appears to have been shamefully treated.

Did I hear—did I see (asks "Busticus" in *The Guardian*) a group of clergy near the door hoot at the bishop of the diocese, the chairman of the meeting? Did they really raise a chorus of "Divide, divide," while he was speaking? Did no remonstances of "Order, order," "chair, chair,' restrain them? Did they subsequently concert a clamour of their feet, until they forced the episcopal president to sit down?

The Dean of Westminster appears to have received even worse treatment, if worse were possible. Altogether the assembly, or a certain section of it, appear to have exhibited a violence seldom witnessed in political gatherings.

It must be granted that neither the bishop nor the dean was free from blame. The bishop was chairman, and ought not to have interfered in the discussion. We speak with diffidence, as we do not profess to understand the exact rights of a bishop in such a position, but, as a general rule, nothing

does so much to exasperate feeling and to destroy the possibility, as for a chairman to descend into the arena of debate. The dean was still more unwise, when he told the meeting that Bishop Colenso, "as a propagator of the gospel, would be remembered long after they were all dead and buried." Such a statement was nothing less than an insult to the deepest convictions of the majority of the meeting, and we have yet to learn that it is the privilege of a man holding "Broad Church" opinions to show this contempt of those who differ from him. But surely the defenders of orthodoxy and catholicity could have found some other means of vindicating its authority. We cannot forget that this is the same party which claim boundless license for themselves, and, what is more dangerous still, profess to act as being in some special sense the servants of God.

Is not this the one thing to be considered, the Incarnate Lord's will? Is it His will that these views should be avowed in high places? His will that archbishops and bishops should disregard the judgment of their own synods? His will that they should sympathize and fraternize with excommunicated heretics? His will that, doing so, they should pass uncensured? His will that they should treat their own superior, the whole Anglican communion, with disdain, in not deigning at any time to give any explanation of their conduct, still less to make any apology for it?

In other words, these proud priests are to be the interpreters of the Divine will, and their opponents are to be regarded as the enemies of God. We have no sympathy with Dr. Colenso's theology, but our dislike to it cannot induce to regard with approval the arrogance of an insolent and overbearing sacerdotalism, such as has been shown in relation to the bishops who were supposed to have countenanced a clergyman who went out to be archdeacon to Dr. Colenso. That bishop's position assuredly seems to us to be a scandal to the Anglican Church; but the scandal is only increased by the recent proceedings of a small and extreme section of the High Church party. Not content with their first rebuff, they attempted to strike the names of the Bishops of Worcester and Exeter off the list of vice-presidents of the society. The result was not only collapse, but collapse which became ignominious when it was seen that they had rashly taken up an accusation against their own bishops without any sufficient evidence.

THE CLERGY AND THE GENERAL ELECTION.

It may be hoped that a larger number of the clergy of the Church of England will vote for the Liberal party at the coming election than has generally been the case. Admiration for Mr. Gladstone will do something; disgust with the foreign policy of the Government will probably do more, and while some may vote for Liberals, a larger number will probably remain neutral. Could they be delivered from the fear of Disestablishment it is probable there would be a still larger clerical vote against the Government. We have no wish to blame the clergy for their devotion to the Establishment, but we cannot but think that if it induces them to support a Ministry whose dealings with other nations they regard as contrary to the principles of Christianity, they will pursue a very shortsighted policy. The true ground for the action of a Christian, and especially of a Christian minister, could not be better set forth than by a correspondent of The Guardian, who has extricated himself from considerable perplexity by following a very simple principle. "On the whole, on the principle of leaving results to God, and acting on conviction, I am inclined to turn out the present Ministry, because they have deserved it in my opinion, and to leave the future in His hands." We believe that this is not only good religion, but sound policy. If Christian ministers cannot act on the principle to "trust in God and do the right," it is difficult to see in what class such loyalty to truth can be expected. But we must confess ourselves surprised at these anxieties about the fate of the Establishment. Even in reference to it, the Rev. J. C. Gill (Lee, Kent) says, as tersely as truly, "The political and national status and privileges of the Church will be most surely maintained and secured when those who possess them employ their influences to guide the national policy in the way of that righteousness which alone exalteth a nation, and which is the only worthy ascendancy." We must add in harmony with this view that the attitude of the majority of the bishops and clergy on the whole matter of foreign policy has done greater injury to the Establishment than a year's work of the Liberation Society. We could rejoice over their action as Dissenters, were it not that being, as we hope, Christians first and only Dissenters afterwards, we can only mourn over the

injury it has done to religion. It is much easier, however, to understand how it is that a body of men, disposed by instincts as well as by their position and surroundings to Conservatism, should have clung to a Ministry which represents the party with which they have been generally identified than it is to comprehend the nervousness about Disestablishment which acts as a restraining force upon so many who are otherwise disposed to follow Mr. Gladstone. Their fears must certainly be much stronger than the hopes of Dissenters, who have certainly no expectation that the next Parliament, or the Liberal Ministry it may elect, will alter the status of the Anglican Church. A correspondent of The Guardian, already quoted, says, "It is not the spoliation of its endowments (for these I think it should retain only so far as it is the Church of the people) that I am so anxious about: it is the interference of the legislature in matters affecting the spiritual rights of the Church and clergy." On that point surely Mr. Gladstone is specially to be trusted. As for Nonconformists, the last thing they desire is to maintain Parliamentary control over the Church. What they wish is to see it claim that spiritual independence which can never belong to it while it is connected with the State. The sort of patronage extended to it at present is well illustrated in the following incident told by Archdeacon Denison in his reminiscences. He says that the Primate told him the inner history of the Public Worship Regulation Act as follows :-

"What did you do?" I said.

"Well," I said, "Archbishop, rather strong for the Archbishop of Canterbury, that coup of yours about hansom cab and Sir William Harcourt."

[&]quot;The morning of the day of the second reading," said the Archbishop, "I got a note from the Prime Minister to say that Government could not let the Bill go on."

[&]quot;I got into a hansom cab and went to Sir William Harcourt. I knew that a great many Conservatives would not lose the Bill if they could help it; and that if Sir William and his men knew what the position was, they and these Conservatives together were strong enough to make the Prime Minister alter his mind. So I got into a cab and went to Sir William Harcourt. At 4 p m. the Prime Minister went to the House, having left his Cabinet with the understanding that he was going to do as stated in his letter to me, and, we must suppose, thinking so himself. But when he got into the House he saw at once that the coalition was there in strength; changed his mind, made his speech, and the second reading was carried"

"Oh!" he said, "If I hadn't done it the Bill was lost."

So much then for Church and State, for the Prime Minister who calls upon Churchmen to support his Government.

It is open to question whether it is worth while to support a Tory Ministry in a policy of unrighteousness in order to perpetuate a system like that. It is hard to say who have most reason to be offended—the Evangelicals in whose interests this extraordinary tour de force was performed, or the Ritualists whom it was intended to crush. But those who can fancy that the truth can be advanced by such means must be credulous indeed.

THE MOTHER'S GIFT.

WRITTEN IN THE FLY-LEAF OF A BIBLE.

REMEMBER, Love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come,
When she who had thy earliest kiss
Sleeps in her narrow home;
Remember, 'twas a mother gave
This gift to one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love
The holiest, for her son;
And from the gift of God above
She chose a goodly one;
She chose for her beloved boy
The source of life and light and joy;—

And bade him keep the gift—that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again
In her eternal home.
She said his faith in that would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer, in his pride,
Laugh that fond gift to scorn,
And bid him cast that pledge aside
That he from youth had borne,
She bade him pause and ask his breast,
If he, or she, had loved him best?

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one
Must to the other cling;
Remember, 'tis no idle toy,
A MOTHER'S GIFT—REMEMBER, BOY.

-From the New York Observer.

SONNET.

"But their eyes were holden that they should not know him."— Luke xxiv. 16.

They hardly looked on Him: their eyes were bent
Upon the ground the while they talked of Him,
Till the slow tears made all their vision swim
With some past scene on which they were intent,
Nor dreamed they He was with them as they went
Along the road, so did their grief o'erbrim
All measure, and the light was growing dim,
The shadows lengthened. Though the time seemed long,
Which, had they known Him, would too soon have fled,
It was not lost: day being now far spent,
The faith that through those weary hours grew strong,
Beheld Him as He touched the broken bread
That made their ev'ry meal a sacrament.

—A. Matheson.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Eight Months in an Ox Waggon. By E. F. SANDEMAN. With a Map. (Griffith and Farran.) An interesting subject of enquiry for those curious in such matters would be to ascertain how far the average Englishman is indebted for such geographical knowledge as he possesses (often a very limited quantity indeed) to the interest excited in particular countries by "wars and rumours of wars." The crass ignorance which prevails among our people as to the actual position of different countries, their comparative strength, and their relations to each other and to ourselves is a serious misfortune. Lord Salisbury's well-known speech, if translated into the plain vernacular, simply meant that if Englishmen had common sense and a knowledge of the elementary facts of Asiatic geography, they would see for themselves the absurdity of the craze about a Russian invasion of India. We may say that with such a work as Mr. Sandeman's to instruct them as to the position of Europeans in South Africa, they would look still more doubtfully on the designs of Sir Bartle Frere. What Christians can do in the way of civilizing the natives has been slready shown, and there is

every encouragement to persevere in so beneficent an enterprise. It is another and very different thing to employ our great resources for the purposes of adding another India to our empire. Apart from the unrighteousness of so ambitious an attempt, this volume is sufficient to show that the temptations are few and the difficulties would be severe enough. That civilization will press forward into a region like the Transvaal may be confidently anticipated and desired, but all that we learn here of the character of the aborigines of South Africa only makes us regret that they have been treated as enemies to be subdued by our resistless forces rather than as weak and ignorant neighbours to be raised by moral influence and example to a higher social and intellectual level.

But we must be careful not to give an incorrect idea of the book, which does not seem to have been written with any ulterior purpose or political aim. It is a simple and extremely interesting record of personal adventure, made specially attractive by the freshness of the scenes and the novelty of the circumstances with which the writer was brought into contact, and the quiet, unaffected, and unsensational manner in which he has told his story. An excursion to South Africa, and a journey into the interior, in which for eight months the ox-waggon was his home, seems at first sight rather a strange expedient for curing an invalid, but the strangest thing is that it succeeded. In quest of health the author undertook the expedition, the incidents of which we detail here, and his courage and resolution were rewarded. The opening sketch of Cape Town is graphic, and gives a more vivid idea of the outside of the colonial capital than we have had before. With all the piquant interest which attaches to a large town that has grown up under conditions which were certain to give it a distinct individuality, we are not surprised to learn that "the first advice a stranger receives on entering Cape Town is to quit it as soon as possible," for "alarming are the stories we hear on all sides of hot nights when sleep is out of the question; of sou'-westers, during which the very paving stones perform aerial flights, and the atmosphere is thick with pebbles, sand, and red dust." When an invalid learns that this red dust is itself likely to cause the lung complaints which he has come to Africa to get cured, and that the insufficient sanitary arrangements give rise to pestilential vapours even more deadly and dangerous than hot nights and sou'-westers, his first thought may naturally be one of astonishment at the folly which had brought him to such a place, and his second, an anxious desire to escape from it as early as possible. It is almost surprising that our traveller did not take the next vessel back to Europe, but instead of that he very wisely consulted a medical friend (Dr. Biccard), with a result which certainly ought to be known:

"After a most searching examination, to my great delight, and I must say astonishment, he informed me that it (a journey into the interior) was the very place of all others calculated to restore my health, for the air of the Transvaal was almost a sovereign cure for any sufferer from the lungs, not too far gone to be in danger of succumbing to the fatigue of such a journey as was contemplated." This qualification requires to be borne in mind, for the hardships must be extremely trying to any one at all out of health. An invalid must have fortitude, and no small degree of constitutional vigour, who is able to face the horrors even of a voyage to Durban,

such as Mr. Sandeman describes. A miserable boat on a rough sea, with insufficient attendance and bad provisions, is not an inviting prospect for a delicate sufferer. But this is only the beginning of adventures which, while there is in them much to excite and stimulate, have unquestionable drawbacks in the way of personal comfort. Still here is the testimony of this writer as to a land which, he says, "I shall ever remember with affection, and in leaving which my heart was full of thankfulness for the benefit I derived from the South African climate, and the neverto-be-forgotten hospitality and sympathy I had been treated with during my residence there." Speaking of Dr. Biccard's favourable opinion, he states: "Most thoroughly was his prediction borne out, for each day of the new life gave me renewed strength and vigour. When I left the Cape I was with difficulty able to walk a mile, and looked a miserable invalid, utterly unfitted for exertion of any kind. Within six months of that time, after a stay of little over four months in the climate of the Transvaal, I was able to walk from sunrise to sunset, rifle on shoulder, under a blazing sun, without feeling unduly fatigued at the end of a long day's work, and often with no more strengthening food to work on than mealie mealpap, or other vegetable diet."

It would certainly be a pity if such a salubrious region should not be more utilized for the good of invalids. A good deal has to be done, however, before it is made accessible and enjoyable. It will be strange, certainly, if the Transvaal should ever become a sanatorium for consumptive Englishmen. In the meantime, the sketches of life in its yet primitive regions are full of life, instruction, and interest, and we only regret that our limited space will not allow us to quote at length from one of the most natural and attractive volumes of travel which we have come across for some time. Our readers may naturally desire to know something more about the late addition to our empire, and those who preceded us in the rule; about Boers and Kaffirs, and perhaps most of all about those unhappy Zulus, whose contiguity to us has proved so serious a calamity to a people who, though they must be classed as savages, have so many elements of nobility in them. They will find abundant information here, not the least interesting part being the account of Sekokoni, an opponent only less formidable than the captured Cetewayo himself. Of

the Zulus we have this striking picture:

"If a man is lucky enough to get pure Zulus for his servants, he is freed from many of the minor annoyances and inconveniences of South African life. The ordinary Kaffir, whether he be Basuto, Macatee, or any of the other numerous tribes inhabiting those parts, is always on the lookout to steal. He is utterly untrustworthy and unreliable. He does not know what it means to tell the truth; and looks upon his master's absence as a Godsend thrown in his way, in which he may steal, drink, and be lazy to his heart's content, without any fear of immediate retribution. He is quick to a degree in taking advantage of any ignorance or soft-heartedness on his master's part, and will always desert him in the hour of need or danger. A Zulu, on the other hand, is almost invariably an honest, truthful, and reliable servant. He will always stand by his master if an occasion comes for blows and hard knocks. neither will he ever run away in the hour of sickness and helplessness. On the other

hand, a Zulu has, with very good reason, a higher opinion of himself than of his fellow blacks, and is much more likely to forcibly resent any chastisement or ill-treatment, unless well deserved, in which case he will suffer the punishment in silence, be none the worse servant for it, and certainly bear no malice against his master. Zulus are as a rule far finer men, physically as well as morally, than any other Kaffirs, and will do double the work and bear twice the hardship without complaining. During the whole of my stay in South Africa I never heard the fact even called in question, that Zulus are in every capacity by far the most superior race in South Africa, and all my own personal experience pointed the same way."

Yet this is the people with whom we have waged such determined war, and whose power we felt ourselves bound at all hazards to break. We have imprisoned their king, swept away their cattle, burnt their kraals, and left behind us memories which are not likely to pass away, unless indeed these people should accept our idea that their punishment was deserved, and so, in accordance with the character Mr. Sandeman attributes to them, suffer in silence. Such are the facts of our Christian civilization, when its power is wielded by Imperialists of Sir Bartle Frere's type. In parting with the book, we will only add that it has all the stir of life and incident combined with a great deal of solid and useful information, on the accuracy of which full reliance may be placed. It is dedicated to the author's father, for whom the dedication tells us it was written, and it bears all the marks of a fresh, outspoken, faithful record, such as might be expected under such conditions. It has a little in it of the character of a book hastily got up to meet the taste and demand of the hour, as of a partisan production written to create a prejudice on behalf of a particular view. It is a pleasant story of eight stirring months, with more excitement than many a work of fiction, and with the additional recommendation that it is a veritable narrative of facts.

Homiletical and Pastoral Lectures. Delivered in St. Paul's Cathedral before the Church Homiletical Society. With Preface by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) The "Church Homiletical Society," with its lectures, is a sign of the times. There was a time when preaching was held somewhat in contempt by Churchmen, and an interest in preaching was regarded as an evidence of very low Churchism, if not, indeed, of Dissent. This state of feeling has not wholly passed away, as may be gathered from a letter recently written by one of the unbeneficed clergy to an evening paper. "The religion of a Churchman," says this promising divine, who does not himself enjoy the opportunity of inflicting upon a congregation the productions he thinks so distressing, "does not consist in 'going to church.' Many men who would lay down their lives for the Church are not conspicuous for their attendance at prayers, or at the distressing sermons which are the rule in most churches." Such Churchmanship seems very little more than anti-Dissent; but whatever it is, it is the exaggeration of an old feeling in relation to preaching, against which there seems to us to have been a strong reaction, one evidence of which is seen in these lectures.

Strange to say, the Ritualists have had a good deal to do with this. With all their care to adorn the altar and to glorify the priest, they have recognized the necessity of securing power in the pulpit, and some of the most effective preachers of the day belong to their school. Their example has probably been among the influences which have produced the feeling that it was desirable to raise "the standard of preaching, especially among the younger men." We do not know why the last clause should have been added, unless the idea be that the older ones have formed habits through which it will not be easy to break. If sermons be so "distressing," as the clerical witness quoted above testifies, it is certainly time that something should be done for their improvement, and these lectures are rich in valuable suggestion. They are too slight in character to afford so much help as is supplied by the extremely valuable series of Yale Lectures, so varied as they are in style and method of treatment, and yet most of them so striking. It would be unfair, however, to compare what really are treatises on the art of preaching, in which each lecturer carries out his own plan, with a number of detached discourses on the work of the preacher and the pastor. No doubt (as the editor says) "the golden thread that runs through them all is elevated instruction, combined with that clear common sense and knowledge of the human heart which are both so vitally necessary in a true and effective teaching of homiletics." But the effect would be better if there were unity of plan. The view of the whole subject would probably be more complete and exhaustive, and the ability shown in the treatment more on a level. As to this latter point, however, it may be said that the variety of authorship has the advantage of calling forth the best thoughts of individual men on some aspect of the subject in which they are specially interested.

The editor does well to give a caution against undue expectations from the culture of preaching gifts, however wisely it may be done. The preacher is born rather than made; but though this is true of the men who become a great power in the pulpit, there is place for others besides those of distinguished genius; and if no attention to art will compensate for the absence of original power, it will do much to multiply that which is but feeble. Nothing, however, can be truer than the bishop's remark that "it is ever perilous to the spirituality of a young and earnest soul, that truly loves Christ crucified, to press upon it the mere formal rules, however frequently verified, of an outward rhetoric, unless it be with the constant and reverent recognition of the holy purpose which the poor rules are designed to subserve." Nor does this apply only to the teaching of rhetoric. It is dangerous and unprofitable everywhere to rely too much upon any artificial plans and methods. The excellent article of the Bishop of Rochester on the "Preparation of a Sermon," with which the volume opens, is peculiarly liable to this objection. He says very truly that "the human mind is not a grinding-machine, but a living organ; not only very different in different men, but different in the same men on different days;" but can hardly have borne this in mind in the elaborate directions he lays down as to how and when a sermon is to be prepared. Take the following recommendation: "Not to be pedantically accurate in the chronology of the subject, I would suggest that the text be chosen on the Sunday; the thinking out the plan, collecting the

materials, comparing the Scriptures, and completing the analysis, not later than the Tuesday; the writing out the sermon on Thursday; and then one clear day will be left for the absolute and even intentional oblivion of its very existence, except a secret sense of satisfaction at the thought of the work being done." Far be it from us to suggest that there are not those who could tie themselves to this method, and even work with freedom under it. But with a large number, perhaps the majority, the result would be the destruction of all spontaneity. When the Sunday came, indeed, it might be feared that the sermon thus carefully elaborated would be found to have lost all point and power. But a single sentence of the bishop's goes far to counteract the effects of an advice condescending far to much to particulars, as our Scotch friends say, "To be realreal-real: this is the first duty." And if this is to be so, every man must work in his own way. It is very interesting to hear how men who have attained eminence have done their work, but an attempt to copy them would be attended with failure, except where there are the same intellectual characteristics and the same temperament. If used this way, these lectures, which are full of helpful suggestions, are likely to be extremely useful to students and young preachers. Bishop Ryan, treating of the end or object of a sermon, "lights up a serious discussion with lively illustration;" Dean Howson embodies in his "Homely Hints on Preaching" a large amount of practical judgment and valuable experience; and Bishop Harvey Goodwin, than whom few men are more competent to deal with such a point, discusses "what constitutes a plain sermon" with a freshness and force which must recommend his sagacious observations. It is impossible, however, to select all the papers which merit The book is one by which young ministers of all commendation. Churches may be benefited. All the essays are thoughtful, earnest, practical, and there is little or nothing in them of the Churchy tone or element. The great aim of all the writers is to suggest how the gospel of Christ can be most effectively preached and the work of the Christian pastor be best discharged.

The Return of the Native. By Thomas Hardy. New Edition. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) Mr. Hardy has a right to a high place among contemporary writers of fiction. It is not that he writes exciting stories, which keep the imagination on the strain from the beginning to the dénouement, for his plots, though more than sufficient to sustain the interest of the reader, are far from being the principal attraction of his books. His power lies in the delineation of unfamiliar scenes and the equally unconventional men and women who dwell among them, and the skill with which he executes his work reveals a true artist. His pictures are singularly realistic, and are marked not only by boldness of outline and striking impressiveness, but also by a quality which is much rarera great delicacy of style. In the present work, Egdon Heath, "a vast tract of unenclosed wild," with its weirdlike aspect, and yet with that "chastened sublimity of a moor," as Mr. Hardy calls it, and which he thinks may, with the more thinking among mankind, end in the "exclusive reign of orthodox beauty," is presented on the canvas with such graphic force that we hardly need the striking frontispiece to give us a definite

conception of the region. As is the country, such are the people, with thoughts, fancies, superstitions of their own, which make us feel how much of paganism may still be found in our Christian land, and even away from those fashionable haunts where the great Jingo is the idol worshipped. We say nothing of the story, for it is in the group of characters, on the portraiture of whom Mr. Hardy has bestowed so much care, that we are chiefly interested. The book is a study of life, and of life under circumstances and conditions of which we can know but little. In nothing does Mr. Hardy show such consummate skill as in the scenes in which his rustics are introduced. Their quaint modes of thought and expression, often betraying almost incredible ignorance, and yet marked by a shrewdness which gives them freshness and piquancy, are brought out in a manner which shows how completely the writer has identified himself with the subject, and has given us the fruit, not of a brief and cursory observation, but a long and thoughtful study, directed by a sympathetic interest without which it could hardly have been so successful. If we could have the opportunities of listening to the talk of such peasants as Mr. Hardy brings together, few lessons could be more instructive. Take, for example, the hint suggested in the excuse urged by one of these men for absence from church. "I ha'nt been there these years, for I'm so dead sleepy of a Sunday; and 'tis so terrible far to go there; and when you do get there, 'tis such a mortal poor chance that you'll be chose for up above when so many bain't, that I bide at home and don't go at all." A good many thoughts are called up by an excuse so true to nature and so suggestive of the kind of work which our villages still need, but this is not the place to enlarge upon them. Suffice it to say that this is a book of great originality and power.

Land of the Mountain and the Flood. By Rev. Jabez Marrat. (Wesleyan Conference Office.) A very pleasant companion for a Scotch tour. There is in it nothing of the mere guide-book; but the description of Scotch scenery, the sketches of historic events, which give an undying interest to Scotland, and the illustrative quotations, both in prose and verse, which are interwoven into the account, make it very attractive and useful for travellers who, with little previous acquaintance with the country, are desirous to make their visit as pleasant and profitable as possible. It is enriched with a considerable number of engravings from the photographs of Messrs. Wilson and others, and is one of a series of illustrated books, intended chiefly for the young, which are being issued from the Conference Office, and which appear well calculated to interest the class for which they are prepared.

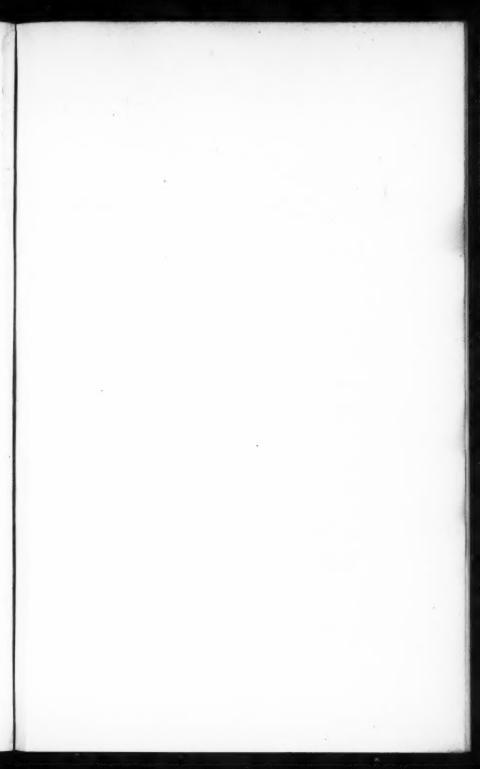
Reminiscences of College Life in Bristol during the Ministry of Rev. Robert Hall, M.A. By Fred Trestrall. (E. Marlborough and Co.) Mr. Trestrail has here described in a pleasant, colloquial style some of his experiences as a student, and has given us a vivid picture of college life in Bristol, as it was fifty years ago. To general readers the most attractive part of the volume will be that which relates to Robert Hall. There are many people who know him only by repute, or from his

writings, who will be glad to get the glimpse which is here afforded of his private domestic life.

Mimi. A Story of Peasant Life in Normandy. By Esmi STUART. (Christian Knowledge Society.) Mimi is a little girl who, being left an orphan by the death of both her parents, comes to live with her Aunt Marguerite, a fair, fragile, delicate, gentle creature, who has married M. Chauvin, a man to whom she is devotedly attached. Her husband, however, does not return her affection, but, on the contrary, treats her with harshness and cruelty. His business, which turns out to be that of a contrebandier, is one which obliges him to be frequently away from home. During one of these absences, a night attack is made by a robber upon the house in which Marguerite and Mimi are living alone, giving such a shock to the already shattered frame of the former, that she never recovers from it, but gradually grows worse till she dies. The peasant Mathurin, who rendered assistance on the occasion, was, through a wicked plot on the part of M. Chauvin and the robber, falsely charged with the robbery, and thrown into prison. Being brought up for trial before M. le Prefet the case was made to look very strong against him, and he was just on the point of being condemned, when Mimi gave her testimony in his favour, and succeeded in completely vindicating his innocence. The story ends in the orthodox fashion with marriage bells. The plot, it will be seen, is not a very pleasant one, but the story is well told, and derives a special interest from the scenes and incidents, the manners and customs of peasant life to which it introduces us.

Guinea Gold; or, the Great Barrier Reef. By Charles H. Eden. (Christian Knowledge Society.) A story about a man and a boy who were cast on an island off the eastern coast of Australia, where they found abundance of good and water and were able to subsist very comfortably for several months. The plot is a very slight one, but the story is not without incidents sometimes of a startling and sensational character. The writer gives us a graphic description of a cyclone which he himself witnessed, and imparts much useful information relative to the fauna and flora of the island, and especially with regard to the beche-de-mer fishery, which will be interesting to most readers.

In the Woods. A Book for the Young. By M. K. M. (T. Nelson and Sons.) Contains much interesting information about birds and trees, conveyed in a lively and pleasant form. The author introduces us to the woods of Switzerland and Italy as well as those of England. The book will have a great charm for children who have a taste for something beyond mere stories and who are fond of natural history, while older readers may find in it much that is both amusing and instructive.



THE CONGREGATIONALIST, MAY, 1880.



W. & D. Downey, Photo.

Unwin Brothers, London.

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The Congregationalist.

MAY, 1880

REV. DR. KENNEDY.

REV. DR. KENNEDY, in virtue of his long and honourable service, his amblemished consistency of character, his abundance in labours, and his sound practical judgment, holds a position of great influence in the East of London, not only his sturdy integrity his undeviating duality to principle, and visit now that the railway has made it so accessible, though, unfortunately, it has at the same time so seriously marred its At the time of his birth (June 14, 1818) his father the University of Edinburgh, where we enjoyed the benefit of Forbes, &c. The session of 1834-35 was sport at Glasgow,



W. A.D. Donney, Phot

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REV. DR. KENNEDY.

REV. Dr. Kennedy, in virtue of his long and honourable service, his unblemished consistency of character, his abundance in labours, and his sound practical judgment, holds a position of great influence in the East of London, not only among the Churches of his own order, but among all Evangelical Christians. He is a man who constrains respect by his sturdy integrity, his undeviating fidelity to principle, and his perfect transparency, as well as by the ability with which he discharges the varied important duties he undertakes. He is a native of the Highlands, born amid the romantic scenery of Aberfeldy, which Burns has immortalized in one of his most charming songs, and which we suppose most English tourists visit now that the railway has made it so accessible, though, unfortunately, it has at the same time so seriously marred its picturesqueness by turning the quiet village into a fashionable resort. At the time of his birth (June 14, 1813) his father was pastor of the Congregational Church in the place. But in 1825 Mr. Kennedy the elder removed to Inverness, where his labours are still honourably remembered, and at the Royal Academy of that town his son received his early education. In 1828 the latter commenced his collegiate training at King's College, Aberdeen, and after two sessions spent there he became tutor to the heir of the Breadalbanes (the late Earl), who continued under his care for two years. In 1832 he entered the University of Edinburgh, where he enjoyed the benefit of the classes of Dr. John Wilson, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. James Forbes, &c. The session of 1834-35 was spent at Glasgow,

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in attendance on the theological lectures of Dr. Wardlaw and Mr. Greville Ewing, and at the logic class of the University. The training was thus sufficiently varied, and it is impossible to review it without a consciousness of the immense advantages which our Scotch brethren have enjoyed in their preparation for the work of the ministry. Will the time ever come when the Nonconformist pulpits of our own country will be generally filled by men who have had similar opportunities of culture? Hitherto our ministry has been largely recruited from a class against which our Universities were closed, not more by their exclusive tests than by their extreme costliness. The marvel is that the immense benefits which have accrued to Scotland from her wise system of education have not long ago stirred up the South to a generous rivalry. We are at least trying to repair the deficiencies of centuries, and there can be no doubt that this change must materially affect the condition of our Congregational ministry.

Thus well equipped for his work, Mr. John Kennedy commenced his pastoral labours at Aberdeen on January 1, 1836. as successor to Rev. James Spence. After ten years of faithful service in the granite city he was invited to accept the pastorate of the Old Stepney meeting, as successor to the silver-tongued. Joseph Fletcher, one of the most finished and popular preachers of his day. It was about the end of 1846 that Mr. Kennedy entered upon this new and most responsible charge, and the success of his earnest and untiring work indicated the wisdom of the Church which had chosen him for the position. Old Stepney meeting was surrounded by many hallowed associations connected with the earlier days of Congregationalism, but the time came when it was found necessary to sacrifice it to the exigent demands of the new generation. Not only was it plain and homely, and out of harmony with modern ideas of chapel-building, but it needed extensive repairs, and it was so questionable whether they could be done successfully, so certain that the venerable structure would, after all, be regarded as an old-world erection, that it was resolved in 1862 to build an entirely new chapel. In 1863 the present handsome sanctuary was dedicated, and on the evening of the first Sunday after the opening the pastor had the great happiness of announcing that the entire cost of

£12,000 had been paid. The Church gathered there has been an eminently aggressive and working Church. Dr. Kennedy has ever been keenly alive to the responsibilities resting upon him as a Christian leader in the midst of a population ever increasing in density, and as steadily diminishing in its material resources. The bravery with which he has maintained his ground, in spite of the discouragements arising out of the tendency of well-to-do families to migrate into the suburbs or to move westwards, is beyond all praise. Nowhere is the necessity for constant extension more deeply felt, and nowhere is the difficulty of meeting this incessant demand more serious than in the East of London. Dr. Kennedy has set himself to grapple with it in the most heroic spirit, and has spared no effort to rouse his Church to the discharge of its duty. He has been well seconded by devoted workers, and, as the result, the Sunday-schools have been rebuilt and nearly doubled, a branch Church, which is now self-supporting, has been established at Burdett Road, and the quickening and encouraging influence of Dr. Kennedy has been felt among all the Churches of the district.

Dr. Kennedy graduated as "M.A." at the University of Aberdeen. In 1872, the Universities of Aberdeen and of Edinburgh both conferred on him the degree of "D.D."—an extremely honourable distinction, such as but few attain. In the same year he filled the chair of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and abundantly proved that his scholastic attainments had not interfered with his power of popular impression. His reputation as a theologian led the Church of New College to request him to occupy the chair of Apologetic Theology. This he did from 1872 to 1876, but he never regarded the arrangement as more than temporary, and was ultimately compelled to resign it because of the impossibility of bearing the strain of professorial and pastoral duties combined.

Dr. Kennedy has been a somewhat prolific writer. Biographies of Rev. Alexander Campbell of Greenock, and of Dr. Morison of Trevor Chapel, Brompton; two volumes on the "Natural History of Man," in Cassell's earliest series of cheap books for the people; and three volumes published by the Religious Tract Society, on the "Divine Life," "Work and Con-

flict," and "Rest Under the Shadow of the Great Rock," are from his pen. Of recent publications, some on questions of Christian apologetics, "Pilate's Question," "The Gospels: their Age and Authorship," and a review of "Supernatural Religion," have attracted considerable attention. They show considerable ability and power for dealing with the momentous questions at issue. For seven years Dr. Kennedy was editor of The Christian Witness, having succeeded Dr. Campbell in 1865, and holding office until The Christian Witness gave place. The Congregationalist.

THE LIBERAL REVIVAL.

THE first thought which will occur to most minds in considering the extraordinary and unexpected answer which the nation has returned to the appeal mad it by Lord Beaconsfield, must be the acknowledgment, whether with satisfaction or the contrary, of the marvellous power of Mr. Gladstone. It seems but yesterday that he was the target at which the envonomed arrows of envious spite, or bitter party spirit, or petty snobbism were everywhere aimed, whereas now his revilers are compelled to keep silence or else to swell the shout which acclaims him the greatest man of his day. A brief month ago (say so recently as Easter) he was treated as "outside the region of practical politics," he is now universally recognized as the man by whom the "mind and heart" of the country have been stirred to an extent which is absolutely without precedent. Then he was fiercely attacked by foes and but feebly defended by many who, at all events, call themselves Liberals; whereas now, the anxiety of numbers of his recent critics is to persuade the world, and, if possible, to persuade themselves, that they have never wavered in their admiration and attachment. A more complete and rapid revolution in the state of public opinion has never been witnessed. What was "exuberant verbosity" a month ago is now seen to have been transcendent cloquence. The change is easy to explain. The clubs and their representatives in the press had agreed that the one way of meeting Mr. Gladstone was to poohpooh him. He could not be answered, and the one hope of breaking the force of the marvellous oratory with which he had sustained his terrible indictment of the Ministry was to treat it as a mere torrent of words inspired by angry passions. It was a daring venture, considering that the speaker was a man of unrivalled intellectual power, and a statesman of singularly large and varied experience. But to malignant party spirit everything seems possible, and so the attempt was made. For a time it appeared to be successful, and if we had trusted the talk that was current among weak-kneed Liberals, it might have been thought that the popularity of the veteran statesman had reached its Nadir. When Mr. Cross went so far as to tell his constituents that the first volume of Mr. Gladstone's speeches had converted a multitude of Liberals, and that his great anxiety was that he should deliver a second, as in that case the whole country would become Conservative, it was evident that good Tories thought that the more virulent the abuse of their great adversary, the greater would be their success. Cross meant to be clever, but he was only insolent, not to say truculent and brutal. And when a man of his standing in the Ministry could condescend to employ such language, it was clear that all restraint had been cast aside.

Lord Beaconsfield himself gave the cue. After his speech at the riding-school in July, 1878, it is not difficult to believe the truth of a story which is told about him. is said he was asked how long he thought the Tories would continue in power, and that he answered, "So long as it shall please Providence to spare Gladstone to us." If true, it only proves how far an astute man, who has no faith in principles and no reverence for moral greatness, can fail altogether to understand the real tendencies of public opinion. Whether it be true or not, the saying certainly expresses the kind of feeling, under the influence of which Tory orators have spoken and Tory journalists have written. Abuse of Mr. Gladstone took the place of any defence of the conduct of the Govern-He was isolated from the other leaders of the Opposition and treated as a wild political fanatic, who had lost all influence and had disentitled himself even to the common courtesies of political life. The Times, to its la sting discredit, took a prominent part in this unworthy warfare. It was nothing new for it to show its inability to appreciate real worth, for there has not been a great man in our recent history whom it has not assailed. It glorifies Lord Palmerston to-day, but there was a time when he was the subject of its fiercest diatribes. Russell, Cobden, and Bright have at various times come under its lash: and the puerile adulation of Lord Beaconsfield, to which it has recently addicted itself. is all the more offensive because of the contrast with the contemptuous criticism it has often directed against Mr. Disraeli. But there has been unusual venom infused into its attacks upon Mr. Gladstone, which may be due partly to the requirements of the policy of the party to which the leading journal has lent itself were committed, but may be directly traced to the rooted antagonism of principle between the high-minded statesman, who seeks to shape all his action in accordance with the law of righteousness, and the time-serving journal which is governed solely by considerations of expediency.

The most noteworthy point, however, is the extent to which this wretched policy has overreached itself. The Times, which may be regarded as the chief organ of the anti-Gladstone crusade, has not only done wrong but it has made an egregious blunder. If it cannot read the signs of the times it is nothing. and in this its one point it has signally failed. In the coarseness of its abuse it sometimes sunk to the level of The Daily Telegraph, and the result has proved that it was not only unable to influence the mind of the people, but that it had so far lost its cunning as to be utterly mistaken as to the drift of public opinion. Believing implicitly in its assurances, the Continental press had looked forward to a great Ministerial victory, and their forecasts, which were really nothing more than reflections of the ideas of The Times were quoted as though they were independent predictions, which ought to influence all whose first desire is to be on the winning side. It would be interesting to know the secret views which these misled journals, from that able but somewhat cynical representative of the French Left Centre, in which its members fancy that all wisdom dwells (the Journal des Débats) downwards take of The Times now. Still more curious and instructive would it be to learn what Jupiter thinks of himself. The thunders which were to have scattered the whole Liberal army, and which were specially intended to

crush Mr. Gladstone, have proved perfectly harmless except to him who launched them. The "moderate Liberals" who were to have controlled the course of public events have disappeared altogether. Mr. Walter will, indeed, fill his old place in the House of Commons, but he will be there, as it has been truly said, only as representing the "minority of a minority." Most of the little company who shared his views are conspicuous by their absence; and if he is not literally the "last rose of summer left blooming alone," his associates are so few, and must be so cowed and discouraged by the verdict of their constituents, that their influence is gone. Even the few who remain owe their position mainly to the tolerance of the Liberal managers who did their utmost-in our opinion, far more than they ought—to discourage attacks upon their seats. A more humiliating position than that of Mr. Walter cannot well be conceived. The Times has been perpetually reiterating the statement that the country approved the action of the Government, and now not only is there an overwhelming consensus of opinion to the contrary, but Mr. Walter is barely able to retain his own seat by the charity of Tories, who spared him the votes necessary to defeat even by a bare majority the local Liberal who sought to displace him. Mr. Walter had every advantage in his favour. He was in possession, and his personal popularity seemed to assure him an undisturbed enjoyment of a seat which would never have been challenged but for his votes on foreign policy, and the attitude The Times had taken towards Mr. Gladstone. Indeed, it may be safely said that the latter was the inspiring cause of an opposition which almost succeeded in displacing him, and which left him in a decided minority of Liberal votes. A more severe lesson has seldom been administered to a public man, and it is to be hoped it may not be wasted.

The case of Mr. Walter deserves this special notice solely because of his relation to *The Times*, which has undoubtedly been the most formidable instrument of the Tory party for the last three years. It has been less scrupulous and more violent than the avowed Tory organ, *The Standard*, whose articles have often indicated that it was ashamed of the malignity which marked the attack on Mr. Gladstone. The article on the great Liberal statesman, which appeared

in The Standard on his seventieth birthday, was conceived in a spirit so different from the malignant bitterness which continually inspired the leaders of The Times as to suggest that there were honest Tories who detected the impolicy while they disapproved the injustice of attacks which were as impotent as they were fierce in their spite. But The Times has, or was supposed to have, an influence to which no other journal could aspire. How much it was worth is now manifest. It is not to be denied that it has had some effect on London society, which, however, hardly needed its influence to incline it towards a policy which would divert the attention of the people from domestic reforms, for which there is no slight demand in the City of London itself, by pursuing a policy of show and bluster abroad. But on the country at large it has produced no impression at all. It pronounced Mr. Gladstone's oratory "exuberant verbosity;" it sought to pour contempt alike upon his genius and his principle; it criticised him as though he were some reckless adventurer who had no regard for his country, and no reputation of his own to lose; it sought to degrade him by comparing him to a poor blundering speaker like Mr. Bourke, and giving the latter the preference, and, to crown the whole, Mr. Walter was guilty of the meanness of appealing to some letter of Mr. Osborne Morgan's, which he told his audience at Newbury, would show them, were he able to read it, how little the member for Denbighshire thought of Mr. Gladstone's capacity for dealing with the land laws. The result is that the "exuberant verbosity" has wrought a revolution in public opinion to which our recent history furnishes no parallel. A month ago, and it seemed to all who looked only at the superficial aspects of public affairs, as though the power of Toryism and of Lord Beaconsfield, its prophet, would have stood against the world -now "lies it there, and none so poor to do it reverence." Then men were speculating how long the nation would have to endure a rule which was wasting its resources, and, as far as was practicable, weakening the dignity and authority of Parliament, and so sapping the foundations of our constitutional liberties. Mr. Gladstone seemed to not a few, even among Liberal themselves, as the victim of an excited imagination, which conjured up visionary dangers, and dwelt upon

them until they assumed gigantic proportions; while even among those who shared his anxieties, there were many who feared that his was the "voice of one crying in the wilderness." Now in the joy of a sudden deliverance, the greatness of the peril is more fully realized, and we understand better what is due to him who has so gallantly maintained the fight. A Tory democracy, led by an ambitious minister intent on a system of personal rule, is a grave and real danger, and it is from this we have been rescued. Well may we sing with the old Psalmist, "Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth. We are escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler. The snare is broken and we are escaped."

There will, no doubt, be some still disposed to regard this view as exaggerated. It is difficult to convince ordinary politicians that the late election was very much more than a battle between Liberal and Conservative. But surely anything more unlike Conservatism than the action of the Tory Ministry has not been seen in England for many a day. Conservative it was of every abuse, every exclusive privilege, every vested right of a class to prey upon the nation; conservative of the "ascendancy" of the State Church either in the national buryinggrounds or in the public grammar-schools; conservative of the rights of the publicans to extend their trade without restriction by popular control; conservative of the inequalities in legislation which furnish Ireland with just grievances, and so erect a platform from which agitators are able to stir the passions of the people. But so far was it from being conservative of that which Englishmen should be most anxious to safeguard, that the constitutional precedents which form the very basis of our liberties have been treated as inconvenient restraints, which it was necessary to evade, as it was impossible wholly to set them aside. The work of reaction must be slow. "By little and little" was the fabric of our liberties built up, and unless some violent revolution should overthrow it, only "by little and little" can it be weakened. The slowness of the process, and the apparent unimportance of the first inroads upon old practices, deceive the multitude, and those who insist upon their significance are pretty sure to be treated as bigoted alarmists, whom party prejudice inclines to an exaggerated view. In this lies the only peril to which institutions so venerated as our own are likely to be exposed. With Liberal and Conservative, indeed, there has always been the same reverence for the Constitution and for the freedom which it secures to us; and while there have been keen struggles over proposed reforms, both parties would have united in resistance to any attempt to curtail the rights and liberties already won. Lord Beaconsfield has introduced a new spirit into our politics, the effects of which are easily discernible by those who have eves to see. No one who reads his novels can credit him with any attachment to those constitutional principles which Englishmen generally, to whatever party they may belong, attach highest value, and his political life has been in harmony with the views he has advocated in his fictions. The one aim of his policy has been so to manipulate the democratic force as to make it available for the coercion of the intelligent and independent opinion of the middle class. That this was the object of the lowering of the suffrage Mr. Disraeli hardly attempted to conceal; and in 1874 it looked as though his end had been accomplished. He seemed to have created a strong popular power which would rally to the support of aristocratic or personal rule; and in looking at the legislation, and still more at the financial arrangements of the last six years, it is easy to see how constantly the strengthening of this power has been kept in view. A large proportion of the burdens of the State has been laid upon the middle classes, while the worst passions of the populace have been stimulated by prospects of military successes, of which they were to reap the glory while others bore the cost. Such action was a novelty in our politics, and it was full of menace to true Constitutionalism.

This was not Conservatism. It was not even old-fashioned Toryism. It was simple and unadulterated Beaconsfieldism; and that is neither more nor less than an Anglican Cæsarism. It bears the same relation to the Imperialism of France as Ritualism to Romanism. They have the same root-ideas; they contemplate the same ends; they use to a large extent the same instruments; but the Anglican adaptation is necessarily modified to suit the climate and the surroundings. It was with this we were menaced and from this that we have happily been delivered. To what extent the mischief had

already gone might be gathered from an article in which The Times, though at the moment endeavouring to trim its sails to catch the breeze which it felt to be rising, commended the Tories as the proper ministers of foreign policy, and pointed to their conduct of the French revolutionary war as a proof of their capacity and wisdom. We had fancied that those who are groaning under the heavy burdens which the Tory policy of that generation has laid upon us had long ere this formed a very decided opinion as to its folly and wickedness. But it would seem as though the process of education had already gone so far as to awaken a regret for the good old times of Pitt and Castlereagh, when we accumulated debt, frittered away our strength in Walcheren expeditions, subsidized the continental powers, who showed but scant gratitude for the aid we gave them, and thus laid on our agriculture and industry burdens which tell heavily in the competition to which it is now exposed. Happily the people have not been carried away by the fond illusion. The Dissenters, whose power Mr. Disraeli supposed that he had destroyed, have been foremost in their opposition, and they have proved too strong for Lord Beaconsfield.

The strength of the adverse majority has manifestly overwhelmed the Ministry with surprise and dismay. The worst which they feared was a reduction of the majority, and if there were any misgivings that went beyond this, they only contemplated the possibility of the barest Liberal victory, which could be obtained only by the help of a wayward and impracticable section of Home Rulers. Up to the very eve of the contest Mr. Cross insisted that, without a majority of the English members, the Liberals would have no right to take office, and that they could obtain that he treated as utterly impossible. Even on the other side there was perhaps no one who foresaw that the defeat of the Government would be a simple rout; that the single compartment in a first-class carriage would suffice to bring the Tory contingent from Scotland; that two Tories only would be sent from Wales; that the Northern counties of England (including Lancashire, for whose favour the Ministry have so eagerly wooed) would show so crushing a preponderance of Liberal opinion; that, with few exceptions, the great English boroughs would return to their old allegiance, and, to crown the whole, that the English counties, where Toryism has been supposed to hold undisputed sway, would return a larger number of Liberals than they have done to any Parliament for the last forty years.

That all this should be possible, and yet that the assumed guides of public opinion should never have suspected it, is certainly extraordinary. But we are bound to add that their blindness was wilful. The by-elections of the last three years ought to have enlightened them; but instead of accepting their lesson, the defenders of the Ministry seemed deliberately to ignore facts which did not accord with their optimist views of their own position. If a defeat was sustained, it was explained away or made to look like a "moral victory." Continually The Times was repeating the cuckoo cry that the country was with the Government, and Lord George Hamilton and other Government defenders of like spirit were ready with their figures to prove that while there had been many Parliamentary vacancies, the Ministerial majority remained undisturbed. They were beaten at Manchester in 1876, at Bristol and Leeds in 1877, at Reading in 1878; they had to surrender Glasgow without a struggle; and there was not a Scotch conflict on which they ventured in which they were not defeated. Such occurrences as this ought to have suggested the possibility of danger; but they would not see, and now destruction has come upon them suddenly.

The completeness of the defeat is partly due to the unwise tactics which the Government pursued. Lord Beaconsfield's manifesto was the most remarkable example of the "policy of decomposition" which could be supplied. It alienated many thoughtful men, and we strongly suspect that it caused not a few Conservatives to stand aloof from the contest. But its most salutary effect was in removing the difficulties which the Liberal party would otherwise have had with the Irish contingent. Since the issue of that document, of such ill omen for the party it was to inspire and animate, we have heard no more of the inconvenient questions and pledges by which Liberal candidates were to be worried by the Home Rulers. Mr. Parnell, happily as we think, still maintains his

glorious independence, and professes himself as much opposed to Liberals and Tories, and prefers to oppose a Whig in the South rather than a Tory in the North. He could have done no better service to the Liberal party. They want not his alliance, and, cruel as is his hate, still more cruel would be his love. In England, at all events, Lord Beaconsfield's manifesto relieved the Liberal party from all trouble about the Home Rule, for he left the Irish without any alternative except to unite themselves with those who were his opponents. The design, of course, was to identify the Liberal party with Home Rule, but the only effect was to cause the Irish to regard Toryism as synonymous with hatred to their country and their race, and the impression will not soon pass away.

In this, as in other respects, the Tory advocates produced reaction by their own extravagance. Lord Sandon seemed to have "struck ile" (as our American friends would say). when he contrived to use Lord Ramsay's incautious promise to the Home Rulers as an instrument for his defeat, and the success which crowned the tactics encouraged the party to press them still further. But in their eagerness to secure an advantage, they forgot that Englishmen have a keen sense of justice, and were not likely to believe that politicians of high position and character would lend themselves to a traitorous "policy of decomposition," especially when the charge was advanced by the supporters of a Government which had made a Home Ruler a Lord Lieutenant of an Irish county. It seemed very ingenious first to fix upon the Liberal party the reproach of an alliance with the Home Rulers, and then to make them responsible for the atrocious utterances of the most objectionable of the clique. But the trick was overdone. and recoiled upon those by whom it was played. It was the same with the unwise appeal to Continental opinions. Englishmen were touched on one of their most sensitive points when the sympathy of the Emperor of Austria, of Prince Bismarck, and of French journalists with the Ministry was paraded before the electors in the hope of enlisting their suffrages. The Liberals must, in truth confess that their enemies played into their hands. They were never weary of representing themselves as the national party, and yet they committed the incredible folly of quoting the recommendation

of Continental statesmen and journalists as the certificate of Ministerial patriotism. They figured as the defenders of order and religion, while at the same time they were content to rely upon the support of the publicans, to the disgust of hundreds, who quietly determined to save the country from the disgrace which would have been inflicted upon it had the dealers in strong drink been able to elect its rulers and dictate its laws. In short, their appeal was made to a bastard patriotism and an unworthy selfishness, to the anxious fears of vested interests, and the paltry jealousies of class and race; and the signal discomfiture in which it has resulted is only what was richly deserved.

Two very different classes of people foresaw and predicted this issue, though possibly neither of them expected that the defeat would have been so crushing. Enthusiasts (as they may be called) who had faith in the triumph of principle and in the true Liberalism of the nation, and keen-sighted men of the world who were guided by common sense, reached the same conclusion. Among the former were many Nonconformists. We may now recur with satisfaction to the tone which we ourselves took in our last number, and which was in complete accord with what we had previously said, and with the view taken by The Nonconformist and Independent, and The British Quarterly Review. Of the latter class is The World, which, while professing to be an organ of society, has for some time past continually insisted on the madness of society on this point. The paths by which we travelled lay wide apart, but they led to the same goal. Those who laughed the predictions to scorn are now endeavouring to explain their own miscalculation by all kinds of subtle theories. But the secret of this wonderful revolution is not difficult to learn. The nation was stirred to its very depths by the appeals addressed both to reason and conscience, and it has risen with an almost passionate indignation to repudiate the policy which had been palmed upon it as a display of true British spirit and patriotism.

This is brought out with all the more clearness from the fact that the Liberal programme is so limited, and that such as it is, it has engaged so little of public attention. That the farmers hope for some practical improvement in the land

laws, that the workmen of towns are wishful to see their brethren in the hamlets and villages admitted to the political privileges which the last Reform Bill gave them, that Irishmen expect that their grievances will be fairly considered, and if proved, redressed, that Nonconformists look forward confidently to the removal of the injustice which they suffer in being excluded from the national burying-grounds, may be admitted, while at the same time it is denied that any of these, or all of them united, were very powerful factors in the production of the grand results. Mr. Osborne Morgan naturally attaches great importance to the influence of the particular grievance he has set himself to remove, and with the opposition to which his name is so honourably identified. The earnest perseverance which he has shown in this struggle may well lead us to condone any exaggeration into which he may be betrayed, but we cannot accept his conclusions. Nonconformists have done much to win the victory, as is confessed on all sides, but what they have done has been inspired by their hatred of Imperialism, not by their expectation of special advantages for themselves. That the Liberal vote in Wales, and in some of the rural districts of England, has been swoln by Dissenters who resented the suggestion that they should be content with the burial of a dog is probably true. But this was only one of the secondary causes of a great movement, the chief reason of which is to be found in the strong feeling of moral indignation of which Mr. Gladstone was the chief exponent.

He is the true victor in the great strife. We have no wish to detract from the merits of others when we say that to him belong the glories of the triumph, as on him rested the burden and the peril of the fight. The resurrection of his reputation has been as marvellous and striking as a sudden outburst of vegetation in the early days of spring. If anything was necessary to increase the enthusiasm on his behalf, it would have been found in the remarkable dignity and self-restraint which he has shown since the victory was achieved. In the first moment of his success in Midlothian he expressed his intention to abstain from further criticism of the Government now that the country had pronounced its verdict on the points at issue between them. He had laboured for the overthrow

of a policy which he believed to be unjust and mischievous, but that object accomplished, he would not stoop to the indulgence of personal resentment or the vulgar ostentation of triumph. His refusal of the ovation with which admiring friends would have welcomed his return to London was prompted by the same spirit. He had fought for his country, and he would not sully his victory or compromise the purity of his patriotism by yielding to the temptation of personal vanity. So in relation to the future, we have the assurance that what he does will be marked by the same magnanimity and inspired by the same love to his country and liberty which he has manifested throughout the contest. The reply to all the calumnies with which he has been pursued through the last three years is the emphatic verdict of the English people. For whatever else the elections may mean, on one point there can be no mistake. The people were invited to choose between two men representing two rival policies, and they have emphatically pronounced in favour of the statesman who in the face of such unmerited obloquy has so gallantly contended for righteousness, as the essential condition of all national strength and glory.

The return of Mr. Gladstone to office with the hearty assent of the united Liberal party is the appropriate close of this fierce struggle. With any other Premier the Liberal triumph would have been incomplete and unsatisfactory. It was around Mr. Gladstone that the storm of Tory hatred had raged, and it would to some extent have accomplished its purpose if he had been excluded from the position to which by his transcendent genius and his unrivalled services to his party and his country he was entitled. He has often been taunted with throwing away a great majority; he has now proved his capacity for rallying it to his standard again. The retribution which has overtaken his slanderers is as signal as the vindication of his own action is decisive. We may well thank God for this new evidence that the world is not given up to the dominion of wrong, and that there is a force at work on behalf of the cause of truth which a scoffing cynicism can neither understand nor measure.

RUBENS.

Dutch and Flemish art, if you study it in the works of the Van Eycks or of Quentin Matsys, had a glorious era of development in the fifteenth century. Pictures of Van Evck may be seen in our own excellent collection at the National Gallery. No. 186, portraits of a Flemish merchant and lady, being signed by Jan Van Eyck and dated 1434, with two other examples; also a picture by Margaret Van Eyck, the sister of Hubert and John, of the Madonna and child. Quentin Matsys, born in 1466, and who became head of the school at Antwerp, is also represented by one picture (No. 245), "Salvator Mundi and the Virgin Mary," which is exquisite in colour, fresh and clear as if painted only vesterday, with the most delicate and perfect finish in the detailed execution of ornamental work on the dress. It is well worthy of study. Reality characterized the Van Eycks. We see in them the expression of what is called by Dr. Waagen an intensely native element.

But the sixteenth century witnessed the advent of Peter Paul Rubens, who was born at Siegen, in Westphalia, on the 29th June, 1577. Classically educated, he was able to take a wide range of subject. His name was bestowed upon him because he was born on the day of St. Peter and St. Paul. But Antwerp was his home. Beautiful Antwerp—then the centre of merchandize—the seat of the most splendid architecture, and the Teutonic abode of art.

It was in a certain sense a period of reaction in art, or, to be more correct, interaction. For as in the period of the Van Eycks their realism touched with its influence the schools of Venice, so now it came to pass that Venice repaid the compliment, and in this second era of Teutonic art we are able to trace an ideal element in men like Rubens which was not native to the art of the Netherlands. It is said of Venetian art that "In her productions all that Netherlandish masters had most sought to attain—truth of nature in conception and beauty and harmony of colour—was seen for the first time developed in the utmost perfection, while the other great qualities of general keeping found ready response in their art sympathies."

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Peter Paul Rubens belonged to what is called the school of Belgium, and although not born in Antwerp, he was a citizen of Antwerp by descent, his father, John Rubens, a lawyer, and a scapegrace sort of a man, having been born and located there. The history of Rubens is admirably written in one of the volumes published by Sampson Low and Co. in their "Illustrated Biographies of the Great Artists," and readers who wish to see Rubens as Sir Peter Paul Rubens, in his capacity of ambassador and friend of royalty in general. had better make a study of this handy and portable volume. There they may see Rubens fêted and petted by the Spanish Governess of the Netherlands and by her husband, the Archduke Albert; by Mary Medicis, Queen of France (whose history so captivated, or whose influence so swaved, Rubens that he celebrated her life in connection with her marriage with Henry IV. in a series of pictures), and by Philip III. and IV. of Spain; not forgetting our own Stuart King, Charles I., who, about the year 1630, took him into the highest favour and loaded him with favours and honours. All this, I say, is written in an interesting volume about parentage and birth, education and masters, visits to Italy, Paris, and England, with his last years, from 1634 to 1640.

But we see that genius is higher than titles and art principles more renowned than successful diplomacy and royal favours, inasmuch as the world of to-day thinks of a name without a handle at all, viz., Rubens, and of a great-indeed, one of the greatest-painters only. Great as had been the triumph of Teutonic art in the Van Eycks, none can question that it completed its highest triumph in Rubens. His first master was Adam Van Noort, often called Van Oort, and I much wish that there was a specimen of his style in the National Gallery, and here he mastered what, if neglected, can never be atoned for afterwards, the technical part of his art—dull, dreary, toilsome labour. You miss it in many so-called clever painters whose genius lacks correctness of drawing. Adam Van Noort was also an excellent colourist. He took, it is said, "from the old school what there was to take-colour, composition, and aërial perspective-but treated his subjects as modern taste required." Otto Vœnius was his next master, or Othon Van Veen, for four years. Work!

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work! work! this was the lot of Rubens. At twenty-one years of age he was admitted into the Antwerp Liggere of the Guild of St. Luke as a free master, and introduced to the regents, Albert and Isabella. This was in 1598, and in 1600 he went to Italy. Rubens thought that his old master Van Noort would have surpassed all his contemporaries had he visited Rome, so we need not wonder that he started for the golden land of art himself.

Othon Van Veen had been to Italy before Rubens; so, I believe, had Mabuse. Indeed, says Mr. C. W. Kitt, "from the time when Van Eyck taught the Italians the secret of oil painting, there had been much art intercourse and much mutual assistance. But drawing, colour, and composition were to be learnt in Italy alone."

Let us look at the era when he arrived, viz., A.D. 1600. We must note what influences Rubens came under. He selected Venice as his first abode. The glorious Titian was gone; for he died some few months before Rubens was born, and Tintoretto died in 1594; Paul Veronese also had visited Venice to study the works of these great artists, and he, in some respects, excelled both—not brilliant as Titian, nor gifted with the facility of Tintoretto, but a magnificent painter. Let us hear Mr. Ruskin:

I perceive a tendency among some of the more thoughtful critics of the day to forget the business of a painter is to paint, and so altogether to despise those men—Veronese and Rubens, for instance—who were painters par excellence, and in whom the expressional qualities are subordinate. Now it is well, when we have strong, moral, or poetical feeling manifested in painting, to mark this as the best part of the work; but it is not well to consider as of small account the painter's language in which that feeling is conveyed: for if that language be not good or lovely, the man may indeed be a just moralist or a great poet; but he is not a painter, and it was wrong of him to paint.

Let the reader see Veronese in the National Gallery. Two pictures of his are there—"The Family of Darius before Alexander," and "The Consecration of St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra." Titian and Tintoretto are both represented in our National Gallery. There may be seen Titian's marvellous colour, even by the most unpractised observer, in No. 4, A Holy Family; in 34, Venus and Adonis; and in 635, The Madonna and Child with St. John the Baptist and St.

Catherine, which literally "glows" with colour. Tintoretto is poorly represented by No. 16, St. George Destroying the Dragon. Compare these pictures, and you will see that, colourist as Veronese was, he was mellower than Titian, and that his "drawing" is better than that of Tintoretto.

Passports were then, as now, the order of the day; and on the 8th of May, 1600, Rubens obtained one, and left Antwerp for the home of these great and noble artists. Dr. Waagen thinks that, in addition to the great "colourists" I have named, the works of Michael Angelo exercised great influence over Rubens. When he visited Mantua, Rubens took copies of works of art in the great and notable collection of that city, one of which, from Mantegna's "Triumph of Julius Cæsar," is in the National Gallery, the original pictures of Andrea Mantegna being at Hampton Court.

But it is time to turn to some of his great works, especially to some which we may see for ourselves. His colossal picture, "The Descent from the Cross," is in the cathedral at Antwerp, and "The Battle of the Amazons," of which I have a print now before me, is in the Munich Gallery. The subject is a fearful war-struggle on a bridge, with men, women, and horses being plunged into the river. "The Fall of the Damned," the print of which is also before me, is from a picture in the Munich Gallery; it is, without exception, the most daring composition I ever saw; the falling, writhing bodies are in every variety of attitude. But the print of Castor and Pollux carrying off the daughter of Leucippus, which is a copy also from the Munich Gallery, is the finest drawing of all.

Still, here in prints we can only see his drawing, and not his colouring; and, as Mr. Ruskin says, he was a painter. In the National Gallery there are no less than fourteen of his works, and some of them are very noble specimens of his power.

They may be categorized thus:

- No. 38. The Abduction of the Sabine Women.
 - 46. Peace and War, or Peace and Plenty.
 - 57. The Conversion of St. Bayon.
 - 59. The Brazen Serpent.
 - 66. A Landscape with Château de Stein.

- 67. A Holy Family with St. George and other Saints.
- 157. A Landscape: Sunset.
- 187. The Apotheosis of William of Holland.
- 194. The Judgment of Paris.
- 278. The Triumph of Julius Cæsar.
- 279. The Horrors of War.
- 852. Portrait "Le Chapeau de Poil," or the Spanish Hat.
- 853. The Triumph of Silenus.
- 948. Landscape: a Sketch.

Too much as well as too little learning is sometimes a dangerous thing, and the allegorical-historical pictures of Rubens show not only an artificial and untrained learning, but "a tasteless and indiscriminate mixture of portrait-like persons in the costume of his own time, with the generally nude divinities of ancient nymphs." "The Lady in the Straw Hat," said to have been purchased of the late Sir R. Peel for three thousand pounds, is one of the most beautiful portraits in the National Gallery. The shadowed face is yet full of brightness of life.

Dr. Waagen speaks of Rubens' colour as having warmth, clearness, and harmony, and of his Titanic greatness as the painter of violent and agitated scenes, and he thus sums up his ideal of him after saying that the works of the greatest masters only tended to the development of his own originality.

His character as a painter consisted essentially in those qualities which no other master had ever before united in so high a degree, viz., in a truthful and intense feeling for nature, a warm and transparent colouring, a power of picturesque keeping, and a wealth and fire of imagination which embraced every object capable of representation, and enabled him to render with equal success and originality both the most forcible and the most fleeting appearances of nature.

I suppose none would call Rubens "refined," still fewer "profound." I scarcely remember any one of the heads he has painted that may be said to have in it an expression of elevated sentiment. Certainly there is undeniable roughness and vulgarity in most of his faces. His flesh-painting is vigorous enough. I have recently compared it with Romano—624, "The Infancy of Jupiter," with its "pinky" flesh

colour—and with Correggio—10, "Mercury instructing Cupid in the presence of Venus," with a pure flesh colour—but I know no flesh-painting like that of Titian. If the reader will refer to Hazlitt's clever volume of essays, entitled "The Round Table," he will find an admirable little article on "Gusto," or what the Italians mean by the "morbidezza" of flesh colour. Not only, says Hazlitt, do Titian's heads seem to think; his bodies seem to feel.

Rubens makes his flesh colour like flowers; Albano's is like ivory. [I should, for my part, say the same of Etty's.] Titian's is like flesh, and nothing else. The blood circulates here and there, the blue veins just appear, the rest is distinguished throughout only by that sort of tingling sensation to the eye which the body feels within itself. Vandyke's fleshpainting, though it has great truth and purity, wants gusto. It has not the internal character, the living principle in it. It is a smooth surface, not a warm, moving mass.

I cannot agree with Hazlitt altogether about Rubens in this respect. I think finer flesh colour was never painted than in 194, "The Judgment of Paris," where, at the nuptials of Thetis and Peleus, an apple is thrown amongst the guests by Discord to be adjudicated to the most beautiful. Juno, Minerva, and Venus are, it seems, competitors for the prize; and Paris, the son of Priam, is ordered by Jupiter to give the award. Venus receives the apple. In this picture—which is not, I admit, such as we should like to see reproduced in treatment—the flesh-painting is marvellous.

Four thousand pictures and sketches are attributed to Rubens; Antwerp, Madrid, and Munich possessing most of them. Fifteen are in England, at Blenheim; for the notable Duchess of Marlborough grudged no price for them. His greatest work is admitted to be "The Descent from the Cross;" an art enthusiast calling it "the grandest picture in the world for composition, drawing, and colouring."

If Rubens, however, gives us coarse faces and the likenesses of "Flemings" in many of his pictures, his child faces are exquisite for grace and loveliness. His animal painting I have not seen enough of to venture any criticism upon worthy of the name. I shall have served my purpose if I can induce any reader to make observation of the work of one whom Sir Joshua Reynolds so greatly admired and appreciated, and

who, if he had a limited imagination or "a Flemish imagination," as it has been called, yet did, at all events, possess one, and was not injured in his work by the limitations of a too narrow realism.

RUBENS.

I cannot myself profess to admire many of the subjects of the pictures of Rubens. I think them inadmissible in the sensuality of their style for human interest and study. I do not refer to the absence of mere sentimentally religious and superstitious subjects. I am glad he avoided these. I am thankful that he escaped their puerilities. Mr. Ruskin thinks the Flemish history made him what he was as a painter; for

While Angelico prayed and wept in his olive shade, there was different work doing in the dankfields of Flanders, close setting of brick walls against cold, wind, and snow, much hardening of hands and gross stoutening of bodies in all this, gross jovialities of harvest-times and Christmas feasts which were to be the reward of it. He had his faults, perhaps great and lamentable faults, though more of his time and his country than his own. He has neither cloister-breeding nor boudoir-breeding, and is very unfit to paint either in missals or annuals; but he has an open-sky and wideworld breeding in him that we may not be offended with, fit alike for king's court, knight's camp, or peasant's cottage.

All true enough; but one heartily wishes that "apotheosis," "allegory," and "mythology" were out of his way, and that he had been as free from grossness of style as he is from inaccuracy of drawing. I have left myself no space to refer to his landscape paintings, which are the background of his pictures, as they are in Titian, and are right nobly done.

Several questions might be asked, if this were an Art Lecture to Students of the following nature, to which the appended replies might be given.

Was not Rubens originally inclined to landscape painting? Unquestionably. It was in the studio of a landscape painter that he first cultivated his taste, and in life's evening he took it up when amusement was his inspiring motive, which proves that he liked it best.

Were Rubens' landscapes pastoral, or intricate and grand? They were country-life scenes, full of all the idyllic portrayals of home; very picturesque, but not grand in the sense of daring sky or majestic mountain.

What colouring did he use?

Some said not paints. So says Mr. C. W. Kitt; but this

was, he says, the opinion of his countrymen who were jealous of him, because he was anti-Spanish in his style. Certainly he used "light grounds" and glazes of a transparent character.

Are his works all his own?

As much so as many great masters, who let their pupils assist, in a considerable degree, always under their own observation. Rubens doubtless used their aid in the earlier work of reproducing his original sketch; but the master's hand went over all the work, and stamped it with the impress of his genius and the patience of his careful zeal for good work.

Was Rubens dramatic in power?

Not exactly; but he was intensely imaginative, and, being a classical scholar, his antique "lore" aided him in his creative works. He was a Landseer, so far as animal life was concerned, and in drawing he had trained his hand to an almost perfect "technical" ability.

We see in all his work a wonderful versatility of talent, an ability to use his erudition without letting that use him, and withal that which makes author or artist supreme in influence a wonderful individuality of power.

W. M. STATHAM.

HALF-HOURS WITH CHRISTIAN AUTHORS.

"THE MAN CHRIST JESUS."

The moral beauty of the character of Jesus is one of those perfect ideals on which no writ of criticism can be served; which no human judgment is qualified to arraign, but which summon criticism before their tribunal and fix the standard f human excellence. Yet it is as natural and lifelike as it is ideally perfect. Its symmetry, grace, and ease conceal from us its colossal proportions. Saints, heroes, sages, the lights of human history, occupy each his several department of greatness. None of them is great all round. We are not surprised to find the loftiest wisdom unsympathetic and impatient of conceited ignorance; the most spotless purity cold and ascetic; the most ardent love partial and jealous; the most tender-hearted benevolence deficient in righteous indignation, the purest zeal in tolerance, the deepest humility in nobleness. But in Jesus we can find no exaggeration, no defi-

ciency. He claims to be sole treasure-keeper of the knowledge of God, alone able to impart it. Yet He speaks so simply that children love and learn the stories which the common people heard gladly. He is sinless, yet the Friend of publicans and sinners. The zeal of God's house consumes Him, yet He stands up for the children whom the priests condemn for profaning the Temple with their shouts and songs. He spreads a meal for thousands, yet will have the fragments gathered up. He spends nights in prayer, and has not where to lay His head, yet He eats and drinks like any other guest at the rich man's feast, and approves when a year's wages of a day-labourer are poured in a moment upon His feet. His rebukes of vice and hypocrisy are like two-edged swords, His rules of duty inexorably severe, His standard of righteousness nothing short of likeness to God; yet He breaks not the bruised reed, nor quenches the faint glow of the dying lamp, but declares the sins of a lifetime pardoned in a moment, promises to the wandering child a Father's welcome home, and invites the heart worn with toil and care, or heavy-laden with guilt and sorrow, to find rest in His sympathy, grace, and love. In the supreme hour of self-sacrifice, with the cup of anguish none else could taste at His lips, He is yet so far from being absorbed in the greatness or the agony of that inconceivable conflict, that He can provide a home for his brokenhearted mother, and assure the dying brigand at His side of pardon and paradise. No virtue in Him blazes into excess. any more than it grows dim with defect. He seems almost as unlike good men in His goodness as He is unlike bad men in His sinlessness. Yet that which probably impresses our hearts most in the portrait drawn by the four Evangelists is not His blameless perfection and remoteness from all human frailty, but His sympathy, accessibleness, tenderness, and intense humanity. His own similitude, which has sunk ineffaceably into the heart of mankind, best represents Him: the Good Shepherd carrying the sick lamb in His arms, bearing home the lost sheep on His shoulders, and laying down His life for the flock.

Whence could this portrait have been painted but from the life? How could four separate mirrors reflect the same image but from reality? We owe this matchless portraiture not to

a single hand, the marvel of his age and glory of his country's literature, but to two uncultured Galileans-an accountant and a fisherman-and to two companions of the Apostles, who have left no trace of their presence in the world except three small books, which together would make one thin octavo volume. In one only of the four-the fisherman-can we discern any trace of genius or literary art; unless, indeed, it be that highest skill of the artist, to sink his own individuality and hide himself behind his theme.* If it be supposed that in the Four Gospels we have no original testimony of eye-witnesses, but the gathering up at second and third hand of floating traditions concerning Jesus, the marvel is not lessened, but, if possible, increased. To suppose, in fine, that Jesus did not mould and inspire His disciples, but that His disciples created Him-as we know Him in their writings-is to suppose that the fountain that leaps a hundred feet into the sunshine has itself filled the reservoir high up among the hills from which it was fed .- E. R. Conder, M.A.

GRACE IN TIME OF DANGER.

Now we see another, also well on in the course. He stands out strong and dark to our view, as if the shadow of a coming calamity, or at least of an awful fear, lay over his life. He has run well, and is not without hope that he may run again, when that which lets is taken out of the way. Meantime he can hardly stir. There is the pressure of a terrible strait. Within him, and almost shed into the air around, are the tremblings and strugglings of a tempted soul. And this temptation is not what some people call their temptations, but which are, in fact, only the importunate clamours of the vices they have cherished, or the bold assaults of the sins they have wooed. This is some real and searching temptation which comes to the man simply, and inevitably, in the providence of God. He has been doing his duty and going on his way, and out of that duty done, or somewhere amid the steps of that pathway of daily life, there has sprung up, without his knowledge, and in no way subject to his will, this great temptation.

^{*} Compare "Superhuman Origin of the Bible," p. 422.

Or, he has been using and enjoying his privileges, and out of these privileges, highly valued and carefully used, this danger has arisen.

Not long since he sang of the "plain path." He was led out in the morning with joy, and came in at night with peace; and now, by the lapse of a day perhaps, by the turning of a corner, the reading of a letter, the coming of a friend, all is trouble, and uncertainty, and fear. He would flee, but he cannot. He must stand. He must go through or fall, unless God shall make a way of escape. And you see him now standing, with every sense awake, with the tremor of a spiritual fear in every nerve, and you hear him ask, "What shall I do? How shall safety and deliverance come to me here?" How? They will come out of the text. This text carries nothing if not safety for such a time, for such a trial, to all who will look for it and take it. "My grace is sufficient for thee." It would be strange indeed if it were not. In that case God's providence would be stronger than His grace. His providence would be forming moral situations, and developing moral needs, beyond the power of His grace to supply. He would be leading men into states and perils from which He would know there could be no deliverance. With unusual energy the Scriptures repudiate such a conclusion-"Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God!" The thing is utterly impossible. "God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man." There is an equal firmness in another passage—"There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man "-such as is accommodated to human strength and circumstances. "God is faithful. He will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able: but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." When a temptation comes purely in God's providence, it will very often be found that "with the temptation" comes the way of escape. The pressure of the temptation will be towards the door of escape. Or if the way of escape is not disclosed with the temptation, it will be as soon as it is needed. Some gentle door will open where it was thought no door could be. Some new events will arise. Other persons will appear upon the scene. There will be some unexpected turnings in the providence of the time. God is continually saving His people from temptations and its perils by what seem to be the simplest and gentlest means. He is delivering us all day long. He is making ways of escape from dangers which we do not see until we have passed them. In tales and romances you sometimes have a man brought almost within reaching distance of his mortal enemy without any suspicion that he is there. The thin partition of a room, a slender garden wall, or perhaps only a shadowing tree or bush comes between. That is often the real state of things as between a man and his spiritual enemies. We shall never know our dangers and deliverances fully until we surmount them all and look down on them from heaven. Meantime we know that God is faithful—that, therefore, He will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able. He will weigh each temptation as it comes to you in the balance to see that it is not too much. He will have the possible ways of escape all open. the doors of deliverance unlocked and moving easily on their hinges, that ye may glide out of one or another almost unseen. True, after God has weighed the temptation you may add something to it with your own hand. Then it will be too heavy. True, you may stand looking at the door instead of passing quickly through. God will not drag you away; and if you stay against your own sense of duty, and against the clear intimations of His providence, like a silly bird you may be snared and taken in the net of the great fowler. But God is faithful. His word is true. He is justified in His sayings. He is clear when He is judged. Call upon Him and He will deliver thee. He will deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. His grace is sufficient for thee; and His strength will be made perfect in weakness .-Dr. Raleigh.

BLESSEDNESS OF A HUMBLE LOT.

We all have reason to thank God for our lot, and for the falling of the lines in places so pleasant. How little need have we to envy the rich, the great, the titled, the powerful! How much occasion to be pleased with quietness, even with commonness, and all the benign obscurities of ordinary life! Better so shall we find the sure pathway to heaven. We have

no need to envy our own great men—not even when they are good. See how they are suspected, maligned, and tossed from places they have adorned by unsuspected ecclesiastical and political combinations, and how every writer in the daily press thinks it necessary to "weigh them in his balances and find them wanting."

If any of us were called to stand in high place, and render great public service, and if we had the requisite capacity, we should no doubt find motive enough to do our work, even in the face of strong criticism and constant misjudgments. But we may well enough be thankful that we have not the ability, or that, having the ability, few of us are called in God's providence to anything beyond the more or less even tenour of an ordinary life.

If we feel rightly, no life will be dearer to us than common life, and it may well be that no companionship or society could be more really profitable to us than those we find among what are termed common people. Great people are spoiled for the life that most men must lead. Life becomes policy. watchfulness, ingenuity, reserve. In common life it is easier to be simple, sincere, sympathetic, helpful, loving, and easier to find the narrow consecrated way that leads through earth to heaven. Of all the myriads this day in heaven, an immense preponderance in numbers must have been prepared for it in what are called common scenes, and must have gone to it by unseen and undistinguished paths. The chosen disciples and friends of the Son of God were fishermen and vine-dressers. God's chosen sons and daughters, those with whom He will hold eternal fellowship in higher scenes, are found-where? Many of them in lowliest places. In cottages, in huts, in desert tents. In small houses of narrow streets. In crowded ships. Remember, it is the little child only that enters into His kingdom. Remember, it is the lowly who have the promise of grace. Remember that the meek are the largest proprietors. being inheritors of all the earth; and that it is the poor in spirit who have title and preparation for the kingdom of heaven .- Dr. Raleigh.*

^{*} From his posthumous volume on the Book of Esther.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.

THE Sunday-school has become so completely an institution, at least among Dissenters, that a Church which has not its own school is regarded as an anomaly, and unless the circumstances be exceptional, would be pronounced defective in its agencies for Christian work. Yet it must be admitted that it is more common to hear an expression of doubt as to the practical results of the Sunday-school than was at one time the case. The objection is not based upon the unsatisfactory character of much of the teaching, which, even if it be still unequal to the requirements of the time, has unquestionably been very much improved of late, but rather upon the supposed growth of a tendency, to divorce the Sunday-school from the Church and create a certain measure of rivalry between them. That the feeling is not without justification must be confessed by those who have carefully observed the working of Sundayschools, especially in London and the surrounding districts. Opinions will differ as to the extent to which the tendency has developed and the causes to which it is due; but the statements which continually reach us leave little room to doubt that in many quarters there are influences at work calculated to disturb that harmonious co-operation between the Church and the Sunday-school which is essential, if the school is to realize its full measure of usefulness and if the Church is to discharge its duty to the new generation rising up around it. But little importance is to be attached to the friction which is sure occasionally to arise in the working of institutions by men of independent mind and decided purpose, occupying positions so distinct as to create sometimes an idea of antagonism. If pastors fancy that their teachers are a little too heady, and teachers on their side are disposed to see a dictatorial temper in the pastor or the deacon, and if on both sides the suspicions show undue sensitiveness, it is only what might be expected, and a little tact will generally avail to remove the difficulty. It is sometimes forgotten that our Christian work has to be done with imperfect human agencies, and that the wise man must make allowance for the hindrances arising out of erring judgments, crotchetty views, awkward and impracticable tempers, and prepare himself to deal with them if he is to secure the smooth working of any society. If this be kept in view in relation to Sunday-schools, there will be more disposition to be grateful for the happy union between the Church and the teachers, which has been a source of strength to both, than to indulge in any lamentations or pessimist prophecies because of occasional difficulties, sure to arise wherever freedom is not crushed out by the strong hand of authority.

It is not to complaints of this kind that I allude. They have always been heard, and there is little prospect that they will ever wholly die out. I refer rather to the idea which seems to find favour with not a few, that the Sunday-school ought to be an unsectarian institution. The Church with which it is nominally connected is expected, of course, to bear the financial responsibility of the school, and some of its officers may, in return, be allowed to take a part in its management, but beyond this there is no further connection between it and an agency to which is committed one of its most important departments of labour. The teachers may or may not be members of the Church, and are certainly not to be expected in any way to work for its extension. It is seriously maintained (to what extent I do not profess to determine, but for the fact I can vouch) that a Churchman or a Plymouth Brother should be at liberty to teach in a Sunday-school belonging to a Congregational Church, and to instil into the minds of the children views contrary to the principles of the Church itself, to scatter seeds of disaffection and disloyalty to the pastor, and thus to disturb the unity and efficiency of the body of which the school is meant to be one of the hands. The end of this it is not difficult to foretell. If Sundayschools are to be unsectarian institutions they will be left to the casual provision which unsectarian benevolence may mete out to them. Congregationalists, at all events, have sufficient to do in upholding their own institutions without burdening themselves with the support of a large and costly agency whose promoters disclaim all obligations to the Churches on which they rely for maintenance. It has never been, it is hoped it never will be, their practice to make the teaching of their own distinctive peculiarities a feature in their Sunday-schools. But the school has ever been regarded as a training-ground for the Church. The children have been brought to think of the Church as their home, and one great object of the teachers' work has been to lead them gradually on to public profession. It was my own happiness for fourteen years to preside over a Church to which the Sundayschool occupied precisely this relation. There was little, if any, teaching of mere Congregational peculiarities, but there was a decided Congregational influence which pervaded the whole. The school was simply the younger congregation; the teachers worked in unison with the pastor, who, in his turn, regarded them as his most trusty friends and most valued fellow-labourers; both alike sought to gather the young, as they were led to religious decision, into the Church of which they were the children. This is the case in the schools of the North generally, of which Rev. W. Burnet, looking at the subject as a clergyman, and speaking of the schools of the Established Church which present the same features on their side, says-

Not only are the numbers large in those teeming centres of population and are carried on with an intense though rude heartiness, an *csprit de corps* characteristic of the North, but we are struck with a mark of success too rare in our Southern or Midland counties. It is delightful to enter large rooms, and even churches, filled with hundreds of young men and women who have grown up in the schools and with the ripening of their intellects are athirst for more spiritual knowledge. The Sunday-school has thus become a religious and social factor of such importance amongst the good influences at work in those crowded hives of industry, that the late eminent educationist, Sir Kay Shuttleworth, did not hesitate to attribute to it in great measure the exemplary patience and heroic courage of the operatives during the cotton famine.—*Churchman*, vol. ii. p. 21.

No one who lived in Lancashire during that sad and dreary period of dull and monotonous endurance, so depressing to the spirit, and so full of elements of difficulty, which might at any time have produced turmoil and riot, will hesitate to endorse and even to accentuate Sir Kay Shuttleworth's testimony. In that time of trial was seen not only the advantage of the moral and religious training which had been given, but still more of the family sentiment which had grown up as the result of the identification of each school with its parent Church. There is little danger that this close tie will be

severed in the North, and probably the danger is exaggerated even in relation to our Southern schools. But there has been in some quarters a kind of furor for "unsectarianism." which is an uncommonly good thing if it means the absence of bigotry, the culture of broad Catholic sentiment, the subordination of sectarian distinctions to the grander interests of vital Christian principle, but which, on the contrary, is an extremely bad thing if it means a feebler hold of any truth about which there is discussion, an indifference to the growth of individual Churches, the creation of a vague and hazy cosmopolitan sentiment in Church life as a substitute for that robust and manly loyalty to a Church and a creed which may be contemptuously branded as sectarianism, but which has in it elements of practical wisdom and strength which cannot be safely dispensed with. In the real interests of the school itself, it is desirable, not to say essential, that it should be the auxiliary of the Church. Independent action may be very pleasant for those who hate all idea of control; but if the end sought be the extension of the kingdom of Christ, that object will certainly be more effectually secured if the school be regarded as an integral part of the agency of the particular Church with which it is connected.

So far as Congregational Churches are concerned, this must depend very largely upon the spirit of the superintendent and the policy which he carries out in the school. Of all denominations we are most exposed, owing to the freedom of our constitution, to the encroachments of the disorganizing tendency of which I have spoken. Episcopalians and Methodists have more of authority and system. Our Baptist brethren have a centre of interest and a basis of denominational unity and strength in their view of the rite of baptism which undoubtedly gives a certain definiteness to their teaching beyond that which belongs to its purely doctrinal or ecclesiastical elements. As we do not profess to instruct children in the principles of Congregational polity, and have not the bond of coherence supplied by the connexional system, and as the lines on which we teach are the broad principles common to all Evangelical Protestants, we are, it must be admitted, peculiarly liable to the aggressive action of this "policy of decomposition." The resisting force is to be found in personal influence, and of this the superintendent is the centre. Laws and regulations can accomplish but little; but if at the head of the school there be one whose one desire is to develop its full power for the strengthening of the Church, and who is able so to discharge the duties of his office as to win the confidence and attachment of his teachers, there will be little difficulty in the actual working.

The position of the superintendent is one of so much importance that it may very reasonably be contended that the Church ought to have a voice in the appointment, if, indeed, it should not have the absolute decision. Generally the election is in the hands of the teachers, and it will not always be easy to persuade them into a surrender of that which they have come to esteem a right. To attempt a change on which there is not general agreement is, for the most part, unwise. and never to be ventured unless positive necessity dictates. Where persuasion is ineffectual it is seldom, if ever, expedient to proceed to an assertion of authority. It might be very fairly contended that a Church which has erected a building, and not only provides all the funds for the working of the school, but is also the instrument of that spiritual influence which maintains the supply of teachers, is entitled to a very important share in the government. On the other hand, however, the teachers may very properly maintain that they are the workers, and that as they are most familiar with all the demands of the service, and the conditions under which it has to be carried on, they are the best qualified to select a leader. The reasoning is not conclusive, and would certainly not be listened to for a moment in the ordinary affairs of life. But we have to do with voluntary labourers to whom the success of the service ought to be as much a matter of interest as it is to the leaders themselves, who have grown up amid traditional ideas of the rights of their office which they are not likely easily to abandon, and who on every ground are entitled to something more than consideration. Respect is due even to their sentiment of independence, albeit it may sometimes be inconvenient and even a trifle unreasonable. Above all things, they are not, except in extreme circumstances, to be coerced and put down. These are points never to be ignored in any endeavour to secure for the Church a

voice in the election of superintendent. It has certainly a right to require that the superintendent of such an important branch of its own agency shall be a member of its fellowship, and this right it ought never to forego. Beyond this it would not be wise to lay down any definite rule. In an ideal system the superintendent would be elected by the Church, perhaps, out of a list of two or three names submitted by the teachers, and in the formation of new Churches it would probably be wise to establish such an arrangement. But where this is impossible, or possible only after keen contention, it will be better to trust to moral influence to secure the choice of a superintendent who will feel that the school is the sphere in which he can best render his proper quota of service to the Church, and who in that sphere manifests a spirit of true loyalty to the body of which he is a member.

Whether the superintendent should be a deacon of the Church may be open to some question. It is certainly desirable that pastor and deacons should be in perfect sympathy with the Sunday-school, and as the presence of the superintendent at the council board would contribute to this, it is so far expedient. I should be disposed to go even further, and to say that if the diaconal board were the sole executive of the Church, the head of each department of labour (and the superintendent of the Sunday-school as one of the most important) should have a seat upon it. But this is not the state of things which is found in many Churches at present, where a superintendent has been elected as deacon chiefly by the votes of his teachers, who have desired thus to show their attachment to him and to testify their appreciation of the service he has rendered in the Sunday-school. The result is that his attention and energy are, to some extent, diverted from the work for which he has proved his real fitness to other service for which he has shown no special qualifications. It is certainly not to be assumed that a good deacon will make a first-class superintendent, and as little that an efficient superintendent will always be the most useful as a deacon. But whether this be so or not, it will be generally admitted that the work of the Church ought, as far as possible, to be distributed among its members. A monopoly of offices is inexpedient, except in cases where it is absolutely unavoidable; and such imperative necessity is not

to be taken for granted until every endeavour has been made to enlist all available talent. Still more clear is it that neither the one office nor the other ought to be considered an honorary distinction, and accepted under the idea that it will give the individual a higher status in the Church. The office is greater than its occupant, and the primary object should be to have its duties efficiently performed. There are few men in this busy age who have sufficient leisure to be at once all that a deacon should be in a church, and all that a superintendent ought to be in a Sunday-school. If, therefore, a superintendent is also to be a deacon (and there are unquestionably many reasons which make this desirable) it should be understood that he is so as the representative of the school, and while his advice and counsel are sought, he should not be expected to take an active share in the ordinary duties of the diaconate.

Of the special qualifications of a superintendent it is hardly necessary to write at length. To speak in general, they should be those which are required in a leader of men, with this further addition, that those whom he has to guide are themselves teachers of others, whose service is purely voluntary, and who, therefore, require delicate and judicious hand-Two heads of colleges were once talking over the condition of their respective establishments, in one of which perfect harmony prevailed, while at the other there were frequent collisions, with not a little agitation and disquietude at the result. "How is it," asked the principal of the latter from his friend, "that you manage your students so well?" "I do not manage or try to manage them at all" was the reply; and there was in it a practical wisdom by which all who are in similar positions would do well to profit. Especially does it seem to us that it applies to superintendents of Sunday-schools. The teachers, over whom they preside, bring to their work earnest hearts and willing hands. Their toil, which is often very anxious and trying, is a labour of love to which they devote themselves from the desire to glorify their Maker and to save souls. On them rests a large measure of the responsibility connected with it, and they are anxious to secure the highest possible efficiency. That they will always be wise in their plans or judicious in carrying them out is not

to be expected. They have human infirmities and often commit mistakes, but even in attempting to remedy them there is need for the exercise of the kindest thought and forbearance. It is sometimes wise to leave their own experience to supply the necessary corrective, and where this is impossible or inexpedient, it is still necessary to recognise their independence and deal with them as friends, and suggest the better course rather than lay down absolute rules to which they are required to conform. Any superintendent, who is at all competent for the office, will lay himself out to win the confidence of his teachers. They are fellow-workers, and though they hold different positions, anything which makes this distinction felt by those who are in what may be regarded as the lower place. is wholly alien to the spirit of their common service. It is quite possible for a superintendent to be frank, genial, and friendly with his teachers without any sacrifice of the authority which he is of necessity bound to maintain. To interpose any barrier between himself and his associates is to impair his own usefulness. It is quite unnecessary for purposes of discipline. and it is destructive of that mutual trust, which is the mainspring of all healthy co-operation. The whole body of workers should have but one aim, and that unity of spirit should sweep away all jealousies and rivalries, and all small considerations of official dignity. Where jealousy enters usefulness speedily ceases, and it is not too much to say that where any feeling of this kind has grown up between superintendent and teachers, the sooner their relation ceases the better.

A superintendent should before all things else be imbued with an earnest desire to save souls, and next to that he should have some faculty for understanding the special feelings and wants of the young. It is not every good man, not every devoted Christian worker, who makes either a good teacher or a good superintendent in a Sunday-school. To enlist the sympathies, secure the attention, and move the hearts of children, demands qualities which are not so common as seems to be often supposed. Of course, if we cannot secure them in the highest degree, we must be content with such as are within our reach. But the misfortune is that the need seems to be so imperfectly understood, and that there is so prevalent an idea that earnestness will do everything. It

will not give that sympathetic touch which is so necessary with all, but especially with children. It cannot confer that tact and ingenuity, that inventiveness and variety, and last, but not least, that simplicity in teaching without which it is impossible to reach children. An earnest man may offer long prayers that weary, or give prosy addresses which are very true and very good, but whose only effect is to produce restlessness and languor; or he may persist in a system of routine which may at one time have been very useful, but has gone out of date, or which, however good, needs to be changed, if only to secure the stimulus of novelty. There are good people who seem to think that what is pleasant and interesting to themselves, or perhaps to adult minds generally, will be equally attractive to the young. A superintendent who acts on this notion is pretty certain to fail. Rigidity, stiffness, and precision are sure to destroy the effect even of the most conscientious discharge of duty. The head of a Sunday-school must be flexible and accommodating, not only ready to take in new ideas, but searching out for them; willing to study the plans of his teachers, and, where practicable, to fall in with their views, instead of always seeking to impose on them his own: and even in his most careful regard for order and discipline. never allow himself to become a mere martinet.

Whether the plan of uniformity in teaching, which is now so common, and for which large provision has been made by the Sunday School Union, is as useful as is often assumed appears open to serious doubt, independent altogether of the question whether the lessons thus supplied are always satisfactory and sufficient. It is desirable to have periodical examinations in Scripture knowledge, and in order to this it is necessary that at certain times a whole school should be engaged in the study of the same subject. But that this should be the constant practice, so that every Sunday should have its own lesson, which every teacher is expected to take up, is very far from being so clear. To one objection it is certainly open, and that of a very grave character. It must tend to efface all traces of that individualism which in my judgment it is most desirable to preserve. The evil is one against which every superintendent should be on his guard. There may be a temptation to secure uniformity. It has great attractions for many minds, and a superintendent may possibly feel that it furnishes the best guarantee for sound and useful teaching. But there is very much to be said on the opposite side. We want life, variety, and power as well as correctness, and if independence be repressed, we are in danger of losing these qualities, and so sacrificing the less to the greater. Able and manly teachers are quite as essential as an efficient superintendent, and these will hardly be obtained if they are to be held in with bit and bridle, and if their work is to be carried on according to a prescribed method which fetters them at every point.

them at every point.

"Sweet reasonableness" is in truth the sum and crown of all the qualifications which a superintendent should have, and where this is, it will compensate for a good many deficiencies, while in its absence many other excellences will fail to find due appreciation. It is desirable that he should have large acquaintance with Biblical literature, with new modes of thought, and with improved plans of teaching. If he is a man of intellectual freshness and force, so much the better. But a genial sunny spirit, unfailing tact and kindness, a capacity to see when firmness is requisite and when concessions may wisely be made, and a quick sympathy with all earnest desire on the one hand and all trying difficulties on the other, are essential qualities for one who has to lead voluntary workers, to link Church and school together, and, not the least difficult of his tasks, to win the hearts of children.

J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

THE ODE OF LIFE. *

FORTUNE has been kind to the author of the "Epic of Hades." If he did not awake and find himself famous, still he has encountered no bitter and relentless hostility, and his waiting time has not been too long. He has escaped the "detractions rude." He has not, like Hawthorne, been imprisoned for many years in a lonely chamber, neglected in silence and in solitude. The three little volumes of poems containing

^{*} The Ode of Life: a Poem. By the Author of "The Epic of Hades," "Songs of Two Worlds," &c. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.)

"The Songs of Two Worlds," as they followed one another at intervals, received a hearty welcome and made the poet many friends. Before the publication of the "Epic of Hades" in its complete form, he had found sympathetic readers, and Mr. Bright's enthusiastic eulogy of the poem in his pathetic speech at the unveiling of the Cobden statue at Bradford only increased a growing audience and established a reputation already great. By this time "the New Writer," as he entitled himself eight years ago, has taken a recognized place among the poets of the nation, and his last volume proves beyond question, if further proof were needed, that his past success has not been due to caprice or chance, but to real power and genuine poetic skill.

Leaving "Gwen" out of consideration—a poem which, from internal evidence, seems to have been produced long before the date of its publication—the characteristics of the three volumes are very similar. Throughout we have noble thoughts expressed in language that is always clear and often melodious. The poems are calm, pure, and stately; what they lack occasionally is a free joyousness and an unrestrained delight in innocent pleasures. The poet's visions are those of his own Marsyas, who in his hour of torture and defeat is content

To have seen white Presences upon the hills.

It is life's white radiance that shines from most of these pages: the writer seldom depicts the emotions that shift as the hues of the hillside change with every passing cloud, or the passions that now sparkle in the sunlight and then fade into grey; the aspirations and hopes now rising like a fountain's graceful column to the sky, now wavering and blown aside into flying foam and scattered spray by the gusts of the fitful breeze. The poet's power is not of this order; but he is as far removed from the "calm despair" as from the "wild unrest." He is peaceful, but not passive.

This sense of calmness is increased by the style and expression of the poems. There is nothing here of the irregular intensity of Browning, of the languid grace of William Morris, or of the rushing music of Swinburne's lyrics: Wordsworth and Tennyson are their spiritual and poetical ancestors. In

every line there is a restrained power, a chastened fancy, and the imagination is never allowed to sweep us away in a headlong flight. The tone is always pure, and almost severe. The classical spirit which supplied the legends on which the Epic is based has exercised a wider and more dominant influence, and there are whole passages in these volumes that might be the work of an English and a modern Sophocles.

Now and then, indeed, in the Epic ingenuity dominates imagination, and we can but wonder how the legend will be explained in its moral sense, and what inner truth will be drawn out of the old fable. What, for example, do Acteon and his hounds represent to us? But in spite of this drawback—and it is a serious fault in poetry—it should in justice be said that the poet has never exceeded the legitimate bounds of allegory in his interpretations of classical myths. There is no parallel here to the "Gesta Romanorum," where the grossest elements of the original have been tortured by wellmeaning interpreters into the most unnatural senses, and have been set forth as types of the most solemn and sacred mysteries of the Christian faith. That passage of perilous beauty in "Andromeda," where she that had laid down her innocent life to save her nation from destruction, but had not been suffered to go down into the Unseen place, tells how One came among the spirits, not like the joyous gods of Greece, but "crowned with a new crown of suffering," who taught her to "see a new meaning" in her own deed of sacrifice, is far removed from profanities like those. Throughout the series of poems that make up the "Epic of Hades" a true reverence prevails, and there is no violation of the sanctities of the human or of the Divine.

And yet, in spite of all its fascination, the Epic must yield place to many of the poems contained in the "Songs of Two Worlds," dealing, as they do, with some of the gravest problems of our modern life and thought. It is good to have the analogies between Greek legends and great moral and ethical laws described in harmonious verse; it is a still nobler task to attack the grisly phantoms that lie in wait to surprise the soul in the darker and more defenceless hours of life. And the writer has not feared to face the philosophy of the agnostic and of the materialist, or to trace the course and

the process by which the soul rises from doubt to faith. In poems such as "Evensong" we have a noble vindication of the great truths of our Christian faith, and in "The Wanderer" we are shown how mere art, bare science, the creed of superstition, or a selfish sensualism all fail to satisfy the soul's thirst after strength and truth. He has considered social questions too; the terrible destiny of the children of the poor; how these difficulties may be met, misery relieved, and crime decreased; how these brethren and sisters of ours may in some part be set free from their sins and their sorrows. And though we may not entirely agree with the conclusions, and prefer another road to the same goal. though we may for ourselves seek a fuller and deeper revelation of the truth of God, we are bound to remember, and with gratitude and thanksgiving, that while too many poets have, in regard to these great matters of life and faith, "passed by on the other side," and treated the Kingdom of Christ with neglect, if not with hostility, here is one standing high in power and in fame who has chosen a nobler course, seeing that politics may be the soul of poetry, and that religion herself now, as of old, is often the noblest architect in "building the lofty rhyme." In the dedication to his wife of the fifty poems collected under the title of "Men and Women," Robert Browning insists that thought and love shall go together: "Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also." To the poetry of the author of the "Epic of Hades" we may apply the same words with even a deeper meaning. Heart and brain are not separated: spiritual faith and poetic genius are devoted and consecrated to the same Lord.

The "Ode of Life" is new in form, but the same in essence: it shows the same defects as the earlier poems of its author; it possesses the same beauties and the same virtues. It is an "Ode" subdivided into a number of minor odes, standing in definite relation and proportion to each other and to the whole, and united by a consecutive development of thought. The experiment is successful, and though we must not now stay to discuss the laws to which the structure of an ode should conform, let us say, in passing, that we should rank the poem, in this respect, as standing far above Dryden's celebrated composition, but below the odes of Wordsworth on Im-

mortality, and of Milton on the Nativity, which still remain peerless and without a rival.

"From the great deep to the great deep he goes" was Merlin's description of human life, and the Ode starts from the mystery of creation and ends with the mystery of death. The human life, in Infancy entering into the world, soon divides into different channels, and flows on in Boyhood and Girlhood, deepening into Manhood and Maidenhood, till Love-time again unites the two divided currents in one. Then follows the time of "Perfect Years," the days of Fatherhood and Motherhood, the life diversified by Toil and Rest. And throughout life, from its dawn to its setting, two voices are sounding, and two forces at work—Good and Evil. In any song of life these elements must have their place. But whether our days seem evil or good, Age soon comes, and the period of Decline, ending in the final change by men called Death, when we return to whence we came.

Such is the framework of the poem; over its parts we must not linger long. Those who are curious in such matters will find it a pleasant task to calculate the exact amount of the author's debt to his predecessors, Wordsworth and Tennyson, and to trace the influence of these two poets upon his work. One passage will serve to show how the borrowed elements have been transformed: every reader will recognize the original:—

Oh, little child! thou bringest with thee still,
As Moses, parting from the fiery hill,
Some dim reflection in thine eyes,
Some sense of Godhead, some indefinite wonder
As of one drifted here unwillingly;
Who knows no speech of ours, and yet doth keep
Some dumb remembrance of a gracious home,
Which lights his waking hours and fills his sleep
With precious visions, which unbidden come;
Some golden link which nought of earth can sunder,
Some glimpse of a more glorious land and sea.

The young soul soon sees before it a new activity, "and life's imperial portals opening gradually wide," and spread before its view all the joys of childhood. In spite of the beauty of many of the scattered pictures, this part of the

poem hardly reaches the level of the rest: it is too calm and too stately. The motion is too even and harmonious; the delight too measured. Victor Hugo is more successful with his child-life, and gives us in its perfection—

Ce bon rire Qu'Eden jadis entendit,

and also describes the pathos of growth, and how the child leaves a line of little ghosts of himself behind, whom we remember and love, and over whom we could even weep, if he were not still alive. The dreams of the girl and the vigour of the youth are finely depicted, but the palm must be given to the "Ode of Love." This passion is one of the abiding elements in our human nature, and remains in spite of all change. The great French poet to whom allusion has just been made, in his vivid description of the miseries of France during "L'Année Terrible." in the midnight darkness which covers that poem, gives us a single thread of golden light running through all in the love of his little grandchildren. Thrones may fall in ruin; empires may be overrun by the invader; but these pure joys are still left to comfort and to strengthen. In the "Ode of Love" we have the same truth :-

> And see the lovers go With lingering steps and slow, Over all the world together, all in all, Over all the world! The empires fall; The onward march of man seems spent; The nations rot in dull content; The blight of war, a bitter flood, From continent to continent, Rolls on with waves of blood; The light of knowledge sinks, the fire of thought burns low; There seems scant thought of God; but yet One power there is men ne'er forget, And still through every land beneath the skies Rapt, careless, looking in each other's eyes, With lingering steps and slow, The lovers go.

A pillar of light
Goes evermore before their dazzled eyes.
Purple and golden-bright,
Youth's vast horizons spread and the unbounded skies.

The repetition of the central thought at intervals produces a powerful impression, and the experiment might have been extended to the whole poem. There are great threads, of dignity and of duty, that run through life from its commencement to its close, and no method of expression could have been more suitable than this. It has been partially applied in Tennyson's great "Funeral Ode," and in music we have a good instance in Wagner's "Lohengrin," where the repetition of the two famous bars has an indescribable effect; the meaning grows more vivid with each recurrence of the notes.

We might have dwelt at length on the philosophy of human life embodied in this poem, but within the necessary limits this is impossible. The author gives work its due place and its rightful honour, and is totally free from the prejudices which lead too many men to consider the labour of the mill or of the warehouse repulsive and degrading. In this respect he reminds us occasionally of Walt Whitman, who, in spite of all eccentricities and graver faults, has firmly seized on this great truth-that in honest work "there is nothing common or unclean." The "I see" of the American poet recurs in more than one passage of the ode, though the vision-power of our countryman is of narrower range than the eye accustomed to the vast and varied scenery of the prairie. But here the resemblance between the two poets begins and ends: they have one truth and one phrase in common: they only touch at this one point.

We must pass by the poet's thoughts on the nature of evil, though they are full of meaning and suggestion. Man is higher for his power to sin and suffer; it is the consciousness of his failure and his misery that raises him above the level of the tree. And in this our poet agrees with Pascal rather than with Keats: he is willing that man should be crowned with suffering for a time. The mystery of evil, and of its strife with good, will not always remain hidden from us; when time and space vanish, then the lines may at last converge. But even now, though our vision be feeble, and our eyes dim, we are not left without help or guidance.

O Light, so white and pure, Oft-clouded and yet sure! O inner Radiance of the heart,

That drawest all men, whatsoe'er Thou art: That beamest on us at our birth, And paling somewhat in life's grosser day, Lightest, a pillar of fire, our evening way : What matter by what name We call Thee ?-still art Thou the same ; God call we Thee, or Good, still through the strife Unchangeable alone, of all our changeful life, With awe-struck souls we seek Thee; we adore Thy greatness ever more and more; We turn to Thee with worship, till at last, Our journey well-nigh past, When now our day of life draws to its end, Looking, with less of awe and more of love, To Thy high throne above, We see no dazzling brightness as of old, No kingly splendours cold, But the sweet Presence of a heavenly Friend.

SISTER DORA.*

SISTER DORA (in the world Dorothy Wyndlow Pattison), was one of the most remarkable women whom the desire for active service, which has been developed so extensively in a large class of the ladies of our day, has "forced into fame," and the story of her life is one of the most striking biographies we have read for a long time. Her work was done in an uninviting town in the Black Country, and the impression she produced on the people of Walsall was of a kind to which a parallel can be found only in the stories of mediæval saints. Her extraordinary self-forgetfulness, her passionate love for her work, and remarkable skill in the discharge of its most delicate duties, her tact and organizing power, and not least, by that personal influence which approached almost to a fascination, won for her a reputation in the surrounding district which is not likely soon to pass away, and which, in a country where superstition was more dominant, would certainly have invested her with miraculous powers. are, indeed, stories current about her in the neighbourhood which do not stop short of this, and though Miss Lonsdale

^{*} Sister Dora. By M. LONSDALE. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.)

resists the temptation to make the biography more sensational by introducing them, she says, "I dare not use the word 'impossible' with regard to the 'visions' which some people suppose Sister Dora to have seen, and the supernatural communications which they affirm were made to her." The majority of her readers will, however, feel that she has done more justice to herself and her subject by acting upon the more rational and sober-minded view which she expresses afterwards—

I incline rather to the belief that such ideas about her had a very simple and natural origin in the veneration in which her great powers were justly held by the ignorant and superstitious, as well as by the credulous among the educated, who easily persuaded themselves that what she achieved was due rather to superhuman agency than to a singular combination of genius and self-devotion.

It is only as indirect testimonies to this rare union of qualities, and the force which it gave to her life and character, that these rumours, sure to get abroad among such a population, have for us any value at all. Not only did the poor of the region feel that in the "Sister" they had a friend on whose sympathy they could always count, but the many practical evidences she gave of her surgical skill, as well as her tenderness as a nurse, inspired a confidence in her curative power which naturally caused them to look up to her with affection and even with reverence. Their sense of wonder was stimulated by some of her extraordinary feats, and a feeling of gratitude was awakened in a rough but very susceptible and warm-hearted people, eager enough to resent any fancied wrong, but just as ready to show their devotion in return for acts of wise and thoughtful kindness.

What is, perhaps, most remarkable about "Sister Dora" is that her type of character was so entirely different from that which we expect to find in sisterhoods. She was no doubt impressionable, full of womanly sympathy, and sincerely devout. But of mere ecclesiasticism or of ascetic tendencies we find little. It was not from any morbid view of the wickedness of a life in the world, or from any preference of celibacy as a higher state of the religious life, that she devoted herself to hospital work. On the contrary, she was at one time on the eve of being married, and the engagement

seems to have been broken off, under the advice of friends, because of the sceptical tendencies of the gentleman who was to have been her husband. But she had as little of that repugnance to the married life, which is the result of sacerdotal or ascetic ideas, as of that which springs from the unhealthy thirst for independence which is characteristic of the woman commonly, though in our judgment not very correctly, described as "strong-minded." "Towards the end of her days, she was heard to remark, 'If I had to begin life over again I would marry, because a woman ought to live with a man, and to be in subjection." In the truest and best sense of the word she was a strong-minded woman. intellect was vigorous, acute, and eminently practical. strong and simple faith which she had reached, and which so entirely governed her life, was the outcome of severe and earnest struggle, for at her early life her "mind was filled with doubts relating to the authenticity and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, so that she could not give herself up to that personal devotion to Christ, without which her nature could not rest satisfied." Even later on she was not wholly free from intellectual conflicts, and had in her more of rationalism than of superstition. Her entry into the sisterhood of the Good Samaritans was not the result of any monastic tendency, but was dictated entirely by a desire to find work to do, and to do it on system.

One of the greatest faults of her life was her taking this step without the consent of her father, if not in actual defiance of his authority, in opposition to his known wishes. But the healthy tone of her religious life was shown by the penitent and almost remorseful sentiment with which she always regarded this serious error. "'I was very wilful; I did very wrong; let no one take me for an example,' were her own words on her deathbed, when she was speaking about this part of her behaviour towards her father." The frankness of the confession, while it showed her nobility of spirit, proved how free she had been kept from the monastic temper. Had she lived in mediæval times, we can fancy that she might have been a grand lady abbess, ruling with great firmness and decision, and making her own influence and that of the community over which she presided felt as a power for good in the region

round. But hers was the spirit of the worker, not of the nun, and an attempt to win her to the Romish church met with the failure which it deserved, and which any one acquainted with her temperament might easily have foreseen.

What we learn here of the internal life and discipline of the sisterhood of Good Samaritans into which she entered does not incline us to regard these communities with any increased favour. Apart from the theological objections to them, as calculated to foster the spirit which leads its subjects on to Rome, there is, if we are to judge from the one at Coatham, a smallness about many of their ideas and methods which can only lower the conception of the Christian life. There is also of necessity a very imperfect and onesided development of character, and what is said of Miss Pattison is true in a measure of a large number of others: "She had sympathies and longings which would be fatally repressed in such an atmosphere, and her intellectual gifts might either be neglected, or become a snare to her, when she had no longer the opportunity of measuring herself with her equals." The finer the nature and temperament, the greater the peril and the more wanton the waste of lofty faculty and noble disposition. But in all the tendency is to cramp the intellect and chill the purest affections of the heart. "Sister Dora" was a woman of remarkable mental gifts, which had been developed by close intercourse with her brother, Mark Pattison, the well-known Rector of Lincoln College, and one of the authors of the "Essays and Reviews." She had a great deal of masculine freedom, robustness, and force blended with her rare qualities of feminine tenderness and sympathy, and, lighting up the whole, a bright spirit and a love of humour which remained with her to the last. To doom a woman of her ability and spirit to the life of a sisterhood would have been cruelty; but it was her obstinate determination, and it was one for which she paid a heavy penalty. But if in her case the mistake was specially grievous, it is difficult to understand that there can be many natures, even though of an inferior grade, likely to profit by such discipline as was imposed on this highminded, intellectual, and noble woman. She "was put through a severe course of training, which was as distasteful to her as anything in the shape of work could possibly

be. She made beds, cleaned and scoured floors and grates. swept and dusted, and finally became a cook in the kitchen at Coatham. At first she literally sat down and cried when the beds that she had just put in order were all pulled to pieces again by some superior authority, who did not approve of the method by which they were made. Sister Dora, already aching in every limb from the unaccustomed strain upon her muscles, had to pick up the bedclothes from the floor, where they had been thrown, and begin her toil over again." We know that the tender mercies of the wicked are cruelty, but what are we to say of the tender mercies of the saints, if this is an example of the manner in which true and loval hearts are to be trained in habits of obedience and submission? But even this was not the worst. Her father was taken dangerously ill, and his daughter was all the more anxious to be at his side, because remorse for former neglect mingled with the intense affection she felt towards him. In vain, however, did she seek the necessary permission to visit her home. She was needed in Devonshire at the time, and was sternly ordered to fulfil her mission there. Her father died, and at last she was told that she was free to attend the funeral, but of this permission she refused to avail herself. and kept to her resolve, despite the urgent remonstrances of her family. It was a sad Nemesis for her original disregard of her father's wishes, and as such she felt it. Still she continued for years to work in connection with the sisterhood at Walsall, until at last she felt constrained to break the tie. saying very tersely and significantly, "I am a woman, and not a piece of furniture." Would that these words might make their right impression on all who are tempted to associate themselves with these orders. They ought to produce some effect, as coming from one who, at great cost of personal feeling, had become a "Sister," and who continued the work, though she separated herself from the society she had joined with such high expectations and hopes.

It would not be possible, nor is it desirable, for us to trace minutely the course of her work at Walsall. For its details we must refer our readers to the interesting narrative which Miss Lonsdale has given us. Suffice it to say that this remarkable sister had the genius of the nurse just as some have

the genius of the poet or the painter. With a highly-cultivated mind and refined taste, she was, nevertheless, able to conquer the natural aversion to work which was not only painful but often extremely loathsome. She was influenced in this by no morbid idea of humbling herself, but simply the desire that what had to be done should be done in the most effective manner possible. There was no labour too arduous. no office too humble for her to undertake, if she could mitigate suffering or contribute to the cure of disease. Nor was her skill less conspicuous than her kindly sympathy. By singular delicacy of touch, which often enabled her to discern the exact point at which the surgeon's art was needed, by extraordinary clearness of sight and deftness of hand, and by a capacity for learning which was sharpened by the intense desire to make herself useful, she acquired a degree of surgical skill which many even of the profession might envy. To "conservative surgery" in particular she devoted herself, and with extraordinary success. The following story not only illustrates this, but at the same time gives a general idea of her character and work.

A fine, healthy young man was one night brought in with his arm torn and twisted by a machine. The doctor pronounced that nothing could save it, and that he must amputate it at once. The sufferer's groan and expression of despair went to the sister's heart. She scanned the torn limb with her quick, scrutinizing glance as if she would look through the wound to the state of the circulation below, and then measured with her eye the fine, healthy form before her. The man looked from one face to another for a ray of hope, and, seeing the deep pity in her expression, exclaimed, "Oh, sister! save my arm for me; it's my right arm." Sister Dora instantly turned to the surgeon, saying, "I believe I can save this arm, if you will let me try." "Are you mad?" answered he. "I tell you it's an impossibility; mortification will set in in a few hours; nothing but amputation can save his life." She turned quickly to the anxious patient, "Are you willing for me to try and save your arm, my man?" What would he not have been willing to let the woman do who turned upon him such a winning face and spoke in tones so strangely sympathetic? He joyfully gave consent. The doctor was as angry as he was ever known to be with Sister Dora, and walked away saying, "Well, remember, it's your arm. If you choose to have the young man's death upon your conscience, I shall not interfere; but I wash my hands of him. Don't think I am going to help you." It was indeed a heavy responsibility for a nurse to take upon herself, but Sister Dora never shrank from a burden which seemed to be cast upon her. It was by no means the first time that she had disagreed with the surgical opinion; often and often had she pleaded hard for delay in the removal of a limb which, she ventured to think, might by skill and patience be saved. On this occasion her patient's entire confidence in her was sufficient encouragement. She watched and tended "her arm," as she called it, almost literally night and day for three weeks. It was a period of terrible suspense and anxiety. "How I prayed over that arm!" she used to say afterwards. At the end of that time she waited till she thought the doctor was in a particularly amiable mood, and then she begged him to come and look at her work. Not with a very good grace, he complied. No professional man could possibly like to have his opinion distinctly proved to be wrong by any one, least of all by a woman working under his own superintendence. But his astonishment overcame his displeasure when he beheld the arm which she unbandaged and displayed to him, no longer mangled, but straightened and in a healthy, promising condition. "Why, you have saved it!" he exclaimed; "and it will be a useful arm to him for many a long year." Triumph does not at all express Sister Dora's feelings as she heard this verdict, and yet her thankfulness was not unmixed with triumph, and she cried for happiness. The surgeon, without whose leave, be it remembered, she could not have done this, and who was justly proud of her as his own pupil, brought the rest of the hospital staff, to "show them what might be done," as he said. The man, who went by the name of "Sister's arm" in the hospital, became one of her most devoted admirers. She would not allow him to go until he was in a fair way to be able to work again; and after he ceased to be an inpatient he constantly came up to have his arm "looked at," which meant that he wanted to look at the woman who had given him back all that made life worth living.

Even of those who might desire the same kind of work, there are few who could rival her, for her physical strength and powers of endurance were such as are seldom found. She used to say that she could do without sleep for seven nights, provided she could get it on the eighth, and she has been known unaided to carry a corpse from the bed to the mortuary. At the same time, she was singularly susceptible to infection, and there was the greater heroism in her extraordinary services in the Epidemic Hospital from the fact that, as she used to say herself, she was sure to catch every disease that was abroad. Yet she is not represented as a perfect woman. Her strength of will and obstinacy of purpose often brought her into difficulties; and, what was worse, her jealousy led her to seek second and even third or fourth rate assistants, and so at one time seriously interfered with the efficiency of the Cottage Hospital when she herself was engrossed with the more perilous labours of the Epidemic Hospital. Perhaps it was this sense of weakness, combined with the recoil of her spirit from the Rationalism into which at one time she seemed to be drifting, which led her to value the practice of confession. However this be, it is not to be denied that she did a great work, and that the influence she acquired over a rude, uncultivated people, who at first regarded her with extreme prejudice, was really marvellous. Take the following from many illustrative incidents that might be selected.

A place in Walsall, well known to the police and to other night-birds, called Marsh Lane, is infamous on many accounts, but chiefly as the scene of Irish fights. One night, as Sister Dora passed the entrance to this lane, she saw a motley crowd collected, and in the midst a bloody fight was going on, with which the police were not venturing to interfere. She immediately turned down the lane and plunged through the crowd in her usual fashion, entreating, exhorting, flinging well-aimed raillery at the combatants, with whom she was no doubt personally acquainted. They stood for a moment or two abashed, like two furious bulldogs with their tails between their legs, and then, with the tenacity of the same creatures, again rushed upon each other, urged on by the sympathetic eries of the crowd. In one moment Sister Dora had quitted her doorstep and had thrown herself between the wild animals, holding them each back with an arm which either of the men could have broken as easily as he could have snapped his tobacco-pipe. But her appeal was all-powerful: neither combatants nor crowd gave her a word of disrespect, much less of insult; and, as if they were forced to acknowledge a supernatural power amongst them, they allowed her to win the day, and the fight was at an end.

Another night her way to a patient's house lay through one of the worst streets in Walsall. As she passed along it, a man, whom she did not know, ran out of a low public-house, calling after her, "Sister, you're wanted." "What is it?" she replied. "Why, they've been fighting, and there's a man hurt desperate." Even Sister Dora hesitated. Such was the reputation of the public-house that she hardly knew whether she ought not to expect to be murdered if she should go in there unprotected in the dead of night. "But what does it matter if I am murdered?" was her next thought, and she turned and followed the man. As she entered the door of the public-room the noise of mingled groans and curses which met her ears made her shudder. To her astonishment, every hat was taken off, and as she appeared on the scene, a way was respectfully made for her to the side of the wounded man, and silence was kept around while she did all she could for him.

Our space will not allow of our telling the story of the way in which she herself faced death, but it is very painful and touching. She died of cancer; but so determined was she not to let it be known, that she suffered agonies in silence, and disclosed the fact only to the doctor. But we must part from this thrilling tale of Christian heroism. We are far from regarding the sister as an example, and should be sorry indeed if this story of her life awakened a desire for similar service in the hearts of those who have none of her qualifications for it. But we admire her strong faith, her all-controlling sense of duty, her patient endurance, her rare and unselfish sympathy, and in these points we hope she may find many followers who will show such qualities in other spheres of labour.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE APOSTLES.*

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"And it came to pass in those days, that he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God. And when it was day, he called unto him his disciples, and of them he chose twelve, whom also he named apostles."—Luke vi. 12, 13.

The institution of the Apostolate, the brief account of which is contained in the text, marks a momentous era in the ministry of Christ; one which, as St. Luke tells us, He inaugurated by a season of retirement and solitary prayer.

A few days after one of those frequent encounters with the Pharisees, which formed, as it were, so many sorrowful stations on the way to the cross, Jesus left His disciples and ascended a mountain alone. There, beneath the starry Eastern sky, He communed with God through the long, silent hours of the night. Then when the morning came, He chose twelve men from among His followers, and these He made His Apostles. He chose twelve, to indicate that these men were to be the founders upon earth of the true people of God—the spiritual Israel, of which ancient Israel had been only a type. He chose poor, ignorant, and weak men, in order to show that the power by which they were to overcome the world was not in themselves, but from above; and in order that the Church, in all it should afterwards suffer from

^{*} From the French of M. Bersier. Translated by Mrs. Annie Harwood Holmden.

the abuse of the civil power, from violence, and the proud scorn heaped on it by human wisdom, might strengthen itself in the recollection of the glorious humbleness and heroic simplicity of its origin. These unknown men, gathered from the despised populace of Galilee, Christ made the spiritual teachers of the world, and on them He rested the foundations of a building which could never be shaken.

It is to the meaning and intention of this institution of the Apostolate that I desire to call your attention. It seemed to me that no subject could be better fitted to such an occasion, when so many servants of the Church are met together to deliberate on the interests of the cause which they are called to maintain. Let us rise for awhile above the question of to-day, and go back in thought to that historic hour when the founders of the kingdom of God received their high calling; and let us try to understand why Jesus Christ instituted the Apostolate, and how the Apostles have fulfilled the mission entrusted to them. In seeking the answer to these two questions, we shall discover the best way of preparing ourselves to serve the cause of Christ. May the Lord purify our lips, and grant that in speaking of the Apostles we may be animated by the same Spirit which guided them!

T.

The word Apostles means Sent Ones. The Twelve were to be the first missionaries of the Gospel. This they were, and with what zeal, what self-denial, and success we all know . . . Unlearned, poor, and without any personal prestige, they dared to dream of conquering the world with no other weapons than the word which they carried. Even if I were not a Christian, it seems to me that I could not read the story of such an enterprise without a thrill of enthusiastic admiration for the splendid tribute thus paid to the dignity of the soul of man, and to the spiritual power of the truth. Let others see, if they will, their ideal of the Church in the pompous celebration of the centenaries of Catholicism; in the imposing spectacle of the kingdoms of Europe prostrate beneath the sceptre of the supreme Pontiff; let them applaud as they list, this outward triumph of Christianity, while they look back regretfully to the time when all civil powers and potentates placed themselves at the service of the Vicar of Christ upon earth. We, for our part, have other aspirations, other regrets. We remember by what means Christianity conquered the old world. The Word was its weapon. And this was the only weapon which Christ was pleased to use. I call to mind the sublime prologue to the fourth Gospel: "In the beginning was the Word... And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory," says the beloved Apostle.

And we too, in another sense, have beheld the glory of the Word. We have seen it in that purely spiritual conflict, in that war so tremendously unequal, in which the spirit has overcome the flesh; in which love has triumphed over might, light over darkness; in which the meekness of Christianity has wearied out all its assailants, and blunted every weapon lifted against it. Would to God the Church had never sought any other triumphs, or used other arms! Would to God she had never spilt any blood but her own, freely poured forth for the cause of Christ! We should not then have to lament today over the sorrowful spectacle of two-thirds of the world still strangers to the truth.

IT.

This office of messengers of God, which the Apostles fulfilled with so much faithfulness and power, was not, however, that which made their ministry unique and original, since it is shared by all preachers of the Gospel. If we look deeper into the subject, we shall see that the Apostles were primarily and in a special sense the witnesses of Jesus Christ: I mean direct, ocular, duly accredited witnesses of the person, the acts, and the teaching of their Master. This is their peculiar and incommunicable dignity. That this was essentially the function of the Apostolate, St. Peter shows very clearly when, after the treason of Judas, he declares that another must take his office. He says: "Wherefore, of these men, which have companied with us all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among us, beginning from the baptism of John to the day that He was taken up from us, must one be ordained to be a witness with us of His resurrection." (Acts i. 21, 22.) St. John claims this same character of a witness at the

beginning of his first Epistle: "That which we have heard, that which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon and our hands have handled of the Word of Life, ... that which we have seen and heard, declare we unto you." Again: Christ manifestly gave His (1 John i. 1-3.) Apostles this commission to be His witnesses, when in His last discourses in the upper chamber, after promising that the Spirit should be sent to them, He thus sums up the work which that Spirit was to carry on in their hearts: "He shall testify of me, and ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning." (John xv. 26, 27.) And when He is about to leave them to go back to His Father, He says: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem and in all Judæa, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost ends of the earth." (Acts i. 8.)

Let us dwell, then, on this word witnesses, that we may the better apprehend the idea it conveys, and grasp its significance.

All society is based upon testimony. There is no science, no collective enterprise which can be commenced or carried on without trust reposed in the good faith of others. This is a thing well worthy to be noted. Every day one man deceives another, and yet no man can afford to dispense with his fellow-man or to cease to trust him. Look, for example, at the commercial world. Every hour vast sums are risked on a mere signature or on a few spoken words. Look at the world of science. The number of statements which we accept on the testimony of others is immensely greater than we at first suppose. Those scientific axioms which we are constantly repeating, and which form the basis of all sound education, of how many of them could we render an account ourselves? How many should we be capable of proving by strict logic, if such a thing were demanded of us by any one? The faith which is based on authority exists as certainly in the camp of free thought as elsewhere. Many young people (would that they were only the young ones!) think they have advanced an unanswerable argument when they appeal to criticism. They say, "Criticism has decided," with the same calm confidence with which others appeal to the "decision of the

Church." They think they are exercising their right of private judgment, when, in fact, they are swearing in verba magistri, on the faith they repose in their teachers. For, in truth, they cannot change the essential nature of things; and as God has willed that none of us should live to himself, so none of us can be really self-sufficient.

If this Divine law is true and universal, we must expect to trace it also in the manifestation of religious truth. God might have directly enlightened every man had He so willed. Undoubtedly. He has done so in a certain degree, impressing on the conscience of each the ineffaceable characters of the natural law. He may do so also by directly shedding abroad in the soul the light of supernatural grace, but this is the exception. As a rule, God has willed that revealed truth should come to man through man. It has pleased Him that the Church should be based upon testimony.

He has chosen to make it subject to the conditions of all human society-liable to the intrusion of doubts, discussions, controversies, assaults of every kind. And just as He suffered His own Son, the pure and perfect image of His divinity, to be exposed to the contradiction of sinners, to be "a sign to be spoken against" (Luke ii. 34), to be scorned and rejected and spit upon by the scribes and by the common people, so has He suffered religious truth, in its prolonged incarnation in the language and in the history of men, to be subject to all the outward chances of life, to all seeming calamities and temporary defeats, and has allowed it to pursue thus through all the ages its painful way, recovering itself after every fall, outliving all the failures and infidelities of its defenders, rising again out of very death, urging its claims upon the human conscience, agitating it, troubling it, forcing from it the cry which of old the possessed addressed to Christ: "What have I to do with Thee?"

But while thus apparently surrendering revealed truth to all the chances of human history, God has taken care to keep it pure, genuine, unadulterated, so that it might be the same in all ages, as it presents itself to all those who seek it in sincerity of heart. It is inconceivable that the person of Jesus. His words, His works, all that constitutes the very basis and essence of Christianity, should be left to conjecture and be ever liable to doubt; and this possibility was guarded against by the testimony of the Apostles. Men were chosen to this office who had followed Christ from the day when the Forerunner had pointed Him out by the banks of the Jordan, until the day when He left the earth. These men were with Him every day and every hour throughout His ministry. They saw Him on the hills and lake and shores of Galilee; in the market-place and in the Temple at Jerusalem; in the quiet gardens of Bethany; and on the borders of Cæsarea and the country of Sidon. They heard Him addressing the multitudes; they heard Him speaking to themselves alone in the privacy of the upper chamber. They were by when the multitude shouted Hosanna, and when the bitter cry, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" told that His hour was come. They beheld Him in the glory of the Mount of Transfiguration, and in the agony of Gethsemane; they saw Him betrayed by the traitor's kiss, and led away as a thief and a robber. One of them followed Him afar off and denied Him thrice. Another stood at the foot of the cross beholding, and received from Him the charge of His mother as a sacred legacy. All were witnesses of His resurrection, and believed in spite of their They saw Him and heard Him speak with them; they received from His lips such words as never man spake. Peter and Thomas had two memorable dialogues with Him. Thomas thrust his hand into His side, and would not believe till he had seen. They went with Him up the Mount of Olives. From His lips they received the command to go forth and conquer the world, and in obedience to that command they went forth.

Do you now perceive, my brethren, the meaning and the value of the Apostolate? Assuredly if ever there was an age when its work appeared necessary, it is the present. What has been, what still is, the tendency of all the efforts of contemporary criticism, but to relegate the figure of Christ to the region of legend, to place Him in the foremost rank of those fictitious creations to which the genius of nations has given birth, to make Him the purest and most glorious of the apparitions which have visited the imagination of men? All that the critics ask us to grant is that this life was but a marvellous tissue of parables without any solid substratum of

history; that the miracles of Christ were only so many dazzling symbols. His resurrection and ascension only poetical myths representing His moral victory. They are satisfied if the gospel no longer claims to be recognised as a fact, or to disturb with its supernatural character the immutable laws of real life. Do you not comprehend, then, how invaluable to us is the testimony of these Galileans, who, in view of specious assertions like these, rise up and reply: "We saw the Christ; His Divine words fell on our ears; our eyes beheld His face in the glory of Tabor, and in the bloody sweat of Gethsemane; He who was dead rose from the grave, and walked before us; and that which we have seen with our eyes, which we have heard with our ears, that which our hands have handled, declare we unto you"? My brethren, we must make our choice between the criticism which tells us that the Bible is the most sublime of dreams, and the Apostolate which tells us that it is the truest of facts. This is the question before us; and I know none more pressing or more crucial. The very existence of Christianity is here at stake.

III.

The necessity of the Apostolic testimony is thus clearly evidenced. Let us take one step further, and ask if this testimony is really worthy to be believed. This, as we have said, is the second point to be considered.

I shall not attempt to resolve it on scientific grounds. Not because I am at all afraid of the issue in such a case; on the contrary, I believe that a serious scientific research bearing upon this point, would be of the highest advantage to Christianity. That which I dread far more in these matters is the habit, so common in the present day, of settling such questions in a summary and superficial manner. If I do not enter here on a scientific discussion of the question, it is because the Church is not, and ought not to be, a school. I am persuaded also that in estimating the general value of any testimony, science is not needed; simple good sense This is so true that all modern legislation has suffices. recognised it. Hence, while in cases in which the law has to be applied, the most exact acquaintance with its text is exacted of the judges; in cases where facts have to be estimated, a jury is formed, composed of men of all classes and all grades of culture, who are taken from the study, the farm, the counting-house, the shop, to pass a judgment on which the liberty and honour, possibly even the life, of a fellow-creature may depend. Many of my listeners have, I doubt not, sat on juries in cases of importance; others have been present as spectators; all have taken part at a distance in such causes, and awaited the verdict with passionate curiosity.

Well, here we have before us a tribunal; at its bar stand the Apostles. They bear testimony in favour of Jesus of Nazareth. They say of Him that which you all know; they tell that story which, wherever it has been believed, has transformed the world. Are these witnesses worthy of credit? In order to satisfy ourselves of this, let us see first if they are sincere. And as sincerity is not enough in such a case, since it cannot prevent mental delusions, we will see by-and-by what opinion we must form of their intelligence.

It is difficult, indeed, to call in question their sincerity, and one is at a loss as to what doubt of it even a hardened sceptic would raise. There is something unique in the simplicity of their tale, which disarms suspicion; it is evidently upon their testimony that the Gospels were written. Do you know, in human language, narratives less dressed up, more absolutely devoid of anything like aiming at effect? They are at once the most simple and the most sublime of books. If it is the rule that a witness is the more to be believed the less clever he is, the less capable of artificial combinations, or of a well-contrived plan, what confidence should not these first biographers of Jesus of Nazareth inspire? If they betrayed the slightest trace of calculating cunning, distrust would be at once awakened. But there is in candour an indescribable force, which baffles criticism and triumphs over the most determined prejudices.

Several lives of Christ have been written in our days by men interested in the defence of Christianity. These lives have been constructed on strictly historical principles, and the attempt has been made to reconcile the apparent contradictions in the Gospels, and to prove the genuineness of all the doings and sayings of Christ. I admire these works;

some of them are not only good but great. Yet I must confess that the impression produced by pleading like this, however skilful, ingenious, and irrefragable, would never carry so much convincing power to my mind as the absolute ingenuousness of the Gospels. It is the Gospels which defend their advocates. rather than their advocates who defend them. That which is unfinished, incomplete, even defective in them, is that which carries to my mind the most touching assurance of the truth of their testimony. To this first consideration, which is of great weight, there has to be added what we may call the heroic frankness of the Apostles. Have you ever thought of this? In relating the life of their Master, the Apostles related their own life; they made their own confession. And here again simple good sense suffices to test its nature. Our age has been one of personal memoirs-of autobiographies. Never was there a more widely felt need of describing oneself than to-day. Personages of no importance, whose names have had an ephemeral notoriety with the public, men who had every possible motive to desire oblivion, have written their lives. Rather than consent to silence they have described even their follies and their falls. We may make one remark in reference to this tendency. Man confesses naturally his good deeds; he is even prone to exaggerate them. Sometimes he consents to avow his faults, but he selects certain faults for confession. See with what unconscious art he narrates by preference the misdoings which passion vindicates, or about which it poetises, if it does not absolve. But there are two things which men rarely betray to one another—the absurd blunders he has made, or the cowardly and shameful aspects of his life. Now have you thought of this, that these are the very faults which the Apostles have been careful not to cloak in speaking of themselves? They own that during the three years spent in the school of their Master, they constantly misunderstood His thoughts; interpreted them in the grossest and most carnal sense, received His loftiest revelations with irresponsive dulness, and indulged to the very end the selfish dreams of a petty and interested ambition. They own that on the very eve of the death of Jesus Christ, they were disputing about the foremost place in His kingdom; they confess that they were narrow, envious of one another. full of prejudice and bigotry. In the most touching narratives of the Gospels - the blessing the little children, the healing the daughter of the Canaanitish woman, Mary washing the Master's feet, the agony in the garden—the disciples attribute to themselves a part which is perfectly odious. They are unmoved by the pitiful cry of a despairing mother; they reckon up the price of the ointment poured over the feet of Jesus: they are heavy with sleep while their Master is sweating great drops of blood. Thus they represent themselves with an artlessness which is absolutely without parallel; there is no reserve in their own favour, no softening down of their conduct, no attempt at apology. We feel that all must have taken place exactly as they describe it. More than this. They confess to a moral weakness which men are ever wont to hide. Massillon said that in his long career as a priest no one had ever come before him to confess the sin of avarice. And we need no bishop to tell us that no one readily confesses to being a coward. If there is an old soldier in this assembly, he will echo the truth of what I say. Now the Apostles have the frankness to own that they trembled in the critical hour, trembled and fled like children, or like cowards. They own that when their Master, who had never ceased to love them, and to bless them with a tenderness all Divine. had been betrayed by one of themselves, and was being carried before the judge, they all forsook Him and fled, and the one among them who had sworn to be most faithful to Him, three times denied Him under the taunting questions of a serving-maid. Without one thought of the scandal which such a story would create, they tell it in detail, not leaving out one word; and when on the eve of going forth to preach the cross to the world, to fix all eyes upon it as the way of salvation, they yet venture to say that at the hour when that cross was set up they cowardly deserted it, leaving to weak women the honour of standing around the cross of their dying Lord, leaving to a dying malefactor the honour of being the first to proclaim the eternal kingship of the Crucified One: as three days later they left it to one out of whom Christ had cast seven devils to be the first herald of His resurrection triumph.

Such is the testimony of the Apostles upon all these points; and I venture to say that if such an avowal is truly heroic, those who made it deserved to be believed.

REV. DR. RALEIGH.*

If our gathering here to-day were to be regarded as, in any sense, a tribute to usage, a homage to form or conventionalism, or respectability, it would be, of all ceremonies, the most re-Whatever else we have in the presence of death, with all the solemnity of the eternal world pressing upon us with special force and urgency, we must have reality. "Pomp and circumstance" may have their place, but that place is not within the precincts of the tomb. There let tender and softened sentiment reign supreme, and let everything that savours of ostentation and show be kept far away. Of all mockeries, the mockery of grief is the most intolerable; of all qualities which sorrow should possess, the first and indispensable one is that it should be from the heart. Such is the sorrow which tries to express itself here to-day, and feels how vain the effort to utter its deep emotion. Love prepares the tribute which we pay, love dictates the tears which we shed. We take part in no ceremony of form; ours is a tender ministry.

Silence, complete, humble, and submissive, would probably be more congenial with the feelings of the hour than any words, however appropriate, in which we might seek to utter our sense of the greatness of the loss we have to mourn, or to speak of the loving spirit and faithful service of him whom God in His mercy gave for a time to His Church. We have not been led on to this hour of tribulation by a long and devious illness, in the course of which the goal has been continually in view, and yet in which we have been racked by alternations of fear and hope, but almost before we had begun to understand all the sad possibilities that were before us, we have found them all realized. A few brief weeks, which have passed away amid an unwonted excitement that has made them appear vet shorter, form all the interval between the active, and successful, and precious labours of the pulpit and the solemn stillness of the tomb. Little did we think, as we mingled in the busy scenes and eager controversies without, which formed so striking a

^{*} Funeral Address by Rev. J. G. Rogers, delivered at Kensington Chapel, April 24.

contrast to the subdued quiet of the peaceful chamber where our beloved friend lay, that the sands of his life were ebbing so rapidly away, and that just as the bloom and beauty of the spring-tide were clothing the earth with promise, filling our hearts with joy, his spirit would wing its flight to that better and brighter world where

> Dark winter breaks no more The eternity of spring.

It has been the work of the moment—to him the quick summons to rest and reward; to us the sudden descent of a dark cloud of mystery and sorrow, which has wrapped us in its folds. It is true that we do not mourn some young champion of the faith, who had but just buckled on his armour and was cut down even before he had tested its virtue. Five-andthirty years of loyal and valiant service had been granted to our friend, and yet so full of ardour was his heart, so clear and vigorous his brain, so unimpaired his energy (so far as we could judge), that it did not seem unreasonable to hope that for years the Church might profit by one who combined the mellowed wisdom and ripe experience, as well as the high reputation of the veteran, with the passionate ardour of the youthful soldier. Till the fatal disease developed itself in such form as to forbid hope, there was nothing to suggest the idea that the day of work and conflict was rapidly drawing to an end, and that already the shadows of the evening were drawn out, or rather that the darkness of the night was near. There was no sign that the natural force was even abated, still less that it was all but spent. And then the end itself came with a suddenness which was almost startling. It was of illness, slow, gradual, and exhausting, of which his friends were thinking, and it was sad enough to have such a future in view. But it did at least open the prospect of a tender and loving interchange of thought, of sacred hours of fellowship, which would be as evergreen spots in the memory, of parting counsels, which would have been clothed with special sanctity and authority, of fond farewells, which would have been as precious legacies to the heart.

He whose dealings are all in love did not will it so. He spared our beloved brother great suffering, and though for the vol. IX.

moment the bereaved of his family, of his congregation, of his friends are keenly sensitive to the additional pang which its suddenness has added to the grief, the time may not be far distant when even they will understand that it was mercy which spared them the more bitter sorrow of seeing their beloved one racked by excruciating pain, which was gradually wearing out the strength, and from which there could be no relief except in the grave. They may wish that they could have had one more touch of that vanished hand, or listened yet again to the music of that voice e'er it was for ever still, and yet they may even now be able to confess that

Not in cruelty, not in wrath, The reaper came that day.

Still, even this view of the mercy that is to be discerned in this dispensation does not weaken the crushing impression of its suddenness. The grief, especially of those who are in the inner circle of love and intimacy, is too overwhelming to be thus easily soothed. All reasoning fails to affect it, and all words are inadequate to utter it. It is still and submissive under the mighty hand of God. To us it seems more natural that it should sit down amid its memories and its hopes, and in that quiet communion of heart, first with itself and then with God, find some solace. If ever silence is golden and the highest forms of speech but silvery, it is surely here. One feels to need forgiveness for breaking in upon such appropriate stillness even with words of sympathy and love. Rather might we in thought review the holy life of him who is with us no more, that in it we may find inspiration as well as example; ponder on the earnest call to diligence that speaks so directly to us; catch while we can the sacred and sanctifying impressions of this our day of visitation, and strengthen our weak and trembling hearts by fellowship with Him who is with His children in all their hours of need, and in whose gracious assurances that He will be with us—us, as individuals and as His Church always, even to the end of the world, we have a light which breaks in upon our darkness and a confidence which forbids our fear.

But we must not indulge even such a feeling. There is, it

may be, some selfishness in this silent fellowship with grief. The memory of a good man does not belong to his friends alone, to be by them cherished and revered. It is the heritage of the world, to be one of the forces-when combined, all too few and feeble-by which the evil is to be resisted and the work of truth and righteousness and love to be advanced. The life which we live is lived for the admonition and encouragement of others: and in the bitterest hours of our own sorrow this end is never to be forgotten. Affection would lead us to pay our departed brother that tribute of honour which can at best be but a very inadequate expression of the loving remembrance in which he will ever be held by those who were his companions in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. But apart from this personal consideration, there are other reasons which would constrain us to speak. We shall best glorify the grace of God, which was so abundantly manifested in our dear brother, by using the story of the life to which that grace gave so much of sanctity and beauty as an instrument for impressing others. Words of mere flattery would be not only useless but offensive, and a studied eulogy, as a piece of ceremony only, would be as uncongenial to the sentiments of the living as it would be alien to all the habits and character of the dead. words of truth and soberness, which shall tell what manner of man he was amongst us, what work he did, how he gathered to himself so much of respect and confidence and love, may do something to extend and perpetuate that influence, the withdrawal of which we feel to be so heavy a loss.

For in Dr. Raleigh there must have been some unusual qualities to call forth those manifestations of grief and sympathy we see around us to-day. Strong men are not bowed with sorrow, such as we witness here, without some powerfully exciting cause. If hearts are so deeply touched, there must be some extraordinary influence to move them. Those who were familiar with our departed friend will not find it hard to understand these demonstrations. He was a man to draw others to him. Effusive and gushing he never was, but there was a strength which inspired confidence, and a thoughtful sympathy which awakened affection. So that wherever he went he formed enduring friendships among those who admired

his genius, were profited by his teachings, trusted in his loyalty and sagacity, but above all, were touched by his gentleness and impressed with his goodness as a faithful minister of Jesus Christ.

For he was distinctively a good man. As a preacher he was great, but the goodness of the man was above the greatness of the preacher. His piety, like himself, was simple and unobtrusive, but he was very real and consistent. He had not a touch of cant, and the impression which he created was due to the prevailing tone of his life and conversation, and not to any sign of the unctuous in manner or speech. He was no ascetic, for, though by taste and on principle extremely simple in all his own habits of life, he never took a morbid view of the world and the relation of the Christian to it. Harsh and hasty judgments of men and things were altogether alien to his spirit. He was broad in his views, active and many-sided in his sympathies, generous in his estimates both of character and conduct. But for himself, his one desire was to glorify his Lord Christ in all things. The Master, of whom in the intimate converse of friendship he would often speak, and to whom he sought to refer the guidance of his whole life, was to him a living Lord, and his realization of His presence and rule was vivid and constant. To maintain a Christ-like temper, and in every relation that he sustained, and in every work that he did, to be a faithful reflection of the spirit of his Master, was his constant endeavour. With him life was not divided in two parts, but was one simple, beautiful, and homogeneous whole. Possessed of a sensitive nature, he was keenly alive to every sort of pure happiness. He had a quick eye open to all the beauties of nature, and an ear tuned to enjoy all the charms of music. He found extreme interest in watching the progress of the young, and entered warmly into all struggles for liberty and right. He revelled in the beauties of literature, and with the soul of a poet in himself, was intensely susceptible to all poetic beauty. But while thus regarding the world as God's world, to be used and not abused, he ever acted in it as God's servant. His sacred character was never forgotten or laid aside. What he was in public in the presence of men that was he in the intimacies of social life or of personal friendship. Of mere professional religion there

was none. He was too much of a man to assume the airs and style of a priest, too real in all his personal convictions and feelings to cultivate merely official piety. Willingly and joyously he had accepted the service of the Lord Jesus, and his life was one noble effort to redeem the vows of that consecration. My own knowledge of him extended over a long period, and during the years in which we lived in the neighbourhood of each other, was intimate. I have had opportunities of seeing him at all times, and under every variety of circumstance, and the result of my observations is that a more true, simplehearted, loyal, and devoted Christian I never met. It is not too much to say that he had received a very large measure of that wisdom which cometh from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, without

partiality and without hypocrisy.

My personal acquaintance with him began nearly thirtyseven years ago, amid circumstances which were specially fitted to reveal the man. We were students in the same college, living together in the constant intercourse of daily life and in the midst of all the little cares and frettings, the occasional friction, and the possible misunderstandings incident to such a life. His own position was one which might have exposed him in particular to jealousy and the sort of comment which jealousy is pretty sure to suggest. We were all young men together, but he had commenced his collegiate course considerably later in life than most of us, and the difference in years, which seems so small now, appeared then to be very considerable, and gave him a degree of authority and influence to which no other could pretend. He was never the senior student, but during the time I was in college he was distinctively our leader. Outside the college his popularity as a preacher was an earnest of the power he was hereafter to wield in the Churches. His sermons and his character alike had a maturity very rarely found among those who are in course of preparation for the ministry. He was facile princeps among his brethren, and yet I never heard of any one who denied his power or grudged him his success. He was a moderating power in our midst. All were ready to recognize his sound judgment and righteous spirit, and his influence was as happy as it was real.

The memories of that period could not be so fragrant as as they are to-day, not only with me, but with others who were our common associates, but for the high character of the man. When I entered the college, it had just been removed from Blackburn to Manchester, and there was a sore feeling among some of the Blackburn students in relation to the new arrangements which might easily have produced party divisions, with all their unpleasantness. That this was averted was owing mainly to the spirit which our dear friend infused into the house. Perhaps at the time it was hardly so much appreciated as it has been since, in a calm review of the menacing difficulties and the way in which they were escaped. As it is, the recollections of those light and yet earnest days are very full of pleasure. It is interesting now to recall our earnest conversations on the demands and prospects of that great work which was filling our thought and desire, our lighter hours of relaxation and leisure, into which none entered more heartily, our discussions on points of public interest, and, most of all, our gatherings for prayer. To those who, as attendants on Dr. Raleigh's ministry, have felt the soul-subduing power of his devotional exercises, it will be no matter of surprise to hear that his prayers, whether in our more private meetings or at the worship of the collegiate family, were greatly prized at the time, and are now a grateful and inspiring recollection. For myself, I thankfully remember his kindness to me as a mere youth, his sympathetic interest, his wise and brotherly counsels. What he was then I have found him always. His character ripened, his noble qualities developed more fully, age gave more mellowness to his spirit, and a varied experience widened his sympathies and enlarged his knowledge. But what he was at Kensington in the closing days of his ministry, that was he at Lancashire College when anticipating and preparing for its sacred duties. In the earlier period there was very much of the cool judgment and thoughtful moderation of the man; to the end he retained a singular amount of the simplicity which marks the spirit of the little child.

This rare and beautiful simplicity, which was most conspicuous to those who were best acquainted with the inner life

of the man, was due, it appears to me, to an almost exceptional purity of nature. In his work and in his character may everywhere be seen these qualities-delicacy, purity, and refinement. They are manifest in his tone of thought and style, and both are reflections of the man himself. The fastidiousness of his literary taste must have cost him no little labour, especially at the commencement of his ministry. He was never content unless every sentence was carefully chiselled, every word appropriate, and, in consequence, he shrunk from extemporaneous efforts, in which, when occasion demanded, he nevertheless often showed very great tact and ability. The secret of the reluctance with which he undertook any such service was not his want of readiness, but the difficulty he found in reaching his own high standard and his unwillingness to fall below it. The quality of the mind pervaded his whole life. It is not easy to conceive of him as stooping to anything that even approached to meanness, petty jealousy, unworthy conduct to others. He was chivalrous and honourable in the highest degree, and would at any time rather have submitted to injustice than lent himself to action that would not bear the full light of day. He was unsuspicious because he himself was undesigning, and he could not attribute to others intentions and aims which he would have scorned to harbour himself. There was seen in him much of the "beauty of holiness."

The last two or three years have certainly seen a marked ripening of character, apparent to those who have mixed much with him. There has been development in the more robust elements of Christian life and principle; but, side by side with this, there has also been a mellowing and softening of spirit. Always gentle and sympathetic, he has become gentler than ever, and withal there has been a richer glow of devotion that has made it look as though the seal of heaven was upon him. More intense grew his love of truth and righteousness, more supreme his sense of duty and his desire to fulfil all its demands, more bold his resistance to the evil, and more fervid his zeal for the good. But with this was united an increasing simplicity, a ripening wisdom, a winning tenderness. He was always modest and distrustful of himself, and this diffidence remained to the end. His unbroken career of success never tempted him into self-assertion. A wide-spread popularity, which might have intoxicated many, failed to corrupt him. Was not the Lord thus preparing him for the great change? It is of men who have lived out the complete term. or more than the full term, of human life, and who have been gathered to their fathers in the fulness of years and honours when their work is evidently done, to whom we are wont to apply the language of Scripture, "They have come to the grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." But is there not a ripening of the spirit for the heavenly harvest, independent altogether of the flight of years? And has not this been manifest in our dear brother? This makes our loss the greater, but it makes our consolation the fuller also. Heaven has but called, as we think, too early one who had been prepared for its purity and joy. Heaven seemed, indeed, to be very near him. It was not that he had lost any of the zest of life, or of his interest in the great work in which he had played so brave a part. His heart clung fondly to his family, his church, his work, and had the Master willed it he would fain have dwelt longer amongst them. Even to the last he was deeply interested in the struggles of that world from which he was passing away. It was to him part of the kingdom of his Lord, and as it was the glory of the Master which was to be advanced, the heart of the servant could not be indifferent to the changing scenes of the conflict. He was passing to other scenes in the same great kingdom, but even the prospect of that wondrous transition did not abate his desire for the success here of that holy cause, to whose service his life had been devoted. But there was neither murmuring nor impatience because of the stroke which had laid him low, and held him back from those labours for which his heart panted. and for the discharge of which he had full intellectual vigour.

The brief period which elapsed between the development of the symptoms of his disease and its fatal termination has sacred memories for all who had the privilege of communion with him. It would be untrue to say that he was weaned from life; more correctly might it be said that he was ready for life or death as the Master willed. I saw him a day or two after the physicians had pronounced their judgment on his case. Everything possible had been done to mitigate the painfulness of the communication they were compelled to make; but

he clearly saw the real state of the case, and he looked at all the possibilities with the calm heroism of a true Christian. The hallowing influences of that chamber are around me today. There was in it nothing sad or distressing, except that idea of separation. At the time it appeared as though at least the time of preparation would have been protracted, and that there might have been some partial recovery of strength. I suggested the hope, and it was evidently welcomed. But the possibility, rather I might say the probability, of another issue was very clearly realized, and in the prospect of it there was perfect peace. A more simple and child-like faith in the Lord. a more complete resignation to His will, there could not have been. We talked of general subjects as well as of that one which was so very near to both of us, for there was no morbid sentiment about the sufferer, and I question whether he were not the brighter and more cheerful of the two, for to me the shock was so sudden and crushing, that it was not easy at once to rise above it. But I felt that the "powers of the world to come" were round about us in that chamber of sickness, and I carried away from it subduing and yet inspiring influences. which I hope may be a strength and refreshment to me in future days of conflict and weakness.

I cannot attempt to give even an outline of his work here to-day. It is the less necessary, for the work is round about us here. The minister of a London church has for the most part to gather his own congregation. Changes in the pastorate are generally accompanied by changes in the congregation also, and its future constitution and history depends upon the character and work of the new minister. which Dr. Raleigh gained upon the affections of the Church in this place, and the impression he produced on the district during his comparatively brief ministry here, are a sufficient attestation of his power and devotion. Hare Court Chapel, Canonbury, where he built up a Church from its foundation till it became one of the largest, most prosperous, and most useful Churches in the metropolis, affords no less emphatic and decisive testimony to his ability and usefulness. In the denomination he was a force the value of which was always fully recognized, and is sure to be even more appreciated now that it is lost. How much is there of which I would fain speak in connection with him. I should like to dwell on his eminent gifts as a preacher, the devotional spirit which pervaded his sermons, his clear and vigorous thought, his manly and earnest assertion of Evangelical truth, his many-sided sympathies, his judicial mode of treating difficult subjects and analyzing character, that beautiful poetic eloquence which was one of the principal charms of his sermons, his felicitous use of Scripture, his chastened and impressive style. So would I like to speak of his tenderness as a pastor, his loyalty as a friend, his geniality in the social circle, his brightness and happiness at home. I should especially have liked to point out how his true spirituality was shown in his manly assertion of great principle in public as in private, in political as in commercial matters.

But I must forbear. Other opportunities will be given for this, and one far more competent to the duty will, at the fitting season, discuss more fully the work of his life. Let me close with notes of thankfulness and victory. Thirty-five years of faithful and honoured work in the pastorate, ever extending in usefulness, and closed amid the mourning not of one Church but of all our Churches, should call forth our gratitude today. Thanks be to God who caused our brother to triumph, and through him made manifest the savour of the knowledge of Christ in every place! Thanks be to God for his holy life: for his noble testimony; for the work that will live though the worker is gone! Thanks be to God that we can have the confidence that our beloved brother has entered into the joy of his Lord, and that we, mourning over the sad blank that his removal has left, can still solace our sorrowing hearts with the thought that the Master still cares for His Church and will provide for its need, that, as the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews reminded them under like circumstances. "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

ECCLESIASTICAL AFFAIRS OF THE MONTH.

THE FIRST BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

THERE was a time when Nonconformists would have been among the first to congratulate Canon Ryle on his promotion. It was not that they ever supposed that he regarded them with any special favour, but they had implicit confidence in his robust Protestantism and a sincere admiration of his bold utterance of Evangelical truth. His "home truths" were very extensively circulated among Dissenters, and their frankness, simplicity, and directness won golden opinions for their writer among those who were most opposed to him on ecclesiastical questions. Fifteen years ago the election of the earnest and outspoken Vicar of Stradbroke to the Episcopal bench would have been hailed as a decided advantage to the cause of Protestantism. But a very different sentiment obtains now. No one would suggest that Canon Ryle is less earnest in his Protestantism or less trenchant in his denunciation of the Church of Rome, of which he writes in terms which we, who are just as strongly opposed to its doctrines, would hesitate to adopt. Nor does he hesitate sometimes to speak in very strong terms of the Romanizers within the Establishment. But there has been a perceptible difference in tone in the worthy canon since he became a favourite at Church Congresses. Perhaps he has become more afraid of the encroachments of political Dissent, more auxious about the fate of the Establishment, more desirous to avoid everything that would tend to disunion, and consequently more tolerant of differences which once he would have regarded as vital. Certain it is that there is no Churchman who has disappointed Nonconformists more than the Evangelical leader whose early tracts and pamphlets seemed to indicate a spirit that was unwarped by the influences either of ecclesiasticism or Erastianism. We never expected to find in him an ally against the State Church, and we were prepared to honour his fidelity to conscience on the point, however we might consider him mistaken. But our faith in his Protestantism was so implicit that we could not suppose he would hesitate in any case where there might seem to be a conflict between his duty to it and to the Establishment. That he believed the Establishment to be right, and loved it well, we knew, but we thought that he loved Evangelical Protestantism better. We supposed that the Establishment itself was valued by him only as an instrument for the extension of the truth, and that if it should ever afford shelter and defence for deadly error, his relation to it would be wholly changed. Very probably he would say that this is his position. He says, "My own conscience would rebuke me if I did not warn men plainly that the Church of Rome is an idolatrous Church, and that if they will join her, they are joining themselves to idols." Now it is patent to all observers that during the last forty years there has been an extraordinary and rapid advance on the part of a considerable section in the Anglican Church towards what Dean Ryle calls idolatry. marked has been the change that it amounts to little less than a revolution. What has the dean done to arrest its progress? No one would suggest that he has shown any disposition to compromise principle, or that he has hesitated to condemn in very strong terms the errors of the Romanizers. But the force of his protests has been seriously impaired, if not wholly neutralized, by his appearances on the platform of the Church Congress, standing by the side of the most pronounced Ritualists and cheered to the echo by their partizans for his advocacy of a comprehensiveness which, if it meant anything, meant that Protestants and Ritualists must dwell together in the same Church and unite for its defence against their common foe the Protestant Dissenters. It is here that we have been so grievously mistaken. We thought that Canon Ryle would have been indulgent even to the Dissent in consideration of the Protestantism. We find that the opposite is the case, and are disappointed accordingly.

That the new bishop will be a power in his diocese we do not doubt. He is full of zeal and energy, bold and courageous in the assertion of his own principles, even when most anxious to show consideration for those of others. It is quite possible that if he should have himself to deal with the transgressions of Ritualistic clergymen, he will be as vigorous in action as he is incisive in speech, and that while desirous to conciliate the great "historic High Church party," to whom Evangelicals

have of late been so deferential, he will resolutely put down extreme Ritualists. We shall watch his administration with some interest and curiosity. The two Lancashire dioceses may be congratulated on having the two most energetic bishops on the bench. But it is only in activity and in a common desire to promote the efficiency of the Establishment that they at all resemble each other. The new Bishop of Liverpool, in his clear, definite, and dogmatic theology, will present a very remarkable contrast to his brother of Manchester, whose theology, it must be confessed, is of a molluscous type. The variety will, it may be hoped, give the people of Lancashire a just idea of the comprehensiveness of a Church which is nevertheless governed by an Act of Uniformity, and whose clergy give such guarantee for agreement as can be furnished by subscription to three creeds and thirty-nine articles. The kind of influence exercised by the two bishops will, we should fancy, be as different as the style of their theology. For Bishop Ryle, we can only hope that his promotion may not serve to develop still further the Erastian tendencies already too decided. They are the weakness of his party at the present time, and if the overthrow of the Beaconsfield Ministry should help to check their growth, the event which at present they deplore will be an unspeakable gain to them. Their decay began in the palmy days when Lord Shaftesbury was the adviser of the Prime Minister, and the distribution of patronage and a shower of mitres fell on the heads of devoted Evangelical divines, who had the good fortune to have aristocratic connections. The last few years have done much to accelerate the downward process. With Lord Cairns as Lord Chancellor, the Evangelicals could believe nothing but good of the Beaconsfield Government. They committed themselves to the defence of the Ministry with a devotion worthy of a nobler cause, and they must share its fortunes. Mitres and deaneries may prove but poor compensation for the loss of moral influence accruing from their identification with a policy so iniquitous as that on which the nation has just passed so severe a judgment.

NONCONFORMISTS AND THE ELECTION.

It is very curious to note the quiet self-complacency with which the representatives of certain schools who are not generally supposed to have exercised any very decided influence on public opinion, take credit to themselves for the Liberal victory. According to Mr. Dawson Burns, the friends of "local option" have contributed very largely to the result, and may reasonably expect to profit by it. We fancy that electioneering managers would say that the best service they did to the Liberal cause was by keeping their question in the background. The matchless impudence of the secretary of the Licensed Victuallers in his appeal to the Liberals, whom "the trade" did its utmost to defeat, did, indeed, naturally call for a reply from their opponents. But while the advocates of "local option" may well congratulate both themselves and the country on the proved weakness of the publicans, they could commit no more fatal mistake than to suppose that the constituencies have pronounced in favour of their scheme. It would be far more reasonable for Nonconformists to appeal to it as a vote for Disestablishment. It was neither the one nor the other, nor, so far as we understand it, anything more than a repudiation of Lord Beaconsfield and his policy, and an approval, just as emphatic, of Mr. Gladstone and Liberalism. Mr. Gladstone has received a commission to resume the work of reform and progress.

But any error of the friends of "local option" in the exaggeration of their own share in the work is trivial and pardonable when compared with that of the Ritualists as represented by *The Church Times*. It is extremely anxious that the nature of the majority should not be misunderstood, and it proceeds thus to instruct the world on this point:

It is not, for instance, a great Nonconformist majority. Probably before long, complete denominational lists of the new members will be published; but at present we only know that of eight Wesleyans who put up (six of them being old members) only five were returned, and that The Freeman lays claim to only five Baptists. Thus the Dissenting members, even including Mr. Bradlaugh, cannot be more than a tiny handful. The expulsion of Mr. Disraeli, therefore, has been the work, if of anybody, of Liberal Churchmen, and it must not be supposed for one moment that the new Parliament comes in pledged to Disestablishment, or to any tampering with the rights of the Church, or the interests of morality. At

the same time, it will be wise to form a "Cave" without delay. It will be wise for a strong body of Liberals to let the new Premier understand that they will not suffer any Church interest to be sacrificed to the Liberation Society. The Nonconformists have won all they went for, namely, the overthrow of the Disraelitish rule with all that it involves; and they must not expect that the wishes of an incomparably larger section of the community can be set at nought with impunity. By the confession of friend and foe, the victory has been chiefly owing to the Churchmen whose feelings were outraged by the P. W. R. Act, by the scoffs of the Premier at "the Mass in Masquerade," by the use which the Lord Chancellor has made of his patronage, and, above all, by the scandal of the "Defender of the Faith" interfering on behalf of the "false, and will do again, if the new Premier should yield to the solicitations of his Radical supporters.

The question of the position of Nonconformists in the new Parliament, and of the policy they ought to pursue, is too large to be discussed in this incidental manner. We may say, however, that Dissenters have fought for the Liberal party, and have neither the intention nor the desire to dictate terms to their friends or to insist that their services shall be rewarded by extravagant concessions. We are perfectly satisfied with the advance of opinion in the direction of religious equality, and content quietly to work and wait till the country recognizes the justice of our claims. As to the number of Nonconformists in the House, there is no possible advantage in writing in the style which The Church Times sees fit to adopt. There are other Dissenters besides Methodists and Baptists, and it is simply idle to ignore facts. There are United Presbyterinas, Free Churchmen, Friends, and Unitarians. Congregationalists represent, among other places. Bristol, Dundee, Plymouth, Ashton - under - Lyne, Salford, Southampton, Worcester, Warrington, North Derbyshire, Norwich, Stoke-on-Trent, Staleybridge. But our strength is not shown simply by the number of Congregationalists who sit in the House. We have not sought Dissenting representatives, and are quite as well satisfied to have Churchmen of Liberal opinions and Catholic sympathies. As to the suggestion that "friends and foes" alike confess that Ritualists won the elections, it is too absurd to treat seriously. We shall wait curiously for the formation of the Church "Cave." The wisdom of provoking Nonconformists to a display of their power is, to say the least, very questionable. Nonconformists have not shown such strength in the constituencies, or been so numerous in Parliament, since the Restoration, and they have with them the sympathies of the great body of Liberal Churchmen. They are not intoxicated by a victory to which every candid man confesses they have largely contributed, and the very consciousness of power is likely rather to produce moderation; but the time is past in which they could safely be treated as political nonentities.

"I LEAVE IT ALL WITH THEE!"

O God, I leave it all with Thee,

Thou leadest me;

And though the way at times seems drear,

I will not fear.

Do not I know that I am Thine,
And Thou art mine?
Why, then, should I be full of care,
Much less despair?

There is an eye, a loving eye,
And from the sky
It watches o'er me when I dread
My path to tread.

There is a voice, a gentle voice,

Bids me rejoice

E'en in the dark and dreary hour

When storm-clouds lower.

There is a hand omnipotent,
And I'm content
When I can feel that hand Divine
Is holding mine.

There is a heart of tenderness,
And its caress
Is balm to my poor troubled breast,
And gives me rest.

That eye, that voice, that hand, that hears Sweet peace impart,

And in them all I happy see

One who loves me;

One whom I'll ever trust and love All friends above; On whom, to all eternity, I will rely.

Then, Lord, I leave it all with Thee,
Thou strength'ndst me,
And if the way seem dark and drear
I will not fear.

For I am sure that I am Thine And Thou art mine. So I dismiss foreboding care And ne'er despair.

REV. PETER STRYKER, D.D.

THE DISCIPLE IS NOT GREATER THAN HIS LORD.

OH, think not o'er a smooth green way
At once through paradise to stray
With joy beside thee night and day,
If thou wouldst my disciple be:
But where Doubt's dreary phantem looms,
Where Misery still his victim dooms,
Where devils rage among the tombs,
Follow thou me!

Not only in the quiet meads
Where wind still waters, and where feeds
The flock that God in pity leads,
Shalt thou my guiding presence see;
But through the dusty toiling street,
Where famine and temptation meet,
And care strides on with hurried feet,
Follow thou me!

Leave to the weak ignoble ease!
The blind may grope, but he who sees
Must choose the only yoke that frees
Him from himself, and seek to be
Mine eyes to comfort the distressed,
My hands uplifting the oppressed,
My voice to say, "Thou weariest,
Follow thou me!"

To raise the fall'n, to love the lost,
To save the soul long tempest-tossed,
By sacrifice that fears no cost;
Still day by day I beckon thee,
Through pain into divinest ruth,
Through death into eternal youth,
Through doubt to everlasting truth,
Follow thou me!

A. M.

CONTINENTAL RECORD.

France.—The Government and the Jesuits.—The decree of the Government respecting unauthorized congregations ordains that within three months the Society of Jesus and the establishments it possesses within the limit of the Republic shall be broken up; an additional delay of two months being granted for those of its establishments where a literary or scientific education is given. A second decree requires that all unauthorized congregations shall, within three months, seek for authorization or be broken up.

These decrees apply to 7,244 monks living in 384 establishments, and to 14,003 nuns living in 602 establishments. The whole number of monks in France is 30,287, and of nuns, 127,753.] Absolute and united resistance is the order of the day at present. But it is probable that, as in Belgium, in the case of the school-law, so here, after the first ebullition of anger has passed away, the action of the Government will be accepted, and authorization will be sought. The cry of persecution is not one that will stir the country, for the congregations of Dominicans, Franciscans, &c., all now closely affiliated with the Society of Jesus, are only required to do what all other associationsliterary, scientific, and political-were obliged to do before they could be established. The case of the Jesuits is somewhat different, as on no consideration are they to be allowed to carry on their operations. They are a political as much as a religious body, and their politics are in direct opposition to the welfare of the country, and their action must be regarded as in the highest degree revolutionary, and as such they are, in accordance with a long-established law, to break up their institutions.

Romanist Blasphemy.—The Evenement reports that one of its writers, on leaving the church of St. Clotilde, in Paris, on Good Friday, purchased a tract, that was offered for sale at the doors, for one penny. It contained a number of pious songs, together with a picture of Christ on the Cross, and at the foot the Virgin Mary and the Comte de Chambord weeping. Below were demons disputing over the body of a woman with a Phrygian cap! (The Republic.) Underneath the picture were a number of verses with this title: "This is the reason why I died," dedicated to the King of France. We give a literal translation of the fifth verse,

which will suffice to indicate the real nature of this blasphemous effusion:

"Eternal Father, in my suffering, In exchange for Golgotha, O Father, deliver France, Deliver it from Gambetta. May I, bursting into tears, On the throne admire Chambord, And exclaim, far from all alarm, 'It was for that I died.'"

Protestant Use of Romish Churches.—M.Bouillat, evangelist at Clamecy, has recently obtained from the municipal and prefectoral authorities permission to preach twice in the Roman Catholic Chapel at Parvy, and once in that at Oisy. He intends to try and get the idols and holy water removed.

Austria.—Religious Liberty.—The appeal to the Emperor on behalf of the non-recognized (Dissenting, Anglice) churches of the Empire has been followed by an order to the authorities throughout the land to permit domestic worship, and also meetings for religious purposes, if only invited persons are admitted; but in neither case must children of the school-age (7 to 14) be allowed to attend. The meaning of this restriction is, that when parents secede from any of the recognized Churches, Romish or Protestant, their children of 7 to 14 years of age cannot secede with them, but remain under the care of the State clergy until they have been confirmed. Then, and not till then, will they be free to adopt their parents' religion, and to gather with their parents around the domestic altar. Such is Austrian legislation at present, though it is difficult to believe that such regulations can exist and be acted on in Europe at the present day. But what is almost more difficult to believe is that the Protestant clergy are for the most part content that such regulations should continue to be enforced, and that they should be the parties who, far more than the Romish Church, have brought about the recent persecutions. Their religious journals have for some time past abounded in tirades against sectarianism and the Evangelical Alliance. The battle between Church and Dissent hss just begun in the Austrian Empire.

Austrian Protestants.—From a table published in the Oesterreichische Protestant for March 10, we learn that in the Seniorates or ecclesiastical districts of Lower Austria, Steirrmark, Corinthia, and Trieste, the number of Protestants is 54,748, and that the total number of births last year in the Protestant community was 1,751, and of them 512 were illegitimate! At the same time it is stated that the number of persons who received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was 28,857. These figures are sadly eloquent, and show how great is the need of a quickening and sanctifying gospel being preached among these degenerate scions of the old Protestant family.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Tom's Heathen. By Josephine R. Baker. (Hodder and Stoughton.) This is a religious story of a high order. Though it comes to us from the other side of the Atlantic, there is little in it that is distinctively American, except that the scene is laid in the United States, and that there is thus a local colouring round it. But the character which it pourtrays is as common among ourselves as among our Transatlantic kindred, and the truth it inculcates needs to be enforced as earnestly upon ourselves as upon them. It does not move at all in the beaten lines of religious fiction, but deals with points too commonly overlooked, depicts with great vividness and power a type of character with which we are all familiar, but which has received far too little attention, and in the delineation brings out many points calculated to suggest earnest thought and inquiry. "Tom's Heathen" are not as might be fancied, street arabs, whom a Christian philanthropist is endeavouring to reclaim. The "heathen" around whom the interest chiefly gathers is a highly respectable man, who is the very pattern of propriety and punctuality, who has a pew in church which he occupies regularly, and whose whole deportment is as exemplary as his appearance is unexceptionable. This man is a perpetual trouble, not to say exasperation, to his minister, Mr. Tom Peebles, who says of him, "Anything but a civilized heathen! A savage you can influence-he will 'scare' at least; but a civilized heathen, a man who has been to church all his days, knows the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, gives of his filthy lucre because it is expected, but cares no more for the wants or woes of his fellow-men than if they were so many pavingstones-for such there is no Christ, nor can be; their lives repudiate his." Nothing could be more truly said, and there are few truths it is more necessary to have said plainly and strongly. So far, however, Mr. Peebles was wrong in his judgment of the particular "heathen" who troubled him by his apparent insensibility. He was not so far beyond the reach of his preaching as he, in his intense anxiety, supposed. He might Sunday after Sunday "come up, smiling, self-satisfied, content," but there was a secret care, bordering on remorse, which was preying on his heart and undermining his health. The aspect and voice of the preacher had awakened in him memories of a cruel wrong which he had done in earlier days. The victim was the half-brother of the preacher, but this fact was unknown to either of the men, who regarded each other with such strange feelings, on the one hand of undefined dread, and on the other of dislike, singularly blended with a desire to raise its object to a better life. The evil done was little if at all worse than is continually committed in the world. It was selfish over-reaching pushed to an extreme point, and depriving the young man on whom it was practised of a large portion of the property he had just inherited. The result was his ruin, body and soul. How far the author of the original wrong was responsible for the ultimate consequences is a very nice point of casuistry, which is very delicately handled here. The conscience once quickened, however, could not shake off the sense of responsibility, and indeed the whole story of the working of this bitter remembrance is told with a great deal of power. The incidents of the tale are full of interest, and are woven together in a simple and natural way, but the character of the speaker and his inward experiences, of which we get a glimpse, are the points of principal attraction to us. The religious sentiment which pervades the book is sound and pure, and is developed naturally out of the story. We have here a very impressive picture of that sin of selfishness, on which the world hardly hints a censure, and which is perfectly compatible with the maintenance of a respectable religious exterior, but which is the very essence of paganism.

Confidence. By HENRY JAMES, Jun. (Chatto and Windus.) Mr. Henry James is too clever a writer to achieve the highest degree of popularity as a novelist. The majority of readers want continued movement, exciting incident, startling sensation, and have no relish for anything that compels them to think. To this class, a book like that before us has but little attraction. They rush through the two or three volumes of a novel to ascertain what the story is, and the probability is they would put down one of Mr. James's books, protesting that it was very dull and that there was no story at all. Let it be admitted at once that our author does not give himself to the elaboration of ingenious plots. When a writer possesses this constructive faculty in a high degree, he will undoubtedly succeed in riveting the attention of his readers. Mr. Wilkie Collins has an almost unrivalled power in this line, which we certainly have no desire to disparage. All that we say is that Mr. James's is of a different order. We do not attempt to institute any comparison between him and such a master of his art as Wilkie Collins, but his books are certainly of a much higher order than those of the ordinary writers of the school. He excels in the portraiture of character and life, and on this the interest of his stories chiefly depends. He is never dull, he does not pander to the weak craving for excitement. He seeks rather to give us pictures of society as it is, than to entertain and startle by tales of thrilling adventure, which may be very romantic, but are extremely improbable. There is a special piquancy about his sketches, because we are not very familiar with the subjects. His principal characters in "Confidence," as in his other books, are rich Americans, and there is a freshness and originality about the pictures which they certainly would not possess if they were drawn from London life. We are taken into a great variety of scenes, chiefly on the Continent-to Siena, "a flawless gift of the middle ages to the modern imagination;" to Baden with all its life and gaiety: to Blanquais des Galets, an unfashionable watering-place; to Paris, with whose life, at least as it is known to Americans, the author is so familiar. For a short time the scene shifts to New York, and that is not the least interesting portion of the work. Did the story give us only these clever and life-like pictures of society at these several places, so much alike and yet with such marked individuality, the book would be attractive enough. The story itself is comparatively slight, but its interest is well supported, and the principal characters stand out in very effective contrast. Altogether, this is one of the best works of fiction of the season.

The Book of Esther: its Practical Lessons and Dramatic Scenes. By ALEXANDER RALEIGH, D.D. (Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.) A melancholy interest attaches to this book, which, apart even from its high intrinsic value, must secure for it a wide circle of readers. It was published the day after its beloved writer had passed away from the scene of his faithful labours, and will be greatly prized by his own Church, and by numbers of friends and admirers outside, as a precious bequest of ripe thought and practical wisdom. In the last conversation we had with him we referred to this forthcoming volume, the announcement of which we had just seen, and it is interesting now to remember the characteristic modesty with which he spoke of it as a slight production which he had been led to issue, partly because of the interest which had been felt in the lectures on their delivery, but still more because of a conviction that the Book of Esther had been unfairly depreciated. His estimate of the work. however, is not at all likely to be endorsed by his readers. It is quite possible that these lectures may not have cost the preacher so much labour as some of his earlier books, but if so the reason is to be found in the increased skill of the workman, not in the inferior quality of the work. We are disposed to think that nothing has come from the pen of Dr. Raleigh in which there is more perfect finish, greater delicacy of touch, or more judicial wisdom than we find here. The subject may to many seem uninviting, but that only serves to enhance the skill of the preacher, who has succeeded in making it so eminently attractive. The reason Dr. Raleigh gives for selecting is extremely like himself. "The author of these lectures has chanced to see of late in some secular prints which he respects a very disparaging estimate of the Book of Esther. Remembering that he had not long ago spent the Sunday evenings of more than two months not unhappily to himself, and as he was assured at the time not without instruction and profit to his people," he resolved to publish them so as to secure a "wider preaching." There is a religious chivalry here that is eminently like the man. The Book was under-rated, as it appeared to him, unjustly assailed; he would endeavour to secure for it a more righteous verdict. The method of defence is equally characteristic. The book is left to speak for itself. Its exquisite dramatic beauty is placed vividly before the reader, and, what is of greater importance, the relation of its incidents to our common life is brought out with remarkable skill and judgment. The story is treated as a piece of history, the actors and incidents in which are real and impressive, and are thus full of instruction for us.

The task which Dr. Raleigh undertook is confessedly one of difficulty. It is not sceptics alone who have cavilled at the Book; there are numbers of sincere believers who have confessed themselves unable to understand why it should have a place in the Bible, and still more to see what idea is attached to inspiration, if this is to be regarded as an inspired record. The answer which Dr. Raleigh gives to such difficulties as these is indicated in the suggestive question, "May not God write any portion of human history, transpiring in any part of the world, if He sees it needful to do so for the instruction of mankind?" Admit this principle, and all that remains to be done is to show that the narrative answers this purpose. It may be that the acceptance of such a view involves a review of our

definitions of inspiration, as it certainly must be an important element in the formation of any theory upon the subject. But this is a branch of the subject not taken up here. It would have been out of place in popular lectures which, it must be remembered, are not on the doctrine of inspiration, but on the Book of Esther. Dr. Raleigh finds that book in the Canonical Scriptures "which all Christians receive of the Jews, which our Lord used or sanctioned every time He went into a Jewish synagogue." With him that is a sufficient reason for regarding the book with interest and reverence, and endeavouring to elicit the instruction which it contains. It may sound paradoxical to say that the very difficulties felt about it do, in one point of view, supply an argument in favour of its authority. Those difficulties are on the surface, and must have been as patent to the Jews as they are to us. The religious tone of the characters in the narrative " is unusually low, hardly recognizable as a religious tone at all." There is not one of them who can be held up as an example. The sensual and despotic Ahasuerus and the fierce and vindictive persecutor, Haman, are the adversaries of God and His people, and we are not surprised to find evil supreme in them. But what is there to put on the opposite side? "A Jew without patriotism and without much conscience, or he would not, of his own choice, be found sitting at the gate of a heathen sovereign! A fair woman, with surely no beauty of soul, or anything in her nature highly sensitive, else she never would have followed the advice given by her wily relative, under no prompting of danger, and solely with purposes of ambition." This is the view of their characters which Dr. Raleigh puts into the mouth of an objector, and it is, doubtless, onesided. But there is, nevertheless, truth in it, and truth which Jews must have Yet though there is nothing to exalt the honour of their nation in a story of the manner in which God wrought out deliverances for the people by means of instruments, not of the noblest type, the book has its place among their sacred writings. There must have been strong countervailing reason to overcome objections so obvious and so serious.

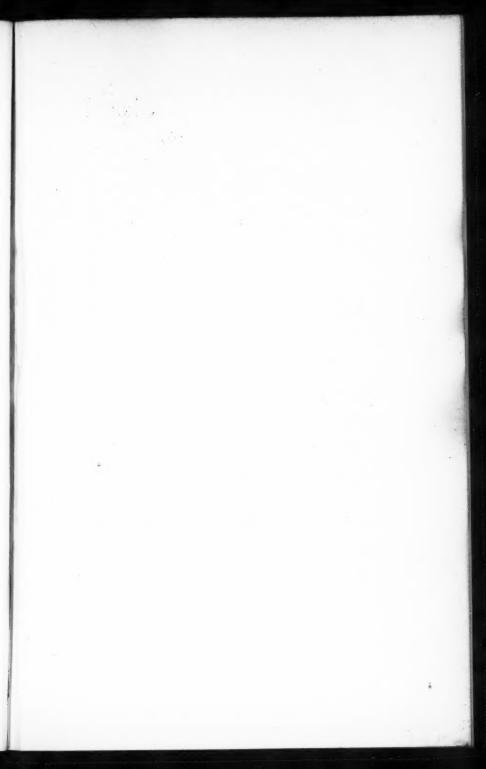
But, leaving these points, let us come to Dr. Raleigh's mode of dealing with the narrative, than which nothing could be more natural, more broad and generous in spirit, more catholic in sympathy, or more beautiful in style. The whole scene is present before us in the graphic pictures drawn with a master's hand. The splendour of the Oriental court, the insolence and vanity of the haughty tyrant who rules; the play of selfish passions in the creatures by whom he is surrounded; the distinctive characteristics of Haman and his more wicked wife; the mingling of good and evil in Mordecai; and the gradual advance of Esther to a nobler purpose and a high forgetfulness of self, are all pourtrayed with artistic skill. But the felicity of style for which Dr. Raleigh is well known, and which is as conspicuous in this as in any other of his previous books, is not more admirable than was the discrimination and gentle charity shown everywhere in judgments both of characters and actions. If there is any favourable consideration that can be urged on behalf of the worst, Dr. Raleigh does not fail to present it in its full force, and the care with which he seeks to adjust the balance of good and evil in the different parts of the narrative shows considerable judicial capacity. What could be more true than his estimate of Mordecai and Esther? "They are colourless people when we

first see them; and although they become more pronounced as the drama unfolds itself, they never stand out, morally and religiously, among the best; and there is material in the narrative for forming a very favourable judgment of both of them; and there is also some material for forming almost an adverse judgment. The conclusion one comes to is that we had better not confidently judge them either the one way or the other, although there is, I think, enough to justify a highly favourable judgment, but regard them as chosen actors and instruments in the hands of Providence in a critical time, rather than as prepared and sanctified specimens of goodness." This estimate shows the generosity of the preacher's heart, as well as his true discrimination. So far far as Mordecai and Esther are concerned, the story may be regarded as a striking illustration of the educating power of circumstances, and especially of trial. In the case of the latter, in particular, there is a point of self-surrender ultimately reached which approaches the sublime-a point to which Dr. Raleigh does full justice in a very exquisite passage, in which he points out how, "having secured the safety of her own life, she does not count it dear unto herself, but ventures it all again in an act of uncalculating sacrifice, telling the king that what he has already given is of no value to her unless he will also give her the life of her people."

But it is not with these two Jews only that the preacher is tender and considerate. He glows with indignation against wrong; but even that does not tempt him into mere invective against the wrong-doer. He takes note of his temptations, he looks at him in all his surroundings, he throws in any suggestions which should incline us to pitiful judgment, he bids us be grateful for the better influences which are round us, or warns us that we too are compassed with like infirmities and exposed to dangers against which we have to watch. Then, after sketching the character of Haman's wife, and suggesting that a comparison between her and Lady Macbeth would warrant "the supposition that Shakespeare, in pourtraying that grand terrific creature, had in view among others these scriptural portraits of awful women," he turns aside to speak of the blessing enjoyed by those who at similar crises in their history find advisers of another type: "Thank God if you have a wife or a husband who would give you merciful and not malignant counsel, if in any conflict you were ever brought into straits. Thank God if your friends are of milder temper, as no doubt they are, than Haman's. Thank God that your best friends would renounce your society rather than stand by you in anything revengeful or mean!"

We would fain linger over the pages of this book. It is so thoroughly like the man-so tender, so full of the truest charity, so generous in tone and sentiment, so instinct with pious feeling, so rich in practical wisdom, so delicate in thought, and so perfect in style—that it speaks directly to our heart. But our space is already exhausted, and we close with repeating and accentuating our recommendation as in every way worthy of the genius and spirit of the eloquent preacher whose words, alas, we shall

hear no more.



THE CONGREGATIONALIST, JUNE, 1880.



Elliot & Fry. Phote.

Unwin Brothers London.

Myluditorio

The Congregationalist.

JUNE, 1880.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE NONCONFORMISTS.

So far back as 1838 the late Bishop (then Mr.) Wilberforce wrote to the present Prime Minister thus

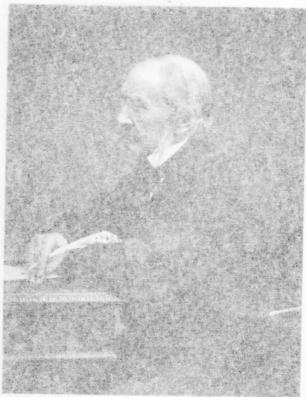
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So far back as 1838 the late Bishop (then Mr.) Wilberforce wrote to the present Prime Minister thus:

It would be an affectation in you, which you are above, not to know that few young men have the weight you have in the House of Commons, and are rapidly gaining in the country. . . . There is no height to which you may not fairly rise in this country. If it pleases God to spare us violent convulsions and the loss of our liberties, you may, at a future day, wield the whole government of this island.

Forty-two years have passed since these prophetic words were penned, and the prescience of Wilberforce is vindicated by the position his young friend now holds, wielding for the second time "the whole power of this island." At that time he had been six years in Parliament. Born in 1810 (Dec. 29), he was first chosen for Newark, at the election after the Reform Bill in 1832, in opposition to Serjeant Wilde. curious to note how the Tories of that time made the same use of his election as their successors have recently made of their victories at Oxford, Sandwich, and Wigton. "The delusion," said one of their journals, "has now vanished and made room for sober reason and reflection." Nevertheless, when Mr. Gladstone entered the House he found himself a member of an even smaller and more hopeless minority than that which he has to confront to-day. For nine years he was in the cold shade of Opposition; and at the time when Wilberforce wrote of him in the words quoted above he was only a private member of Parliament. But in 1841, on the accession of Sir Robert Peel to power, he received his first

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official appointment as Vice-President of the Board of Trade, from which he was afterwards promoted to the Presidency in 1843, but resigned it in 1845 rather than vote for the endowment of Maynooth College. In 1846 he accepted the office of Secretary to the Colonies, vacated in consequence of the secession of the late Lord Derby (then Lord Stanley), who severed himself from his leader rather than agree to the repeal of the Corn Laws. The result was he lost his seat at Newark, and was out of the House till the Dissolution in 1847, when he re-entered it as member for Oxford University. In 1851 appeared the celebrated letters to Lord Aberdeen on "Neapolitan Prisons," written in the same spirit, and breathing the same generous hatred of oppression as his more recent utterances on the Bulgarian atrocities. In the same year he gave a proof of his indifference to popularity, when it could only be secured by a suppression of principle. by his opposition to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. In 1852 he was invited by Lord Derby to join the short-lived Government which his Lordship formed on the defeat of Lord John Russell's Ministry by Lord Palmerston, but he refused the offer, and thus definitely severed himself from the Tory party.

In the same year (1852) he took a conspicuous part in defeating the Budget of Mr. Disraeli, whom he succeeded as Chancellor of the Exchequer. The first great Budget, in which he discovered the wonderful financial genius by which he has so often since astonished the world, was produced in 1853. It was the beginning of a course of financial reform, unhappily too soon interrupted by the Crimean war. The Coalition Cabinet was destroyed by Mr. Roebuck's celebrated motion; and though at first Mr. Gladstone consented to serve under Lord Palmerston, he very speedily withdrew from the Ministry along with Mr. Sidney Herbert and Sir James Graham. He remained out of office (having again declined the Secretaryship for the Colonies under Lord Derby, in 1857) until 1859, when he once more became Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Palmerston being the Prime Minister. The year 1860 was made memorable by the first of an extraordinary series of Budgets, to which we owe the great financial reforms resulting from the French Treaty and the abolition of all taxes on know-

ledge. In 1865 Oxford rejected its most distinguished son. and Mr. Gladstone was returned for South Lancashire. The Session of 1866 saw him, for the first time, leader of the House of Commons, an office to which he succeeded on the death of Lord Palmerston. His Reform Bill was defeated mainly through the coalition of the malcontents of the "Cave" with the Tory party. Then followed the Ministry of Lord Derby, the Reform Bill of 1867, the celebrated resolutions carried by Mr. Gladstone on the Irish Church, and the General Election of 1868, in which he achieved a victory only surpassed in brilliancy and completeness by that which he has just won. The subsequent events of his political lifethe work of his great Ministry, including the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, the Reform of the Irish Land Laws, Vote by Ballot, the Abolition of Purchase in the Army, and the great measure of National Education—the Dissolution of 1874 and its disasters, so fully repaired by the election of 1880, are fresh in the recollection of all our readers.

To recapitulate thus the leading incidents in Mr. Gladstone's biography would be a piece of superfluous work, were it not that the facts of contemporary history so easily slip out of the memory and are just those with which a large body even of intelligent men are least acquainted. It is this very ignorance which has given the calumniators of Mr. Gladstone, who are neither few nor scrupulous, an opportunity of which they have not been slow to avail themselves for producing a false impression on the public mind in relation to him. A Conservative writing in *The Contemporary Review* of last November, says that

In the list of our public men, he has of all others made the fewest, the briefest, the least sacrifices either for principle or party. His warmest admirer must admit that he has been either the most fortunate or else the most prudent of men; and as we do not wish to be stingy in our recognition of his skill, we prefer to compliment him by attributing his great prosperity throughout so many years and under so many different chiefs to his prudence.

The idea thus given is as far from the truth as can easily be conceived, and our only wonder is that even a Conservative—which, in the bitterness that has been infused into our

political strifes, has of late been a synonym for a personal enemy of Mr. Gladstone-could venture on a representation so completely at variance with the facts. But the wonder ceases when we remember how little most men know about the details of the history of the last half-century. Numbers forget-let us hope that the writer himself had forgotten-that in 1845 Mr. Gladstone sacrificed his place in the Government, with all the prospects of advancement opening before him. rather than vote for the Maynooth endowment: that in 1846 he, with rare chivalry, accepted office again at the time when Sir Robert Peel's Ministry was evidently marked out for overthrow: that in 1852 he refused office under Lord Derby, and so in fact deprived himself of the succession to the lead of the Tory party which was certainly within his grasp; and that in 1855 he withdrew from Lord Palmerston rather than commit himself to a continuance of the Crimean war an hour after its great end had been secured. But, in truth, a man who could suggest such a view of Mr. Gladstone's character must either be strangely oblivious of the position occupied by the Peelites, from the fall of the Peel Ministry down to the absorption of Mr. Gladstone and his friend in the Liberal party. which could hardly be said to have been accomplished till 1859, or must have supposed that the country had lost all impression of it, or he would never have dared to make an insinuation which is not merely unsustained by evidence, but is in the teeth of the facts. These Peelites seemed to be wandering stars, men of brilliant gifts, but with little prospect of political authority; and such chances as they had were materially damaged by their opposition to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, an act of resolute defiance to popular sentiment of which a statesman gifted with the prudence this "Conservative" ascribes to Mr. Gladstone would never have been guilty. But the public remember that Mr. Gladstone was once a Tory of the Tories, and know that he is now a Liberal of the Liberals. Of the intermediate steps in the process they remember little, and so a charge like that we are considering has a chance of being accepted.

The friends of Lord Beaconsfield could hardly have dared to raise such an outcry about the alleged bitterness of the attacks directed against their leader and themselves if they had not supposed the people to have become oblivious of the arts by which Mr. Disraeli first forced himself into public notice. Of all our politicians there has not been one who has approached him in the unbridled license which he has given to his tongue. A collection of choice passages from his speeches of thirty or thirty-five years ago, placed by the side of the fiercest tirades of the late election, would only suggest the thought that in the intervening period political antagonism must have lost much of its old malignity. The conclusion could hardly be sustained, for even then Mr. Disraeli stood almost alone in the exercise of the art of vituperation. Yet his friends, a few weeks ago, were posing as a company of martyrs, with his Lordship as the chief of the suffering band, because their policy and their public utterances had been subjected to a criticism which, if somewhat keen and unsparing, was free from that personal bitterness which was infused into all Mr. Disraeli's attacks on his opponents. Possibly he had no bitterness at heart, and only indulged in these lampoons from the belief that they were calculated to tickle the popular ear and secure the ends of his personal ambition. But that is a poor excuse at best, and is utterly irrelevant to our argument. We do not undertake to judge his motives, but simply to contend that if the facts had been in the memory of men, the impudent appeals ad misericordiam on behalf of the ill-used Tories, suffering from the lash of Sir William Harcourt, would never have been advanced.

A still more recent example deserves notice. The Tories have not been slow to make use of Mr. Gladstone's letter to Count Karolyi, and with unblushing effrontery have represented it as an apology to Austria from the Prime Minister of England. How baseless the charge, and how gross the perversion of facts necessary to give it even a colourable foundation, we have not space to show here. We note only the extent to which those who advance it presume upon the forgetfulness of the public. If the letter had really been an apology, it would only have been a very faint reproduction of a remarkable performance of Lord Beaconsfield in the early days of the late Ministry. His Guildhall speeches were as sensational, and ultimately came to be watched for almost as

eagerly, as the utterances of the late Emperor of the French. One of the first of these manifestoes was understood by all the world as an insult to the Emperor of Germany. It was a congratulation of the English artizan on the freedom he enjoyed in a country where not only nobles but even working men were protected from domiciliary visitation and political Those who read between the lines found in it a arrests. thanksgiving of political Pharisaism that Englishmen were not as other people, and especially not as those unhappy Germans who had just seen Count Arnim arrested by arbitrary power. If any other construction than this could be placed on the words, it has has vet to be discovered. But the world, which was startled at first by this somewhat extraordinary style of speaking in relation to a friendly Power. was much more surprised when, after a few days, there was a disavowal of its plain meaning. M. John Lemoinne, the fitting representative of that extremely moderate Left Centre party, to whom the conscientiousness and enthusiasm of Mr. Gladstone seem specially obnoxious, described it in language quoted in our March number as the "very humble excuse from the First Minister of England to the First Minister of Prussia." Yet the statesman who drew upon himself this caustic rebuke has now the assurance to talk of Mr. Gladstone's dignified letter to Count Karolyi as an apology, and his supporters cheer him to the echo. The fact is that a distinct assurance was given as to the intentions of Austria. and then Mr. Gladstone withdrew language which had been used by him in the belief that she had other views. Ministry who paraded their trust in Austria, and whose organs sought to make capital out of the reported dislike of the Austrian Emperor to Mr. Gladstone are the parties really to blame. But the point to be specially noted is that the politicians who do not hesitate to abase their country in order to injure Mr. Gladstone are the followers of a Prime Minister who first insulted Germany, and then ran away.

It may be said that the Tories have no other weapons at command. They have no policy which they can put forward in opposition to that of the Government with any reasonable hope of securing the favour of the country. They have no rising leader possessed of the inexhaustible resource of the late

Premier, who might strike out some new path to victory. All that they can do is to try and persuade the country that Mr. Gladstone is not worthy of trust, and some of their journals have undertaken this task with a hearty good-will. The St. James's Gazette, the advent of which has been heralded with such a flourish of trumpets, has not yet entered the field; but in the meantime, The Saturday Review has spared no effort to perform the odious task of depreciating the greatest statesman of his age. It is to be said in its favour that it is at all events obeying its own true instincts. Mr. Gladstone is representative of all that it most hates of absolute obedience to the law of right, of the supremacy of conscience and truth in public as much as in private affairs, of those great principles of humanity and freedom which inspire respect for the rights of all nations and all classes. To The Saturday Review and its cynical staff all this is the mere cant of foolish and vapid sentiment. In their creed, the world exists for the good of the privileged few, and all the arrangements of political and social life must be adapted to their convenience. The people are but the ignobile vulgus, for whose pretensions it is impossible to show too much contempt, and those who would tolerate and recognize them are nothing better than pestilent nuisances, who are not entitled even to ordinary courtesy and justice. The Review assumes to be a representative of good sense and gentlemanly feeling, but these are cast aside when it has to deal with democrats, or Dissenters, or their abettors. The passion which it has lately shown towards Mr. Gladstone has become nothing short of wild and ungovernable fury. A single sentence, which is worthy of the "feline and feminine" hate which has possessed the late editor of The Pall Mall Gazette, will illustrate the temper in which the attack is being conducted. "In the hurry of the moment Mr. Samuel Morley forgets his God; in the hurry of the moment Mr. Gladstone forgets history, statesmanship, and international courtesy; in the hurry of the moment Mr. Fawcett forgets the Ninth Commandment." And the writer who indulges in the strain complains of "the indecent and violent language of Mr. Gladstone," and says that to describe Mr. Fawcett's singular, indiscreet, and most unfortunate error "we are almost afraid we should have to borrow the vocabulary of the

Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster." Mr. Bright's language is precisely what such a writer could never borrow, for his strongest words are always the utterance of deep conviction and intense moral indignation, whereas the Reviewer has at command nothing more than a truculent abuse, expressive of the insolence of class sentiment and social prejudice of which he seeks to be the exponent.

The "Congregational Union" comes in for the sneers of the cynic, as is certainly not surprising. An evil day will it be for Congregationalists should they ever secure the patronizing notice of a supercilious journal which looks down with contempt on every form of religious and political earnestness. The present offence of Congregationalists and of Nonconformists generally is their faith in Mr. Gladstone. No doubt the phenomenon when looked at in some aspects is sufficiently remarkable. Between us and the illustrious chief to whom we adhered in the darkest hours of his fortune there is apparently no ecclesiastical sympathy, but, on the contrary, distinct and even extreme antagonism. Political alliances. however, are for the most part independent of theological and ecclesiastical relations. Mr. Beresford Hope must have much more in common with the eloquent opponent of the Public Worship Regulation Act than with the Minister who advocated it as the most efficient instrument for pulling down that "Mass in masquerade." Yet he has been the steady supporter of the latter, who has rewarded his devotion by making him a Privy Councillor.

Between us and the Prime Minister there is a considerable amount of sympathy on ecclesiastical policy despite the wide difference in our views and sympathies on Church government and worship. Take as an illustration the case of the Public Worship Regulation Act. When it was passing through Parliament we did not shrink from expressing our distinct condemnation of the measure. That we were disloyal to Protestant principles, or blind to the dangers with which they are threatened by the Ritualist movement, no candid critic, however keen in his opposition to us, would venture to assert. We have never shrunk from the controversy when circumstances called for the expression of our views, and we are just as ready as ever to undertake the

defence of a simple and scriptural Protestantism. But with the Protestantism of The Record we have as little in common as with that of which Sir William Harcourt was so vehement a champion. The bigotry and narrowness of the one are as offensive to us as the Erastianism of the other, and there was a point of sympathy between us and Mr. Gladstone. To us. indeed, the whole proceedings seemed nothing better than a piece of hollow mockery intended to quiet the anxieties of sensitive Protestants without doing anything to disturb the Ritualists. That the late Prime Minister cared about the maintenance of the Protestant character of the Establishment, or would have risked the peril to which his Ministry would have been exposed had the powerful High Church party conceived the suspicion that he meant to deal them a serious blow, is a belief which it would require more than the ordinary credulity even of blinded partizans to accept. He fancied that the Protestant card was a good one to play, and at his: elbow was a Lord Chancellor with strong Orange tendencies who encouraged the idea. But it would be as unfair to believethat he had any purpose of "putting down" Ritualism as tocredit him with the folly of imagining that the celebrated Act could have any practical result in that direction. With him it was a political move, and it is not surprising that it should excite the mingled disgust and indignation of all who were unwilling to see the things they held most precious andsacred treated as the mere counters in the game of rivalpoliticians.

The fidelity with which Nonconformists clung to Mr. Gladstone during the whole of the agitation on the Eastern-Question has provoked a great deal of comment. There has been no wavering from the day in May, 1877, when, after the conference of the Liberation Society, the assembled delegates (with exceptions so few as hardly to call for notice) remained and declared themselves in favour of the celebrated resolution which Mr. Gladstone had then placed before the House. The movement was the more remarkable because in the ranks of the Liberationists are not a few who are also members of the Peace Society, some of whose leaders were, as may be remembered, alarmed at the possible results of one of the resolutions. But even this did not prevent a decision in 33

favour of Mr. Gladstone's view, nor materially detract from its unanimity. At the meeting of the Congregational Union in the following week the same course was taken in opposition to the earnest remonstrances of the respected chairman, Mr. Henry Richard. In neither of these cases were the supporters of Mr. Gladstone less averse to war than the representatives of the Peace Society, but they could not see the wisdom of lending their support to a Minister whose whole policy evidently pointed towards war, and separating themselves from the one politician who had always shown himself sincerely desirous of the maintenance of peace, and, in order to secure it, had exposed himself and his party to an amount of odium and unpopularity which did much to bring about the disaster of 1874. Mr. Gladstone's "humanitarianism," as his enemies call it—thus describing that feeling which led him to settle our differences with America by arbitration-did more to rouse the inextinguishable hatred of the society which is more or less deeply affected by the spirit of militarism than any other cause. Those who felt that the best way of checking Mr. Disraeli was to stand fast by Mr. Gladstone were not only the best practical politicians but also the wisest friends of peace. The idea of a war on the side of Russia against Turkey was chimerical, for the concert of Europe would have borne down the obstinacy even of the Porte. The danger of a war against Russia for Turkey was very real, and it was against this that Nonconformists employed all their influence.

In the dark and anxious winter of 1877-78 they pursued the same course. When the war-fever was at its height, in January, 1878, the Nonconformists of London formed what they called a "Vigilance Committee," and at each successive point in the development of the policy of the Government they recorded their protest. At the time their action seemed very futile and unavailing, but it served at least to keep alive a public opinion in resistance to the warlike tendencies of the time. The last open meeting held in opposition to the Ministerial policy which was able to pass its resolutions and do its work without disturbance, prior to the outburst of Jingo fury, which for a time robbed the metropolis of the right of public meeting, was held in the Memorial Hall on the very day on which the upsetting of the Cannon Street meeting gave

the signal for those riotous proceedings which the Government regarded with so much complacency as a manifestation of popular sympathy. On the other hand, one of the earliest signs of some abatement of the violent feeling of the hour was the reception accorded to Mr. Gladstone on his visit to the Memorial Hall to receive an address from the Nonconformist ministers of London. Those who organized that movement may now look back with satisfaction and gratitude on what they did in that dreary "winter of our discontent." They never despaired of their principles or of their leader, and in the country there are none who have greater reason to rejoice in the change of public opinion which has placed Mr. Gladstone

in the proud position he now occupies.

There have been not a few critics who have supposed that between Mr. Gladstone and the Nonconformists there was at least a tacit understanding, and that our support has been given to him with the feeling that he would give us Disestablishment. The idea is absurd on the face of it. Establishment must indeed be weak if its existence depends on the fiat of any statesman; but they who talk in this style allow their fears to exaggerate the dangers of their situation. The truth is, no statesman could maintain the Establishment if the nation were convinced of its injustice; and till that point is reached no statesman can overthrow it. The explanation of our attachment to Mr. Gladstone is really a much more simple matter than is supposed by those who invent elaborate theories, or imagine all kinds of corrupt agreements in order to account for it. We admire the integrity, the high-mindedness, the nobility as well as the genius of the man; but, what is of more importance in the determination of our political action, we accept the principles of his statesmanship. If his critics in The Saturday Review will only inquire why they hate him, they will at the same time learn why Nonconformists have shown him a devotion such as they have never accorded to any other politician. What superfine critics ridicule and denounce as mere political sentimentalism we regard as the highest type of political virtue, and we admire it accordingly. We honour the man who has a soul and a conscience rather than one who, from the lack of high principle and keen sensitiveness, is able to play a clever game.

and sometimes to achieve brilliant and striking, if ephemeral, successes. Whether enthusiasm be a glory or a reproach we at least are enthusiasts. We believe in the kingdom of God on the earth, in the supremacy of the great law of justice, in the existence of obligations to the world as well as to our own nation. These spiritual affinities link us to Mr. Gladstone, and we can afford to laugh at those who would attribute our loyalty to less honourable motives. We have set up, and shall set up, no claim to any reward for the services we have rendered. We have simply sought to do our duty to the principles we love, and sufficient for us the reward which is found in their triumph. We have other principles which we hold as tenaciously, and for which we shall work as earnestly: and we have no doubt that the time will come for their victory also. In the meantime we are not so foolish as to expect that our Liberal friends will accept these other principles because we have fought by their side for those on which we are agreed.

There has been such a persistent reiteration of the idea that Mr. Gladstone was extreme and impracticable that it is more wonderful that so many Liberals and Nonconformists have kept their faith without wavering than that some have now and then admitted the entrance of a doubt. It is to be hoped that the timid and half-hearted may have learned some useful lessons from experience. If we had listened to some of these professed guides of public opinion, we should have supposed that, of all men, Mr. Gladstone was the most unpopular. The elections have shown how little the denizens of London clubs, or the writers in London journals, or members of "society" in general know of the state of public opinion. Mr. Gladstone has been discovered to be the most potent force in the country, and the nation has proved that it knows how to appreciate and honour those nobler qualities of character which have been the glory of the people. If Nonconformists have been prominent in this recognition, it is because they are, of all Englishmen. the most truly English.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE APOSTLES.*

PART II.

IV.

Bur here we are met by an objection. "Their sincerity is beyond question," says one; "but even those who are sincere may be mistaken. Enthusiasm is the characteristic of simple souls, and the honesty of the Apostles is no guarantee to us that they saw their Master transfigured and raised from the dead . . ."

I admit it, and presently I will deal with your objection. But you must at least admit that if all that we have said is true, there is no further room for the theory that the Gospel narratives were built up by gradual accretion in the imagination of the early Christians. If the facts to which we have referred are not true, nothing is true. If they are true, the hypothesis to which I allude is for ever disproved, and the sincere testimony of the Apostles places us upon the solid terra firma of history. This is my first conclusion, and no thoughtful mind will dispute it. This being granted, I proceed to the objection just advanced.

If men who knew Jesus so intimately, who have told us the story of His life with such simplicity and apparent truthfulness, were the victims of a morbidly excited imagination to such a degree as to attribute constantly to their Master acts which He had never done, to such a degree that they were themselves unconscious of it, and allowed themselves to be imposed upon by the most fanciful inventions with regard to Him; if this be so, the only explanation possible is that they were subject to strange periodical aberrations of intellect. We admit that religious history is full of stories of hallucination. Without going far back into history, we have abundant instances of such delusions in our own day. And since some have been daring enough to draw parallels between La Salette and Lourdes and Bethlehem and Calvary, I may be permitted, in passing, to give my views of a comparison so monstrous.

Visionaries speak as visionaries. Whether they are shepherds

^{*} From the French by M. Bersier. Translated by Mrs. Annie Harwood Holmden.

or children, monks or nuns, they simply reflect more or less faithfully the visions of an excited brain. They believe that they one day see the apparition of the figure which has so often struck their imagination, and they attribute to it the words with which their memory is haunted, exactly as the adepts of modern spiritualism put into the lips of Pascal, Bossuet, or Shakespeare, language which by its platitude sufficiently betrays its origin. This is so true that, of all these legends with which the history of our own time abounds, there has not remained one single word worthy to be preserved, not one which recalls, however remotely, the sublime simplicity of the Gospels. Incoherence is the characteristic feature of hallucination. If, then, the Apostles were the victims of hallucination, by what miracle could they have drawn for us the image of Jesus Christ, as it is preserved in the Gospels? Whatever opinion may be entertained of the supernatural aspect of the Gospel, there is one point upon which all are agreed; namely, that never was the idea of moral perfection more fully realized than in the character of Christ. In that sublime picture we see blending into one harmonious whole, all the lines which elsewhere appear scattered and broken. Virtues which seem opposite are here combined; the traits which in other men are found only in rare and partial combination, in Him meet and form one Dignified calmness and indefatigable complete whole. activity; greatness and humility; supreme authority and implicit obedience; majesty and condescension; the most spotless holiness with the absence of all asceticism; spirituality the most exalted, with the tenderest human sympathies; the hatred of evil, with infinite compassion for those who are guilty of it—these are the characteristic features of the life of Jesus Christ. And in this picture there is not one faulty trait; in this harmony not one discordant note. Think of the effect that would be produced upon us by a single evil tendency, a single weakness, a single imperfection, nay, less than this, by a single vulgarity ascribed to Jesus. None such has ever been discovered, none ever will be. And observe that this attitude of Christ is always the same, whether He is engaged in the life which we call natural, or in the accomplishment of supernatural acts. It is in reference to His

miracles, that He utters many of His most characteristic sayings, sayings which we feel cannot have been invented, since they are full of that sublime and simple dignity which was His alone.

And yet we are asked to believe that this sacred image was drawn by weak-minded men, whose sickly brains, under the influence of an excited imagination, had conjured up in the delirium of fever, these visions of a perfect man. Rather than admit that the Apostles really saw the Christ as they have depicted Him, we are asked to believe that they invented His image, and that from the sombre elements of fanaticism, obstinate prejudice, national hatred, formalism and hypocrisy, in which the Israel of that day lived and moved, they evolved by some strange, inexplicable process, the very ideal of moral perfection, that Being of whom the most illustrious sceptic of our day could say that henceforward the human conscience could not distinguish between God and Jesus. Strange supposition, and well worthy of an age which pretends to explain the existence of the world by the fortuitous agglomeration of atoms whirling through space, and which evolves from the motion of this inanimate dust, law, order, life, intelligence, conscience, and morality. In the name of my reason, I, as a believer, rebel against this absurd hypothesis, more miraculous a thousand times than the miracles which are rejected to make room for it. And in the name of reason also I affirm that the hallucination of a handful of Galileans could not have produced such an ideal of moral harmony, that folly could not have created the loftiest intelligence, that no delirium of the heart or brain ever invented Jesus of Nazareth.

V.

We conclude, then, that the life of Jesus, His character, His acts, His entire ministry in a word, has been faithfully preserved to us. Jesus chose to Himself witnesses, and their testimony, which in its essential features is within the comprehension of the simplest minds, offers us an absolute guarantee of the foundation of our faith. But does this testimony supply all that the Church needs? Clearly not; and we proceed now to show wherein it is inadequate.

The existence of the Christ whom the Church has ever

worshipped, is not confined to the thirty-three years which He passed upon earth-that short life which was summed up in the yet shorter ministry of three years. When the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews uses the sublime description, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," he only affirms that which has always been the faith of the Church. It was, indeed, of necessity that the Son of man should be born on a certain day and on a certain spot of earth; it was necessary that He should speak our human language, and come into direct personal contact with some of the generation of mankind living in the reign of Tiberius; it was needful that He should suffer under Pontius Pilate, that He should die on one historic Friday, in a place called Golgotha, and that He should rise again the third day. But in a higher, which is also the true sense, it may and must be said that these questions of time and place, to which the critics attach so much importance, are really of so little moment in this case that believing souls scarcely concern themselves about them. In a sense sublimely true, they can take up anew every day the angelic message: "This day is born unto you a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." In every spot of earth, and to men of every race, we may read and re-read the Sermon on the Mount and the parables of Jesus, for they are always true, always applicable to present conditions. We may watch the perpetual and exact renewal in a spiritual sense of the miraculous cures and mighty acts of Christsinners cleansed from their leprosy, freed from their moral paralysis, brought out of darkness into light, quickened from death itself; we may gaze on the cross as though at this very hour the work of redemption were being wrought upon it: we may see the stone which infidelity places in every age over the tomb of Christ rolled away, and the risen Saviour coming forth to declare Himself King by the power of an endless life. I say that to every believing soul this Divine history is not a legend of the past, but a present reality, and that in a true, and indeed the highest sense, it belongs neither to space nor time. In this sense Christ is more living, more present, more listened to, more understood, better loved today, wherever Christian souls are gathered together, whether in Europe or Asia, in our South African Missions or in

Polynesia, than ever He was when He showed Himself in Galilee to the astonished multitude, and when a Jewish woman, as she listened to Him, exclaimed in an ecstasy of admiration, "Blessed is the womb that bare thee!" Thus the believing Church does not seek the living among the dead; she does not speak of a Christ who once lived in an historic past; she vindicates His abiding presence and continuous working. He is to her, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Now it is the will of God that this ever-living Jesus should have, no less than the Christ of history, His witness from the very earliest days of the Church; and this is the profound meaning of the Apostleship of St. Paul. How could I speak of the Apostles without naming him who could say without boastfulness that he "laboured more abundantly than they all?" St. Paul is an Apostle; the Church has always recognized him as such; and yet St. Paul was not one of the Twelve. Must we, then, suppose that the Apostleship which he claims, is nothing different from that which in a vague and general sense may be vindicated for every missionary of the Gospel? Such an interpretation would do grave injustice to the true meaning of St. Paul's words. He is an Apostle by a peculiar calling: he was chosen that he might be one of the witnesses of the resurrection of Christ; and he will suffer no one to call in question this his high vocation. And yet he was not one of the Twelve. What does this mean? Simply this-that the Apostleship of St. Paul had a special end in view, that his testimony had a unique and distinct value. It was not to the Christ manifested to the bodily eye that he was called primarily to bear witness. He says expressly: "Though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more" (2 Cor. v. 16). Does St. Paul, then, speak depreciatingly of the coming of Christ in the flesh, the manifestation in human form of the Son of God? Far indeed from him were such blasphemy. We recall at once the accents of sublime emotion in which again and again he speaks of the incarnation of the Lord. But it was the calling of St. Paul to show that the Christ of history is the ever-living Christ; that He is the Christ of the Gentiles no less than of the Jews; that He is not limited in His operation to one period of time or one region of earth; that what He once was He is now and ever shall be—" Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Do we thus imply that there is anything like opposition between St. Paul and the Twelve? God forbid. That which St. Paul believed the Twelve believed also. Is it not St. John who gives us the eternal genesis of the Word and His Godhead? Is it not St. Peter who speaks of Christ as the "Lamb without blemish and without spot, who was foreordained before the foundation of the world"? Just as, when we speak of St. Paul as the Apostle of justifying faith, we do not mean that his fellow-Apostles ignored that doctrine, but simply that this was emphatically the distinctive point of his ministry; so when we say that St. Paul preached pre-eminently the invisible Christ, we mean that in the purposes of God he came to supplement and to crown the Apostolate of the Twelve.

If it was needful that the Twelve should first narrate that which was done by Christ from the time when He entered on His ministry at His baptism, to the time when He went back to His Father, it was no less fitting that St. Paul should be the first to bear witness to the eternal working of Christ, from the days when He dwelt in the bosom of the Father to the great day when through Him God shall be all in all. It was the will of God that Christ should be from the beginning declared to the world by one who knew Him not so much after the flesh as after the Spirit, and who should speak of Him in such language as might be taken up by all who should believe on Him in the future. How precious to us is this witness, the immovable foundation of our faith. What, indeed, is our reply to-day to those who pretend that the Christ who was known to the first generation of Christians, was only the sublime teacher of Galilee, for whom the Church did not at first claim the divinity which afterwards she ascribed to Him? Our reply is the testimony of the Apostle Paul. We appeal to his Epistles, written long before the Gospels themselves, written at the most twenty or thirty years after the death of Jesus, and written in a style so original, so true, so thoroughly his own, that even the most negative criticism has never dared to call in question the genuineness

of the most important of them. The one thought of which they are all full is the thought of Christ. And who is this Christ? He is the Son of God, "who was before all things. and by whom all things consist," who took upon Him the form of a man that He might redeem and save humanity by His atoning death. He is the Sufferer of Calvary, but He is also the One who rose on the third day; He is the Christ whom all the Church invokes and adores, the Christ for ever associated with God the Father in the same worship and the same love, the Christ for whom men are willing either to live or die. Let us cast away, then, as the false thing it is, that Romanesque theology which teaches that the divinity of Christ formed no part of the faith of the first believers, and that it was only gradually evolved in the second century. St. Paul stands before us, the Apostle and the witness of Christ, to attest that the worship and the adoration of the Church were presented from the very earliest days of Christianity, to the glorified Son of God.

VI.

I have now shown what constitutes the Apostolate, and what is the inestimable value of its testimony. My task is done; but before I close there is one question which rises to my lips, suggested by the presence of so many ministers of Jesus Christ and by the solemnity of the hour. Will the Reformed Church of France continue or cease to be an Apostolic Church? Will it, or will it not, continue to bear to the world the testimony which the Apostles bore to Jesus Christ?

I should be merely repeating that which is well known to us all if I were to stay to remind you of the great effort made in our day to return to what some are pleased to call the true idea and the true personality of Jesus Christ. It has been thought that we might ignore all that we have learnt of Him from St. Peter, St. John, and St. Paul, and, passing beyond all these obsolete authorities, might arrive at the true conception of religion as represented by Jesus of Nazareth. It is true that when the attempt is made to define this religion, opinions differ. Some say the religion of Christ is the Divine immanence in the soul of man; others, that it is the supremacy of the individual conscience; others, that it is the recognition

of the Divine Fatherhood, the joyous affirmation of the love of God; others, that it is absolute dependence in relation to There are almost as many definitions as there are disciples of the new doctrine, but that which they all express is nothing more than a transient sentiment, the far-off echo of impressions made on the youthful mind in the sanctuary. when as children they carried there a soul full of faith. And can any one imagine that out of elements so ephemeral, it is possible to derive a religion with power to emancipate souls. to combat the doctrines of positivism, to break the spell of reviving superstition, to triumph over sin, sorrow, and death, and to build up a Church against which the gates of hell shall not prevail? Fond illusions, chimerical dreams, reminding me of the fancies of children at play on the sand at low-water, who build their castles and mark out their gardens, never thinking of the creeping tide which in a few hours will have covered all their fond creations with its breaking waves. Protestantism had indeed no more stable foundation than this. we might groan in anticipation over its inevitable doom, and know that we were leaving to our descendants only a heritage of spiritual impotence, decay, and death.

Is it not evident to us that all our power and authority is derived from the fact that we are the inheritors of the Apostolic word, and that it is ours to repeat, with the accent of heartfelt conviction, the testimony which has been the foundation of the Church and the salvation of the world? As disciples of a philosophy of religion, we are but men who pass away; as disciples of the Apostles, we are the servants of eternal truth. What would have become of the Reformation if it had been nothing more than the offspring of the Renaissance, and if the lips of Luther and of Calvin had not vibrated with the mighty tones of St. Paul's teaching? I do not fear to say it: the power exercised by our fathers in the emancipation of souls, was in direct ratio to their submission to the Apostolic testimony, and for us also this is the sole source of strength and true authority.

How sublime is the mission lying before our Church, if only

it has grace to apprehend it!

In this age, in which true Christianity is so widely ignored, in which the masses of the people regard religion simply as a

political standard, raised in order to rally round it reactionary forces, and which has ceased to demand from its followers either sincere piety, repentance, or true conversion; in this age, in which the person of Christ is more and more hidden behind that of Mary, in which the worship of Christ is distorted into the adoration of the Sacred Heart, and the most fantastic legends and fanatic forms of devotion are everywhere encouraged, without a thought of the irreparable mischief they do, and the ridicule they bring upon all that is worthy of respect; in this age, in which theologians are writing lives of Christ, in which the interviews of Jesus with St. Gertrude and St. Catherine of Sienna, and other such excited visionaries. are treated as of as great if not of higher authority than the narratives of the Gospel; in this age, in which even the greatest names of old Catholic France-Pascal, Arnauld, Nicole, Bossuet-are treated as those of heretics, and held up to the contempt of the ignorant by paltry pamphleteers; in this age, when the episcopate condescends to bow before the decisions of a violent and iniquitous press, in which the conscience of so many religious men can tolerate, without indignation and without disguist, the open alliance of immorality with the profession of religion (as in the time of the Valois), and can bear to see the cause of Christ defended by the favourite journals of the demi-monde; in a word, in this age, in which we live, what power and authority would be possessed by a Church which. repudiating all secondary political considerations, all coercion and oppression of the conscience, in sympathy with all liberties and all legitimate progress, should have but one ambition-to exhibit in its primeval beauty the everlasting Gospel, and to render to Christ the testimony borne to Him by all the Apostles, and by all the confessors of the faith?

I appeal to Christians. Let this be your supreme ambition, to be in your turn the witnesses of Jesus Christ. Tell all that you know of Him. If your dim vision discerns not yet the full splendour of His divinity, tell at least why you have become His disciple, and what sovereign attraction He exercises over your heart and understanding. Speak to-day of the glory of the Son of man, and to-morrow you may be prepared to tell of the glory of the Son of God. The Apostles themselves passed through this progressive school, and we

will never by our intolerance put a stumbling-block in the way of any willing souls feeling their way into fuller light. Confess that among the children of men none ever spake like this man. Own that He has revealed to you the moral ideal which your conscience is bound to recognise; say that by revealing to you that which you ought to be, He has taught you what you are; say that He has wrung from your heart the cry of repentance, and that at His voice you have said: "I will arise, and go to my Father."

Say that if you believe in eternal life it is because He has come to bring it to you. Say that the purest consolation you have ever known you have found at His feet. Join, in a word, in Peter's exclamation: "Lord, to whom should we go but unto Thee?" Confessing all this, you have not yet embraced fully the testimony which is the Church's one foundation; but if this confession be sincere, if it comes straight from the heart, it may exert an incalculable influence for good. Many of our fathers, born in the religious dimness of the close of the last century, knew no more than this, but they walked in the light they had received; and would to God we might all have their zeal, their humble devotedness, their simple and thorough piety.

And you, pastors of our Churches—you to whom God has given the grace to believe all that Christ is—you who can take up with a full-toned faith the cradle-song of the angels, and the new song of the redeemed whom St. John saw worshipping around the throne; you who hail the Son of God incarnate of the Virgin Mary, who see in the folly of His cross the power of God for your salvation and the world's; you who, beholding His empty sepulchre, echo in the accents of a living faith the joyful cry of the new-born Church, "He is risen;" I charge you to proclaim steadfastly the truth in which you rejoice. Let no worldly prudence, no cowardly calculation, stifle or stint your confession. As disciples of the Apostles, do apostolic work. Be the witnesses of Jesus Christ.

And if you are not among those whom God calls to a prominent place in His service, if yours be a lowly and obscure lot, fulfil at least, in your humble sphere, the task which your faith assigns. Let your works reflect the virtues of Christ and show forth His glory. Among the Apostles whose memory

we have been recalling, how many are there whose life we know? Two or three, at the most; Peter, Paul, and John, whose strong individuality of character stands out from the background of history as though to bear irrefutable witness to the facts which they attested. Of the rest we know the names, but nothing of their lives, or if we know anything it is only of their early association with Christ, and the mistakes, unfaithfulness, and falls by which, on their own avowal, their discipleship was at the outset stained and marred. Of their heroic labours we know nothing, or at the very most we have only a few floating reminiscences of them, handed down in the traditions of the early Church. They themselves have told us not a word of what they did, for they sought not their own glory. Like the great blocks of stone buried deep in the soil, which serve as the foundations of our vast cathedrals, and upon which are reared their heaven-piercing shafts, so the Apostles have disappeared from the surface of history. But the Church founded on them has outlasted the ages, and will live when all this material framework shall have crumbled into dust.

O glorious hidden ones, make us your disciples, and when we ourselves shall have passed away, unknown or despised of men, may it be that at least our Church, built upon our humble but faithful testimony, may live and grow for the salvation of souls and the glory of God! Amen.

THE CONGREGATIONAL LIBRARY.

GLEANINGS FROM OLD MANUSCRIPTS.

DR. HALLEY, in a short memoir of Mr. Joshua Wilson, which appeared in The Congregationalist for January, 1875, said: "Possibly the greatest service he rendered to the Congregational body was in founding the Congregational Library. He spent many years in collecting books for the purpose, at an expense which I will not venture to estimate. From early life his heart was set upon that object, and he spared no effort to accomplish it. Whatever may have been the zeal and determination of his father in building chapels, he was quite as

zealous and determined in purchasing books." When the building in Blomfield Street was purchased, and became known as the "Congregational Library," about three thousand volumes were sent to it by Mr. Wilson, and about a thousand from other friends who sympathized with this object. The Library was thus formed, and became available for consultation, but few works were given out to be read at home. When the Bicentenary movement began, by which a large sum of money was raised for various purposes of the denomination, the trustees of the Congregational Library were requested to undertake the carrying out of the principal object, viz., the erection of a memorial hall. This was successfully accomplished, and the building of the Old Library having to be cleared away for local improvements, the books were transferred to the Library which was founded in connection with the new buildings in Farringdon Street. In view of the increased accommodation which was provided there, Mr. Wilson looked forward with the hope of being able to furnish the shelves from his own library at Tunbridge Wells; and after his death in 1875, Mrs. Wilson sent eight thousand volumes and pamphlets, which were catalogued under the direction of Principal Newth, of New College, and are now in use.

From the last report of the committee of the Memorial Hall Trust, it appears that the Library is limited to Nonconformist literature, and that it contains some books and manuscripts which are not to be found in the British Museum. A glance at the catalogue is sufficient to show that the works of the Puritan fathers occupy a large space, but there are many other works, chiefly of a theological character and contemporary history, which throw light on the rise and progress of Nonconformity in England, its early struggles and the part it has had to play in helping forward the cause of civil and religious freedom.

But while the book-shelves are well filled, there is a collection of pamphlets and manuscripts in the private room of the Library which may be said to be unique, and from which we have gleaned a few things which will interest our readers.

Here, for example, is athin volume in foolscap, which contains six sermons on "Infant Baptism," by the Rev. John Owen, who held a charge in a village near Chester a hundred years ago, and who is described as opposed to the Bishop of Oswestry on the question of apostolical ordination to such an extent that they had a public discussion in the town hall on the subject, which is here said to have lasted from two to nine o'clock, but with what result is not stated. The sermons are well written, and the references to Jewish authorities in the baptismal argument, in support of his plea that it was a rite common to the Jewish dispensation, show that he was well read and a Hebrew scholar.

But Baptism and Apostolic Succession were not the only nor even the singular topics of controversy in those days, Calvinism having become a bone of contention, especially in relation to the Arminianism of Wesley and the preachers which he sent forth. Even Fletcher of Madeley seems to have been afraid that John Calvin was falling into disrepute; and no great wonder, for here is a letter from his intelligent and devoted wife to a minister who had written to her on the subject, and which graphically indicates her own views of the question. Writing to this friend, the Rev. John Major, under date May 18th, 1794, Mrs. Fletcher says:

The title of Scott's book did not startle me, but forgive me, sir, if I say that his sentiments do not meet mine. His "perseverance" stands on a foundation I cannot receive. Once in my life, when very young, I met with a dreadful blow from a person who enlarged on the delight the Almighty takes in inviting, nay working on the reprobates in order to sink them deeper in hell. It almost drove me to despair, till my gracious God (whose nature I must ever believe to be love) delivered me by a clear light into the application of that word, He willeth all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth. Then said my heart, He wills me to be saved, and that's enough. From that time I have more or less felt that there is a fountain always open to which I may continually return, and that in Jesus I have everlasting life. While I believe that the first touch in turning to the Lord is from Himself, I believe also that there is an offer of salvation to all, and that the sinner who refuses it shall be condemned for not accepting that truth, viz., Christ died for me, and was willing to save me. If it is not so, can any one be damned as an unbeliever? Ought he to have believed a lie? If the holding reprobation helps any one to believe, I say let him keep it in God's name, but if my holding salvation free for all helps me to believe, the Lord enable me to keep that, for after all this is the victory which overcometh, "even our faith," because it is the hand that takes hold of the Saviour, and enables us to say,

Thou art our mighty all, and we Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee.

And then she observes:

I remember once, when my dear husband and I had been speaking together at a meeting, on our return home he said, "O Polly, thee is a Calvinist after all." Then, lifting up his dear hands and eyes to heaven, he said with angelic solemnity, "Well, my dear, I don't care what thee is so that thee is but holy Polly; I want nothing from thee but holiness."

Some interesting letters written by John Newton and John Berridge, two well-known ministers at the close of the last century, indicate similar misgivings as to the new movement. They were addressed to a Mr. Joseph Sager, who was not only troubled about Wesley's preachers, but in doubt as to his having been sealed himself by the Holy Spirit. John Newton begins by telling Mr. Sager that the best sealing he could get was to accept a plain man's definition of faith which he once heard, viz., "taking God at his word;" this done, he might through divine grace go on unto perfection, for that was the true sealing. "After ye believed," says Paul, "ye were sealed. The seal on cold wax makes no impression, but the heart once softened by the Holy Spirit takes on the image of Christ, and with that image only can we be sealed to the day of redemption."

As to Calvinism and Arminianism, Mr. Newton wrote:

I am grieved that ye are so tried. If as you say the Calvinists at Richmond (Yorkshire) are without law, and the Arminians so grossly ignorant of the gospel, were I at Richmond I would associate with neither; I would go to the parish church, and make the best I could of the Common Prayer, a good text and a short sermon. If you do not hear the truth preached there, it is probable you will not hear it expressly opposed and perverted.

Mr. Berridge had no doubt but Satan was whispering in Joseph Sager's ear that believing before sealing was not faith but presumption; "but let Paul give the devil his answer," says Berridge, "which is to be found in Ephesians first chapter and thirteenth verse, and peace will follow." As to the Wesleyan preachers, Mr. Berridge advised:

Till you have a preacher to your mind, I think you should hear Mr. Wesley's preachers, and contribute towards them, but not be a member of their society, and you will prevent a pert raw preacher from teasing you. Keep on some terms with them, but have a meeting in your own house, and Mr. Keen will send you preachers from the Tabernaele.

A book has been written in Scotland on the "Ladies of the Covenant," but one might be written from letters which are here on the ladies of the great revival of evangelical religion which distinguished the close of the last century in England. The names of Lady Glenorchy and the Countess of Huntingdon will at once suggest themselves to those who are familiar with the history of that movement, and the likes of these and other workers among the "Upper Ten" have been written, but we find autograph letters in this collection which throw some new light on the spiritual destitution which then prevailed, and how it was met by them.

Here, for example, is a letter from Lady Glenorchy to a friend, in which she refers to a new chapel in Macclesfield:

I wrote to Lord Dartmouth concerning the new chapel, and intimated to him a desire to have it under his protection. I do not know any other peer who is likely to give up his name in the cause of the gospel, for those I am connected with are as yet the enemies of the cross of Christ, and my proposing such a thing to them would be the height of folly. If, therefore, Lord Dartmouth declines it, I should imagine Mr. Roe will necessarily be obliged to take out a license for his chapel, or submit to put it under the power of the bishop, which would frustrate the very end for which it was built.

The "power of the bishop" was also dreaded by Lady Huntingdon, but her letters here to Dr. Hawksworth, Mr-Charles of Bala, and Philip Doddridge, all in her own handwriting, show that she was so engrossed with the "glorious work," as she calls it, of sending the gospel to spiritually destitute places, not in England only but in Ireland, that she does not allow any kind of opposition to disturb her. Like Nehemiah, she was engaged in a great work, and could not come down. She says:

The clergy who are in connection with us are very few, but they are blessed men, and their labours are much owned of God. The Lord sees where men are wanted, and He will bring them forward, and seeing that the government is on His shoulders, while I am the humble instrument of His will, I shall never lack the wisdom and mercy that will enable me to go forward. Our college goes on prosperously, and I have several new and very promising young soldiers that are willing to bear the burden and heat of the day. . I am now in London (she again writes) on my way to Norwich, where we have a following of four thousand people, and where there is a place of worship I am about to purchase. I am ready to weep to find our calls so many, and such a gospel day, and not labourers half

sufficient to supply them; and while I am praising Him for His mercy I am ready with tears to mourn before him for more help. In his own time this will come, I doubt not, for I have patient faith, which is a great gift.

While thus anxious about the work of evangelization at home, Lady Huntingdon was moved also with compassion for the heathen abroad, and in one of her letters says:

I have all this day been engaged with the first step in providing means for an Indian mission; all things seem favourable for this purpose, and several think a wonderful preparation is making for these poor but precious souls to receive the gospel.

One of the most affecting letters in the collection is that in which she writes to Lady Moira an account of the death of her daughter, Lady Selina Hastings, "the desire of her eyes and the constant pleasure of her heart."

As I knelt by her bedside (she says), my lovely child said, "This is not a time to begin to think of death. I have long considered it. To be resigned to God's will, however it happens, is best; therefore, my dearest mother, why not now?" She desired me to pray with her, and with great earnestness accompanied me. At another time she called me to her and said, "My dearest mother, come and lie down beside me, and let my heart be close to your heart that I may find rest." A short time before her death, and when lying very still and quiet, she said, "Two angels are beckoning me to come, and I must go; but I cannot yet get up the ladder." The day before her death, kneeling by the bedside, I said, "My dearest jewel, do you know me?" She said, looking upon me sweetly, "My dearest mother, I am happy—happy—very, very happy!" and reaching her head from her pillow, put out her lips to kiss me. Alas! it was the last she ever gave me. O praise the Lord, my soul, for his mercy endureth for ever.

Lady Agnes Erskine appears also to have had some such trial, for in writing to Mr. Charles of Bala about one of the family circle who had just been removed, she observes, "She often used to say unto me, O my dearest, never be afraid of the cross. I never in my life got pure gold but out of the furnace."

Turning now to manuscripts and letters of distinguished ministers, we find several from Matthew and Philip Henry, Carey, Adam Clarke, Robert Owen, John Howe, and Rowland Hill. There are four small octavo volumes bound in vellum, of sermons by Matthew Henry, which do not appear to have ever been published. The English is more modern

than might be expected, seeing the date is 1706, and the style seems to be more simple, and the composition more compact, than the style and arguments of his commentary. There are some letters also from Matthew to his father when he was a young man in London, in which he asks for some money to enable him to "keep soul and body together." He also tells his father to take less physic and more exercise, if he would have better health and more happiness.

A letter from Carey, dated Serampore, September 21, 1800, clearly and beautifully written by himself, gives an interesting account of how he began and completed his grammar and dictionary of the Bengalee and Sanscrit languages. He then says:

A proposal for setting up a dissenting interest at Calcutta has lately been set on foot. I believe it originated with the Rev. C. Buchanan, and seems intended for the Scotch Presbyterians, but I think his plan is rather extravagant and hope that it may be improved on.

As to his own work he says, "Our Hindoo friends wear well;" and then he gives a most interesting and remarkably able account of what he calls "the useful articles in the vegetable world which are cultivated here." Cotton in all its varieties is described; fruit and flowers are botanically set forth over three pages clearly and scientifically written; the whole indicating the extent and variety of his intelligence, and the importance, as seen in his life and work, of such general and technical variety of knowledge as Carey possessed.

Rowland Hill's letters have been pretty well gathered, but in this treasury there are a few which have not been published. We came across one not long since in another quarter written to Simeon of Cambridge in the year 1788, and sent "by waggon" with the remark, "a penny saved is a penny got." In this epistle he tells Mr. Simeon that he was just going off in midwinter to Huntly, a "small town in the north of Scotland," to show his sympathy with "that good man, Rev. George Cowie," who had been excommunicated by the Anti-Burghers, now the United Presbyterian Church, because he had sympathised with the Haldanes, received laymen into his pulpit, and promoted Sunday schools. When Mr. Hill was down, as we happen to know from another source, he accompanied Mr. Cowie to one of his "cate-

chisings," which were attended by old and young. Having said a few words to the class, a quaint old man being permitted by Mr. Cowie to ask a question of Mr. Hill, said, "Can ye reconcile the doctrine o' a' universal call wi' (with) a special and unconditional election?" "I did not come here to teach theology," replied Mr. Hill, "but to exhort you to give all diligence to make your calling and election sure." Mr. Hill's visit to Huntly was a blessing to many. We have been so long accustomed to the humorous side of Mr. Hill's character, that its serious side is apt to be lost sight of. But here we have a touching letter written to a lady whose husband was lying dangerously ill, in which he says:

Anxiety forbids us to wait a week longer before we receive further information concerning him. I know it is a task too painful for you to convey bad news about one so near and dear to you, and unless we are favoured with a more pleasing account than the last, we had rather receive it from another pen. To tell the tale of woe is an addition to the afflictions of an afflicted mind, which we would by no means wish to impose upon you. Nor can I tell you all I feel at this present event, or how much I shall have to lament the loss to be mine as well as yours. While it is meet that kindred blood should feel, yet there are those silken cords of love fastened around the hearts of the children of God that cannot be broken without considerable pain. A large share of holy patience is needed to say, "Thy will be done."

Two volumes of sermons by John Howe are of a more bulky character; but here also are some which have escaped the search of Calmet and John Foster.

Several sermons on the "Decrees and Counsels of God" are no less remarkable for their logic than their conclusions. Like most of Howe's writings, they are many-sided, but the argument is always so full of thought, and the mode of treatment so reverential, that you cannot but feel that you are in contact with perhaps the greatest of the Puritan theologians.

There is a large volume by Doddridge, entitled "Pneumatology, Ethics, and Divinity," all written in shorthand. It consists of lectures so systematically arranged that the different subjects handled rise naturally out of each other. With little difficulty a good expert could decipher the characters, although we look in vain for many of them in the stenographic and phonetic alphabets of modern caligraphy.

But enough for the present. The mine is inexhaustible, and we may be tempted to return to it.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

AS AN EXHIBITION OF NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

THE Royal Academy Exhibition reflects English life. It is a mirror in which much that is insularly characteristic is reflected. The fertility of Italy in art was due to the wealth of a select class, in whom imagination was stimulated by two forces—fervid religion and glowing, passionate, and sensuous poetry. The individuality of the English school is maintained by a necessary dependence upon a larger clientèle, and one whose sympathies are neither fervidly religious nor sensuously poetical. Thought has only to travel from Piccadilly to Southern Europe, and to the period in which oil was introduced as a medium into Italy, to discern the distinctive character of the two schools. Bellini, Giorgione, Leonardo da Vinci, Perugino, and the rest, were the servants of a Church in which superstition was cultivated by symbol and pictorial representation, and of a rich and exclusive aristocracy, who, while identified with the Papacy, loved the arts in the degree in which they contributed to luxury, gratified the senses, and excited sensual imagination. In English art, on the contrary, there is no religious sentiment nor passionate feeling. The imagination of the English people finds gratification in its national traditions, in the sea, in English landscape, and in the humour which prevails in infant and animal life; and these are the predominant subjects in any large collection of English pictures.

Of the Bible the British painter seems to have less knowledge than he has of Greek mythology. Hence we neither look for nor expect pictures beyond the conventional Hagars and Rebeccas, which might as well be Iphigenias and Heras; and, in the absence of a true spiritual inspiration, we cannot regret their absence. The lack of religious sentiment and the tendency to materialize sacred verities are obvious in Rediviva (992), by R. Thorburn, A.R.A.:

There is no death! What seems so is transition.

This life of mortal breath

Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,

Whose portal we call Death.

Mr. Longfellow, who supplies the text, would be greatly astonished at the substantial nature of that life Elysian as seen in this canvas sermon of Mr. Thorburn's. The same tendency is also observable in "From Calvary to the Tomb" (263), by R. Dowling, which is more suggestive of an accident in the Strand than of the entombment of the Master. We cannot write with patience on the levity of which this is an example.

Nor are we warriors. Our imagination takes no irradiation from "glory" and military display, as did that of Vernet, Parrocel, Courtois, and Le Brun, as representatives of the French, who, to their sorrow, have heretofore apotheosized la gloire. We paint few great battle-pieces. We are too deeply conscious of the grim and bloody realities of war to see the glory. And so it happens that from English easels come pictures of soldierly subjects tinged with sadness, such as "Ordered to the Front" (366), by Frank Holl, A.R.A., and "The Girl I Left Behind Me" (1072), by Charles Green, the parting which has little of hope in it. The mother weeping over her boy, reckless often, but gloomily quiet now, though his busby is erect; the wife, heedless of her bairns for the moment, in the anguish of parting with her kilted hero husband; strong men bowed down by the thought that "every bullet has its billet" and this may be the last look of loving women's faces. There is not much of the romance of war about this. Related to the subject of war, but of rather an historical interest, is that "On Board H.M.S. Bellerophon off Cape Ushant, leaving France" (262), by W. Q. Orchardson, R.A. Quoting Maitland's narrative, we are told that Napoleon remained on deck a great part of the morning. He cast many a melancholy look at the coast of France. Alone, as he had ever been in mind and heart, with his suite grouped in the left background, the gloomy fallen man turns his face towards the shores of the land he had cursed. A careless sailor leans over the handrail to the lower deck, where is seen the cocked hat of the English captnin. The sea is the grey and green so familiar to those who cross the channel. It is one of the most pleasing pictures in the Exhibition; but we venture to think that Mr. Orchardson has fallen into error in representing Napoleon in ridin

boots. If an old sailor's narrative of his own experience and observation may be relied on many years after the event, the ex-Emperor came on board the Bellerophon attired in kneebreeches, silk stockings, and shoes, with gold buckles at the knee and instep. In this respect Mr. Sambourne has made a lucky hit in his caricature in Punch. Mr. P. R. Morris's picture, too, "Sons of the Brave" (20), depends for its interest, apart from the rich colour of the lads' uniforms, which is well handled, upon the maternal sentiment and the correlative incidents, rather than upon the conception as a martial one. The scene is the door of the Royal Military Asylum Chapel at Chelsea, where the juvenile military band is drawn up at the top of the steps. To the left is a widow and child, and in the foreground a thinly-clad little maiden with an anxious face, evidently an unloved orphan child. It, however, points the usual moral and shows the "seamy side" of war.

To continue negatively, we are not classical in our disposition; and yet there are a few choice examples here of great capability in the refined draughtsmanship which is requisite

to an adequate delineation of the nude figure.

For classic refinement and delicacy of design, "The Sister's Kiss" (142) and the full front figure of "Crenaia" (655), of which one side is nude and radiant in light and pearl-like tones, by Sir F. Leighton, are models than which the student of "the life" could find none nobler nor more inspiring in modern art. Mr. Poynter's "A Visit to Æsculapius" (250) is a more pretentious work. It is more harmonious, we think, than either his "Nausicaa" of last year or his "Atalanta's Race" of 1878. In a garden, cool and arboreous, the old physician is enthroned, and to him comes the wounded Venus—

In time long past, when in Dianae's chase A bramble bush prikt Venus in the foot, Olde Æsculapius healpt her heavie case, Before the hurte had taken any roote.

She and her companions are wholly nude, and as varied and graceful in attitude as simple Nature herself, and with a flesh tint vivid with health and exercise. At a first glance one takes it for a "Judgment of Paris," but the "passionless perfection" here is seldom seen in pictures of Helen's lover.

A new incident is given to that somewhat trite subject this year by Mr. Oswald Von Glehn, in which he shows "Ænone" (31) placed in ambush by Paris to witness him make his award, and, to her grief, sees him assign the prize to Venus, on her promising to give him the fairest and most loving wife in Greece, namely Helen. The artist might have quoted Mr. Tennyson—

Idalian Aphrodite beautiful.
Fresh as the foam new-bathed in Paphian wells,
With rosy slender fingers backward drew
From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat
And shoulder:

"I promise thee
The fairest and most loving wife in Greece!"
She spoke and laugh'd; I shut my eyes for fear:
But when I look'd, Paris had raised his arm.
*

And I was left alone within the bower; And from that time to this I am alone, And I shall be alone until I die.

We have said that as a nation we are not characterized by imagination gotten of fervid religion or passionate yearning. The influence of Greece and Rome is not strong within us; the glow of the southern sun warms not our island blood. There is more of the Viking and the Teuton in our constitution. Taken in the aggregate, we venerate our insular traditions, we love the silvern sea which laves our shores, and the rolling cloud, flood, and field; and we are exhibitated by the mere mention of the heather and the moorland.

In the depiction of national history the Exhibition is fairly rich. In this category we do not include Mr. Val. C. Prinsep's enormous and coarsely-painted canvas of "The Imperial Assemblage at Delhi" (625), on the occasion of the proclamation of the Queen's new-fangled title—the representation of a theatrical scene and a theatrical incident of which most of us feel ashamed; but pictures of the order of "Victoria Regina" (217), by H. T. Wells, R.A., and "The Armada in Sight" (948), by Seymour Lucas. The former contains lifesize figures of the Queen, and the then Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Howley), and Lord Conyngham. The two peers

bending before her Majesty had roused the usually quiet palace of Kensington at the unreasonable hour of five in the morning that they might be the first to say, "The King is dead: long live the Queen!" The fair young maiden, awoke from a sweet sleep, is extending her hand to the two kneeling courtiers, and in her face and bearing there is much gentleness and grace. In the figure, too, there is a quiet dignity which has nothing meretricious to assist it, for she had hastily thrown a loose dressing-gown only over her night attire, in order to grant this most exceptional audience. Pride in a nation's records of noble deeds, and the Viking's admiration of adventure, are met in the brilliant rendering of the wellknown story of the game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe, by Mr. Lucas. This artist has gazed fondly on the fair headland of Mount Edgcumbe, on Drake's Island, and the silver-glistening Sound, and has held communion with the spirit of the late Canon Kingsley through that most charming and inspiriting of boys' story-books, "Westward Ho!" or he could not have achieved so marked an artistic, topographical, and historical success as this. Rich in costume and sea-browned in face, there in that little group is many a one whose name even yet thrills the pirate-blood which flows in West country veins. There are, first and foremost, Francis Drake himself, in doublet of cream silk-the dandy !-Lord Howard, who would fain interrupt the game and take boat at Millbay to his flagship; refined and romantic Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir John and Sir Richard Hawkins, Humphrey Founes, afterwards Mayor of Plymouth (as was also Drake); John Greville, Martin Frobisher, Edward Fenton, and the rest. Drake, poising the bowl, remarks to the Lord High Admiral: "Thev'll come soon enough for us to show them sport, and yet slow enough for us to be ready; so let no man hurry himself. And as example is better than precept, here goes "-and away rolls the missile down the alley.

Of marine pictures the most conspicuous, as usual, are Mr. Hook's. They are "King Baby" (59), "Home with the Tide" (66), "Sea-pools" (261), and "Mussel-gardens" (356). In these we have the white sands, the lank and dripping seaweed upon the brown rocks, bright blue sea with purple patches, common fishing life, and incidents of coast

domestic life where love is warm. The first is as fine in colour and in treatment as it is in conception. The streak of light upon the distant sand, the fresh yellowish green of the foliage to the right, the bonny brown and blooming faces of the children, and the rich colour of their humble attire, are points of rare excellence. Very subtle and lovely is the effect of the bright crimson "turnover" on the shoulders of the laughing girl who is pushing the cart in which a couple of bairns are stowed. Verily, the artist has the fairy's power to change Cinderella's kitchen dress into a gorgeous robe. Mr. J. E. Hodgson contributes a picture, too, which touches English sympathy with sea-life in "Homeward Bound" (98), two sailors crossing the stile above their childhood's home. The first to recognize and greet them is their old friend the terrier.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

The ablest exponent of our love of scenery, and that the scenery of our own land, with its own peculiar charm, is undoubtedly Mr. Vicat Cole; and in this Exhibition, as a memento of the summer of 1879, he has given prominence to the humidness which is supposed by natives of more southern climes to be also an insular characteristic. The titles and mottoes of his four works are clues to their nature—"A Thames Backwater" (15); "A watery maze: haunt of still solitude" (310); "The leaves of wasted autumn woods;" "On Silver Thames" (393); and "The Mist of the Morning" (1466). This last is perhaps the most beautiful in Burlington House this year. Very fine are the rays of the Eastern sunlight through the trees, the morning cloud veiling the boat, water, and sky to the left, and the rich Pre-Raphaelite foreground in the right-hand corner.

Another national characteristic is the ready perception and quick apprehension of humour. This quality might almost be deemed a sixth sense; and it is perhaps more keenly enjoyed by the English race than by other people. The Frenchman enjoys a double entendre, the American exaggerated phraseo-

logy, but the Englishman can see the pure fun which is abundant in animal life, in commonplace incident, and notably in infant antics, and he requires no burlesque rendering to give it force or to make it obvious. The face of Mrs. Mortimer Collier's child, who peeps at its mother through a screen of the mother's own long and rich tresses in Mr. John Collier's magnificently painted group (455), and the rich and ornate and resplendent interior of "The Two Families" (650), by Michael Munkacsy, in which the little folk, half in wonder, half in fear, regard the bull terrier "pups," are illustrative of this; and serve as evidence that naturally, and in health, we are a laughing people, and that we see the mirthful side of good Dame Nature's handiwork. There is one respect in which there is a likeness between English and French ridicule. Across the channel they smile at a lapse in conduct; here we laugh at disaster: but on both sides of the water we are amused by the boaster, though we know so well the fault to which he is prone. As to disaster, look at that "devil-may-care" customer of the pawnbroker in "Old Friends" (1000), by Edwin Hughes. We gather that the observer is more tickled by the look of recognition which lights up "uncle's" face, as he regards the thrice-pawned watch, than sympathetic towards the impecunious one, who once more, to use the euphonious expression of the American, sendeth his timepiece "up where the woodbine twineth." The mendacious quality in humour is aptly illustrated by Mr. Alma Tadema's compactly-grouped and richly-painted little picture, "Not at Home" (195), and Mr. Seymour Lucas's "Drawing the Long-bow" (403). The former is an English much-abused, though recognised conventionalism transferred to patrician Rome. In the latter, an old rubicund landlord is obsequiously listening to a richly-clad cavalier, and affecting credulity in the narrative which that cavalier recites of deeds of prowess and adventure within his own experience. Boniface, like Cliton in Corneille's comedy of The Liar, uses no harsh phrase as descriptive of the conversation of a guest who drinks flagon after flagon, and pays like a lord.

 $\label{eq:continuous} {\bf J'appelle\ revertes}$ Ce qu'en d'autre : qu'un ma tre on nomme mente des.

That is, in Boniface's translation, "I call that romancing which, in any but a lord, I should say was lying."

The pleasure we derive from animal life and infantile solecisms is provided in Mr. Briton Rivière's bright and cheery picture of "The Last Spoonful" (1051). A little peasant child is sprawling on a step, with a basin in one hand and a spoon and its contents in the other. A struggle is going on in the juvenile mind as to whether the precious morsel shall go into her own mouth, be devoted to one of the two black-and-tan terriers at her right hand, or be distributed among the motley claimants below her. It is a moment of embarrassment, likely to be determined by a partial and egoistic bias, unless, perchance, the forward gamecock, radiant as a pheasant in plumage, settle the question for her in his own interest. He is the most clamorous: but diffidence is neither a marked feature in the mallard, handsome in soft green top, brown breast, and amethyst feathered wing. attended by his harem in white, nor in the spiteful broodhen, with her numerous family in downy yellow. A wonderful picture, and a perfect contrast to another work by the same artist, "The Night Watch" (298), in which a finelydrawn lion and lionesses, with phosphorescent eyes, are stalking through the silent courts of Persepolis, across the marble payement, bathed in the brilliant moonlight, and towards the spectator into the shadow of the ruined columns. Works both of rare excellence, and among the finest of this Academy Exhibition.

In noticing a few only of the pictures now on the walls of Burlington House, we have held the mirror up to our national characteristics. In looking at ourselves our vanity is not greatly flattered; but respect for national traditions, love for nature under pastoral aspects, and sympathy with child-life are not mean qualities: and our English art is so far worthy of them. The school of painting thus created may not be heroic, but it is a noble one.

SYDNEY ROBJOHNS.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

What the Sunday-school teacher of ten years hence may be. when the classes are filled with a generation that has grown up in the Board-schools, it would not be safe to predict, but the change which has already taken place is very great. The most vague ideas of the qualifications necessary for the office still prevail, and many are admitted to teach who either require to be taught themselves, or who are so utterly deficient in the power to command the attention of their pupils, or to preserve even the semblance of discipline, that the very last duties which they should have undertaken are those of the teacher. It is even now too commonly supposed that the work of the Sundayschool is so simple and easy that it may properly be committed to the youngest and most inexperienced, in the hope that they may grow into an adaptation to them. But a quarter of a century ago the state of the case was very much worse. Some of the older teachers of that time were much worse than the younger ones. The latter had, at all events, had the benefit of some education, and sought to make the best use of such knowledge they had. But for their seniors, the utmost that could be said in numbers of cases was that they meant well. Pictures rise up before our mind of what we have often seen in some country chapel, where the children had been collected for the afternoon service, perhaps on some hot summer day. In their midst are one or two men with long canes or sticks in their hands for the purpose of preserving order, and every now and then some resonant thwack tells that some of the unhappy urchins have come in for castigation. As was the discipline, so was the teaching-rough, rudimentary, unsatisfactory, if not erroneous. Of actual religious instruction there was in many of these schools comparatively little. The feeling that the Sunday-school is to be the training-place for the Church of Christ has only been gradually introduced, and even now the old idea that it was to be a place of secular instruction still lingers. Thirty years ago it was the prevalent notion. I have heard of a rustic teacher, who being on a visit to a friend who had collected a class of young men, and was giving them a much higher style of instruction, was asked to take the class for the afternoon. The next Sunday the teacher asked one of the youths what kind of a lesson they had had. "We read," was the reply, "the ninth chapter of John, and then he spelled us;" that is, he took out certain words and asked the pupils to spell them. Very possibly there are teachers to be found even now who would not do much better, but thirty or forty years ago they were the rule, and not as now the exception. The change has been very marked, and it is destined to go much further, as education advances and the work of the Sunday-school is more strictly confined within its proper sphere.

It must be remembered that the extension of Board-schools will not only remove the necessity that once existed for elementary teaching, but will alter the intellectual calibre of those among whom the work is to be done. At one time there were in all Sunday-schools alphabet classes, spelling classes. Testament classes, and, finally, Bible classes, and it is fair to add that there were thousands taught to read in these Sundayschools who would otherwise have had no means of education. I could point to those who afterwards obtained high position in society (one within my own knowledge, now dead, who sat for many years as a respected Member of Parliament) who received their elementary teaching in this way. The country owed these workers a great debt of gratitude. They were the true pioneers of popular education, if they were far from rising to our ideal of a Sunday-school teacher. But this kind of service is not required now. What is of even greater importance is that service of a much higher order, and for which it is more difficult to provide, becomes increasingly necessary every year. The teachers of that olden time would find it very hard work to deal with the pupils who have been well trained during the week, and who come to the work of the class with that sharpened intelligence which the Board-school is calculated to produce. They may not be very clever, but there is no little danger of their having imbibed a considerable element of conceit. They have probably got that smattering of a good many subjects, which gives them the idea that they know a great deal, and unless a teacher is able to make them feel his superiority, it is impossible for him to obtain any influence at all. There are great advantages in this new state of things,

but there are also serious drawbacks. The teacher has a better opportunity for carrying on the highest part of his work, but unless he be thoroughly equipped for it he will often find himself placed at very serious disadvantage. He has to deal with minds which have a smartness in excess of their actual attainments, and there is no class which it is more difficult to They have been carefully drilled in the little points of grammar and pronunciation, are quick to detect the mistakes of others, and especially of those who are their seniors and act as "tutors and governors" to them, and rejoice in any opportunity of showing their own superior knowledge. Already it is found in some of the country schools that the precocious and not very respectful youngsters who have beenwell taught during the week love to show their cleverness by ridiculing the provincialisms of some one who has undertaken to teach or to address them. Others take a pleasure in puzzling their teachers with questions which it is much more easy to ask than to answer, and if they can detect a trip in any of the replies the joy is unbounded. Such material is certainly not the most easy to work upon, and yet if it be wisely handled by those competent to the task it may be shaped into solid and valuable instruments for good, both in the Church and the world.

The first point, however, necessary to a successful solution of a most difficult problem is to recognize its real character. The sooner it is understood that the Sunday-school of the future cannot be the same as the Sunday-school of the past, and preparations are made for meeting the inevitable change, the better. Hitherto there have been educational advantages to be obtained, of which parents who had a recollection of what they themselves owed to their Sundayschools were anxious to secure for their children. best Lancashire schools the children have thus followed in the wake of their parents, and in not a few cases two generations may be found in the same school. That this influence will all at once pass away is not to be supposed, but it is certainly likely to become feebler, except with those who appreciate the religious teaching now that there is no longer any occasion to resort to the Sunday-school for secular instruction. Christian parents will still desire to have their 35

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families trained amid influences most calculated to develop Christian principle and character; but it would be unwise to overlook the probable danger that parents of another class may grow up with the notion that their children have had enough of teaching during the week, and that the Sunday may be given to recreation. Still more reason is there to fear that young people, when they reach the age at which the teacher may hope to do them spiritual and permanent good, may resolve to break loose from the restraints of the school and strike out a path for themselves. There is only one way in which these possible evils may be averted. The teaching in our schools must be thorough, full of spirit and attractiveness, suited to this new phase of intellectual life; intelligent as well as hearty, lively as well as correct, rich in knowledge as well as fervid in spirit.

The teacher who is to fill his place in a Sunday-school must undoubtedly throw spiritual earnestness into his work. While it is necessary to insist on the necessity of thought, reading, and culture to the efficient discharge of his duties, it must never be forgotten that all these would profit nothing in the absence of the right preparation of the heart. Brain is extremely valuable—is, in fact, indispensable—but brain without soul, without simple faith in the truth and intense desire for its triumph, without love to God and intense yearnings over the souls of the children, without spiritual sympathy and Christian zeal, will come to nothing. What is wanted is not that children should receive a large amount of religious knowledge, but that they should feel a religious impulse and a spiritual quickening. The knowledge is to be got in many of the day-schools, and may possibly be better imparted there by the trained teacher, who is desirous to make his pupils proficient (if for no better reason) in order that their success in the examination may bring credit to himself. It would be but a slight gain that the same kind of work should be carried still further in the Sunday-school, that children should be made more familiar with the facts of sacred story or the outlines of Scripture geography, be able to recite dry lists of kings or prophets, or to explain special Biblical phrases. These have their place; but if all that a teacher can do is to interest children in these externals of Scriptural truth, the

chief end of the Sunday-school is not attained—is hardly approached. What the teacher has to aim at is the awakening of thought, the attraction of sympathy towards that which is holy and good, the arousing of the conscience, the stirring of the soul to the conflict against evil, the leading of the heart to Jesus Christ. This is purely spiritual work and it needs spiritual power. Talent, knowledge, zeal, and industry will all fail if there be not this other force behind to strengthen and inspire them. They may enable a teacher to make his lesson attractive, help him to fill his class, qualify him to educate the scholars in the facts and even the doctrines of Christianity, but they will do nothing towards securing the results for which every Christian worker must seek. Were our Sunday-schools ever to become mere seminaries of religious science instead of sanctuaries in which the faith and love of young hearts are nourished, the day of their doorn would not be far distant. Their power-nay, their very existence-depends on the spiritual life that is infused into Even as our Churches command a considerable amount of political power, so are our Sunday-schools valuable as educational agencies; but as in the one case the mere pursuit of political ends to the neglect of spiritual growth would simply defeat its own object and ensure collapse and ruin, so in the other to give the exclusive or even the chief place to the intellectual side of the work would, before long, issue in similar disappointment and disaster.

This spiritual power always commands an influence which will not be altogether lost even where there is comparatively little intellectual culture. Men of robust mind, with a large knowledge of the Holy Scripture, and clear insight into human nature, gifted with common sense, and at the same time inspired with the passion for saving souls, will obtain a power even over young men who may have had much higher intellectual advantages. I remember a man of this kind who was one of the most successful teachers of a young men's class with whom I ever met. His education had been limited, but he had a good deal of native shrewdness, and had profited by the many and varied opportunities of observation which he had enjoyed. He had read, and he had thought for himself, and he was capable of handling a subject with a vigour

and manliness which compelled respect. Above all, he was a truly good man, full of true spiritual sympathy, and thoroughly consecrated to his work. The result was, that he exerted a remarkable influence over a large class of young men under his care. Some of them were disposed to be sceptical, and of course others had the thoughtlessness and love of pleasure, and indifference to all religious things too often found in their class. But he was held in universal respect. They all had faith in his piety, in his practical judgment, in his care for their souls. They could bring him all their difficulties and perplexities, assured of his ready and thoughtful kindness. They did not fear even to acknowledge their faults, feeling that in him they would find that compassion and help which, in fact, only the good manifest to the weak and erring. The amount of good done by that humble and true-hearted man it would not be easy to estimate. I do not believe that men of his stamp will ever be without their power. even over a more educated class. It was the force of a piety that was at once sagacious and fervid, that was truly spiritual, and yet had not a trace of cant or unctuousness about it; that had no sympathy with spasmodic effort and sensation, but in calmness, in strength, and with rare singleness of purpose maintained the even tenour of its way. The teacher in question had no doubt the influence derived from age, large experience, and proved consistency, and this is not to be easily acquired. It may be an encouragement, however, to teachers who are advancing in years, and who are painfully conscious of their intellectual inferiority to the growing demands of the age, to feel that even this disadvantage cannot rob them of the power which belongs to high religious qualities; and it may be a monition to others that spiritual power is more precious to the Sunday-school teacher, and more essential to the highest ends of his ministry, than mere intellectual endowments, however highly cultured.

It is a common but certainly very irrational mistake to set up an antagonism between the intellectual and the spiritual in all kinds of Christian service, whereas both are important to success. Better an earnest heart with a mind that is but imperfectly furnished than a highly-educated intellect without fervour or faith. But it is high time to get

rid of the notion that if a teacher be only in earnest it is of very slight importance whether he has either original mental power or sufficient knowledge for the work. Such a conception is neither more nor less than pure fanaticism, for which there is as little warrant in Scripture as in reason. A sincere desire to serve his customers well cannot make a man a good tailor without some knowledge of the trade; or to take a higher step, a mere enthusiasm for liberty does not make a statesman, or even a great political speaker. And it is absurd to suppose that in the highest sphere of all, work amongst human souls for their instruction, conversion, and salvation, it is sufficient to have a right purpose and an earnest spirit. Truth has to be explained, errors to be confuted, eager questionings of anxious and perplexed souls to be satisfied, torpid hearts to be roused to sensibility and feeling. To suppose that all this can be done by the endless repetition of the elementary truths of the gospel in the most commonplace style, is to renounce the guidance of reason in our religious work.

A Sunday-school teacher, like all other workers, needs qualifications for the special duties he has to discharge. Every teacher, for example, whether his class be of the very young or the more advanced, must have the power for inspiring respect and maintaining discipline. To take the charge of a number of children without the power of inspiring them with respect is to waste time and energy. It may be that the teacher is extremely amiable, and that the children show great perversity in denying him the regard which he so anxiously desires, and of which he is so worthy; but still the fact is there, and cannot be got rid of. Order is certainly the first law of a Sunday-school, and if it cannot be maintained there can be little hope of doing any great good. Whether the time be spent in ineffectual appeals to the scholars to preserve silence and give attention, or whether some severe reminder administered by rod or hand be continually employed to correct the refractory, the result is the same. The work of the class is interrupted, the spirits of all are ruffled, the session becomes a weariness, and there is a general feeling of relief when the bell announces that the hour which ought to have been a time of teaching, but has really been one of struggle,

is over. Granted that the management of children is not so simple as at first sight would appear, and that comparatively few are able to manage it successfully, that is only a reason for being careful in the selection of teachers, or possibly for curtailing their number. It cannot be a justification for entrusting such delicate functions to those who are incompetent for their discharge. My own conviction is that it is of little use to commit a class to any one who has not the capacity for interesting children. Engage their thoughts, occupy their mind or imagination, and call out their sympathy, and there will be no difficulty in their management. Fail to do this, and there is sure to be confusion, disorder, restlessness. The spirit of a child is generally full of life and activity, with a quick sense of the ridiculous and a strong tendency to mischief. To coerce it is possible, but difficult and extremely undesirable. To keep it closely confined within the iron bars of routine, against which it is ever chafing, is to rob it of its elasticity and brightness, and in doing it to provoke to incessant rebellion. The only wise course is to win, to "guide with the eye," to minister to its cravings for novelty and vivacity, to gain its confidence and love. He who can do this best will prove the best Sunday-school teacher.

Of course these general remarks need some qualification when they are applied to those adult classes which form so large a proportion of our Northern schools, and the comparative lack of which in the schools of the metropolitan district is so much deplored. The reasons for the difference it is not necessary to discuss here, but it is possible to explain without any reflection on the earnestness or efficiency of the teachers in the latter. The circumstances of the case have, in fact, so little parallelism that to institute a comparison would be both unfair and unwise. These senior classes are a characteristic feature of the schools in our manufacturing towns. In them are to be found individuals of all ages from sixteen upwards, and a considerable number of them have been in the school from their earliest years, and have a love for it and a loyal devotion both to it and the Church with which it is connected such as we very rarely find elsewhere. The classrooms, which are found in all modern schools, have added to the growth of this element and promoted its efficiency. The class meeting in a separate room is really a family in itself. The teacher takes a personal interest in each member, and the members have very close and kindly relations with each other. The Church receives frequent additions to its numbers of those whose first impressions have been received from the teacher. and who probably have been encouraged in their early difficulties by some friend in the class. Those who are already in Church fellowship are helpers to one another, and at the same time work to gather others into the fold. Some of the happiest recollections of my pastoral life are in connection with such classes, which were the most powerful and successful agencies the Church had at its command. It seems to me that it would not be easy to find better teachers than some of those by whom these classes were conducted. Their soul was in their work. They read for it, they gave time to it on week-days as well as on Sundays, they laid themselves out to promote the well-being of their scholars, they talked to them privately, they praved with them, they laid their conversion and guidance as a burden on their own souls. They were, in fact, pastors to their own classes, and yet it never fell to my lot to meet with any of them who sought mere personal ends, or who failed to regard the interests of the Church in their work. They were my truest friends, my best fellow-workers. As to jealousy between us, such a feeling never suggested itself. My personal confidence in these teachers was absolute, and it was my happiness to recognize the blessing which the Lord bestowed on their work. We had both sown the seed, and the sower and the reaper rejoiced together as the precious fruit was gathered in. Many years have passed since I had part in that fellowship of Christian work, but its memories remain, and I thank God to-day for the results secured. It was no exceptional case. In the best schools of the North there are many such workers, and they must have their influence whatever changes occur in the educational character of the people to whom they minister.

One great secret of their success, as it seems to me, was their complete identification with the system of which they formed a part. They were as much ministers of the Church in their own sphere and for their own work as the pastor in his, and they acted accordingly. They thought as little of

pursuing an independent course, regardless of the general interest, as would a pastor who had a right conception of the relation in which he stood to the Church. So ought it ever to be with a wise teacher, and where it is not the case, there is not likely to be much permanent result. At all events, where a school is part of the machinery of the Church, the Church has a right to expect that superintendent and teachers will use their influence for the promotion of its interests. If a number of individuals belonging to different Churches, and perhaps to different communities, resolve to band themselves together for the establishment of a school on what is pleasantly called the "unsectarian" system, but which is practically either the ignoring of a great body of important truth or the creation of a new sect on the basis of a repudiation of all sects, by all means let them do it. The experiment is not a new one, but where it has been tried it has not succeeded. There are schools constituted on this catholic basis, which has undeniably a certain degree of attraction about it, but though they are large in numbers, and have achieved no little popularity, they have not been rich in spiritual fruit. The influence of personal and local attachments is too important to be heedlessly thrown away. It is not enough to tell young people that they ought to be members of a Christian Church; it is in every way desirable that they should be trained in habits of respect and affection for a particular Church. On the first system they are sent wandering up and down among the various sections of the Christian world in quest of a resting-place, and it is fortunate if they ever find one at all. On the other, they are gradually drawn within a circle of Christian influences, the centre of which may be a particular Church, and these subsidiary forces are assuredly not to be despised. It is not a zeal for denominational interests, nor a narrow and sectional jealousy of all that is not drawn into our own net: nor is it even a regard for the interests of the Church above those of the school that leads me to write thus. It is rather a deep conviction that the unity of Church and school is essential to the prosperity of both. Of course, if a young Christian, having been trained in a particular school, feels when about to make a religious profession that there is something in the "ism"

which the Church maintains that he cannot conscientiously accept, he will naturally and properly seek his religious home in a community whose views are more congenial to his own. But except in such cases it is in the true order of things that the school should train, for the Church with which it is associated, members for future fellowship and service. To divorce the two would be an injury to both, but the Church would suffer least. It would find some other mode of enlisting recruits and carrying on its work; but the promoters of independent schools might find too late that they had sacrificed the most important elements of life and strength.

But while thus insisting that the Sunday-school teacher will do most good when he acts in co-operation with a Church. I am far from desiring that he should sink his own individuality, or even that he should be in any degree a mere sectarian. In fulfilling the proper relation to the Church he will receive as well as contribute strength, but certainly the best way of doing this is not to become a mechanical agent. On this ground I must again deprecate the enforcement of any uniform system of lessons. Imagine all the preachers in England expected to preach each Sunday morning on the same text, and having a benevolent society to furnish them with all the outlines of their sermons. Why should Sundayschools follow a plan which would be viewed as the height of absurdity if applied to the pulpit? It is possible that some may require to follow these leading-strings, and for such let them be provided. It is not possible all at once to secure the full number of independent teachers fully equipped for the great work, and it is well that others whose services cannot be dispensed with should be furnished with these helps. But I confess there is no pleasure or beauty in the thought that at a particular hour all the children in our thousands of schools are engaged in the simultaneous study of the same parable. The uniformity is not desirable even in a single school. Teachers have different feelings at work in their minds, and scholars have an equal diversity of mental and spiritual need. Why should we insist on suppressing individuality in both and dooming them all to the same Procustean bed provided by some central board? An efficient teacher must have liberty, or his powers will never be fully employed or his work done to his own satisfaction.

I would advise every teacher who has to do with young people growing up into life to keep as free as possible from all fetters or restraints. Use all possible means to secure a thorough acquaintance with Scripture and a facility of illustrating its meaning, but beware of allowing yourself to be cramped by any system. Method is good, but it would be a miserable substitute for the wise adaptation of your teaching to the wants of your scholars, and without soul it would soon degenerate into miserable routine. Keep your heart fresh as well as your mind clear, vigorous, and well informed. Be ready to deal tenderly with any difficulties brought before you by your scholars, and seek to be well instructed in the Scriptures that you may do it efficiently. Let your class feel that your one object is the salvation of their souls, and let the simplicity of your own spirit and the beauty of your life add continual force and impression to your teaching. Your individuality and independence will then be your strength. It will not degenerate into waywardness, bristle with self-assertion, or breed disaffection and mischief. It will be only the wisest use of your own faculties for the Divine glory.

J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

CITY CHURCHES.

Wandering the other Sunday in the forsaken streets of the metropolis, I came to what I took to be a church. In reality it was but a church tower, the body belonging to which had long disappeared. The place was deserted, the door was nailed up, and the only sign of life about the building was a request to vote for Cotton and Hubbard and Fowler, the Conservative candidates for the City. What an emblem, said I to myself, of the Church in the City—the real body gone; the outside only remaining as an advertizing station for City Conservatism of the most objectionable type!

There is no greater abomination under the sun, to my mind, than a City Church. It fills one with inexpressible sadness to enter one. The empty pews; the cheerless charity children, who are compelled to come, and who when grown men and women you may be sure never darken church doors; the mechanical pew-opener, to whom the church has been bread and cheese for half a century, and more; the clerk, who is startled by the unwelcome intrusion of a stranger; the parson. who proses in a hollow voice; the choir, which sings because it is paid, and not to the glory of God; the musty air, the old monuments, the dull light-all suggest desolation, decay, death. Christianity is a living power, a gospel of glad tidings. It tells the young how they may live, the aged how they may die, the wearied and the heavy-laden where he can find rest, the sinner where pardon can be obtained. In a City church it is either a money question or vox et præterea nihil. don't you go in?" said I to a poor girl, as she was standing at a church door near Thames Street, one Sunday morning. "Oh!" was her reply, "if I went in, they would think I was a suspicious person." It was such people the Master got to hear Him. There was plenty of room for the poor girl inside. It was a large place, and there were not a dozen people in it. As a rule, people on a wet Sunday in the City prefer to stand in the streets and get wet rather than to enter inside a City church and be dry. It is true you may always see a fine congregation in our national Cathedral of St. Paul's, but St. Paul's is in no sense a City church. Once in his life, at any rate, Carlyle worshipped in a City church. John Sterling, as we all know, tried to be a clergyman, and failed. As a curate he preached, and Carlyle went to hear him in some church in the City, behind Cheapside, built by Wren; "but there," writes Carlyle, "in my wearied mood, the chief subject of reflection was the almost total vacancy of the place, and how an eloquent soul was preaching to mere lamps and prayerbooks; and of the sermon I retain no image. It came up in the way of banter if he ever urged the duty of church extension which already he very seldom did, and at length neverwhat a specimen we once had of bright lamps, gilt prayerbooks, baize-lined pews, Wren-built architecture; and how in almost all directions you might have fired a musket in the church and hit no Christian life! A terrible outlook indeed for the Apostolic labourer in the brick and mortar line." I wonder not that Carlyle could not listen. Such a spectacle as that he describes quite deprives one of the power of listening.

To listen to a preacher is easy when you see that he is listened to by others: but the sight of a man preaching when there is no one to preach to, reading prayers when there is no dearly beloved to follow, giving out hymns when there is no one but a paid organist or a paid choir to sing, makes one wonder and deplore-wonder at the power thus given to gold in this country to parody a form of worship; deplore the want of self-respect which can permit clergymen, trained at our public schools and universities, where they must more or less have come in contact with men who had a sense of honour. lending themselves for one instant to the performance of what they must feel in their heart of hearts to be a solemn farce. No one can enter a City church on a Sunday and not fail to understand why it was that the City gave such a solid Conservative vote at the late election. The State Church, as represented in the City, knows howrotten is its state, and dreads the inevitable hour of reform. As an impartial observer, I must admit that the best congregations in the City are those of the Ritualists. They do present a respectable appearance, for half the body of the church is filled with the choir, and there are many, especially young men and young women, to whom the ritualist service is strongly attractive. instance, at a church between Lombard Street and King William Street I found the place full, but the whole service suggested to me the Church of Rome rather than the Protestant Church of England. Yet it is not always these ritualistic services attract. I have always understood that St. Edmund the Martyr, in Lombard Street, is high, yet when I looked in one Sunday in April the audience did not consist of a dozen persons, excluding the officials. Another peculiarity connected with the City churches is that they are so built as to give the greatest show with the smallest amount of accommodation possible. The congregation is spread over a large area. In most cases there is no gallery at all. In some, the entrance to the church is almost as large as the church itself. In one (All Hallows, Lombard Street) the space thus wasted would seat a good congregation if judiciously arranged. At one corner is quite a drawing-room settee for any casual lounger. I imagine at one time these churches had really respectable congregations, and as they lately have diminished

the space devoted to promenade has been increased. Be that as it may, few of these City churches, pewed as they now are, could seat a large congregation. It would be easy to alter the pews so as to make the churches hold twice or thrice the number, but then why make the alteration? The City church answers no living end; the old worshippers are dead, and their sons and daughters have gone elsewhere. Many of them have, I dare say, ceased to believe in any church. If Manton's commentary on the Psalms made Lord Bolingbroke a sceptic, much more must a juvenile attendance at a City church do the same. You can't make Christians by forcing people to go to church. In reality you drive them away by such a mode of procedure. For instance, just on your left as you cross from the Monument to London Bridge is a fine church. Many generations of worshippers have been trained there, vet now there are none. There are plenty of people all round, for in that region all day long life is going on, but inside the church what a change. There is no life there, not even in the pulpit. Only a few City churches can be said to have respectable congregations. St. Andrew's, Holborn, the church for ever associated with the memory of Dr. Sacheverell, is one of these: that in Bishopsgate, presided over by the liberal and energetic clergyman known as the Rev. Hangtheology Rogers, is another. There are also decent congregations in St. Botolph's, Aldersgate Street; and St. Sepulchre's; in Bride Church, Fleet Street, where such crowds used to listen to the Rev. Thomas Dale; and at St. Dunstan's in the West, where Tyndale preached, there is a fair sprinkling; nevertheless a crowded City church is a thing unknown, and as a rule the verger, who is delighted to see any one enter, and is naturally tired of having nothing to do, exclaims, "Walk in, sir! walk in, there is plenty of room;" and assuredly there is.

In connection with City churches, one of the saddest subjects is the character of the preaching. At the time good old John Newton went to London he thus wrote of the state of religion in the Establishment in a letter to his friend, Mr. Barlass: "There are," he says, "but two gospel ministers who have churches of their own—Mr. Romaine and myself." The date of his letter was 1786. Thus in Newton's time all

the benefit of the Church Establishment, as regards the City, was, in his opinion, the establishment of two pulpits where the gospel was preached. What he would say now it is difficult to conjecture, were he to enter his old church of St. Mary Woolnoth. When Newton preached, the crowd was so great that the parishioners complained that their seats were either taken or that they could not get to them for the crowd in the aisle. It is not so now. Few people are to be seen, and the service is such as Newton would have abhorred. Mention of Mr. Romaine's name naturally makes one think of St. Anne. Blackfriars, where at one time he drew such enormous crowds to hear him. A crowd in St. Anne's would not a little terrify the parson and the clerk, where some 60 or 70 people may be seen on a Sunday morning. I must add, in common honesty, that I was not prepared for that, and the sight was quite refreshing, as I had just come from St. Martin's, Ludgate, where I had counted six people present besides the officials. I said to the young woman at the door, "You don't seem to have much of a congregation." "Oh no, sir!" said she, with a smile, as if the idea of a congregation in such a place as St. Martin's, Ludgate Hill, was quite ridiculous. Yet you may be sure that the officials make as much of the congregation as possible. Standing one Sunday in one of the large churches at the Eastern part of the City, I said to the woman at the door, "Now would you be surprised to see thirty or forty people here on a Sunday morning?" and she was obliged to admit she would.

Yet it must be owned by the educated man there is a wonderful charm in these old City churches, and one is sorry to see them removed. One had much rather see them filled. Especially did I mourn over St. Autholius, which, if I remember aright, was the first to sing hymns after the Genevan fashion. I never go near its now built-over site without thinking of Newton's letter to his wife respecting Cecil.

I heard him at St. Autholius'. He is a good speaker and a good preacher for a young man; for young men, not having had time to be duly acquainted with the depths of the heart and the depths of Satan, cannot ordinarily be expected to speak with so much feeling and experience as they who have been in many conflicts and exercises. I love young preachers, for they are sprightly, warm, and earnest. I love old preachers, for they are solid, savoury, and experimental.

The St. Autholius lecture is now transferred to St. Mary's Aldermay-a temple indeed-of the beauty of which you get no idea as you drive past in a cab along Queen Victoria Street. It has been most exquisitely repaired, and is a marvel of finish within. It has also a very fair congregation, nor do I wonder at it. If religion is a system of form and ceremony and repetition, you have it in St. Mary's Aldermay in a very attractive way. But it must be remembered that if at St. Mary's Aldermay the congregation may average 150 or 200, the churches all round are ridiculously empty. In one of the largest of them I counted a congregation of six. In another church in the neighbourhood, the vicar or rector, as the case may be, had got his congregation to subscribe something towards church expenses, and here are the magnificent results: January, 6s. 10¹/₂d; February, 14s. 9d.; March, 8s. 7d.! The list was drawn up so as to indicate how much was given in gold, how much in silver, how much in copper. Under the head of gold, alas! there was no entry at all.

It is really wonderful the City churches are not better filled. In some of the great City establishments it may be there are from three to six hundred young men sleep on the premises, or in the immediate neighbourhood, and who may be expected to go somewhere on a Sunday. Then, in the leading streets a great many tradesmen still reside, and at most of the great offices there are housekeepers and porters left, who naturally may be expected at times to attend a place of worship, and who cannot be all assumed to be Dissenters. These City churches ought, then, to be better filled. They are luxuriously fitted up. The choral part of the service is generally most effective. No expense has been spared. The interiors have been modernized and repaired in the best manner possible, and there is a luxury undoubtedly in a good pew all to yourself, in a handsomely fitted-up church, so well built that inside you hear nothing of the roar of the Babylon without. There is no Dissenting chapel in the City that can for an instant be compared in attractiveness in this respect with a City church. The Weigh House Chapel, the one in Falcon Square, or that in Bishopsgate Street, not even the City Temple-with Dr. Parker himself in the pulpit-

can vie, as regards attractiveness to men of taste, with such splendid churches as that in Cornhill, where Dr. Watts and Sir Thomas Abney are buried; or as St. Giles's, Cripplegate, where repose the ashes of John Milton, Fox the martyrologist, and Daniel De Foe. Not a Nonconformist chapel in the kingdom can for an instant be compared with it as regards monuments and brasses, or painted windows, or superb organ, or hallowed associations, or handsome carved woodwork. In St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, the attractions are almost greater. Nowhere in the City, not even in St. Paul's Cathedral, are there such splendid monuments. It is wonderful why such places are so empty on a Sunday. If people did not care about the sermon, they might go for the sake of the interesting associations connected with such places. In London on a Sunday the number of strangers must be quite sufficient to fill such places. How is it, then, that on a Sunday they are a barren waste? The answer must be that the preacher knows that the whole service is an empty form; that if people come to hear him, it is simply because they are paid for coming; and that it is alone the splendid salary attached to such places that retains him at his post. Under such circumstances it is to be questioned whether Mr. Spurgeon could raise a congregation. Nevertheless, it is an awful sight—the dead preaching to the dead.

It is not only on Sundays the services in the City churches have died out, but on the week - days as well. In the City nowadays there is really no demand for them. The Dissenters have a merchant's lecture, which is generally well attended, and Dr. Parker gets a large congregation at the City Temple on a Thursday morning; but somehow or other Churchmen in London seem to think that they have quite as much of the church as is good for them on a Sunday. Be this as it may, it seems hard to get a congregation in a City church either on a weekday or on a Sunday. The late Bishop of Winchester always drew well on a week-day, but there are few clergymen who can now command a City audience on a week-day now living. For instance, let us take the case of the Rev. Daniel Moore. who is the Golden Lecturer on a Tuesday morning at St. Margaret's, Lothbury. He is well paid for his lecture, and

he deserves to be. The church in the City is rolling in wealth, and no one can grudge Mr. Moore his share of the spoil. There is money all round, and the labourer is worthy of his hire. And if ever the piety of our forefathers took a beneficial form, it was when they instituted such a lecture as that at St. Margaret's: thus in their wisdom, as far as they could, arranging that once in the busy week there might be heard in the City the voice of God as well as the voice of Mammon. St. Margaret's, like most of the neighbouring churches, seems to have little relation to the actual life of the time. You feel a hundred years older directly you step inside, and oh, how few are the hearers! Yet the reverend Mr. Moore is one of the heads of the Evangelical party in the Church of England, and gets quite a crowd to hear him in his fine church at Paddington. At St. Margaret's are to be seen one M.P., who always makes a point of attending, and a small sprinkling of people, chiefly elderly. All round the battle wages with the world, the flesh and the devil, yet no one comes here for a fresh supply of Christian grace and strength. It was not so when the Rev. Henry Melville was the lecturer, when beauty and wealth and fashion were well represented there. Alas! we have changed all that.

One day in the course of my wanderings I found myself in the vicinity of the Tower, and it occurred to me that there, at two o'clock on certain Tuesdays in the year, it was the fashion to deliver lectures, in accordance with the will of a gentleman long deceased, on the Mosaic account of the creation. I entered a few minutes after two and found the lecturer had already commenced his work, and by half-past two it was all over. The clergyman, a very old man-and most of these City clergymen are very old men; there is no need for them to resign on the plea that their advancing age and growing infirmities unfit them for the performance of the duties of their vocation-was recounting the work of creation as recorded in Genesis, merely premising that a day was not a day, but that it merely meant a period of time. The series of lectures had been well advertized, but somehow or other people did not care to come and hear them, nor can I honestly confess that they suffered much by stopping away. Including the pew-opener, the reverend gentleman had a congregation of fifteen. J. EWING RITCHIE.

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RELIGIOUS EQUALITY IN POLITICAL LIFE.

CERTAIN incidents connected with recent political changes have such a direct bearing upon those principles of religious equality for which we, as Nonconformists, are contending that it is of the highest importance that our views of them should be carefully formed, and should not only be intelligent but in harmony with our professions of perfect liberty. The supposed unfairness to Nonconformists in the choice of the Ministerial appointments—a point noticed even by The Spectator the election of Mr. Bradlaugh for Northampton, and the discussions to which it has given rise, and the appointment of two Roman Catholic peers to high office to the infinite disgust of some over-zealous Protestants who, we are assured, have already given proof of their irritation and of their power by the ejection of the Lord Advocate from his seat. In the first case there is a danger that undue susceptibility may be shown; in the two others there is the more serious peril that a sentiment, true and beautiful in itself, may induce a forgetfulness of principles to which we ought under all circumstances and at all events to maintain our fidelity. It must be added that the disposition to take up complaints of this kind, and to convert them into causes of offence against the Ministry, is only an evidence that a spirit which has in past times wrought sad mischief to the Liberal party is not dead. Never was there an occasion on which the manifestation of such a temper was less tolerable than at present. The deliverance from a régime which sought by means of a showy and turbulent policy abroad to distract attention from its reactionary proceedings at home, has come upon us so suddenly that we are hardly able to realize the situation, which is, nevertheless, one of considerable anxiety. Mr. Gladstone is victorious, but it is unnecessary to say that the beaten foe is only exasperated by defeat, and is eagerly watching any opportunity for revenge. Nor must it be forgotten that the supremacy of our great leader is not viewed with precisely the same feelings by all sections of the Liberal party. The popular voice has borne down all personal or sectional jealousies; but though they are silenced, they are not dead. The task of securing unity must have been one of extreme difficulty, and it is certain

that every appointment that has been made does not and could not command universal approval. What then? Are we to proclaim to the world every secret discontent or disappointment that may be experienced, and invite the Tories, all too ready to obey the call, to come and exult over Liberal dissensions? It is by its policy that the new Ministry must be judged; but, if before it has well entered on the arduous task which its predecessors have left it, it is met by carping complaints about its constitution, or unpleasant suggestions which indicate that it is regarded with distrust, the country will be apt to conclude that we know not what we want, and that, in fact. it would be impossible to satisfy such malcontents. We trust that the Irish party, who have taken up their place on the Opposition benches, will be allowed to have a monopoly of this sort of feeling. They admit that no statesman has ever taken up Irish questions in the same spirit as Mr. Gladstone; they are still smarting under the insolence of the late Irish Secretary; and they profess to welcome the appointment of Mr. Forster as a sign of good intentions, and vet because the Ministry do not at the commencement of a session, extending over little more than two months, promise a reform of the Irish Land Laws, they seek to persuade the House to pass a resolution, which would have been equivalent to a vote of censure on a Government which has not been more than a fortnight in office. English Nonconformists have too much self-respect, too much common sense, and too much loyalty to the Liberal party to imitate so evil an example. If no nobler sentiment restrained us, we have too vivid and fresh a recollection of what Toryism means, to place the country at its feet again.

But turning from these general considerations, have Nonconformists any just ground to complain of the exclusion of their representatives from office? Let us say at the outset that we have not the faintest sympathy with those sectional ambitions which we fancy have seldom shown themselves so conspicuously and in so unamiable an aspect as in the criticisms on the recent appointments. Perhaps it is because the contest has been keen that every division of the country, and almost every town where a great Liberal victory has been achieved, seemed to get the idea that a special reward should be given to its hero or heroes. Within three days after Mr. Gladstone's acceptance of office, when the Ministry was still in process of incubation, a Scotch friend assured us that already there was a feeling that Scotland had been neglected in the distribution of the spoil. A conspicuous example of the same sentiment was furnished by the people of Carnarvonshire, who, according to the reports in the papers, fancied that some wrong had been done to Wales because Sir Farrar Herschell had been preferred to Mr. Watkin Williams as Solicitor-General. We are not ourselves in a position to judge whether the choice was the right one, but to suppose that it was to be determined by the nationality of the candidates was out of the question. There are men who have spared no effort in order to bring about the Liberal triumph. and who never expected the slightest acknowledgment of their sacrifices of brain and strength and even health, who have not even the honour of admission to the "pleasantest club in London," and find a sufficient reward for their toil in the victory of their principles. To men of this order, who have sown that others might reap, the intrusion of these personal or local feelings is extremely offensive. Having laboured to build up a party, they are naturally not satisfied to see it pulled down by those who ought to cement and strengthen it. It would be a matter for real regret if Nonconformists lost the confidence and esteem of such men by displaying a narrow provincialism, which cares more about the honours that fall to a particular group of men than for the triumph of the common cause or the general efficiency of the Administration.

While saying this we are bound to add that the exclusion of Mr. Baxter fron the Ministry puzzles us. He has ability and experience; he is a tried and successful administrator; he has been faithful to his party and has rendered it very efficient service. If we believed that his Nonconformity had been a bar to his promotion we should feel that there was reasonable ground for indignant complaint. But it would be very rash to assert that this is really the case. In the nice adjustment of claims, where offices were few and men of ability and good service were many, a great many considerations had to be, and undoubtedly were weighed. Some who

were in the former Liberal Government had to be left out of this to make way for new aspirants, and if Mr. Baxter was one of the necessary sacrifices it is probable that the decision was formed on grounds of a general character. It is extremely unfortunate that one of the very few officials who were Nonconformists should thus have been omitted. But we decline, in the absence of evidence, to believe that his Nonconformity was the cause of the omission. And that is all we have to do with the subject. We do not pretend that men should be placed in high positions because they are Nonconformists, but simply that their Nonconformity should not be a disqualification. We should have as little patience with our own friends who wanted to trade upon their Dissent as with those who would put a political and social ban upon Dissenters. We can afford to wait for the recognition of personal claims, and meanwhile we rejoice that in the Cabinet are men who understand our principles and our aims so thoroughly as Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain. Remembering the positions they hold, and the influence they wield in council, it is open to question whether, after all, Nonconformists have much ground for complaint.

The appointment of the Marquis of Ripon as Governor-General of India raises questions of a somewhat different order, and which cannot be properly settled if they are approached under the influence of religious prejudice and bigotry. As to Lord Oranmore and his Association, who have taken Protestant interests under their special patronage, and who succeed only in bringing them into universal contempt, they may be safely left to find their own level. They assume to be par excellence teachers of Protestantism, and they need that some one should teach them what its first principles be. It is Protestant ascendancy for which they are really contending, not for that absolute liberty of conscience and freedom of thought, in the absence of which Protestantism is but a mere party badge. We do not impeach their sincerity; we can even bear them witness that they have a zeal, though it is not according to knowledge; but we decline to follow their lead, or to regard them as being in any sense the exponents of a sound Protestant policy. The answer of the Prime Minister to their remonstrance was as complete as it was admirable for that dignified courtesy by which it was pervaded. That it will have any effect in leading them to a better state of mind is too much to expect, but it ought to silence the apprehensions of any reasonable men and to satisfy the country, at all events unless some overt act on the part of Lord Ripon (which we confess we do not anticipate) justify some even more decided protest. Such an appointment, we admit, does at first sight seem objectionable. Not only the sovereign, but also her representative in Ireland must be a Protestant, and it is somewhat extraordinary that the Viceroy of India, exercising far more absolute power over millions of people, should be a Romanist. But the cases are not parallel. The Viceroy has not to adjust relations between Protestants and Romanists, and except for the impression which his attendance on the worship of the Romish Church may produce, it is hard to see what practical mischief will result from his Romanism. Protestant people of the country have a right to insist that the influence of the Crown shall not be employed on behalf of Romanism, but beyond that they have no right to go. The religious convictions of any officer of State are his own personal affair, with which we have no right to interfere so long as he does not abuse the power his station gives him.

Whether the Marquis of Ripon was the best Governor-General who was available is a point in relation to which we have no claim to express an opinion, for the very sufficient reason that we have no knowledge to guide us. There is nothing in his public career which would lead us to suppose him possessed of that capacity which so responsible an office demands, and it must be added that his perversion to Rome has materially lowered the estimate that Englishmen had formed of his ability. The man who has submitted his intellect and conscience to the guidance of priests, exchanging the freedom of his Protestant training and associations for that spiritual bondage, certainly does not give any prima facie evidence that he possesses the robustness of intellect necessary to deal with the difficult problems which await solution in India. But Mr. Gladstone has had abundant opportunities of knowing the real ability of one who has so long served under him, and on him rests the responsibility for the selection. So far as that point is concerned, there ought to be absolute

confidence in the leader, and we at least cherish it. This leaves the question of Romanism untouched, but it is not for us to object to the promotion of a Romanist if the only ground of exception is his religion. We fully admit all that can be said by those who remind us that Romanism is something beside a faith—that it is a gigantic system of statecraft. But when it is argued or suggested from this that no Romanist can be a patriot or can render true and faithful service to his country or his sovereign, we demur to the conclusion. In a State among whose subjects are so many Romanists it is impossible to carry out a policy of absolute exclusion. All that can be done is to take care that their official influence is not perverted to the service of their faith. After all that may be said, however, we are quite conscious that the objection will still be felt by many. We do not ourselves pretend to like it. We accept it in confidence in our leader. We are assured that there is no statesman living who would be more jealous of the intrusion of any Romish influence in our political affairs, and we can trust to his vigilance to guard against the evils which excited Orangemen foresee. In these evils, indeed, we do not believe. The grievance is one of sentiment rather than of any practical significance.

Mr. Bradlaugh's election for Northampton was sure to provoke comment, but the spirit in which it has been discussed certainly shows how very imperfect are still the conceptions of religious liberty which prevail in many quarters. There seem to be some members of the Established Church who are as little able to tolerate those who supported Mr. Bradlaugh as to tolerate Mr. Bradlaugh himself. Mr. Samuel Morley has been exposed to a series of attacks which pass even the ordinary bounds of party violence, but which, happily, must recoil on the heads of those by whom they have been directed. It is not for us to pronounce any opinion on the wisdom of the telegram about which so much commotion has been raised: but were it all that its severest critics could make it. the offence of sending it is not one to be visited with such vehement condemnation as that which some excited Tories. especially of the Evangelical school, have poured on the devoted head of Mr. Morley. At the worst it was the mistake of an ardent zeal which, in the heat of an exciting struggle,

looked too exclusively at political considerations. That any men should dare to impeach Mr. Morley's Christian character on any such ground is only to show how little they possess of the real spirit of the religion of which they constitute themselves the champions. But this attack on the member for Bristol has only been the prelude to still more extravagant proceedings in the House of Commons, where the Opposition seem to have made up their minds to do battle once more in favour of intolerance and against religious liberty. They enjoy in the attempt the valuable assistance of that eminent politician, Mr. O'Donnell, who seems to forget that the party who are raising the present clamour against the admission of Atheists to the House of Commons are the natural successors of those who were able so long to exclude Roman Catholics. The spirit animating both is the old spirit of persecution. How rampant it is in these soldiers of the faith may be learned from the insolent words of their leader, Sir Drummond Wolff, which it is to be hoped the Dissenters of his constituency will note and remember: "Parliamentary oaths had been relaxed in regard to the members of different creeds or sects, but all those sects had a common standard of morality, a conscience, and a general belief in some divinity or other." This was met with a laugh on the Ministerial side of the House, but there is matter here for something more than laughter. It is a truculent insult to all who do not belong to the favoured Church which has the benefit of Sir Drummond Wolff's adherence. He worships the true God: we have "a general belief in some divinity or other." And this is from a gentleman, enjoying the confidence of his chief, a leading English Tory in the nineteenth century. Yet why should we wonder? It is only the spirit fostered by a State Church, and Sir Drummond Wolff has simply supplied the advocates of religious equality with another argument by so conspicuous an illustration of the evil influence exerted by a system of sectarian privilege and ascendancy. The attempt at explanation came too late and is inconsistent with the tenor of the report and with the impression Sir Drummond's words produced on the House at the time.

The scene in the house during the debate on Sir Drummond Wolff's motion on the Ministerial amendment, was one of the most discreditable that has been witnessed for years. The members of the Opposition seemed to be so carried away by blind rage and bigotry as to forget the subject of discussion altogether. Mr. Bradlaugh was called a "moral monster." Extracts were read from his writings and would have been extended to much greater length, if the Speaker had permitted, in order to show the wickedness of his opinions. With shameless indifference to truth the Liberal party were charged as abettors of Atheism and treason. Threats were thrown out as to the disfranchisement of Northampton, and altogether it seemed as if we had gone back to the times of the Inquisition. And all this on a simple proposal to refer the point at issue from Philip drunk to Philip sober, from a House excited by the unprincipled tactics of a faction to a select committee, deliberating in a more serene atmosphere and a more judicial atmosphere. Some of the members talked as though the House of Commons was a private club and they had the right to blackball obnoxious candidates. They forget that the electors of Northampton and not Her Majesty's Opposition have to choose the member for the borough.

Nonconformists can, of course, be no parties to impose political disabilities upon unbelievers. Whether they should vote for a man of Mr. Bradlaugh's opinions is one question. whether Parliament ought to exclude him from the House is an entirely different one; and they must not be confounded. Mr. Bradlaugh's offer to take an oath whose hollowness he had so ostentatiously proclaimed was, we are bound to say, a wanton outrage for which there is no sufficient excuse in the refusal to accept his affirmation. In what way the House will escape the difficulty-whether by extending the provisions under which Quakers affirm, or, as Mr. Walter recommended, by substituting affirmations for oaths, we will not undertake to divine. The only point for which we care is that there shall be no bar to freedom of thought. It is not necessary here to argue the question, for Nonconformists are bound by their fundamental principles to contend for the same liberty for others as they have secured for themselves. It is the policy of wisdom and safety, as well as of righteousness. Let those who choose reproach us for our disloyalty to our Master and our faith. They know us better; and if they did not we could find consolation in the assurance that the best proof that can be given of confidence in our religion is that we trust to its own power—the power of truth and of God—for its defence, and not to law.

MINISTERIAL HOLIDAYS.

I.

(From the Chicago Advance.)

It is sometimes said that a minister's vacations are granted him for rest, and that he has no moral right to employ them for any other purpose. Let us look at some of the considerations, per contra.

1. He needs to do some professional work, to keep in running order, if not to keep out of mischief. Few men know so well as the minister how much he is the spiritual beneficiary of his profession. Every honest Christian labourer finds that Christian work reacts upon himself. And the earnest preacher is always a better man for the preaching he does. He does not prepare new discourses. He has no large parish, with its multitudinous anxieties, and cares, and toils, weighing him down. He comes to the pulpit from the sea coast, where he has been, because there is much water there; or where he has been plying the occupation of which Peter speaks, when he says, "I go a fishing;" or, he comes from the wilderness, where he has been dwelling in tents, like the patriarchs; or, he comes from climbing mountains, wading in streams, rowing or sailing upon lakes; dons the garb of civilised life, and speaks his message to the people. It makes no especial draught upon him. It only quickens him.

2. Preaching in vacation gives a minister an opportunity to review his year's work of sermon-making. If he will select for the vacation only such sermons as have been prepared during the year, he will be liable to two kinds of surprise. First, he will discover the utter poverty of some of his pulpit work. He reads over his sermons, after they are cold, after the especial occasion of them has passed from the mind, and sees, at once, that they are not fit to repeat. On the other hand, some of his sermons will have a completeness and an impres-

siveness about them, of which he had little conception, when in the heat of preparation. Preached to their new audiences, to which his manner and forms of utterance are unaccustomed. they produce such an impression, that he sets a new value upon them. A minister's people get into the habit of expecting about a certain standard of excellence. And they seldom tell him, if in some happy moment, or, if in treating some especial theme, he rises far above it.

3. This prepares us for the third reason for preaching in vacation. It affords an opportunity of introducing a modified itinerancy into the permanent pulpit. When a person goes to a stranger, who has addressed him for the first time, and says, "That discourse has roused me like a trumpet;" or, "That discourse has removed some of my most troublesome doubts;" or, "That discourse has made me reconciled to some of my sorrows:" it is apparent that what a minister sometimes fails to do for those to whom he permanently ministers. God per-

mits him to do for members of other congregations.

Take such an incident as this: You have preached some aspect of the ideal Christian Life. A young person meets you at the door, and says, half irritated, "But who lives like that?" You return to the same pulpit another year, and you are met with the tearful eye and the tender acknowledgment, and the assurance that now the ideal standard is at least aimed at. Thus, when a minister goes away to his vacation, feeling tired and discouraged, that his home labours have been so fruitless, God sometimes sends him to speak a message, for which some waiting soul stands in the greatest need, and will thank him for ever.

4. The fourth reason for preaching in vacation is the kind of Christian fellowship which it promotes between the different churches. Congregationalism individualizes the churches, so that they need to see the variety of gift, talent, culture, method. which the pastors of other churches illustrate. Ministers, in their vacations, become a kind of circulating medium, promote a kind of spiritual exchange. It is a comfort for Christians working in their distant fields; confronting error, vice, and and sin, as well as they can; sometimes overborne, often cast down, to take the hand and hear the voice of servants of their Master, who up to this hour have been strangers to them.

It helps to unify the larger Christian society of which they, are members. They see for themselves how the different outposts are occupied. They perceive that they are not doing all the work in the world; that their pastor is only one among many pastors; and so they look no longer upon their own things alone, but also upon the things of other Christians.

II.

(From the Boston Watchman.)

One advantage of the summer rest to the minister is that it enables him to think over the condition of his field coolly and critically; and to form plans for its better cultivation as he cannot when he is on it. A painter must be near his canvas for certain purposes, but at a distance for others. When he wishes to ascertain the effect he is producing, he must stand back a little. Close at hand, he perceives only a confused succession of blotches; their meaning becomes apparent only when they are surveyed from the other side of the room. the pastor is often unable to inspect his work as a whole while near it. He can criticize details, but the general effect is not always apparent. He needs to look at it from some retirement. There, relieved from its immediate distractions, unaffected by the preferences and prejudices of others, he can judge it comprehensively, and with judicial fairness. He may find, to return to the illustration with which we began, that he is putting too much colour in one place, and not enough in another. It may be taken for granted that every careful clergyman comes home in the autumn with not only new inspirations, but also with new plans of labour.

It is equally probable that the layman does not. Such is not usually his province. He may think for his ordinary affairs as the minister thinks for his church; it is natural that he scan them from the distance, and form new schemes for the year to come. But at no time is he accustomed to plan comprehensively for the work of the church. At most, some special department is assigned to him, and very properly he regards it as his chief religious care. It is the office of the minister to superintend the whole, to think of the whole, and to plan for the whole. Hence the layman, when he comes home this fall, should expect the minister to lead

him in the Christian enterprises of the opening season. He should expect to hear of new measures, and should encourage them, unless they are clearly rash or otherwise foolish. They may not strike him as necessary. They may not promise very much in the way of improvement. But this may be, and probably is, because of his standpoint. In general, he should trust the judgment of the man appointed by God to look over the broad field and decide what needs to be done. In only unfrequent instances will it become his duty to dissent and resist. No church can achieve great success whose pastor does not think and plan new things for it. Mr. Spurgeon has well said that a church is like a velocipede; it must be kept in motion or it will fall. And if two or three men of influence in it determine to hold back with all their might, and to resist every proposition for its improvement and progress, they can overthrow it. Conservatism is good, but that which is called conservatism often fails to conserve: it destroys. The most useless man in the church is he who always gets before the wheels to block the way. Perhaps the thing proposed by the pastor this fall will be a new singing-book, a more tasteful order of public service, a system of visitation, a series of special meetings, or we know not what. Let our readers be faithful in opposing it, if it be wrong, or if it promise clearly to do harm; but let them take good care less they oppose it from mere inertia, from prejudice, from ignorance, from bad temper, or from a desire to be prominent. And so far as in conscience they can, let them follow loyally the suggestions of their leaders.

ECCLESIASTICAL AFFAIRS OF THE MONTH.

NONCONFORMISTS AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

We had the pleasure of being in the House of Commons on the first night of its meeting, and the sight was one not easily to be forgotten. The house was througed in every part; for as a section of the Home Rulers have, happily for the Liberal party, taken their places on the Opposition benches, and as the Conservatives had mustered in full force to celebrate their

(glorious?) victories, there was not much room even on the left-hand side of the chair. The benches were wholly unequal to the needs of the case. Every part was crowded, and yet there were numbers who could not find a place. The Tories had manifestly come with a determination to be as cheerful as possible, and the shout with which they greeted Mr. Mark Stewart were evidently intended to express their faith in the commencement of a reaction. But they were overdone, and their hollowness was made more manifest in the course of the evening, when Sir Stafford Northcote's very mild and subdued criticism afforded a truer indication of the genuine feeling of the party. One thing Tories can do, they can fill St. Stephen's, as they have filled the world, with noise—and to as little profit in the one case as the other. But loudly as they cheered on this occasion, they could not equal the eager and continued outburst of applause which welcomed Mr. Gladstone and celebrated the victory he had won. His sense of the debt he owed to the Nonconformists was gracefully marked by his selection of Mr. Hugh Mason to second the Address. The choice was all the more appropriate and welcome, as the speech of the mover was pitched in the true Whig key. Mr. Albert Grey disappointed us. He seemed anxious to show how very moderate he was, and went out of his way to announce his attachment to the Establishment. To accentuate his opposition to the most active section—we believe to the majority of the Liberal party, without whose help Mr. Grey would not have been in Parliament, or have had an opportunity of striking the old Whig note in his first speech-was unwise from every point of view. It suggested the thought that when the time comes for further advance, we must be prepared to part company with gentlemen of his stamp; but assuredly it is not we who have reason to dread that separation. We heartily rejoiced that Mr. Hugh Mason was the man to follow such a speech. There is not a more decided and consistent Nonconformist in the House, and yet his Nonconformity has never interfered with his loyalty to the Liberal party. His speech was extremely able, and was delivered with great self-possession and force, and told extremely well on the House. Sir Stafford Northcote accorded it the honour of an expression of dissent. Nonconformists might certainly be very well satisfied with their

representative. They have a position in the House such as they never enjoyed before, and as one of their number had been called to the discharge of so responsible a duty, it was of great importance to them that he should do it in a thoroughly efficient style. By universal confession, it was done with con-

spicuous ability.

It was the announcement that the Ministry intend to bring in a Burials Bill which made a reference to Nonconformist principles in the speeches on the Address almost inevitable. This measure is the least that the Ministry could give, and yet the most that Nonconformists could expect. The great question of Disestablishment is not ripe for settlement, and we doubt whether such meddling with it as Mr. Leatham proposes is calculated to advance it. We must be content to wait, and in the meantime to educate public opinion. For the present the Burials Bill is the one concession on which we had a right to insist, and the Ministry have not even waited to have the claim presented. The Bill, it is understood. is to be a complete settlement of the question, and the only point on which the action of the Ministry can be open to doubt is the introduction of the Bill in the Lords. We do not profess to be in the secret of the Government, and therefore cannot explain the grounds of this policy. If the Lords were likely to accept the proposals, there would be abundant reason in the present state of public business for having the measure first submitted to the Upper House. But despite the division on Lord Harrowby's resolutions, it may be doubted whether the Peers will readily adopt a measure so uncompromising as we hope the Government Bill will be. But if the worst come to the worst, and they reject the Bill, it will only mean the delay of a session for us, and we do not suppose that the prestige of the Government will be lowered by a defeat in a House where it is well known that they are in a hopeless minority. Their lordships are much more likely to injure themselves than to damage the Ministry. It is necessary, however, for us to be watchful against the introduction of amendments which would so alter the character of the measure as to render impossible the acceptance of it as a settlement. This is the policy which the Lords may attempt, and it is well that the views of Nonconformists on this point should be expressed with a clearness and emphasis which will preclude all misapprehension.

In the honest purpose of the Government we have the fullest confidence, and we trust they will receive that hearty support from Nonconformists to which they are entitled. They have succeeded to a very undesirable inheritance, and in dealing with the difficult questions which meet them on every side, may sometimes need the forbearance of their friends, and possibly even the generous construction of acts, the full reasons for which they are unable to disclose. The conduct of the Tory party in both Houses shows that they are smarting under their defeat, and will not be very scrupulous as to the methods they employ in order to hamper their successful rivals. If, in addition to this factious opposition, the Ministry have to encounter the criticisms of candid friends, who fancy that their own services have not been sufficiently appreciated, and are determined to make their power felt, or the complaints of impatient reformers, who forget that the performances of the most energetic and progressive Ministry are limited by conditions of time and opportunity, the task will be an arduous one indeed. Nonconformists will not, we hope, be found in either of these classes. The difference between Liberals and Tories is very marked. Tories will screen the faults and exaggerate the virtue of their leaders. Liberals are too prone to pursue the opposite course, and to be sparing of their applause, too free and ready with their censures. Tories will find some good in the worst acts of their party, Liberals are only too prone to look even a gift horse in the mouth, and to find some defect even in the policy they most approve. The course is not a wise one, and if the experience of the last six years does not deter Liberals from it, it may be thought that they are incorrigible. Even as a matter of policy the wisdom of Nonconformists is to be loval to their party. They can exercise more influence by taking their place in its counsels than by mere sectional action.

THE RE-UNION MOVEMENT.

Earl Nelson has been holding one of his meetings, to promote the reconciliation of Nonconformists to the Establishment, at Bideford, with the result of provoking a very heated discussion, and, we fear, of separating the two parties more widely than ever. The Guardian endeavours to fix the blame chiefly on the local Nonconformists, and as our brethren in these rural districts have always a sufficiently hard battle to fight, we feel bound to speak a word on their behalf. "The bishop" (we are told) "who presided in a very calm and manly spirit, and Lord Nelson who read what was designed to be a conciliatory paper, appear to have been literally baited by furious Nonconformists." Now first, as to the Bishop. The only question that arose between him and the Nonconformists was as to putting a particular resolution to the meeting. Possibly the Bishop may have been right, but as to the "baiting," here is the Bishop's own statement-

So much has been said in kind acknowledgment of my own services: this evening, and about my courtesy and impartiality, that I cannot refrain from expressing my sense in return of the courtesy with which I have been treated by those who have sat on my left on this occasion. It is not that it is a matter of any surprise to me, because I have always found that my Nonconformist brethren have received me with the most uniform kindness, and I have always been glad to recognize that kindness. (A voice-"We always shall.") Thank you. I feel it from my heart, and I desire particularly to acknowledge the kindness and the graciousness. with which the resolution has now been withdrawn. I feel that it is in itself a kindly expression of regard for me and a real act of union between both sides of this platform. And now, perhaps, you will allow me to conclude the meeting by offering up one prayer to God.

To call this baiting is a somewhat remarkable use of language. No doubt the Nonconformists did press that their resolution should be put, but from first to last there was no sign of discourtesy towards Dr. Temple personally, or even towards Earl Nelson. But if his Lordship will persist in his extraordinary attempt to persuade the Nonconformists to unite themselves to his church on terms which would imply that their churches are not churches and their ministers not ministers of Christ. he must expect rough handling. No one doubts the excellence of his intentions, but if he is unable to perceive the monstrous and inadmissible character of his proposals, it is necessary that he should be taught in very plain language. In Bideford there were special causes for irritation. The Guardian tells us: "It appears that some local circumstances had exasperated 37

popular feeling, and it is likely enough that the present state of exultation in the Dissenting bodies over the Liberal triumph, which they suppose themselves to have won, may have tended to develope something of the intolerance and even the insolence of victory." The latter is a purely gratuitous supposition, without an atom of evidence to support it. Of all parts of the country, Devonshire is about the last where such a sentiment was likely to manifest itself. But the local circumstances were amply sufficient to explain the irritation. The rector of the parish had thought it desirable to prepare for the Conference, and his way of doing it was to preach a sermon on "Schism," dealing principally with the Weslevans. The result was a paper war, in the course of which the rector (says the local journal) "permitted himself to speak of Wesleyans, or of some of the branches of the Methodist family, as the 'base-born offspring of John Wesley." And this as a prelude to a conference on Re-union! Is it wonderful there was excitement? But all local circumstances apart, Earl Nelson's idea is a benevolent dream, and his attempts to realize it are sure to tend to discord rather than to peace. He has not mastered the elementary principles of the problem he has so rashly undertaken to solve, and his meddling can be nothing better than muddling and mischief. His suggestions are nothing short of an insult to Nonconformists, whose Church principles have been formed as carefully as his own, and who might with as much reason establish a society for the reconciliation of Anglicans to them.

THE MAY MEETINGS.

BY OUR OWN REPORTER.

THE great gathering of pastors and delegates at the Annual Business Meeting of the Congregational Union at the Memorial Hall on Monday evening, May 10, and on Tuesday morning at Westminster Chapel, was a sufficient indication that the interest of the Churches in the proceedings of the Union has suffered no diminution. In the absence of any burning questions awaiting discussion and settlement, and in the midst of the reaction from the recent electioneering excitement, it was perhaps natural that there should be some languor of feeling and deadness of anticipation. Public interest has been mainly directed to the new Government, and its probable programme for the session, since the great victory was achieved

in which Free Churchmen played so noble a part; and until this anxiety was allayed it hardly seemed possible to direct attention to ecclesiastical affairs. But the prophets were once more mistaken. The assembly has seldom been larger; the spirit manifested in each of the meetings was devout; and if, with one or two exceptions, the speaking did not attain the level of some former occasions, there was no lack of fraternal fellowship and hearty good-will. The Report of the Committee was more than usually important, and its graceful tribute to fallen workers and heroes, both lay and ministerial, produced an impression which showed how deeply the hearts of all had been touched by the sad, and in some cases irreparable, losses of the year. The announcement of the arrangements for the Congregational Union Lectures made by the Committee was received with a heartiness which shows the importance attached to that undertaking. The Report of the Memorial Hall Trustees was met by an amendment, the reception of which was significant. The assembly is clearly of opinion that the Hall is not sufficiently utilised for the general purposes of the denomination. Other reforms are needed beside that asked in Mr. Rowland's motion. We hope the Trustees will remove causes of complaint and render no inconsiderable service by taking the matter in hand and bringing about at once those obvious rearrangements which will enable them largely to reduce the sums now payable for the denominational offices, which are pressing heavily on the funds of the societies.

The address of the Chairman was every way worthy of himself, his position as the principal of one of our most important colleges, and of the occasion. The character of our church life and its manifold relations to that of surrounding ecclesiastical organizations were expounded and defended with a clearness, force, and beauty of expression which delighted all who heard him. But he discussed with commanding force the conditions of the union of Churches. "Within what limits is union permissible, and which kind of union may we intelligently desire and seek?" The absence of any authoritative scheme for the organic association of the faithful in one body having been noticed, he proceeded to consider the dream of a "visible universal Church," as unscriptural as it is historically impossible of realization. He showed the folly of any union which involved the surrender of personal religious convictions, or which would repress the natural diversities of Congregational life and diversities of organization. He was vigorous and trenchant in his dealing with the modern schemes of comprehension with which English Episcopalians, in the spirit of an arrogant intolerance, have amused Nonconformistsdeceiving themselves meanwhile with the notion that they were cherishing the very spirit of gospel charity. He fairly turned the tables on those who seem to suppose that Episcopacy is of the essence of Christianity, and then conclusively established the position that the union which alone it is worthy of Christian men to seek is a union, "not of external forms, but of mutual affection and sympathy, of common interests and aims-the union of a common participation in the same redemption, a common call to the same service, a common expectation of the same glorious issues, and a common submission to the same Master and Lord." The concluding portion of the address dealt with modes in which Christian union may be promoted: by reverent recognition of the Headship of Christ; by courtesy and candour in the discussion of matters concerning which Christians differ; and by joy in each other's messages. Great interest was excited in the facts he detailed concerning the united action which has been taken in the revision of the English version of the Holy Scriptures; and it was generally felt that if he could have devoted greater space to that topic, without a breach of the honourable understanding which has been come to among the revisers, he would have met a prevailing desire-His last words on this topic ought to be fruitful. We are promised the revised New Testament early in 1881; the work done by gentlemen of various Churches so patiently and with so much oneness of feeling "has been a demonstration of the possibility of truest Christian union, notwithstanding definite varieties of organization and forms of worship. It has shown the groundlessness of many of the fears which have heretofore prevented co-operation. It suggests the pregnant inquiry-why, since united action has here proved so blessed and so helpful in this case, it may not be so also in other directions and in other fields of Christian labour? It shows also how each one may, in his own sphere of action and in his own measure, help effectually towards the realization of the oneness for which the Saviour prayed, by embracing every opportunity of uniting in practical work with Christians of every name."

There was evident in the assembly a feeling of wistful regret and serious prayerful earnestness, inspired by the recent losses the denomination has suffered. This feeling was turned to good account in the resolution moved by the Rev. Eustace Conder, seconded by the Rev. Edward White, commending to the attention of the pastors and office-bearers of the Churches the consideration of the best ways of encouraging men of earnestness and ability to devote themselves to ministerial service. Special prayer was offered by the Rev. Joshua Harrison in relation to this matter, and a deep and hallowed impression of its importance was manifestly produced. The Churches would be untrue to their traditions and inheritance if they were guilty of neglecting to supply their best strength for the higher service of the Master in the ministry of the

Word.

The Church Aid and Home Missionary Society received but scant justice either in the assembly or at its public meeting. This was the more to be regretted because it is now passing through the most critical stage of its history. Small details which may be quite appropriate in meetings of Churches which are organizing themselves to assist this enterprise are out of place on such occasions. The intelligence and conscience of our Churches have not yet been sufficiently aroused, and enthusiasm still needs to be created and sustained. There are doubts remaining in many quarters, and there is a dogged reluctance which must be overcome if a real success is to be insured. The May assembly has, we fear, done but little, if anything, to help forward the most pressing and important work to which the Union has ever put its hand. Those who are committed to the task ought to secure the co-operation of the strongest and richest, for nothing less than the future of Congregationalism in the land is at stake. How are we to account for the increase of contributions over and above what was raised by the County Unions and the Home Missionary Society being so small? We make allowance

for "bad times." With returning prosperity we trust the income may be doubled, and the brethren who make such great sacrifices for the Churches be enabled to receive something like an adequate return for their labours.

One pleasing feature of the meetings was the reception of a communication from a delegation appointed by the General Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States. It was a matter of deep regret that none of the delegates were able to be present. Our common Puritan ancestry binds us very closely to the Congregationalists of the New World; and it is to be hoped that it may be possible on no distant occasion to bring together representatives of the English-speaking Congregationalists of all lands. The bonds of British Congregationalism will bear strengthening; and something more ought to be possible than the mere sending of delegates to the Irish and Scottish Unions, and the receiving of

deputations from them.

That lay-preaching ought to form part of the usual machinery of our Churches is a truism. Our denial of the validity of what are called "orders," and of priestly rights and prerogatives, makes it natural that we should hail all who are called of God and the Church to bear witness and make proclamation of the glad tidings. Much more is done in this way than seems to be supposed by those who have given some attention to the matter, both in London and in various parts of the country. The systematic training of lay-preachers, and their recognition by the Churches, on a wider scale could only be rich in useful results. With the waste land remaining to be possessed, we should be most unwise if we did not cultivate this form of service. The brethren charged with the duty of pressing this matter upon the Churches acquitted themselves in a way which will not soon be forgotten. That the Centenary of Sundayschools could be passed over without notice, was of course impossible. But those who spoke on the question seemed to be entirely ignorant of the feeling thoughout the assembly, that the relation of the Sundayschool to the pastor and the Church is approaching a most critical stage, and must be settled on a true basis speedily, if mischief of the gravest character is to be prevented. From all parts of the country there are rumours of disagreement and unrest. The natural indisposition to interfere with arrangements already made by a committee working apart from our Churches prevented the utterance of any word which might have interfered with the peaceful celebration of the centenary. But this is a question which cannot be allowed to slumber; and doubtless before long an opportunity will be afforded for its full and free discussion and settlement. The change made in the system of public elementary education has already changed the character of our Sunday-schools and their work. Teachers ignorant of the first principles of secular knowledge and of the framework of Bible truth will no longer be able to hold their own in classes of thoroughly educated children. The supply of men and women competent for the work which must be done is one of the Church problems which must be speedily solved. It will be a matter for thankfulness if we get through the present transitional period without bitterness. dislocation, and destruction.

Of the paper of the Rev. W. Roberts, B.A., of Notting Hill, on the

Ideal and Actual of our Church Life and Work, we cannot speak too highly. We heartily commend it to the attentive study of all who are interested in the prosperity of our Churches. It was pervaded with a tender and devout spirituality which cannot but be helpful to all who yield themselves to its influence. That the Colonial and Irish Evangelical Societies came in for a share of attention at the second session of the Union is matter for congratulation. If Ireland could be brought into full contact with the truth and freedom we cherish, there would be more hope of her ultimate regeneration. The material rests upon the moral and spiritual. If these could be made right, the difficulty of the politician would be removed. The last business was a resolution on the burials question. Already the Government has intimated its intention to settle it on the broad ground of religious equality, if the lords of the reaction do not prove too strong for it. We shall need to be on the alert to counteract the virulent opposition of our adversaries.

We have left ourselves little room to speak of the annual meetings of the societies in which the Congregational Churches are most deeply interested. That of the London Missionary Society and those of the Irish and Colonial Societies were of special excellence. The attendance at the former was hardly up to that of some former years, but the speaking was of a high order. The Treasurer, Mr. J. Kemp Welch, fitly occupied the chair, and delivered a speech full of fine Christian feeling and good sense. It was eminently practical, and clearly indicated the present needs of the society. The adverse balance of last year, he stated, had been reduced to £1,500, and Mr. Welch made an earnest appeal for the removal of the residue. We are glad to see that £1,000 have already been promised, and we hope that the balance will soon be raised. It would be a discredit if it were allowed to burden the finances for a day. Mr. Whitehouse read a report as admirable for its comprehensiveness as for its brevity. The speech of Dr. Allon was worthy of his reputation. It was a carefully reasoned exposition of the present state of Christian missions done in admirable style. The speeches of the two missionaries, Mr. Macfarlane from New Guinea, and Mr. Richardson from Madagascar, were in every respect most effective and telling. Mr. Trestrail, the honoured representative of our Baptist brethren, was heartily welcomed, alike because of the respect felt for himself and for the society he represented. The appearance of Rev. Thomas Jones on the platform of the Colonial Missionary Society was one of the events of the week. He spoke with characteristic power and beauty, and all rejoiced to see so honoured a man once more amongst us.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

A Guide to Modern English History. By WILLIAM CORY. Part I. 1815-1830. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) It is to be regretted, on its own account, that the title of this book gives no conception of its distinctive character and real worth. The story of the last half-century has been so often told that there would seem as little opening for a new writer as there was probability that any one would be found so to deal with such a familiar theme as to give it the charm of novelty, and at the same time to make the narrative as full of instruction as of freshness. But this is what Mr. Cory has succeeded in doing. His book is unique, both in its general idea and in the manner in which that idea has been carried out. It may seem a paradox to say that it was designed for the uninitiated, and yet that it is a book which only experts can thoroughly enjoy. We are told that it "has grown out of an attempt made some years ago to give some account of English politics to a foreign guest, who was at the time reading English history for an examination at one of the Inns of Court: this guest was not a Christian nor an European." The original form necessary to meet the wants of "so remote a mind" has not been preserved, but the idea has been retained, and the book, of which we have the first instalment before us, may be regarded as a sort of key to the political history of the time. It does not profess to be an elaborate narrative, nor to condescend to the details of the histories of the time, but it helps us to a more correct and thorough understanding of the course of events, and of the real character and aims of the principal actors than is to be obtained from the more systematic and complete works of the writers who have undertaken to tell the story of the period. If looked at in one aspect it is an introduction to these books, but it is in another a commentary upon them. We took it with but slight anticipation, expecting it to be an elementary outline, but we were agreeably disappointed to find it rich in information, and still more in the shrewd and practical remarks of one who is no cursory observer, but who has formed independent opinions and expresses them in the most unconventional manner.

Take, for example, the brief but very distinct characterizations of the leading statesmen of the time, from Castlereagh down to Lord Grey. The special features of the policy pursued by Castlereagh and Wellington, who, while "they belonged to the party which repressed democracy at home, were the advocates of Liberal principles at Vienna," are admirably hit off, and convey a truer idea of the situation at the close of the great war than would be gathered from long descriptions of the tedious and sometimes complicated negotiations at Vienna. These two peers who represented England, and whom their colleagues must often have found it hard to understand, "were deferential enough to crowned heads, but they seldom, if ever, forgot that they were accountable to an aristocratic Parliament, charged with ancestral thoughts of equity and generosity." It is not wonderful that both the contending parties were perplexed and were ready to join in an outery against la perfide Albion. And yet our statesmen were perfectly consistent. They wished to retain monarchy, but they wanted

monarchs to show moderation and good sense. To Wellington, as a commander, Mr. Cory does full justice, reminding us that in the hundred days' campaign "he had no power over Marshal Blucher"-a fact which goes very far to explain the faults which have not unjustly been charged on some points in his strategy. Phlegmatic self-possession and sportsmanlike shrewdness are not untruly indicated as among his most characteristic qualities. The conduct of the two opposing commanders on that memorable day is tersely and truly described. "The Duke of Wellington watched and ruled, whilst Buonaparte stared and struggled. The one relied on the character and the promises of Blucher, the other left things to Ney and chance. The stronger head prevailed; the man of sound body and sound mind subdued him who suffered from cutaneous irritation and inveterate wilfulness." Well may the author say when showing how small an English force the great general was able to manipulate with so much skill and success, "It did not much matter how few Englishmen there were at Waterloo since there was one such Englishman." Equally successful is Mr. Cory in his delineation of the Duke's statesmanship. His political knowledge was very limited, and the letters contained in the last volume of his despatches show how obstinate were his prejudices, how short-sighted and lacking in political sagacity were his forecasts, how incapable he was of anything like a broad and vigorous policy. Yet Mr. Cory shows that he wielded real power by what "looks like the ingenuity of a trimmer, but was probably nothing but plain directness and the unconscious enjoyment of moderation." The sketch of his work and the manner in which he executed it is uncommonly well done, and may be quoted as an example of the style in which the book is written. It is perfect as a miniature picture of the times and the man.

"At a time of broken and feeble administration, in which Parliament seemed to have slipped out of Treasury 'management;' when fashion was extremely powerful, and the fountain of honour was choked with weeds; when great lords and greater ladies had to be offended; when almost all the clever men were either scheming with Mr. Brougham or moping over the tomb of Canning; when there were great dangers known to the Secretaries of State, but none so publicly known as to make people cry for a Dictator, the Duke, without flattery, and without threatening to resign, sternly guided that self-indulgent king, who after much Epicurean acquiescence was found after all to have a conscience, a scruple, a passion of remorseful fear, and a perception of his own opportunities. Mr. Pitt had waived his own convictions in deference to George III.; and Mr. Pitt was the indisputable leader of the nation. George IV. stood on his father's footsteps, and would have died before yielding to any of the the rival leaders of Parliament; he gave way to the majestic prudence of the soldier who was not thought even by himself fit to be a minister. This is the great triumph of the old Tory principles, the Duke's success in saving a real monarchy for the heirs of him who, had he fallen under the scourge of the Whigs, would have been openly humbled. The principle of grave respect for the Crown is held no doubt by Whigs, and enables them to bear with much personal weakness. But no Whig has successfully controlled a sovereign whom he entirely despised. George IV. was despised by the last of the old Tory ministers; through more than two

years of sour senility he reigned harmlessly, and died with some show of honour because the good Tory bore with him, veiled his infirmity, and fortified him against poisonous intrigue." The clear, forcible, and vigorous language in which this is written is the least of its merits. It shows a large amount of political insight, and at the same time a superiority to mere party feeling. The contrast between the Tory and the Whig is capitally drawn. Whether any other Tory, save one endowed with so much of self-restraint as Wellington had learned in the experience of a lifetime, could have accomplished so much is open to doubt. The Duke would never have made a statesman, but his peculiar qualities made him an admirable minister for such a time.

A brief but vivid characterization of Canning is equally felicitous. He was a "Tory of such adroitness as to give the public policy a decided turn on an easy curve, effecting a real deliverance without shocking a creed." "He was a Liberal, but not a reforming ruler," and yet it may be that at the particular juncture he was able to contribute more to real progress than a more decided and active reformer. How he might have developed had his life been spared it would be useless now to speculate, but it is not to be denied that, consciously or unconsciously, he did much to prepare the way for the great changes so soon to follow. We do not know that we have often seen the strength and weakness of the late Earl of Derby better exposed than in a single sentence here. "Mr. Stanley, grandson of the Earl of Derby, had every qualification for statemanship except sound knowledge and methodical attention to the opinions of men better informed than himself." There is very much more we should like to quote, but our space is exhausted. We can only refer our readers to the book as one of those invaluable manuals in which condensation does not mean baldness and consequent dryness. It is certainly only an outline of the history, but it is by no means a skeleton. It is, indeed, those who are most familiar with the facts who will best appreciate its many merits; for it is the discourse of an intelligent and thoughtful cicerone, who has a full knowledge of the scenes through which he conducts, and is able to indicate the most salient points. The student who comes fresh to the subject will find such guidance of priceless worth; and yet it is one who has traversed the ground again and again who will most fully appreciate the new aspects in which many parts of it are presented in the suggestive comments of this independent conductor.

Life of Joseph Barker. Written by Himself. Edited by his Nephew, John Thomas Barker. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) We would strongly advise any reader who is disposed to turn away from this book because of unpleasant memories of a man who at one time was one of the most notorious religious and political agitators of the day, to pause before carrying out his intention. This autobiography is full of interesting matter, and is at the same time extremely suggestive. Let it be said at the outset that, with all his faults (and they were many) Joseph Barker was a sincere man, and always intent on doing good according to his light. That he fell into grievous error, and wrought widespread mischief, is known to all, who have any acquaintance with his "chequered career" (as his nephew describes it) but comparatively few understand

how much of genuine kindness of heart and even nobility of character there was behind all that appeared so perversely wilful and lawless. His was a type of character which deserves carefully to be studied by those who would understand some of the gravest religious perils of the time. He was a man of considerable natural ability, but altogether without that culture which would have enabled him to use it to the best advantage. He was a self-taught man, of exceptional power, but with tendency to self-assertion, that overweening confidence in his own judgment, that readiness to grasp at novelties, and that general crudeness of thought so frequently characteristic of his class. Unfortunately for others, Joseph Barker had not only a love for knowledge and considerable power of acquisition, but he had also a great capacity for communicating it. His history proves that he was possessed of many qualities fitting him to be a leader of men, and had these been regulated by a well-disciplined intellect and a "wise and understanding heart," he would have been a great power for good. He was a very forcible speaker, an energetic worker, an enthusiast for every cause which he espoused, and but for his unhappy deviation from the paths of faith, would undoubtedly have left behind him a name to be remembered with gratitude by numbers. But his mind was restless, speculative, apt to be caught by new theories, and without that training which would have supplied the necessary corrective. He was educated among the Methodists, and Methodists of the most primitive and fervid type, and he appears very early to have imbibed a distaste for their peculiarities. The account he gives of his parents is very graphic, and in it we may find a key to the understanding of a good deal in his own character. One of their favourite preachers was William Bramwell.

"To this wonderful preacher the people flocked in large crowds, in hopes of obtaining, under his preaching or prayer, either the blessing of justification or the second blessing of full and instantaneous sanctification. My parents went among the rest, longing and sighing for the second blessing. Some who went, very greatly excited, believed they had got the blessing, and shouted for joy; others returned sad and sorrowful. Many of those who fancied they had got the blessing believed they had lost it again on Monday. Some got the blessing one moment and lost it the next; got it whilst they were praying, and lost it before they got up from their knees. My parents, being either unable to get the blessing, or else unable to keep it, went on mourning and struggling as before . . . In this way did my father and mother spend a considerable part of their life-troubled, alarmed, perplexed, bewildered, writing bitter things against themselves, charging themselves with unbelief, finding fault with their own hearts, charging them with being hard, deceitful, and desperately wicked; blaming the devil, and at times strongly tempted to entertain hard thoughts even of God himself. Then did they toil and pray and wrestle and wait for sanctification, and all the while they were sanctified in the true and Scripture sense of the word."

If, instead of "were sanctified," Mr. Barker had said "were being sanctified," we should have agreed with him. This picture was drawn years afterwards, when Mr. Barker was in revolt against the system, for this autobiography has the special advantage of including much that was

penned when Mr. Barker's feelings against the old faith were of the bitterest. They were greatly modified afterwards, and the latter part of the story is told in a very different temper, but the editor has acted wisely in giving us this opportunity of learning the worst that Mr. Barker had to say. The sketch quoted above was written when he was under the influence of his keenest antagonism, and yet there is no reason to question its substantial correctness. There can be no doubt that there was much superstition in the people, whose goodness he fully confesses, among whom he was trained. Some of the accounts he gives are extremely curious, and altogether these familiar pictures of Methodist life are not the least attractive part of the remarkable volume. Some of the illustrations he gives of the absurdities frequently resulting from encouraging people to speak or pray in public or in class and fellowship meetings, who are altogether unfitted for the duty, are very amusing, but they contain a lesson which others beside Methodists may lay to heart. "I once heard a person," he says, "in a prayer-meeting at Chester use this form of expression [one common and appropriate enough in relation to a preacher about to preach in behalf of the sick and dying: 'O Lord,' said he, 'bless the sick and the afflicted, and those that are in the article of death; be Thou mouth, matter, and wisdom to them.' I once heard a woman say in class, 'I do thank God that He ever gave me a desire to seek that death that never, never dies.' And the rest of her speech was of a similar character. There was a man that was once appointed with me as a prayer-leader, that would pray a length of time and scarce ever utter a sentence that had any sense in it. He would pray to God to bless our iniquities, and to fill our transgressions with His Holy Spirit that they might run like oil from vessel to vessel, refreshed with new wine." To a youth of Mr. Barker's turn of mind all this must have been, not only unedifying, but eminently calculated to feed that critical spirit which afterwards led him so far astray.

Nevertheless, Mr. Barker became a travelling preacher, though not among the Wesleyan Methodists. Circumstances led him to join the Methodist New Connexion, among whom he was for some years regarded as a "burning and shining light." The story of his gradual abandonment of the faith is very sad. There were doubtless faults on both sides, but the readers of this autobiography must, in justice to the New Connexion, remember that this is an ex-parte statement. This part of Mr. Barker's narrative seems to have been written after he had come under the influence of more kindly sentiment towards the old friends, and had begun to take a juster view of his own position, and he does not hesitate to confess some of his own grave errors, both in temper and in opinion. It is impossible, however, in the nature of things, that he could do full justice to the views of his opponents. The reasons for his expulsion would certainly appear to have been very trivial, for at that time he had not strayed into unbelief or even far into heterodoxy (in the Methodist sense). But even on his own showing he was extremely aggravating, and he well describes the situation. "When once people have ceased to regard each other with love and confidence, they can neither speak nor stir without giving offence. And this was the state to which I and several of my brethren had come. Indeed, such was the unhappy state of our feelings that we had ceased to take pleasure in pleasing, and had come almost to delight in trying one another. . . . I and my friends regarded the leaders of the Connexion as descendants of the ancient Scribes and Pharisees who persecuted Christ, and looked upon ourselves as prophets and righteous men, who were suffering persecution for the sake of Christ and His gospel; while the leaders of the Connexion looked on themselves as guardians of the faith and purity of the Church, and on me and my abettors as heretics whom it was their duty, after the first and second admonition, to reject and disown. We all meant well, but were not in a state to understand each other properly, or to make the needful allowances for each other." It is an "old, old story," repeated from age to age. Would that it were admissible to believe, or even hope, that this frank and outspoken telling of it could act as a warning to deter others from entering on such a course. Persecution, so far as we can see, there was none. Mr. Barker had entered into a society with definite rules which he chose to set aside, and he had no right to complain that the Connexion would not tolerate his lawlessness. On the other hand, it certainly does seem as if a little forbearance and a wise attempt to bring about a better understanding would have averted the catastrophe. We admit, however, that this is very doubtful, and depends on the extent to which Mr. Barker's faith in evangelical doctrine had already been undermined. As it was both parties suffered. The Connexion received a serious blow from which it did not easily recover, and Mr. Barker drifted further and further from his moorings, till he became one of the most active assailants of the faith which once he had preached with so much acceptance and power.

The story of his return to the Church is the most touching part of the voiume. Dr. Cooke had been one of the most prominent opponents of Mr. Barker after his theological opinions had begun to diverge from the simple evangelical creed. A public discussion between these two disputants was held in Newcastle, at the time when Joseph Barker was largely in sympathy with Unitarianism, and created considerable excitement, though it did but little to undo the mischief wrought by Mr. Barker in the Methodist Connexion of the large district. The personal kindness of Dr. Cooke did more than anything else to help the return of his old antagonist to the truth. "Its effect," says Mr. Barker, "was not only to free my mind from any remains of hurtful feelings, but to dispose and enable me to review the claims of Christianity and the Bible in a spirit of fairness and candour, and so make it possible for me to become, what I had long believed I never could become, a hearty believer in the religion of Christ." The whole story is creditable to both men, and altogether the account of Mr. Barker's slow and gradual return from what he himself calls the "wilds of error" is extremely touching, with not a little pathos, and with a great deal of matter for prayerful reflection. The book is one of singular interest. Its sketches of the internal life of Methodism have all the vividness and realism of a Pre-Raphaelite picture; its observations on men and principles are fresh and racy; but especially is it valuable as the life-story of a man of very marked individuality, whose experience may help us better to understand a large class of mind with which we have to deal, and to suggest the best modes of meeting their perplexities and difficulties. It is not only a record of a remarkable

episode in the life of one of our religious communities, but it is also a valuable contribution to the history of the religious movements of our times.

The Family Prayer and Sermon Book. By Very Rev. C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D., Dean of Llandaff and Master of the Temple. (Strahan and Co., Limited.) This is a book which is sure to be welcomed in many a household. It answers a twofold purpose; for while its prayers are admirably suited for family worship, its sermons would furnish spiritual aliment for those who are prevented from attending the house of God The latter is the object specially contemplated, and as there are three sermons for each week in the year, it will be seen that abundant provision has been made. As to the quality of these discourses, there is a sufficient guarantee in the name of the author. Dr. Vaughan seems to us pre-eminently qualified to be a preacher in the family. The devout spirit and practical tone of his sermons, the great beauty both of thought and style by which they are distinguished, the directness with which they appeal to the conscience, and the wisdom with which they bring the truths of religion to bear on the daily duties of life, are high qualities, and such as specially adapt them to the purpose of this book. There is true spirituality in them; if they contain nothing very striking or original, they have a freshness which always gives them interest, and they are helpful to the reader, rich in solace to the weak and sorrowful, yet stimulating to earnest and devoted service. There is, too, a vein of instruction and suggestion running through them. It is a special merit of the discourses and of the book in general that the tone is not "Churchy;" and this is no slight commendation when the tendency, even in many Evangelical writers, is to attach considerably more importance to the Church and Sacraments than their fathers would have done. Dr. Vaughan is a true Churchman. There is, for example, an expression in his prayers which we could not fully adopt: "We thank Thee for Thy holy baptism, whereby we were grafted into Christ's Church, and made inheritors of Thy gracious promises." We cannot ascribe even this limited efficacy to baptism; but this is very different from the spirit in which it is regarded by High Churchmen. It is possible that there may be other points on which we should differ from the book, for we cannot profess to have examined the whole of these two portly volumes. But we have seen enough of it to be assured that a spirit of true Catholic devotion reigns in it, and that its aim is to a simple, devout, and earnest Christian life. Experimental and practical godliness is the great theme on which all the discourses converge. The prayers are tender, spiritual, and comprehensive. A word of commendation is due to the style in which these two volumes are "got up."

Memoirs of the Rev. John Graham. By his Brother Chas. Graham. London: J. F. Shaw and Co. The life of Mr. Graham was one of considerable variety, and consequent interest. The story of it is briefly and sympathetically told by his brother in this little volume. A more elaborate biography would have been out of place, but many of his friends will be glad to have this record of one who was a good and earnest preacher, if he had no pretension to be regarded as a great man. Mr. Graham was connected with the Episcopalians and the Primitive Methodists in Ireland,

before joining the Congregationalists, and he never lost the fervid spirit which he had caught among his old Methodist associates. This undoubtedly added to the power of his ministry among Congregationalists. His first church was at Moy, and from that he removed to Dublin, as the successor of Rev. Haweis Cooper, a man whose devotion to Ireland and the service of Congregationalism there has never been properly appreciated. He was a preacher of great power, and if he could have been persuaded to give less thought and energy to the Papal controversy, and to the interpretation of the Book of Daniel, would have achieved great success anywhere out of Ireland. We have often listened with great delight to his glowing rhetoric, and have only wondered that such sermons could be preached to audiences comparatively so scanty. Mr. Graham followed him, and was so successful that he intended to have made Dublin his home. But he was induced to move to Craven Chapel, London, where he maintained a popular and prosperous ministry, until he undertook the charge of the Church at Sydney. He returned after some years' of labour, and became the pastor of a church at Brighton, where he had every prospect of a happy pastorate, when his course was prematurely closed by a sad accident, which gives a touch of melancholy and pathetic interest to its closing chapter. His brother has given us a narrative of his work which is sufficiently complete, and presents us with a faithful portraiture of a man who won much sympathy and affectionate respect in his various spheres of labour.

Joan Carisbrooke. A Tale. By JANE EMMA WORBOISE. (James Clarke and Co.) Mrs. Worboise always writes well, generally with sound judgment and in a clear, interesting style. But we are bound to say that her stories would gain immensely by compression. Thus, to say nothing of the introduction of incidents which do not materially affect the development of the plot, we have a number of long conversations, which, however intelligent and useful, might, for the most part, be very conveniently excised, and which, we venture to say, a large number of readers take the liberty of excusing for themselves. As that liberty is enjoyed and can be freely exercised, it is not necessary to be too severe upon these conversational excesses. Mrs. Worboise always gives her readers a sound, healthy, and attractive story, with the addition of a number of valuable suggestions on a considerable variety of topics for those who wil profit by them. "Joan Carisbrooke" is a capital tale. Some of the characters are drawn with considerable artistic skill. The heroine herself is a fine example of a truly noble woman, who had to go through one of the heaviest trials a woman can have to encounter and bore it right bravelyright womanly, we suppose the author would say, for the men in the story do not give us a high idea of the qualities of their sex. There is another woman who divides the honours with the heroine, but unfortunately has the extraordinary name of "Meliora," which, we sincerely hope, was never inflicted on any human being. We like this book specially for the true and practical views of life and duty which are inculcated throughout.

Alice Bridge. By Andrew Reed, B.A. (London: J. F. Shaw and Co.) This admirable little book has accidentally been overlooked. It is a graphic picture of early Nonconformity. The scene is principally laid in the eastern counties, in the period immediately succeeding the ejection of the two thousand ministers, and the sketches of character and life are done with considerable felicity. How far Mr. Reed is justified in the view which he takes of the Romish proclivities and designs of the bishop and others of the Anglican clergy is a point which we cannot undertake to discuss here. It is one of the disadvantages of the historic novel, especially when men of known name and historic position are introduced, that very mistaken ideas of their character may be disseminated. We do not suppose that Mr. Reed has drawn simply upon his imagination for the pictures he has drawn here. He has considerable acquaintance both with the records and with the traditions of that eastern county with which the story has chiefly to do, and he has doubtless embodied the impressions thus received. How far they are to be accepted as historical is open to question. It may be that the author suspects Jesuit influence and intrigue where it had no place, and possibly his whole conception of the bishop may be an exaggeration. This, however, is the utmost that can be alleged, and we have no doubt that Mr. Reed would be quite prepared to justify the representation he has given. But this apart, the story is one of sustained interest. Its pictures of Norwich life at the time, its views of the early Nonconformity and its struggles, and its practical lessons in great religious and ecclesiastical principles, all entitle it to high commendation.

The Winthrop Family. A Story of New England Life Fifty Years Ago. By Clara A. Willard. (Hodder and Stoughton.) This is a fresh and attractive little book. Its charm consists in the sketches which it contains of a mode of life so entirely different from that of our busy age and conventional civilization. To this day New England retains not a little of primitive simplicity; but in its country districts half a century ago there was a quiet old-world Puritan style of living which greatly interests us by its quaintness, its unaffected piety, its deep reality. It is to a household of this kind that we are introduced by the authoress, and there is in its humble scenes much that is extremely interesting and sometimes very touching. It can hardly be called a tale, for it is a simple narrative of the incidents of family life. An account, for example, of a drive from the out-of-the-world village to Boston is singularly graphic, and gives us a vivid conception of life in the rural parts of New England at the time such as is not got from books of a more pretentious character. The book is distinctively American, and to us that is one of its chief recommendations.

John Lyon; or, from the Depths. By RUTH ELLIOTT. (Wesleyan Conference Office.) Miss Elliott was a writer who cared more for doing good by the advocacy of right principles and the inculcation of noble aims in life, and the creation of a vital sympathy with the sorrowing and the sinful than for mere literary fame. She wrote with considerable

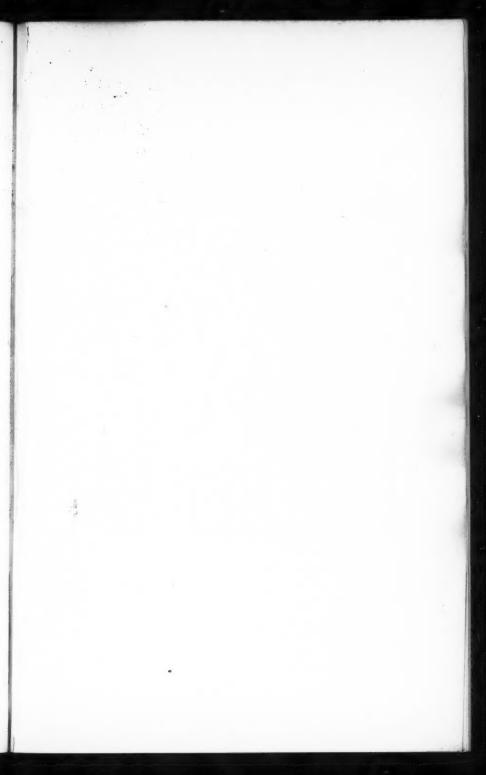
power; but the highest merit of her books is their elevating character. "John Lyon" is a book of this kind. The hero was a man who lived and toiled for the good of the outcast, and the story of his labours is told with a deep pathos, a genuine philanthropy, and also an artistic skill which will not only command interest, but, it may be hoped, inspire also the desire to emulate his example. It is almost inevitable that some of the scenes should be highly coloured, as otherwise they would hardly produce their full impression. But can anything be too strongly put if the object be to give such an idea of the sins and sorrows of this great metropolis as will inspire to sympathy and effort? Those who enjoy the blessings of happy homes cannot do better than to study such records. The aid of the imagination is no doubt called in, but, after all, this is the kind of world by which we are surrounded, and men who go into it with a spirit like that of John Lyon produce some impression on its ignorance, its wickedness, and its misery.

The Black Forest. By L. G. Seguin. (Strahan and Co., Limited.) Those who are thinking about an excursion for the coming holidays cannot do better than get hold of this capital book. It treats of a region which is not yet absolutely overrun with tourists, and which has an infinite variety of attractions for intelligent observers. A better guidebook could not be found, and chiefly because it does not pretend to be a guide-book at all. The country is "rich not only in natural beauties, but in that romantic legendary lore for which Germany is celebrated," and the writer knows how to interest his readers both in the one and the other.

Slyboots, and other Farmyard Chronicles. By Beata Francis. (Strahan and Co., Limited.) A capital children's book, which few of our young folks having once taken up will put down till they have read it through. It is after the style of Æsop, and the writer has caught the spirit of the subject she has chosen with great felicity. The first story of the fox is a little gem of its kind for its naturalness and completeness.

Sunday-school Centenary. We wish to call attention to the "Centenary medal," Centenary Service of Song, and Special Hymns for Centenary Meetings issued by the Sunday-school Union. All of these appear to be well adapted for their purpose. Of the centenary itself we shall speak in a subsequent number.

Milton's Poems. In Two Vols. (W. Kent and Co.) This is the first of a series of the poets which Mr. Kent proposes to issue. It is a perfect gem, and as cheap as it is attractive. The size is convenient for all who would have such a pocket companion, the typography is excellent, and the text has been carefully edited. The purchaser may please himself as to the character of the binding, for the book is kept in stock bound in different styles.



THE CONGREGATIONALIST, JULY, 1880.



Lock & Whitfield, Photo.

Unwin Brothers, London.

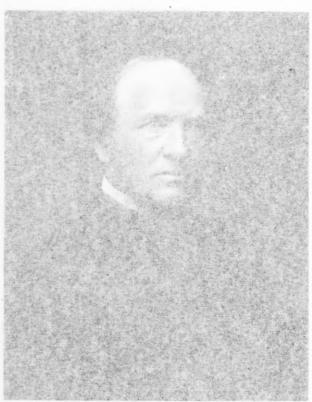
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The Congregationalist.

TULY, 1880.

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The Congregationalist.

JULY, 1880.

REV. R. M. DAVIES.

THERE is no Congregational minister in the great county of Lancaster who has held the office for a longer period, and certainly none who is more universally respected, or exerts a more powerful influence, than Mr. Davies, of Oldham. For nearly forty years he has been the pastor of Hope Chapel in that great manufacturing town, has seen the extraordinary development of the borough, has largely contributed to its intellectual and social as well as religious progress, and especially has earnestly and successfully laboured to maintain the position of Congregationalism in the midst of the rapidly growing population. Within the limits of the municipal borough there are eight Congregational Churches, one of them being a branch of that of which Mr. Davies is the honoured pastor; and his brother ministers would all gladly admit that to his kindly sympathy, his sound judgment, and his indomitable energy, these churches generally have been largely indebted. Born in 1817, he entered Blackburn College in 1839, and on the completion of his course there became the pastor of the Church at Hope Chapel, Oldham, in 1843. The chapel at that time did not provide accommodation for more than 600 hearers; but, small as it was, it was far from being filled. Indeed, both congregation and church were at the lowest point when, with true Christian courage, Mr. Davies ventured to undertake the pastorate. He brought to his work not only a collegiate training, but-what proved to be of hardly less importance—a commercial experience, which he had acquired in a Manchester warehouse. His natural aptitude for business which had thus been developed has proved of inestimable service to him in the particular sphere which he has had to 38

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occupy. His attractiveness in the pulpit would not have produced the practical results he has been able to accomplish had it not been sustained by the impression created by his whole habit and manner of life. His quick intelligence and decision in dealing with all questions of difficulty, his large practical knowledge, and the amiable and sympathetic spirit with which he has always placed it at the service of all who sought his advice and help, have extended the influence exerted by his preaching. In the early days of his ministry these qualities were invaluable. The chapel, which he soon succeeded in filling, might as easily have been emptied again, if the kindness and judgment of the pastor had not been equal to the earnestness and power of the preacher. For a long time all kinds of service were required from him, and the efficiency with which he discharged them won him golden opinions on every side. His influence soon began to extend both in the town and the county. When he began his labours all the churches in the borough—with the exception, perhaps, of that at Greenacres—were feeble; but during the course of his ministry the four chapels then in existence have been rebuilt on a much larger scale, and four others have been added to them. No one, Mr. Davies himself least of all, would ascribe this progress solely to his instrumentality; and mention should be specially made of the devoted labours of the Rev. John Hodgson, who has for thirty-one years been the faithful and diligent pastor of one of the sister Churches. But unquestionably Mr. Davies has been an inspiring force throughout his successful pastorate, and while he has cared first for the Church over which he presides, has thrown heart and soul into every movement for extension, and has done much to insure its success.

In the work of the county he has been equally conspicuous. For nearly thirty years he has been a leading member of the Executive Committee of the County Union, and for twenty, one of its secretaries. How much that Union owes to his administrative ability, as well as to the singleness of eye with which he has sought to promote its interests, those only who are familiar with its operations can rightly appreciate. He is at present its chairman, an honour which would have been conferred on him years ago, but for the remarkable modesty

with which he has always shrunk from any public recognition of the great but unobtrusive service which he is rendering to the Churches. In the Chapel-Building Society of the county he has been equally active. The work done by the Society in the quarter of a century during which it has existed has been very great. The motto of its Committee has been "the heart of the liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things it shall stand." With a courage and liberality eminently characteristic of Lancashire, it has acted upon the maxim and has realized the truth of the forecast. Upwards of £80,000 have been raised, independently, of course, of the much larger sums that have been collected for particular chapels by their friends; 120 chapels and schools have been built. In all the work of collection and administration Mr. Davies has borne a prominent part. Few ministers are possessed of the necessary qualifications for such service, and still fewer have the strength necessary for such constant and infatigable toil as that which Mr. Davies has undertaken as one of the secretaries of this most valuable Society. He has been as ready for special as for ordinary services. When the pressure of the cotton famine fell so heavily upon Lancashire, he was one of the chief promoters of a movement for the relief of the suffering members of Congregational Churches, while at the same time discharging most onerous duties as an administrator of the general relief fund of the borough. The overwhelming labour of that sad and trying period, whose tribulation did, nevertheless, bring out prominently some of the noblest features of the Lancashire character, told seriously upon one who identified himself so completely with the suffering people as did Mr. Davies. But happily the effect passed away, and he is still a wonderful example of the amount of work possible to one who combines extreme industry with wise method, and has both under the control of a clear head.

It will surprise many to learn that, besides these multifarious labours for his own Church and for the Churches of the county, Mr. Davies has taken an active part in the business of the town. As the pastor of a large Church and the head of one of the great Sunday-schools of Lancashire, in whose administration he takes an active personal share, it might appear as though he had sufficient work without undertaking any ad-

ditional responsibilities in Oldham. But he is chairman of the School Board, having been elected to that office for the fourth time, he is an active promoter of the Lyceum and School of Art, and one of the most regular attendants on the Committee of the Infirmary. The influence he wields in the town is such as comparatively few of our ministers can rival. There is no honour which his fellow-townsmen could bestow on him that would not willingly be given him. He has won universal regard by his unblemished consistency, his singular urbanity of spirit and manner, his proved loyalty to principle, his ready sympathy with all forms of sorrow, and last, but not least, the rare modesty which leads him, at all times, to keep his personal claims in abeyance.

SOME ELEMENTS OF MINISTERIAL POWER. *

"Is the pulpit maintaining its power in the age?" is a question which has been often discussed, and in relation to which a good deal may fairly be said on both sides. There are one or two points, however, about which there may be pretty general agreement among all earnest and practical Christian men. First, it would assuredly be a very serious thing for the gospel itself if its ministers were losing that hold upon the hearts of men which would be indicated by a decline in the force of the pulpit. A curious incident was reported in the newspapers as having recently occurred in a Liverpool church. A clergyman. pleading on behalf of some scheme of Church work, was enlarging upon the fact that such numbers of the dwellers even in the immediate neighbourhood of the church never entered a place of worship or never heard the gospel; when a gentleman in the congregation started up and told him that they were all visited and instructed by Scripture readers. The occurrence was significant. It suggested that there are those who believe that the agency of the house-to-house visitor may fill the place of the public teacher of the Word, and possibly that by-and-by the minister may either wholly disappear or become merely the lecturer to those who care to avail themselves of his

^{*}Address delivered to the students of Spring Hill College, Birmingham, June 22, 1880, by Rev. J. G. Rogers.

special kind of service. Whether this be the true interpretation of this strange interruption, it is hardly to be denied that we may not unfrequently find traces of this kind of feeling. An evil and calamitous day would it be for the Church were such a view ever to prevail. This is no question of officialism. If the ministry were merely a profession, it might be dispensed with or modified without serious mischief. But the power of the pulpit is a force that cannot be spared. The foolishness of preaching is the Divine method for saving men, and no other efficient substitute for it has been discovered. Between it and the press there need be, and ought to be, no jealousy, except when the press becomes the instrument of unbelief, and that only makes it of higher importance that the power of the pulpit should be developed to the utmost as a counteractive.

If this be granted, we must further be agreed that the present is a time at which it is specially desirable that every care should be taken to augment the spiritual power of the There is a strong force warring against the first pulpit. principles of our faith. Unbelief does not so much reason as it coolly assumes that certain principles belong to an obsolete past, and have long since been dismissed by all who have any pretension to intellectual strength or independence. It proceeds on the idea that the time for argument on points which to Christians are of supreme importance is gone, and that those who cling to such old-world notions are nothing better than fossils of the pre-scientific age. is better fitted to impose upon the minds of numbers than this haughty air of superior intellectualism. It insensibly affects those who do not absolutely bow to its authority, but who are not strong enough to face the contempt which it pours upon the old faith. This subtle and widely-diffused influence is, in truth, more difficult to resist with success than the more formal attacks upon revelation. It is the poison which is in the air, and whose seeds are scattered far and wide. The most obvious mode of meeting it is by increased power in the pulpit. How Christian ministers should meet the direct onslaughts of Rationalism is a point on which I shall not enlarge here. That by a wise and thoughtful exposition of the gospel they should seek to fortify the minds of their hearers, and especially of the young, against the insidious

influences to which they are exposed; that by a sympathetic and large-hearted treatment of all cases of doubt and difficulty they should encourage the confidence of those for whose souls they are set to watch; and that, if occasion demands, they should boldly accept the challenge of the foe, are mere truisms, too general to furnish any specific direction. Yet they are almost all that can be said, and to individual discretion we must trust for the application of these general principles in particular cases. My object is not to insist on the necessity for meeting the scepticism of the day, still less to suggest any specific mode of treating it; but rather to suggest that, with the state of mind and feeling thus produced, there is special urgency in the demand for power in the ministers of the gospel. That need not be polemical or controversial efficiency; for it is not every preacher who is required to put on his armour and enter the lists with the apostles of unbelief. It is something more, too, than that capacity for clear and convincing exposition of the truth which is secured as the result of careful culture. It is rather a power which belongs to the man himself, which is derived more from spirit and character than from intellect or eloquence, which is behind all his utterances, and gives them a force that otherwise they could not possess, which helps to redeem very simple and elementary preaching from the reproach of utter feebleness, which lends an additional and most important element of strength to the most effective discourses, and which acts as a more weighty testimony for the truth than the most careful arguments of the keenest logic.

For us, as Congregationalists, it is specially necessary that our ministers should wield this kind of influence. It is idle for them to try and secure any of that authority which attaches to the priest. Their principles forbid them to seek it, and there is a growing and proper disinclination on the part of their Churches to concede it. Their office receives a great measure of respect, but that is largely and, as intelligence spreads, will be increasingly determined by the spirit of the man who sustains it. Those who trust more to the traditions which invest the ministry with dignity than to the life and energy which they can infuse into it—who depend more on

official rights than on that individual confidence and honour which would prevent the introduction of any question of right—who hope to derive authority from their position, which would never be accorded to their personal worth, are continually doomed to disappointment. Those are the men who are continually complaining of our system and our Churches. It is not wonderful. They are not adapted to lead among free men. They exact a deference which those who have true conception of the rights of a Church will not concede; they fail to awaken the sympathy which is essential to that harmonious co-operation in which is the true secret of success. But if there is little prospect of Congregational ministers obtaining this kind of official rule, it is of all the more importance that they should have that personal influence which would give them their true position in the Church.

For a Christian minister must have power, or rather must be a power, or there is really no manifest reason why he should exist at all. Of all positions, his is one in which it is emphatically true that "to be weak is to be miserable." To be destitute of capacity for impressing and affecting those whom he is called to instruct and lead, a teacher without definite conception as to what he is to teach or how to teach, a leader without wisdom, persuasiveness, or power of inspiration—who, in fact, cannot lead—which would induce others to follow him, is surely a condition in which there can be neither dignity nor comfort. The kindly, patronizing excuse which is so often made for men in this unhappy state, that they are doing their best, is one which may well arrest judgment upon them—the victims, probably, of an unfortunate system, or of mistaken ideas which are abroad-but cannot reconcile the Church to an approval of this feebleness. The common notion is that the Church must have ministers, and if it cannot secure the best conceivable, let it be content with the best possible. There is a measure of practical wisdom in this, provided we carefully define our terms. The best possible may not always be the man who has the most pretensions to a scientific acquaintance with religion, or who has a professional status, but is rather the one, plain and unlearned it may be, who can make himself felt as a true spiritual power. To insist that we must have trained and professional

ministers, and that if competent men cannot be got, we must tolerate incompetence, is to make the office greater than the work.

It is not necessary that a Christian preacher should have brilliant genius, high culture, thrilling oratory. These are most desirable additions, but they would be miserable substitutes for that force, without which the ministry, so far as its highest ends are concerned, must always be a failure. A Christian teacher is one who should, like his great Master, be recognized as speaking with authority. Rude, rough, and unpolished speech may be all that he is able to employ; it may be speech in which criticism may detect sins against good taste, and even against correct grammar; the thought which it contains may be as homely as the language in which it is expressed, and yet it may command attention, and leave abiding impression. That is power—the power with which a Christian ministry cannot dispense. It is not at all implied that the hearers will at once acquiesce in all the teaching. It may provoke the contradiction of sinners as well as constrain the submission of humble penitents, and evoke the intense sympathy of true saints. But in either case it is felt to have reality and strength. It cannot be treated as a piece of mere conventionalism, whose utterance is required by the propriety of the case, but which is not expected to have any serious result. It cannot be dismissed as a time-honoured form, with which one is not prepared to dispense, but the exact reason for which it is not very easy to discover. It cannot even be judged as an appointed intellectual exercise, a function of the office which must be discharged, and the manner of whose discharge is a fitting subject for criticism, but which may be forgotten as soon as the echoes of the trivial remarks which it has called forth die away.

The words of the true preacher belong to an entirely different category from any of these. They are the real words of a real man, and so they have a power, which the veriest scoffer is compelled to admit. He may pronounce the earnest and faithful minister of the truth who speaks out of the depths of his own experience, and with all the strength of conviction and intensity of feeling which faith can impart, a fanatic, but he cannot pronounce him a weakling. He does not even

speak of him as a hypocrite, for he has the consciousness that in him there is sincerity and truth. He may solace his own self-complacency, or if conscience be disquieted, still some of its unrest, by assuring himself that such a departure from the "sweet reasonableness" which he admires is a proof of an ill-regulated and unphilosophical mind, still dominated by Aberglaube and worn-out superstition, but he is forced to confess the power. An effect is produced similar to that described by the apostle when he writes of the stranger coming into a church, where he hears not the unintelligible utterances of unknown tongues which there is no one to interpret, but the earnest teachings of those who prophesy-that is, instruct, exhort, appeal, in short, preach the gospel. The hearer "is convinced of all, he is judged of all, and thus are the secrets of his heart made manifest; and so falling down on his face, he will worship God, and report that God is in you of a truth." Even where there is not conviction and conversion there will be a recognition of the depth and reality which belong to the preacher and his message.

Power like this is what we desiderate, and what all Christian ministers would like to attain. Is it too much to say that those who cannot reach it have reason seriously to ask themselves whether their right place is in the ministry at all? How may such power be secured? As George Herbert says. the pulpit is the preacher's throne, but it is with it as with all other thrones, the character of the ruler will have very much to do with the spirit of the allegiance he can awaken and the character of the service he can command. What kind of man ought he to be who would have this full measure of ministerial power?

It would be superfluous to say that he must be a devout and earnest follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. Just as wise and necessary would it be, in describing the qualities necessary to a good soldier, if we were to begin with the statement that he must be a living man. The existence of life, at least, must be assumed. A corpse cannot make a soldier. A Christless man cannot be an effective preacher of Christ. A man who does not believe in Christ cannot preach Him; a man who cannot say with the apostle of the Gentiles, "for me to live is Christ." is without the first condition of ministerial efficiency. Power comes directly from communion with Christ Himself, and it is impossible for him who does not live, move, and have his being in His Divine fellowship to be a living and mighty witness on His behalf.

There are intellectual elements which enter into the composition of this force which, if not indispensable, have yet immense value. Intellect and culture alone cannot secure the success of the gospel. Those who forget that intellect is one of the most priceless gifts of the Father of lights, and its wise culture the discharge of a solemn trust which we have received from Him-treating free inquiry and research as though it involved a revolt against the authority of Scripture and regarding literary and scientific culture as at best a dangerous possession which is extremely likely to quench the ardour of true devotion-know not what they do. There was a time when "not many wise men" were called, but it is too much to argue that the condition of a Church in a heathen city, while yet in its infancy, is to be that of the Christian Church in all places and in all ages. Given a man with all the spiritual qualifications to be sought as a minister of Christ, he will surely be more efficient if he possess intellectual ones beside.

There are some, indeed, who would have us believe that the most commonplace statements of the most familiar truths, without any special qualification in the preacher, and without any attempt at preparation on his part, will meet the demands of the strong-minded and independent men, whom we have to rouse from an indifference, rapidly drifting on to unbelief. There could be no greater fallacy, and it is one which is pregnant with mischief on every hand. It encourages some to go forth as preachers who were doing good work in other departments of Christian service, but who, either from lack of native power or from failure to cultivate it, are simply destitute of all fitness for the work of teaching. Of course, their feeble platitudes produce no effect except to foster their own conceit. It is right and necessary to discriminate between these exhibitions of mere weakness, of which the most that can be said is that they are well meant, and the rough utterances of others, who, though they lack finish, refinement, and sometimes even common propriety, have a certain amount of native wit and produce an impression. These latter have to be dealt with on other principles, and they open up a very serious question, which is not to be settled offhand. It is not eccentricity, or extravagance, or roughness of which I speak, but mere twaddle. It would seem a very obvious truism that he who can preach nothing better than twaddle, however sincere his faith and however pure his motives, had better not preach at all. God does not expect it at his hands, and man will not be profited by his efforts and will not thank him for them. Unhappily, this teaching of common sense is not universally accepted, and needs to be frequently reiterated.

The encouragement given to those who are drawn aside from work in which they would do good to another sort of labour in which they are sure to be powerless is not the whole of the evil. Preachers who have formed a truer conception of the real demands of the pulpit, and are endeavouring to realize their own ideal, are disheartened, perhaps tempted to indolence and the perfunctory discharge of duties on which, hitherto, they have expended thought and effort. Let nothing tempt you to forget that the production of sermons needs the expenditure of all your power of thought. It is possible, no doubt, that this work may be injudiciously done; that there may be a striving after profundity rather than clearness and strength; that learning may be needlessly and even offensively paraded; that metaphysical inquiries and speculations may take the place of direct and earnest exhortation of the truth as it is in Jesus. But this possibility of abuse is no argument for the disuse of intellect. There is a very widespread fallacy as to simplicity in teaching, and one which it is very easy to understand. It is too frequently regarded as an evidence of feebleness, when it is really a proof of strength. To think clearly and express the results of that thought in direct and forcible language which every one can understand is one of the highest attainments -the perfection of art, which succeeds in concealing itself. The pellucid style of some of the true masters of our language, in whose writings the thought is so transparent that the uninstructed suppose it to be shallow, is the product of considerable labour, not merely on the expression, but also on the thought itself. Grandiloquence, obscurity, and indefiniteness are the results of too little rather than too much intellectual labour. Unfortunately, a large number of people take exactly the opposite view, and hence we have the ambitious attempts in the pulpit, which produce in the few an impression unfavourable to what is styled, though with very doubtful propriety, intellectual preaching.

But intellectual preaching—that is, preaching to which is concentrated all the force of the most accurate intellect, the most careful thought, and the most accurate scholarshiphas been wanted always, is wanted now, if possible more than ever before. There is no degree of culture for the pulpit which can be regarded as excessive, provided it answers to this description, and makes the efficiency of the preacher its primary aim. To lower the standard of mental qualifications. or to suggest to preachers that while their learning will be of great use in the common work of life, and may enable them to do good service for Christ in the press, it has no place in the pulpit, is nothing short of infatuation. In most of the congregations we are called upon to address, there are some who are familiar with the course of modern scientific inquiry, and still more who have a general idea that there is less readiness to submit to the authority of Scripture than in former times. Unbelief has hardly as yet come to be a fashion, though it is hard to say how soon it may reach even that stage, but its cant is heard on every side, and does effect the minds of a considerable section of our people. The preacher of the Word must make it felt by such that to him the gospel is a felt reality and a living power, that it has kindled a fire within him, and therefore he spake with his tongue. No dressing up of some old skeleton of Simeon's, or even of some new skeleton of some modern Homiletic Encyclopædia, will be sufficient to meet the requirements of the day. Men want to hear words that have the ring of life and reality in them; words which express the thoughts of a mind that has been at work upon the transcendent questions with which it has to deal; words that touch the hearts and consciences of those to whom they are spoken, because they are felt to proceed from a living man, who has been among his brethren seeking to understand their difficulties, perplexities, scepticisms, and sorrows, and who speaks as the result of that knowledge. Despite

all talk about the decline of the pulpit, words of this kind will command attention. Men will listen to them and be moved by them. But he who would find such powerful and acceptable words must have careful intellectual preparation. About the method of that preparation there may be differences of opinion. About the necessity of the culture there can surely be none. It may reasonably be doubted whether it is desirable that all students of the ministry should graduate in arts, or whether instruction in the art of preaching might not properly occupy some of the time now given to subjects which can rarely be of practical use. It is very possible that the best mode of reconciling diversities of opinion in relation to such points would be to recognize the necessity for training some men as scholars for the work of scholars, while in the case of those who are set apart as preachers there should be a careful adaptation of the training to that special end.

But on this one point there will be general agreement—that. the pulpit needs all the power of intellect that can be enlisted on its behalf. The Divine blessing has often rested on men of very limited knowledge, and even very moderate mental endowments, but that certainly is no reason for discarding a different kind of service. Surely in intellect, as in everything else, we should the bring "the gold and the silver and the precious stones" as an offering to Christ, and not toss Him the "wood, hay, and stubble." This means extensive reading, careful exercise of the mental faculties, constant discipline, practice in reasoning and appeal; in short, all that is intended by intellectual culture. To attempt a proof of the value of such gifts and training to the Christian teacher would be a mere waste of words. A man may have them all, and yet, for lack of the true spiritual inspiration, his ministry may be a dreary and disastrous failure. Or another may be without them, or have them in very imperfect degree, and yet the nobler and mightier spiritual graces which centre in him may insure a success denied to him who has brilliancy but not devotion, culture but not enthusiasm, learning but not faith, knowledge but not love. But the union of both is surely the best condition of all. It is not desired to set up an antagonism between the two. The protest is against the improper depreciation of the intellectual, and the contention is for the

superiority of one in whom a many-sided and well-cultured mind is under the inspiration of a believing, chivalrous, and heart-quickening love to Christ.

The foundation of all abiding power, such power as a minister of the gospel may lawfully desire and seek, is faith. "We believe, and therefore speak," said the apostle. Without the faith to prompt, it is not easy to see why he should have spoken, and it is pretty certain that he never would have secured the faith of others. The same law holds good still. Whenever a man's soul is so possessed with an idea that he feels himself constrained to propagate it among others, he is pretty certain to obtain an audience. It is difficult to say what wild notion may not be elevated into the rank of a principle, for which men will toil and struggle, and even suffer, provided it can find an apostle, whose own soul is so vielded up to its dominion that he proclaims it with the unhesitating confidence of absolute faith. And it is equally difficult, on the other side. to select any principle so venerable, so precious, so established, and so mighty that it may not be debased into a mere formula to which no man gives heed-if, unfortunately, it should be left in the hands of a teacher who has no soul, or whose soul is not affected by it.

A Christian minister, who is not a man of faith—that is, the teacher of a religion whose one message for all mankind is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and ye shall be saved," without faith himself—is a living paradox. Granted that a sceptical thinker, who loves to exercise his own mind in curious speculations, and has the power of so presenting his questionings and his theories for meeting them as to interest others in his own intellectual difficulties, may attract a crowd of admirers. That is not the power for which a Christian pastor lives-the power to attract, convince, convert, and guide human souls. Of that power he strips himself who confesses that he has nothing positive to teach. He may be very earnest in pursuit of the truth, honest in the confession of the doubts which trouble him, sincerely desirous to help others who may be in like perplexity: but the true helper must be one who has some certain ground on which he himself is resting; not one who can only tell others that he himself is ready to sink beneath the waters, and is vainly endeavouring to find his way to land.

Our sympathy is sometimes asked on behalf of young men commencing the arduous work of the pastorate in an age like They are thrown amid influences of the most seductive and perilous character, inclining them, if not to an utter abandonment of Christian truth, to a compromise of its exclusive claims. They have to deal with eager and inquiring minds which have been deeply moved by the sceptical teachings of the day, and they who have to answer their questionings have themselves been under the influence of that same Zeit-geist. They are desirous to be right, and, it is to be hoped, will ultimately find rest to their souls, but at present they are extremely disturbed and agitated, and have great claims on the tenderness and forbearance of those who know no such tribulation. That sympathy will not be refused by any one who has partaken of the spirit of the Master. But sympathy is one thing; to encourage men in such a state of mind to become Christian teachers is an entirely different one. The pulpit is a place for the proclamation of the gospel of Jesus Christ, not for the ventilation of the difficulties and doubts of the preacher. It is quite true that a young preacher must have much to learn, and that on many points of theology his views must necessarily be very crude, and on others, perhaps, hesitating and uncertain. But if he has not learned the gospel of the grace of God, and does not believe that, it is hard to see what he has to preach, or, indeed, why he should desire to preach at all. It would be unfair to expect from a young man definite opinions on all the questions included in the Thirty-nine Articles, the Westminster Confession, or even the Declaration of Faith and Order or the doctrinal schedule of a trust deed. But if he is to occupy a Christian pulpit, it is not too much to expect that he preach Christ. The mingling in one creed of the central truths of Christianity with a number of other doctrines which, whether true or not, do not enter into the heart of the gospel or touch the life of the soul, and treating them as of equal importance, has wrought only evil. It is time that the distinction were made clear. When that is done, and it is clearly recognized that there are doctrines which may fairly be placed in the category of those on which there must be perfect liberty, it may, perhaps, be more easy to secure a recognition of what would seem to be a very obvious principle, that the preacher should give no uncertain sound as to the gospel itself.

At all events, preachers of a gospel which is not a gospel will never be "able ministers of the New Testament." The charm of genius may give attraction to any kind of teaching; but it will not enable one who has no message of life and love to preach to exercise that converting and saving influence which an ambassador of Christ would fain possess in a world like ours. He cannot speak with authority in the Master's name who is not quite sure whether Christ is the living Lord or not. He cannot give emphasis and point to the Divine warnings against sin who has a feeling that sin is nothing more than a weakness which God will never regard with severity. He can never hold up Christ crucified to the faith of man who has not learned himself to trust in the Saviour, or who has a notion that there are other plans of salvation beside faith in Him. This secret hesitation is enough to paralyze his spiritual power. He may, indeed, find many topics on which to speak, and even much that was tenderly beautiful, to say about Jesus of Nazareth. For a time these meditations of Christ, retaining the fragrance of the old truth, might have a charm for human souls, but they would leave them without the experience of that renewing power which dwells in the A dreamy sentimentalism would be fostered instead of a living and active faith. Hearts would not be broken. lives would not be purified, mourning hearts would not be comforted, weak souls would not be braced up to deeds of holy daring and noble sacrifices for principle. Such power as would remain in the pulpit would be a power to win the applause of the multitude, or perhaps to attract the love of a select circle of sympathetic spirits, but not to win souls to God. Oratorical success might be achieved, widespread popularity won, a reputation for great kindness and benevolence awaken a well-deserved affection in human hearts. But none of these is that power which the lofty ambition of the true minister would seek. He lives to be all things to all men, that by all means he may save some. He lives and works that he may enter into the joy of that Master who travailed in birth for souls. That will never be accomplished

by a gospel of peradventures. He must know in whom he has himself believed who is to conquer others to the obedience of faith.

There are many other qualities which enter into the high ideal of the Christian ministry of which it is simply impossible to treat. Let me only add in conclusion, the more simple and real his humanity, the more he tries to forget himself and the claims of his office, the less there is of the cleric and the more of the man: the wider his sympathy with all objects of human interest, and the more elastic and joyous his spirit, the more likely will he be to assert a right influence over others. Geniality, thoughtfulness, and common sense are all valuable allies of true piety. But the foundation of the entire character must be faith. Faith in the living God and His designs of infinite love towards men: faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the one mediator between God and man: faith in the constant help of that gracious Spirit, by whom necessity has been laid upon him and he has been called to the ministry, will accomplish to-day the same marvels as of old. By faith the true preacher will count not his own life dear that he may win Christ. By faith he will learn to forget self, and count even the reproach of men a glory if it be for Christ's sake. By faith he will go into strange lands and daring enterprizes, braving all things, suffering all things, fearing not the face of man that he may serve Christ. By faith he will, out of weakness, be made strong, wax valiant in fight, turn to flight armies of aliens. The world which you and I have to defy looks very powerful and menacing, and sometimes our mission to it seems to sayour of Quixotry. But there is a victory that overcomes the world. It is our faith.

THE PITY OF THE LORD.*

"Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee?"—Matthew xviii. 33.

We are all familiar with the parable from which these words are taken. Entering into the spirit of the narrative, it seems to me to bring into prominence two great thoughts—namely, the pity of God for us, and the pity which we owe to our brethren. This is the twofold subject to which, with the help of God, I would now call your attention.

The word pity is one of very frequent occurrence in the Bible, and it may be said that this word, in the particular sense in which it is used in Scripture, as describing one of the attributes of God, is really a true revelation. We note in relation to it a remarkable contrast in the teaching of Scripture.

The God of the Bible is a holy God; this is His proper and essential nature. This is an aspect of divinity ignored by all natural religions, and by even the most sublime philosophies, since all these ascribe to God, in a greater or less degree, the origin of evil. All thus impugn, in some measure, the purity of His divinity. Only the prophets of Israel show us a God who cannot endure that which is evil. It was thus He revealed Himself to them in prophetic vision. beheld Him in the temple, when the angels veiled their faces before Him, crying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts." The God of Israel is a holy God. The place in which He manifests His glory in the midst of His people is called the "Holy of holies." Such is the sublime idea which Scripture gives us of His nature. The law graven upon the tables of Sinai and upon the conscience of every man is but the expression of the Divine character. If the law derives its immortality from the eternity of the Lawgiver, the obligation that rests upon man to fulfil it is derived from the fact that he was created in the image of God. This is no arbitrary obligation; it is the reasonable and unalterable ideal set before us as human beings: "Be ye holy, for I am holy."

And yet this same holy God, the jealous guardian of His

^{*} From the French of M. Bersier. Translated by Mrs. Annie Harwood Holmden.

righteous law, is revealed to us also as full of pity for sinful man, and the very book which bears such emphatic witness to His inflexible holiness contains also the most touching assurances of His tender mercy. Even in those pages of the Old Testament in which superficial and prejudiced critics can see only the manifestation of the stern, avenging God of a single nation, we find utterances of God-like tenderness which foreshadow the fuller revelation of the gospel. Amidst the shadows of the earlier and incomplete dispensation we catch the dawning rays of the day of grace which is soon to break upon the world. Moses besought the Lord to show him His glory. "And the Lord passed before him," says the record, "and proclaimed, The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in mercy and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin" (Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7). Nowhere is this Divine compassion dwelt upon with more tender beauty than in the Book of Psalms. We might illustrate this by page after page of expressions like the following: "The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever. He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him" (Psa. ciii. 8-13). When the prophets speak of the mercy of God to His rebellious people, they borrow their images from the tenderest human affections, without any fear of lowering thus the dignity of God. "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee," saith the Lord (Isa. xlix. 15). Again: Israel is the guilty, unfaithful wife whom her outraged husband calls back to him, promising her full forgiveness; and the prophet seems to dwell upon the shame and the defilement, for the very purpose of enhancing the contrast between this black background of human sin, and the glory of the Divine compassions.

Now I affirm that the exhibition of this pity of God is a revelation. Neither the observation of nature nor the study

of its laws could suggest it to men, and no purely natural religion takes cognisance of it.

There are attributes of God which nature teaches to those who study it reverently. The existence of God, His power, the marvellous adaptation of means to ends in all His works, and the beauty of the result; nay, even in another order of things, His offended justice crying for expiation: all this the heathen could discover from observation, and express in sublime utterances. St. Paul distinctly declares that the natural instincts of an upright conscience will lead to this natural theology, which is, as it were, the vestibule of true religion. But nature gives no revelation of the pity of God. The heart of man may have divined it; he may have vaguely hoped that there was in God a compassion responsive to the deep yearnings of his soul: but apart from revelation nothing could give him the assurance that this was a well-founded hope. The wail of sorrowful humanity went up to heaven age after age, without receiving a reply; the strained ear caught no sound but the echo of its own lamentations like the ceaseless sobbing of the waves, as they break in surf on the rock-bound coast, only to be beaten back to the restless ocean whence they came.

Nature has no lessons of pity. Children think otherwise when they invest all the animated nature around them, birds, and flowers, and all the enchanted denizens of their creature world, with the same feelings which thrill their artless souls. But pitiless experience dispels their dreams, and, under the cold clear light of science, shows them from one end of the creation to the other the great law of destruction, and what we might call mutual slaughter. Everywhere death appears as the condition of life; everywhere there is what we describe in our day as the struggle for existence. And upon this vast battle-field, or rather upon this great graveyard, ever opening to receive generation after generation, harvests, flowers, and fruits grow in all the richer luxuriance the more their roots are saturated with blood. There are terrible contrasts in this world of nature, so fair and smiling in some of its aspects. It is a marvellous machinery, which carries on all its processes with ruthless and inflexible regularity, and which is no more moved to pity by our entreaties than the locomotive by the mangled limbs of the innocent child that,

all unconscious of danger, has wandered in its play among the iron ways. The God whom nature reveals is a God without pity.

And here let me say to those who deny a revelation-or perhaps I should say rather to those who, not having advanced so far in the path of scepticism, yet are leaning complacently towards modern negations, with that semi-scepticism which seems to so many men the mark of a noble mind-let me say. Be on your guard. When you have disposed of the God above nature, when you have to do simply with the natural, what consolation will you find for suffering humanity? For after all, mankind does suffer, and will ever suffer. It suffers in this scientific and analytical age, as much or more than ever before; and though statistics may give, as we are told, a somewhat lengthened average to human life, we are far indeed from the stage at which sickness and death, not to speak of sorrows vet more heartrending, shall have ceased for ever.

What comfort will you find, then, for a world like this? You seek to emancipate the minds of men; but if for those beliefs which soften pain and dry the mourner's tears, you have nothing to substitute but barren negations, if you shut out hope, do you think that men will long accept such a philosophy? Nay, nay. Sooner than this they will go back to the most superstitious and debased forms of worship; they will revive the wildest legends of fanaticism: and while you are scoffing at the strange delusion which makes fresh generations the devotees of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, these will grasp beneath the fiction the grand and ever-living reality of the love of God. Why should men be your disciples? To what will you lead them? Your land of promise is the barren wilderness, not cheered like that of the exodus, with heavenly manna, with water from the rock, and the fair prospect of Canaan beyond the Jordan. Yours is the sultry desert, with the stifling burning sand, the heaven of brass above it, and its only easis the delusive mirage, which, when you come up to it, covers only broken cisterns that can hold no water.

But I hear some one say, "Do you Christians pretend to have changed nature? Are all these mournful facts you have adduced less real to you than to us? Are you exempt from the chain of fatalities? Are you not the victims of disease and death? Do the immutable laws of nature spare you? And if in the common lot of man you suffer like the rest, what right have you to speak of the pity of the Lord?"

My reply is this:

Assuredly we are subject, believers and unbelievers alike, to the inflexible laws of nature. We have never pretended to any exemption. The Bible is not a child's book, which ignores the stern realities of life. It is a manly book and meant for men. We would not lay any flattering unction to our souls. by denying that which seems like fatality in our lot. We admit, unhesitatingly, that pity has no place in the domain of law, for law is in its essence a logical necessity, and the issue of pity is mercy suspending the operation of law. I am not afraid to affirm that no book is more thoroughly imbued than the Bible with the idea of law, whether it speaks of the order which God has established in nature, insisting upon the marvellous wisdom which it displays, and upon the stability of His decrees; or of the moral law, which it represents, as we have just said, to be as firm, as eternal, as exempt from arbitrariness as the character of God Himself, of which that law is but the expression.

The law is the name given to the first scriptural revelation; this was the sacred deposit committed to Israel. It is the law which shines forth in the grandest scene of Jewish history, on the heights of Sinai, where all the terrors and splendours of nature formed its retinue, indicating its sole and sovereign majesty.*

It is the law which speaks in softer, but more spiritual accents, with wider scope and higher sanctions, upon the Mount of Beatitudes, where Jesus proclaims, as it were, the charter of the heavenly kingdom. It is the law to which Jesus Himself yields obedience, when He steadfastly sets His face to go to Jerusalem to die. It is the law which raises to His lips in Gethsemane the cup, full of the bitterness of the Divine wrath which He will appease; it is the law which rears the cross on Calvary and binds Him to it, the pure and holy Victim of an obedience unto death. He magnifies the law by every action of His life, by every word, by every heart-throb.

^{*} With regard to the part assigned to the law in Scripture, see the sermon entitled "The Law of the Heart."

Everything that He did, or said, or suffered had in view this one end—to vindicate the holiness of the law of God. These words, holiness to the Lord, beam forth with a brilliancy such as the purest gold could but faintly image forth, from the bleeding thorn-crowned brow of the great High Priest of humanity, dying to vindicate the eternal holiness of God.

Thus, as we see, the gospel accepts the law, maintains and confirms it; but (and this is our reply to the objection raised) it reveals to us another sphere higher than that of the law—the sphere in which the Divine love and pity are supremely manifested. That the law is of universal obligation; that it must be impartial and inflexible in its operation; that its sanctions must be enforced upon a guilty race—all this reason can recognize. But that beyond and above this sphere of a righteous law visiting rebellion with stripes, there is in God an infinite love for these very rebels—this is the revelation of the gospel, and of the gospel alone, and this is the blessed assurance in which, thanks to the gospel, myriads of souls rejoice.

The gospel alone has convinced man that God is not simply a Being, an Intelligence, a Will, but that He is also Love, Infinite Love; that this love He exercises towards the lowest and most miserable of His creatures; that there is not a soul of man which has no share in it, not one towards whom the great Lord of the universe has not thoughts of compassion. The gospel alone has brought to man the conviction that, not only does he not escape the regard of God because he is so puny and insignificant, but that even his transgressions, his falls, and his defilements do not alienate from him the wondrous love of God; that the Divine mercy is powerful enough to draw him out of the deepest waters of infamy and and degradation.

And the gospel does not convey this assurance simply in words, however sublime, and uttered with that accent of authority which only can carry conviction to the conscience and the heart. The evangel of Divine love is expressed in the whole life of Jesus Christ; in all the words and deeds of that wonderful three years' ministry, in which heaven came down to earth. We read it in those Divine parables which revealed to mankind the heart of God; it is illustrated in every heal-

ing of the sick and pardon of the sinful, in the pouring out of the father's heart over the prodigal son, in the lifting up of the woman which was a sinner, in the restoration of the apostle who had denied his Lord, in the pity of Jesus for the multitudes scattered as sheep having no shepherd, in the dying cry from Calvary, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

This, then, is our reply to all objectors; this is the reason why we Christians believe in the pity of the Lord.

But why should we thus speak in generalities, when this is a matter which comes home to us all as individuals? All we who compose this assembly, what are we but guilty ones on whom the Lord has had pity? Does not the parable which is our subject to-day contain the striking picture of our own relations to God? Those ten thousand talents, are they not the gifts we enjoy of health, of fortune in some cases, of the necessaries of life in almost all; those holy and pure affections with which our hearts are made to glow: those unhoped-for recoveries from sickness, those unexpected deliverances, those undeserved joys, even those trials softened and sweetened by Divine consolations? are they not the sunbeams which fell upon our pathway in youth—the kiss, the prayer of a pious mother bending over our cradle? are they not the opened Book and our spiritual liberty to study and obey it? are they not the pardons new every morning, the restoration of our soul after repeated falls, the myriad blessings, in short, which would cry out against us as the most callous of men, if we were not the most deeply grateful?

And when we ask ourselves how we shall pay so vast a debt, when the solemn hour of reckoning draws nigh, and we hear the voice of the Master saying to us, "Give an account of thy stewardship," what have we to offer Thee, O our God, but lukewarm hearts, hands that have clutched at gain, works all tainted with selfishness? so that if Thou wast to deal strictly with us, if Thou wast to hearken only to the voice of justice, and enforce against us the demands of that holy law of which our conscience owns the equity, we should be infallibly and righteously condemned. . . . But, O holy God, there is compassion with Thee; Thou art slow to anger and of great mercy; Thou hast pity even upon that unprofitable servant,

who, self-condemned for a life of idleness and squandering of Thy goods, yields even in the eleventh hour to an impulse of tardy repentance, and casts himself guilty and without one plea into Thine arms of infinite holiness!

This is the gospel; this is our history; and even on to lips defiled as ours we dare to take the sublime words of the apostle, "Who shall separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord?"

My brethren, if this is all true, does not your conscience respond to the question in the text, "Shouldest not thou have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee?" This practical duty of compassion towards our brethren will form the subject of our remaining observations.

II.

I would guard against any false impression. A moment ago I drew a distinction between the two spheres in which the will of God is exercised—the sphere of law and that of mercy. Now there is the same distinction to be observed in our relations to each other as men. The charity which we owe to our fellows must never impinge upon the rightful domain of law.

Law is the expression of a right; it must be absolutely even-handed, and can recognize no exceptions. As it affects, for example, the political relations which are the bases of society, or business relations, in which self-interest alone is at stake, it is obvious that the just rights of all must be enforced strictly and inflexibly.

If mercy were exercised in these regards, at the expense of justice, the upright man would be sacrificed to the dishonest. If the criminal were to command more sympathy than the laborious citizen; if the fallen woman were placed above the honest wife; if alms were given while just debts were left unpaid—all this would be the manifest subversion of the Divine order. I lay stress upon this point because it may be remembered that the idea of natural justice is one of the weapons which the unbelief of the day has used with the greatest effect against Christianity.* It is said that Chris-

^{*} I have in my mind especially the celebrated words of P. I. Proudhon:

"De la justice dans la révolution et dans l'église, Nouveaux principes de
philosophie pratique." I have been surprised to meet with the same
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tianity is the doctrine of the arbitrary; that grace is caprice; and that in attributing to God the sentiments and varying conditions of a loving and emotional nature, we destroy all scientific and moral order. Another cause which has contributed much to sever in the minds of our contemporaries the idea of religion from that of justice, is the aspect presented by the policy of the Church. It is but too certain that the policy of the Church has often sacrificed the liberties of nations to its own ends: that it has often had no other principle than that of securing its own advantage, heaping praise or blame upon the civil powers, according as they have lent or refused their aid to its designs. It has been perfectly easy, therefore, to inspire modern democracy with a deep and all but invincible distrust of a system which, under pretext of seeking the glory of God, has shown itself capable of ignoring all natural rights and sacrificing everything to its own success. In this way men have come to substitute the abstract idea of justice for the idea of a living and personal God; and, by a sequence which at first sight appears strange, but which is really logical, they have gone on from insisting upon justice alone,

statement from the pen of one of the most able thinkers of our day, M. Vacherot. In his work "La Religion," book iii. chap. 3, I read: "We were mistaken in supposing that the evangelical doctrine contained the very ideal of the moral law. No sentiment, however beautiful, strong, and pure, can take the place of a principle in the guidance of the human conscience. As a moral law, nothing can supersede justice. For this reason, therefore, we place modern morality above that of the gospel. . . . A sentiment is never a principle. To every man according to his works: there we have a principle. To every one according to his needs: this is a sentiment. The latter formula may be the expression of a social Providence; the former alone is the expression of a law."

We shall not attempt here to discuss these summary conclusions. Let us only observe that the principle of justice is rigidly maintained in the gospel; that the word and the idea of justice are repeated on every page of the New Testament; that Christianity never assumes to sacrifice justice, but that above the sphere of rigid justice it has opened to mankind the vast region of charity. It is easy to say, To every man according to his works; but what about the poor, the incapable, the disinherited, and all the guilty? If the essential characteristic of modern morality is that it suppresses mercy, and allows man no other chance of victory in the battle of life than this, To every man according to his works, apart from any gleam of mercy, then such a morality becomes the watchword of despair. We are both surprised and grieved to see so many noble minds misconceiving to such a degree the true character of Christianity.

to repudiate the idea of mercy and love which the gospel presents to the world. Nothing ought to find readier acceptance in a democratic society than the Christian idea of pardon. compassion, love; and yet there is nothing which, in our day, arouses more irritation and antipathy in a certain portion of the press. They clamour for justice, and nothing but justice; and, in the name of all that is truly human and natural, they would dispose summarily of the theological and ethical systems of the past. My brethren, we are bound in fairness to recognise that for this vehement repudiation there is some excuse. It is not, indeed, the gospel which deserves to be thus repudiated, but its unworthy representatives. We must not allow the sacred ideas of law and justice to be in any measure effaced; on the contrary, the more emphatically we maintain them, the more shall we be able to commend the true idea of mercy. Let me illustrate what I mean by an example. In the Sermon on the Mount there are the famous passages, "Whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek. turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain" (Matt. v. 39-42). Now it is quite certain that Jesus Christ never intended to make these precepts a rule of social life. Any society which should allow the right of the weak to be violated with impunity would soon be doomed to perish. Society is bound to maintain rigidly the claims of justice. Christians, in their capacity as citizens, as members of an earthly society, are bound to enforce respect for the claims of each member. Even in that simplest of social circles, the family, it is imperative that due honour be paid to the father and mother, and that the rights of the children be respected among themselves. Christians would be the last to emasculate the idea of strict justice contained in the old Roman device, Reddere cuique suum. Every infringement of liberty, of purity, of the rights of property ought to be visited by the law. To fail in the exercise of this duty would be to belie the true meaning of Christ's teaching, and to surrender to the mercy of the strong, the young, the ignorant, the feeble, the poor-that is to say, those whom Christ loves with a peculiar love, and whose cause He has made for ever His own.

Where, then, it will be asked, is the sphere for the exercise of this charity? There need be no fear; we shall find ample scope for it. When society shall have vindicated in all its extent the claim of law, it will remain for the individuals composing that society to waive their rights in the exercise of mercy; and their compassion will be all the more beautiful as the voluntary sacrifice of strength, and not of weakness. The same man may and ought to insist upon his just claims, and when these have been recognised, he can then ask pardon for those whom justice impeaches. It is, therefore, on grounds higher than those of mere social morality, that I appeal to your consciences in the words of my text, and say, "Shouldest not thou have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee?"

"Compassion on thy fellow-servant." This means here-

let us not forget it-compassion on those who have voluntarily offended us. Alas! were it only to such that we are wont to refuse it! But does it need always that we should have been offended at all before we show ourselves pitiless? We know too well that it is not so. There are those who have never done us any wrong, and yet who have been unfortunate enough to displease us. Without knowing why, they have awakened our dislike. Their appearance, their language, less things even than these, have wounded us, and with strange levity we justify such feelings by saving that we are antipathetic, without thinking how much that is rude and even cruel may lurk beneath this antipathy. See even the little child moved to irrepressible laughter by the sight of deformity or suffering. That is a fearful pleasure. What is there in that unreflecting little soul so allied to cruelty? Well, in spite of education and mature reflection, something of the same instinct survives in the best of us, and very little familiarity with the tone of conversation in worldly society, suffices to make us feel how pitiless it is. How many sharp summary judgments are pronounced, based only on appearances! How many people displease us all unwittingly, and we lay it to their

charge as a crime! How miserable are the petty prejudices of caste, of education, of creed, which dry up within us the fountain of compassion, and make us capable of odious meannesses of feeling, degrading to our common humanity!

Have compassion, then, I would say first of all, on those who have never meant to do you ill. But I go further, and in the name of the gospel, which in this as in all else is above nature, I say, Have compassion on those who have offended you. Oh, how rare is the pardon of iniquities! Hopeless debtors as we are to God, we forget the ten thousand talents which He has remitted, and think only of the hundred pence which some one owes us. How tenaciously we cling to the memory of others' faults! How quickly the old wounds open afresh! How do the sharp words, the mortifying suggestions, the ironies-nay, even the mere slights, very likely not intendedrankle in our recollection, and come up again and again before our vexed sense of self-importance! The rancours of religious hate have been described a thousand times, and never can be too earnestly decried. Under the shadow of the sanctuary they have often raged with almost savage vehemence. Sad indeed is this aspect of our ecclesiastical history. I call to mind a famous passage in which Tertullian seems to snatch a fearful joy as he anticipates the torture of the enemies of Christianity in the fire that never can be quenched. And as we look down the ages since his day, what do we see and hear? Bitter cries of hatred and revenge are blended with the prayers of the faithful. Call to mind the atrocious scenes enacted in view of the cross. Listen to-day to the denunciations, the biting sarcasms, the fierce polemics of certain religious parties. Is not all this enough to explain the slow progress of the Christian cause, its humiliating retrogression and failure?

Do we wish to prove that Christianity is Divine? Let us show, then, that in us it has overcome our natural irritability and spleen. Let us manifest to the world, that too much forgotten quality called mercy, and let us teach the world by learning it afresh ourselves, that the great conquering power in life is the love which freely forgives and utterly forgets.

THE CHOIRMASTER.

THE increased attention which has of late been given to the musical part of the worship in our Nonconformist chapels gives the position of its conductor a much greater importance than it ever possessed before, and renders it eminently desirable that there should be a clearer understanding as to the nature of the office and the qualifications necessary to its efficient discharge. There are not a few who think that we have become altogether too artistic, too elaborate, and too Churchy in the conduct of our service of song, and that if we were to close our organs, disperse our choirs, discard chants and anthems, and have a precentor to lead the congregation in the plainest and most old-fashioned tunes, it would be an immense advantage. But it is of no possible use to discuss such suggestions, for they are simply impracticable. tendency is all in the opposite direction, and an attempt to reverse it would be as hopeless as, to borrow a simile of Lord Palmerston, an endeavour to make the waters of the Exe flow back from the sea; or, to take an analogy from the very subject for which this figure was employed, as desperate as the wild dreams of Mr. Maciver and his friends about the restoration of Protection. Instead of engaging in such Quixotic enterprizes, it would be infinitely better if those who are not satisfied with this musical development, and, perhaps, are troubled with an uneasy suspicion that it savours of Ritualism, would look it fairly in the face, and, accepting the inevitable. see if it be possible to restrain the movement within fair and reasonable limits. To take a position of stolid conservatism is only to throw away all influence. Men soon cease to give heed to the protests of those who protest against everything. They are never consulted, because every one anticipates their objections, and it is understood that if any change is to be made, they must be set aside. Any moderating power which they might exert is thus wholly sacrificed, and it is fortunate if this style of opposition does not help to make the onward movement more decided and extreme.

Among the changes of these modern times the old-fashioned precentor has almost disappeared from Congregational

Churches, and we do not think the loss is to be deplored. Here and there, no doubt, there was found, and may still be found, a man of fine commanding voice, who led the praises of the congregation with great precision and success; but it was only for the simplest class of music that he was available. If a people are content to sing nothing but the plainest hymntunes, and to abjure not only chants and anthems, but all partsinging, a precentor may be efficient enough; and where there are very large congregations, animated by an earnest spirit which leads all to do their utmost to swell the chorus of song. the great volume of sound may, so far as effect is concerned, compensate for artistic defects. The praise of a great multitude is deeply impressive so long as it is heard as a whole. and there is no attempt to judge of the individual voices critically, or to deal with questions as to time, or even the correctness of the notes. A precentor may serve to lead such a body; and no one who has joined in the service of song when conducted by one who has good judgment in selection of tunes and clear, ringing voice, which enables him to maintain his own lead, and to secure some measure of concord and harmony among the hundreds whom he has to guide, will venture to say that there is not in this simplest form of Congregational worship great force and often considerable impressiveness. We seem to have ringing in our ears still the plaintive strains of Scotch congregations to those familiar tunes which the people love, and which the precentors generally select, which had a singular pathos at the time, and which, it must be confessed, are to be preferred to the more ambitious porformances of choirs bent on introducing a class of music in which the congregations never think of joining, and to the efficient execution of which they are themselves very incompetent.

Still, in England at all events, the precentor is, for the most part, regarded as a being of another generation and a representative of a state of things which has passed away. He was not always a very pleasant or amiable helper. A story is told of a distinguished preacher of more than half a century ago, who came up to officiate at one of the London chapels where one of these worthies had held office for a long time, and, like a good many others of his class, had come

to entertain exalted conceptions of the functions he discharged, to say nothing of the style in which he himself performed them. On the first Sunday morning of the preacher's visit this worthy individual presented himself and began to give instructions as to the mode in which the service was to be conducted. "First," he said to the minister, "we singsfour or five verses; then you prays-not long; then we sings again," and so on to the end, taking care at every point to impress the preacher with the thought that he must keep his part of the service within most narrow proportions, in order that full scope might be given for the music and for the precentor. In closing, he observed, "You sees, sir, in our place we gives a good deal of time to the singing. Ah! that's like heaven, sir. It is always a pleasant thought to me about heaven that there will be no preaching and no praying there. It'll all be singing there." "Well," said the good minister, who was himself a little bit of a wit, "I also have my pleasant thoughts about heaven and that same singing. It is that you won't be the clerk."

Whether this be a true story or a myth, which has value only as the record of a prevalent impression, it is unnecessary to inquire. It is certainly safe to regard it as exhibiting the typical precentor of a former generation. The choirmaster who has taken his place may be equally disposed to magnify his office, sometimes a little unduly; but he has hardly the same opportunities for self-assertion, were he so inclined. An injudicious mode of talking about the musical part of the service which is occasionally met with must undoubtedly serve to encourage this tendency wherever it exists. It has been said that the choir have as important a place in the worship as the minister himself; and though this does not imply that the office of the choirmaster is on the same level as that of the pastor, the teacher and guide of a company discharging such important functions as those assigned to the choir will naturally feel that his office is invested with considerable authority and dignity, and he must be a meek and retiring man indeed if he does not seek to maintain the rights of his But surely such extreme representations of the office of the choir are based upon a fallacy. It is, no doubt, of great importance that they should fill their place efficiently,

should not offend good taste, nor fail to sustain the interest and impressiveness of the service. But their failure would. after all, be a very different matter from the failure of a minister so to express the feelings of the congregation in prayer as to quicken that sentiment of devotion, to whose desires he seeks to give utterance, or to preach the Word of God so as to arouse the slumbering conscience, or comfort the mourning heart, or inspire the Christian with holier purposes and nobler aims. In speaking of the failure of a choir, too, it is necessary to be careful in the definition of terms. A choir may fail if judged by some artistic test, and yet there may be no injury to the worship. The vast majority of the people may be utterly unconscious of the occasional trippings. the false notes which some of the tenors have sung, the want of proper balance between the different parts, the irregularities of time—all so distressing to an educated ear. The musical critic may therefore insist that there has been failure where the congregation have been so deeply moved that they have joined heartily in the strains of praise, and have felt stimulating and inspiring influence in the act. This is a kind of failure about which an earnest pastor need not distress himself. What is really deplorable is that absence of fervour, spirit, and enthusiasm, by which the congregation must be injuriously affected. A choir may discourse classical music in artistic style, and yet never touch a single chord of true feeling in the heart of the congregation, and contribute nothing to the devotional spirit of the service. That is real failure.

This view leads up to the detection of the fallacy involved in raising the choir to so high a position as is sometimes claimed for them. We hardly need to be taught in Congregational Churches to-day that the worship of the assembly is something greater even than the preaching of the minister. If a contrary opinion ever obtained it has long since been corrected, if not altogether rooted out, and the danger at present is rather that the pulpit may be unfairly and unwisely depreciated, and with the even greater evil which is that at present under consideration, that in speaking of the worship more regard may be had to its artistic completeness and beauty than its spiritual fervour. The value, and, indeed, necessity, of the service of praise may be fully recognized

without conceding the claim which is often set up on behalf of the choir. The efficiency of that element in the service does not depend on them to the same extent that the efficiency of the instruction must depend on the pastor. Indeed, it would not be too much to assert that the character of the worship is determined much more by the influence of the pulpit than by the excellence of the choir. A congregation roused to true spiritual sentiment by the appeals of the preacher will sing with devotion and spirit, despite the choir, and it will take a very powerful choir indeed so to touch a congregation whose tone has been lowered and depressed by feebleness or coldness in the pulpit, that the worship in the hymn shall be devout and elevated.

But while thus refusing to reduce the value of the preacher in order to enhance that of the choirmaster, no one would deny that he who undertakes to conduct the arrangements for this part of the service has very great responsibility resting upon him. Music which harmonizes with the general tone and tendency of a service may do much to retain and deepen the impression produced by the preacher. A hymn, as Herbert well says, "may catch him who a sermon flies," and the way in which that hymn is rendered by the congregation may accentuate its teachings, possibly give them a point which would otherwise have been entirely missed. It must not be forgotten, too, that it is the only part of Congregational worship in which the people publicly take part, and it becomes, therefore, of the first importance that it should be of a character to excite their interest and call forth their hearty utterances. To children it is sure to have a peculiar attraction, and not only be a relief from those parts of the service which must of necessity be a little wearisome to them, but even become a happy and spiritual influence upon them. Is it necessary to add that the man who has to make provision for all this needs something more than a knowledge of music?

His work, it must be admitted, is one of considerable difficulty. The internal arrangements of the choir themselves are not always easy of adjustment, except where he has a number of trained helpers over whom he exercises control. For this reason many advocate the employment of choirs of boys. They have their own special difficulties, as will soon

be discovered by any one who makes the experiment. Their voices change so rapidly that it is necessary to provide for a constant succession of singers, and, indeed, almost to keep a second choir in reserve. They have, too, their waywardnesses and follies, and need close inspection and careful instruction. Still, while all this is perfectly understood, many prefer boys because it is more easy to have them in hand. It is assumed that to the boys some remuneration is given in the way of musical teaching, if no other, and the fear of forfeiting the privileges of the choir will generally act as a sufficient restraint or stimulus. But volunteers, and especially lady volunteers, are said to be not so amenable to discipline, to be more irregular at practice, and also to be more uncertain in voice. It is rather amusing to note the way in which those who advocate the two views will dogmatize—one in favour of ladies, and the other of boys. But so it is on almost all questions pertaining to music. It is very difficult to select any moot point on which there is perfect agreement among experts, and equally to find one on which the champions of the contending opinions are not prepared to speak with a confidence which forbids the possibility of question or doubt. Those who are not eager partizans would probably regret the want of the matured soprano of ladies, and at the same time confess the difficulty of obtaining the constant attendance of ladies which is essential to the excellence of a choir. But they would further protest against the attempt to pass any Act of Uniformity, and urge all choirmasters to be guided in their own decision by the circumstances of each individual case and the kind of material at their disposal.

But whatever be the component elements of his choir, the manager may be sure of the need of prudence, discretion, amiability, if everything is to run smoothly. Possibly, too, the organist may be fractious, occasionally a little petulant or exacting, unwilling to take the necessary trouble with those who are all too slow to learn. His views may differ from those of the conductor, perhaps, in the selection of tunes and in the part to be taken by his instrument. And while endeavouring to promote unity within, the choirmaster cannot be altogether insensible to the kind of criticism which is going on without. It would almost appear as if every one felt him-

self qualified to give an opinion about music, and as if every one's opinion differed from that of every one beside. Some are for ever complaining that there are none but new tunes, and the echo of their grumbling has not died out before there is the opposite outcry from another class that the choir never give any new tunes at all. Of course both are equally wrong, but both fancy that they have a perfect right to pour their small complaints into the ears of the man who is trying to do his best, and each seems to think that his one duty is to please them. Nothing is so surprising as the criticisms which are passed upon hymns and tunes, except the assurance with which they are propounded, and the belief of every critic in his own infallibility. After listening, on one occasion, to a number of opinions of this character, in which some of my own most favourite hymns had, in succession, come in for unfriendly remark, I observed: "It seems clear that if every hymn on which an unfavourable verdict is pronounced by any individual were to be excluded from our psalmody, there would not be a solitary hymn left; and the only consolation I can find is, that if every one were inserted of which any one recorded approval, there is not one so poor as to be rejected." It is the same with tunes; and perhaps the best thing a choirmaster could do would be to consult his own taste, and he would then have the satisfaction of feeling that there was oneperson content.

Seriously, congregations who have found some one to undertake this particular service, who enters into it con amore, and whose judgment, ability, and common sense are equal to his zeal, ought to treat him with kindly consideration. In such matters the apostolic law must apply, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." Especially is it unwise, if not something much more than unwise, for those of an older generation to desire, in mere questions of taste in which no principle is involved, to try and impose the ideas and habits of their own youth upon their successors. To secure the brightness which attracts and wins young people should be one of the first objects with every one who is really concerned for the progress of the Church. If, indeed, the young demand that principles be subordinated to their taste and pleasure, there is no alternative but resistance.

We cannot turn our churches into concert-halls and our worship into a musical entertainment for the purpose of gathering a crowd of young people. But the conservatism which insists that the droning tunes which were common fifty years ago, and were relieved by those extraordinary airs that were so very lively and so extremely unmusical, shall be maintained in their supremacy, and because they themselves have pleasant associations with "Cranbrook" or "Calcutta," the more educated ears of the new generation shall be afflicted by them. is too stupid to deserve serious consideration. By what law, human or Divine, is it laid down that the tastes and habits of the Church as it was when our present sexagenarians were young shall be stereotyped for all time? They differed from their fathers: why should they expect to rule their descendants? But the conservatism of Congregational Churches is not more disposed to listen to reason than conservatism elsewhere—perhaps even less so. It is one of the difficulties with which the conductor of the musical service has to contend. and it is increased by the fact that it is met by a love of innovation often quite as injudicious and impracticable on the other side.

Whether he is to succeed in reconciling these opposing elements will depend very largely upon his own tact, and especially upon the sincerity of his endeavour to make the singing really congregational. A style of music in which the congregation as a whole is not likely to join is self-condemned. It may be correct, beautiful, classical; but it is not what our Churches want. On the other hand, the tunes or anthems in which a congregation heartily unite are not to be tabooed because of some prejudice, however venerable. Choirs are only too apt to forget that they are only meant to be the leaders of the congregation, not substitutes for them, and choirmasters very naturally catch their tendencies. ears are vexed by the discords which mar the beauty of the execution, or they feel that a congregation is continually drawing them back and intefering with the proper time of the music. It is very hard for them to remember that they have to think mainly of the devotional spirit of the service. not of its musical correctness—as hard, perhaps, as it is for the preacher always to bear in mind that the edification of

the people is his first and chief concern, and that for that he must sometimes sacrifice his own ideas of artistic finish. A significant passage in Mr. Baring-Gould's recent work on Germany shows where the danger lies. "Everywhere," he says, "Church music in England is made congregational; but congregational music never can be music of high art. . . . The hymn is the sacred nursery lullaby, nothing more. Any servant-girl can sing it without knowing her notes." It is just so that a great many choirmasters of musical tastes and acquirements think; but if they act on such thoughts, they will certainly not meet the necessities of Congregational Churches. Here and there may be found individuals who urge that choirs may sing for the benefit of the congregations, and contend that spiritual impressions may thus be produced. For my own part, I extremely doubt whether the sentiment thus awakened has in it anything of a really religious character; and if it ever be so, the cases are too rare and exceptional to be taken as the foundation of any law on the subject. Congregational singing, at all events, is what the overwhelming majority of our people desire, and the great object of the conductor should be to satisfy this wish. Let him set himself steadily to this, not seeking the credit of arranging a beautiful musical service, but a service which will best call forth the devotion of all the people-that simplest and best "service of song" in which the whole congregation shall lift up their hearts and voices to God-and he · will deserve the gratitude of all. J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A RELIGIOUS RAMBLER.

II.

It was great day with me when I walked one Sunday morning into the City to hear, for the first time, the famous Rev. Thomas Binney. Famous he was; but not always for those things which made up the essence of his greatness. Conversation dwells on trifles and superficialities; and the talk about Mr. Binney represented him as eccentric. I am not sure whether certain grave shakes of the head did not indicate

that even in doctrine he had ventured somewhat out of the proper circle of thought. My curiosity was somewhat piqued when, as a youth, I entered the somewhat gloomy portals of the Weigh House Chapel. And I was not doomed to disappointment. First, the stature of the man impressed me; then the piercing eye arrested me. What a king of men he was! It was a pity that such a physique should have been encased in the pill-box shaped pulpit which stood at the end of the chapel. But enough of the man could be seen to make the radiating force felt all over the congregation. The sermon was begun with the fine tenuous notes which were characteristic of Mr. Binney's voice, till he had warmed up to his subject. He was highly nervous. A few coughs troubled him. He stopped; then in a minute stopped again, and said, "You can be quieter yet." Still he was not comfortable, and he had not yet commanded perfect silence; and so, looking straight at the people, he said, as though it were a part of his subject, "I do like the Quakers for one thing, namely, for their perfect stillness." Then the people smiled at one another; the subject began to open; the thin, long fingers were passed through the shaggy hair, a large silk pocket handkerchief was produced; and there was no more coughing or movement. The text was, "The kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." It had been suggested to him by some associations connected with the Evangelical Alliance; an organization which, if I remember rightly, he had declined to join, though sympathizing with its main objects. The impression, as far as I can recall it, produced on my mind by the sermon was, that a man can be a Christian without signing a creed.

Some time after I heard him again; and then there was not so much coughing, for there was a better sermon, or at least one which Mr. Binney enjoyed preaching better. It was said that you could always tell whether Mr. Binney was fully prepared by the martial and almost eager way in which, at such times, he ascended the pulpit. The subject on this occasion was the character of Simeon. The sermon was written with a pen of iron on the memory, by an ingenious use of the forefinger of the right hand. With that finger Mr. Binney drew a series

of circles, each smaller than the last. With a very wide sweep he first spoke of Simeon as a "man;" and in eloquent yet simple terms described what a grand thing it was to belong to the great circle of humanity. After this the finger came into requisition, and a second circle was drawn, including the men or people who dwelt in Jerusalem. The religious privileges of that city were spoken of, with an obvious reference to similar privileges in the City of London. The finger drew a lesser circle, and the voice with sharp emphasis, as though the word had been shot out by compressed air, proclaimed that Simeon was a just man. It was not every one in Jerusalem who could be thus described. He had paid his way : " he could look his fellow-man in the face." These last words were spoken with one of those penetrating looks which only Mr. Binney could give. A narrower circle still was drawn, and the epithet "devout" was dwelt upon. He could look his God in the face. These circles seemed to be like rings of fire searching out the hidden purposes of the soul, and revealing the thoughts of many hearts. But as one mused there came a short, sharply-drawn circumference. "Waiting for the consolation of Israel." He believed the promises of God. Closely following was the last circle, describing him as one on whom the Holy Ghost had descended. And then, finally, the finger was turned upward to represent a solitary figure standing alone in the very centre, and standing there because all these circles were about him, and receiving into his soul the special and personal revelation that he should live on till he had seen the promised Messiah. To this hour I can never think of Simeon without seeing him in the middle of those concentric circles. The portrait was made with a few strokes, but every stroke showed a master hand. The same thoughts passing through another mind, and presented by another man, might have been trivial and commonplace. was a master in Israel; and no one could sit at his feet without feeling and acknowledging his immense superiority and unique power. These impressions were strengthened when I had the privilege of Mr. Binney's personal acquaintance. It was no slight ordeal to preach for him in after days; but I was richly rewarded by having the opportunity, by releasing him from morning duty, of hearing one of his

sermons to young men. The chapel was crowded, the heat was great, the discourse most telling. "John fulfilled his course," was the text. After describing the various positions which young men might be called upon to fill in the City, and having thus enlisted their sympathy, he insisted on the necessity of fulfilling the course prescribed to us in a Godfearing spirit. I heard him preach some time after, his "great" sermon at Leeds; and he left a deep mark on the congregation; but it was in his own Weigh House Chapel that the indelible strokes were best made. They were not so fine nor so finished, but they were done with a firmer hand and a surer aim. What a pleasure it is to recall his memory! His "brethren" and "sons" took a pride in his manmajesty; and there are few who cannot remember private passages in their relations to him which showed that he

possessed an almost womanly tenderness.

When I first went to Westminster Chapel, one Sunday evening about twenty years ago, an incident occurred which I have often recalled with pleasure. As I was standing waiting for a seat, a gentleman touched me on the shoulder and invited me to his pew. He showed me courtesy in other ways, and said a few kind words at parting. Such actions as these reach farther in their influence than we can tell. Looking up from that gentleman's pew I saw, for the first time in my life, Samuel Martin. The old Westminster Chapel was a plain edifice, one of the commodious meeting-houses erected by Thomas Wilson. There was a pillbox pulpit in it of dark and shining mahogany, if I recollect rightly. There was nothing æsthetic to attract attention or to soothe the senses. But what a spell was exercised by the minister! Calm power looked out of his eyes, and tides of stillness seemed to roll over all the people as he waited to "give out" the first hymn. Those who have worshipped with the Society of Friends will understand the meaning of silence. This was the kind of silence that was found in the congregation to which Samuel Martin ministered. It was not produced by artifice. It was the result of religious feeling, of a realized and felt presence of the Deity. The minister stood consciously before the mercyseat when he prayed; when he read the Scriptures he was listening to what the Lord should say: when he preached it was as the agent of the Holy Ghost and the messenger of the Divine Word. Men and women might come hot and fevered with the world's care into that sanctuary; but gradually they would find themselves steeped in calmness, and every sound would die away from the cloisters of their spirits while they listened to the still small voice. There was no hurry in the service, neither was there any drawling. Everything told on the ear and on the heart. There was intention about everything; all the parts were clear, distinct, and appropriate, like the notes of a solemn piece of music. I have often wished that those who believe that no deep devotion is possible apart from a liturgy could have heard Mr. Martin conduct the prayers of his people.

On the evening to which I refer he took for his text the words, "The glory that should follow." The face of the preacher is intent, as it seems, on the manuscript; and yet, as you look again, it seems intent on the congregation; and yet, as you look once more, it seems to be intent on neither, but to be gazing on "the glory that should follow." We listen to the sombre tones that come from the pulpit, and we are travelling a lowly valley with shadows overhead and savage rocks on either side. It is a valley of humiliation. We see the "sufferings of Christ." But soon there come . richer and more golden notes from that voice; the valley opens out into wide plains of beauty and of conquest, and we catch gleams of "the glory that should follow." Yes! we are all looking. There is no eye uninterested. The people in the gallery lean forward and look at the glory that should follow; and the youth in a strange pew below looks up, drawn irresistibly by that voice, that face, that steadfast and purposeful mien; and many eves are gazing through their tears at "the glory which should follow." If any captious critic asks me to tell the divisions of that sermon, the thread of that discourse, the underlying course of thought which was pursued, I frankly say, "I cannot." But now, at the end of twenty years, I can see the "glory," and at the end of twenty more still I shall see the "glory," and remember the words from which the sermon was preached.

On serious reflection, and after further and personal ac-

quaintance with Mr. Martin, I am inclined to think that his object was reached in my case on that far-away Sunday evening. Remember that he had a profound belief that he was dealing with the Word of God. What did it matter to him if his own words were lost, so long as God's words were fastened like a nail in a sure place? With many preachers the text is the least part of the sermon. We wonder often why a text is chosen at all, and no doubt the preacher shares our wonder. But with Mr. Martin the text was everything. It expressed the truth which he was anxious to convey. This was symbolical of his whole habit of mind and cast of thought. He was a messenger of Jesus Christ. He had a word to deliver. In the pulpit at least he would not be turned aside from his great purpose by any inferior subject.

For this end a plain and simple style was chosen. Conversation with Mr. Martin revealed a much more richly-stored mind than his preaching did. He seemed to put a restraint on himself in this respect. Nothing could be more abhorrent to his nature than the showing off of his stores of knowledge. And he desired to make his ministry useful to the most humble members of his flock. I have heard the so-called superabundance of his illustrations harshly criticized, but not by preachers. A "thoughtful" layman now and again may have preferred a more argumentative, or learned, or imaginative style of preaching. But a minister of Mr. Martin's stamp knew that he had to speak to all classes and conditions of men and women. Doctors, lawyers, members of Parliament, and students were mingled with shopkeepers, young men and women from houses of business, mothers, fathers, and children. And he was conscious that he had to write his message on all their hearts. It would be difficult to say how it could have been done more effectually than by his method.

Take, for example, a text from which I heard him preach in the new and larger sanctuary. I fear that the finer tones of his voice were sometimes lost in this wider space. It is probable that he did not feel the big congregation so much within his compass as the old and smaller one. Yet when I heard him preach from the words, "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion that cannot be moved, but

which abideth for ever," he seemed to wield indescribable power over the whole people. His theme was the "faithfulness of God." And we were all held in a quiet spell looking on Mount Zion, seeing it "abide" after rains had swept over it and shadows had fled and flowers had bloomed and died. "What would you mothers do without trust in the Lord?" he asked, and every mother in the congregation seemed stirred with Divine consolation. And so taking all classes into the net he enclosed a great number of fishes.

Many will remember his sermon to young men at Headingley, near Leeds, in October, 1868, on the text, "Cleave to that which is good." Those who were present at that crowded service will not forget how, after telling young men the varied "good" which belonged to many of them, he turned with indescribable pathos and asked, "Have you a good mother?" There were not many dry eyes as that loving, paternal question thrilled over and through the hearts of the young people. And before we had recovered there came the penetrating and almost prophetic tones of Samuel Martin's voice, "Then cleave to her." That word "cleave" rings still through the halls of many a memory. And he meant it to do so. The illustrations about cleaving, which he piled one on the other, were put in cumulative order, so that we might never forget the word, and thus by God's blessing never cease to do the thing indicated by the word.

We have heard of a deacon thanking a casual "supply" for his services in these words: "Thank you, sir, for your sermon to-night; you have given us no Sanscrit." Such gratitude at the very least was always due to Mr. Martin. He never gave his people Sanscrit. He could have troubled them, I have no question, about "modern thought" as much as younger preachers do our congregations. But it was no little merit that he left out what was perplexing and muddling. His simple life symbolized itself in clear, pellucid thought, and this thought was expressed in crisp and intelligible sentences.

I have many sacred recollections of Mr. Martin of a personal character. This is not the place to set them down. I may, however, add that close contact with him revealed him more and more as possessing the power of sympathy in the highest

degree. This set in motion all his other faculties. He felt for and with men. And thus reason, judgment, affection, and knowledge of Scripture were placed freely at their service. The interruptions to his pulpit preparations were innumerable. Deacons of vacant churches, students asking advice (of whom I was one), men and women in trouble, souls looking for the light, Christian workers asking direction, formed a constant stream. But there was always a bright welcome for each; and the wise and timely word was sure to be spoken before the interview terminated. We need not wonder that such a man had a mighty influence for good over those to whom he preached the word of life.

SAMUEL PEARSON.

CHRISTIANITY IN AMERICA.

DENOMINATIONALISM.

AMERICAN Christianity, as already stated, is not an organic unit, nor a confederation of churches, but is divided into an indefinite number of independent ecclesiastical organizations called *Denominations*,* which, while differing in doctrine, or discipline, or *cultus*, are equal before the law, and have perfect liberty to work, and to propagate themselves, by peaceful and moral means, to the extent of their ability.

Where there is no national or State Church, there can be no Dissenters or Nonconformists as in England, and no sects in the sense in which this word is used on the Continent in opposition to the (national) church. The sects have become churches, and among these the Methodists and Baptists, who are scarcely known in some countries of the Continent and barely tolerated in others, are numerically the largest in the United States.

This of itself would be enough to condemn the religious condition of the United States as an anomaly in the judgment of a Churchman who is brought up in the traditions of an exclusive State-Churchism. To a German looking from the

^{*} The term *Denominations* is the American equivalant for the European (Continental) term *Confessions*, and is more appropriate, since the number of sects is much larger than the number of confessions of faith.

outside, America is a wilderness of sects, as to an American Germany is a wilderness of theological schools. The liberty of thought, which in Germany produces more opinions than thinkers, is checked in England and America by the wholesome restraint of public opinion and orthodox sentiment; but, on the other hand, we have much greater liberty of action and organization, which produces a superfluity of sects.

American denominationalism is certainly not the ideal and final condition of Christianity, but only a transition state for a far higher and better union than has ever existed before, a union which must be spiritual, free, and comprehend every variety of Christian life. The time must come, although it may not be before the second advent of Christ as the one Head of His Church, when party names will disappear, when there will be one flock under one Shepherd, and when believers will "be made perfect in one," even as Christ is with the Father.

But American denominationalism is the necessary outcome of the church history of Europe, and is overruled by Providence for the more rapid spread of Christianity. We should consider the following facts, on which an intelligent judgment must be based:

- 1. There is a difference between denominationalism and sectarianism: the former is compatible with true catholicity of spirit; the latter is nothing but an extended selfishness which crops out of human nature everywhere and in all ages and conditions of the church. The Roman Church, with all its outward uniformity, has as much carnal animosity among its monastic orders as there ever existed between Protestant sects.
- 2. The American denominations have sprung directly or indirectly from the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century and the Puritan commotion of the seventeenth century; they are found in Europe as well, though scattered and divided by geographical and political boundaries, and hampered by many disabilities.
- 3. They represent historical phases and types of Christianity which must be fully developed and finish their mission before there can be a free reunion. At the same time I would

not deny that there are a few petrified sects in America, which date their existence from some local or temporary quarrel in Europe, and which seem to have no right to exist except as antiquarian curiosity shops.

4. The denominations multiply the agencies for Christianizing the land, and stimulate a noble rivalry in all good works, which counterbalances the incidental evils of division. It is proper to add that proselytism is denounced by all honourable men. There is work enough for all denominations among their own members, and in the outlying semi-heathenish

population, without interfering with each other.

5. They are really more united in spirit than the different theological schools and church parties of national churches under one governmental roof, and manifest this underlying unity by hearty co-operation in common enterprizes, such as the distribution of the Bible, the preservation and promotion of Sunday observance, the Sunday-school Union, the Evangelical Alliance, city missions, and the management of various charitable institutions. The European delegates to the General Conference of the Alliance in New York were struck with the powerful manifestation of this unity in diversity, which they had never witnessed on such a grand scale anywhere before. And this spirit of catholic unity is steadily progressing, and all the more so, because it is the spontaneous outgrowth of the spirit of Christianity, which is a spirit of love.

Among these various modes of co-operation should be mentioned the work of revising the English Bible in common use, which has been carried on since 1870 with great harmony by a large number of Biblical scholars of all Protestant denominations in England and the United States. This revision, when completed and adopted for public use, will be a noble monument of the spiritual unity and exegetical consensus of English-speaking Christendom.

THEOLOGICAL EDUCATION.

We now proceed to describe some of the general activities of evangelical Christianity in America. We begin with the preparation for the ministry.

Theological learning is fast progressing, even among those denominations who formerly neglected it, but are beginning to see that the intelligence and culture of the age peremptorily require a well-educated ministry, especially in a country where public opinion rules supreme, and where the church depends upon the voluntary support and affection of the people. A few obscure sects perpetuate their ignorance and stagnation, and as they are dead to the surrounding world, the world cares no more for them than for antediluvian fossils.

Ministerial education is carried on in special seminaries, of which there are now probably more than a hundred in the land. A few first-class institutions would be better than many poor ones which spread a superficial culture at the expense of depth and solidity. But the vast extent of the country and the rivalry of sects stimulate the multiplication. There are institutions where one or two professors must teach all branches of learning, and spend the vacation in the humiliating business of collecting their own scanty salary. But a few of the older seminaries are nearly as fully equipped with professors, students, and libraries as the best theological faculties in Germany and Switzerland, and admit no students who have not taken a full college course. Two of them have more students than some renowned universities of Europe.

Instruction is free in all these seminaries, and professors receive no fees. Indigent and worthy students are aided by scholarships or by beneficiary boards, to which all congregations are expected to contribute according to their means. Others prefer to support themselves by teaching, or by mission work in connection with some church or Sunday-school.

Discipline is much more strict than in German universities. The wild excesses of student life are not unknown in some of our colleges, but unheard of in theological seminaries. Only such students are admitted as are in good standing in their church, and give reasonable evidence of choosing the ministry not merely as an honourable profession, but from love to Christ and desire to save souls. Every lecture is opened with a short prayer. Much attention is paid to the cultivation of piety as well as learning. From a long experience as a public teacher in Europe and America, I may venture the assertion that the theological students of America, as regards ability,

gentlemanly bearing, and Christian character, are equal to any in the world.

The theology taught in these seminaries differs, of course. according to the denomination. Each has its own creed and theological traditions. New England Congregationalism has produced the first and, so far, the only distinct school of American dogmatic theology, headed by the great and good Jonathan Edwards. It is a subtle form of scholastic Calvinism based on the Westminster standards, but it has during the last fifty years undergone, in one of its branches, considerable modification, even to the verge of Pelagianism. The latest monumental work of orthodox Calvinism is the "Systematic Theology" of the venerable and amiable Dr. Charles Hodge, of Princeton, who after celebrating the semi-centennial of a spotless and unusually successful career of public teaching (1872), entered into his rest (1878), but will long live in his books, and in the grateful memory of enumerable pupils. Dr. Tholuck, the friend of his youth, had preceded him a year before.

In Biblical and historical learning we are largely indebted to Germany, which has been for the last fifty years the chief intellectual and critical workshop of Protestantism, both orthodox and heterodox. Professor Stuart of Andover, and Professor Robinson of Union Seminary, New York (the wellknown Palestine explorer), were the pioneers of Biblical and Anglo-German learning in America. Since that time almost every important German contribution to theological science has been imported or translated, and many German scholars -Neander, Gieseler, Tholuck, Olshausen, Lange, Meyer, Delitzsch, &c .- have more readers in America than in their fatherland (if we are to judge from the success of their translated works). A considerable number of our students are annually resorting to Berlin, Leipzig, Halle, and other universities to complete their studies; and not unfrequently they extend their visit to Bible lands, where they can read "the fifth Gospel" and study the Book in the land of its birth. The students return with the latest ideas and advances of European scholarship, and prepare the way for America's golden age of theology, which cannot be far distant.

The American ministry, while it may be behind in classical

culture, is more orthodox and better trained for practical church work than that of Protestant countries of the Continent. A minister may choose among the different creeds, but is expected to be loyal to the one he has chosen. A preacher who does not believe what he preaches is regarded as a moral monstrosity, and would soon be disciplined or starved out. There are, indeed, a few smart and witty sensationalists who turn the sacred pulpit into a platform for the amusement of the hearers, and preach politics, æsthetics, and anything rather than the gospel of Christ. But these are exceptions. Dull and tedious sermons are not more frequent than in some parts of Europe. The great evangelical doctrines of sin and grace are faithfully, earnestly, and effectually proclaimed in nearly all denominations.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

In close connection with the church is the Sunday-school. It is the church for the young and rising generation. There is hardly a congregation which has not a Sunday-school attached to it. The pupils are divided into groups, and the groups are gratuitously taught by members of the church, male and female, under the superintendence of the pastor or a competent layman. The school is held either before or after the morning service. It is made attractive to children by lively music, pictures, anecdotes, and innocent amusements adapted to their capacity and taste. The chief and often the only textbook is the Bible, with or without a catechism. The recent system of interdenominational and international Scripture lessons has immensely stimulated and extended Bible studies, and called forth a flood of popular commentaries in periodicals and separate volumes.

The American Sunday-school instruction is of incalculable importance for the future of the country. It may often be very superficial; but that is the fault of the teachers, and not of the system, which admits of endless improvement. The Sunday-school system supplements the scanty religious training of the public schools; it popularizes and commends religion by bringing it down to the capacity of childhood in the spirit of unselfish love; it developes a vast amount of layagency, and gives to young men and women a fine field of

pleasant usefulness on the Lord's day; it promotes the proper observance of the Lord's day by feeding His lambs; it keeps alive the child-like spirit in the adults; it attaches the parents to the church by the interest shown in their offspring; and it is a most effective missionary agency by scattering the seed of new churches throughout the land.

The literature for children stimulated by the Sunday-school system is beyond anything known in former ages of the world. There are illustrated child's papers with a circulation not only of tens of thousands but of hundreds of thousands of copies. That a large amount of this literature is not child-like but childish may be expected. But the chaff is soon blown away, the wheat remains. Alongside with ephemeral productions you will find in the majority of Sunday-school libraries the best popular and devotional books and periodicals for teachers and pupils.

The American Sunday-school system has for the last ten or fifteen years found much favour on the continent of Europe, and is likely to become there a regular institution. A society in Brooklyn, consisting mostly of ladies, keeps up a regular correspondence with foreign Sunday-school workers and aids them with funds.

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

America is the paradise of newspapers. The paradise is, of course, not free from snakes. "The Satanic press," so called, is stronger in a republic than in a monarchy, and does an incalculable amount of mischief. There is no restraint whatever on the freedom of the press, which accordingly reflects all the bad as well as good passions of the people, and all the bitterness of party contests, especially in times of election. But the Americans have much more confidence in freedom than in the police, and are determined to fight out the battle on this line, being convinced that truth is mightier than error, and must prevail in the end. Newspapers are, of course, amenable to public opinion, and in the struggle for life and success they must satisfy all the reasonable demands, and respect the usages and tastes of their readers. No decent paper would dare to defy the general sentiment of morality and religion.

Even the worst of them publish more religious news than any secular paper in Europe.

Every American reads newspapers. He would rather do without his breakfast than without his morning paper, which gives him a bird's-eye view of the world's life on the preceding day. The leading dailies number their subscribers by tens of thousands, some reaching a circulation of over a hundred thousand. They are brought into every household, sold on the street, in the hotels, on the steamboats, in the railroad cars, and transmitted by post to the remotest settlements. Owing to their immense circulation and advertizing patronage they can afford to be very cheap. The enterprize of American newspapers shrinks from no expense. They get telegraphic news and correspondence from all parts of the world, wherever anything of interest is going on. The Monday issues contain even reports of popular sermons as items of news, so that millions may read what thousands have heard the day before. One editor in New York succeeded, where geographical societies and government expeditions failed, in finding Livingstone in the wilds of Africa, and revealing the mysteries of that continent from the sources of the Nile to the western coast.

This spirit of enterprize communicates itself in large measure to the religious press. Every respectable denomination has its stately quarterly review, its monthly magazine, and its weekly newspaper or newspapers. The quarterlies are intended for scholars, and for that vast and steadily-growing theologically public which wants to be posted in the progress of theology and general literature, and to possess itself of the results of the latest learned researches. The magazines furnish light reading for the educated classes. The weeklies are religious newspapers in the proper sense of the term. Of the last class, 30 are published in New York City, 21 in Philadelphia, 15 in Chicago, 14 in Cincinnati, 11 in Boston, 9 in St. Louis, 9 in San Francisco, 4 in Richmond.

The weekly religious newspaper is a peculiar American institution, and reaches almost every family. Europe has, of course, its religious periodicals, but with the exception of a few English weeklies, they are confined to purely ecclesiastical or devotional reading, and rarely exceed a circulation of one thousand copies. An American religious weekly treats de

rebus omnibus et quibusdam aliis, and requires at least five thousand subscribers to be self-sustaining. It furnishes a weekly panorama of the world as well as of the Church, avoiding, of course, all that is demoralizing and objectionable, but omitting nothing that is thought instructive, interesting, and edifying to a Christian family. Miscellaneous advertisements, ecclesiastical, literary, and commercial, take up a good deal of space and pay the heavy expense.

The religious newspaper furnishes throughout the year a library of useful and entertaining reading for the small sum of two or three dollars. It is a welcome weekly family visitor, and easily becomes an indispensable institution, a powerful aid to the pulpit, and a promoter of every good cause.*

LIFE IS WORTH LIVING.

A REPLY TO MR. MALLOCK.

T.

It is no slight feat to startle the modern civilized world, and the man who can so startle it proclaims himself thereby to be more or less a genius. For our notions of action are formed from the averages of life, and mankind for the most part makes little progress, but moves around in one circle of monotonous routine. Whether at any time we get nearer some higher goal, or whether we get further from it, appears merely a matter of mood, and just decides for our individual selves whether we are of the optimist or pessimist "persuasion."

But one day a man appears who can do a thing better than any one has done it before. We start, and say, "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men!" He may do no more than apparently supersede some natural law; gravitation, for instance, by walking time after time across a rope in mid-air, blindfold, and not falling. That is all! But no one else can do it. He has outstripped humanity, and startled the world. Or perhaps from three strings he can draw tones of unexampled sweetness and force. Or with only

^{*} From a paper in The Princeton Review, by Rev. Dr. Schaff.

human muscles he can sustain supernatural fatigue, and lift incredible weights. Or, like Napoleon, he may transcend the limits of conscience, and defy human and Divine law; or, like Shakespeare, overleap past and future intellectual power, in his achieved originality of idea and expression. Whatever it be, paltry or artistic, gross or subtle, he has transcended hitherto known skill, and has startled the world.

Whatever more Mr. Mallock can lay claim to, he can lay claim to this—he has startled the world. The title of his book has caught the public ear, and the busy tide of men stop still to listen. Fashion, science, wealth, intellect, crime even, are all arrested in their mad race after happiness. "What are we about?" they say. "What does life mean?" Are we only insects, centres of nerve force, gases, molecules? Can we do no more than furnish a bitter jest to the cynic? And is the judicious choice of food the grand ultimatum of the ages?

For the title of Mr. Mallock's book alone is novel. The subject is not new. That is as old as Ecclesiastes or the Book of Job, and was probably quite a familiar one to King Rameses the First. Nay, even the Garden of Eden heard the subject mooted, when the mother of mankind, with fair words, tempted Adam to eat the fruit of the tree of life, that they might be as gods knowing good from evil. Neither were the ancients indifferent to the subject; some, indeed, giving it a prompt and practical solution by the act of suicide; while not a few maintained with logical acumen that "to die was the only true life."

Mr. Mallock's genius, therefore, is not shown in his choice of subject. That had been floating for ages down the loom of time, loosely enough maybe, till he, with a touch at once delicate and strong, seized its shadowy, filmy threads, and twisted them with subtle and firm grasp till they formed one strong and massive cord.

But alas for society if Mr. Mallock's question is all that is valuable. But after a careful perusal of his book, this is the only conclusion that an educated and thoughtful reader can give. And "educated" we take in its widest sense; that which is the result of the habit of mind that estimates rightly the relative proportions of facts; and recognizes the gradually

^{*} Plotinus.

ascending scale of importance in scientific, intellectual, and moral facts.

Is, then, all this marvellous beauty of language, this subtle power of reasoning, this transcendent charm of idea, this irresistible pathos, merely used to bear us along the overwhelming current that leads only to ruin and destruction? Is the whole work of fascination to end in one gigantic delusion? But so it seems. "Life is not worth living," he says, "unless within the charmed circle of the Romish Church." One stares in sheer amazement at his answer. Surely it cannot be so! We have misread his sentences. Words have changed their meaning. There must be some occult significance behind that our inferior intellects have failed to grasp. Rome! the great panacea for the mistakes of mankind! Rome! the anæsthetic draught to lull the agonies of tortured souls! Rome! the huge baptismal pool in which the leprous-stricken world is to wash and be clean! Rome! the effulgent brightness of a glory to be shed over a lost and ruined race! Rome! the gigantic harbour for scientific doubt, for idealistic longings, and "apocalyptic despairs!"

And this in the nineteenth century! In educated England. With a Board-school at the corner of every street, and a history of this "land of freedom" in every boy's hand. Is this the country that has risen over and over again in wild revolt againt priestcraft, and waged a war to the knife against the spirit of sacerdotalism? Celts or Saxons, we are all one in our hatred of religious tyranny, and "the free-necked Englishman, whose long hair floated over a back that had never bent to a lord," still lives in the land. Was not this the special feature of our character that struck Tacitus, when he notices our love of a jealous independence? "They live apart," he says, "each by himself, as woodside, plain, or fresh spring attracts him. And though a priestly class did exist, it never had much weight; each 'free man' being his own 'house-priest;' while their common worship lay in the sacrifice which each offered to the god of his own hearth." * Even the superficial Macaulay becomes philosophical on this theme, and in awarding a certain sort of merit to Rome as a religious system, damns it with faint praise. "The leading

^{*} Green's "History of England."

strings," he says, "which preserve and uphold the infant, only impede the full-grown man. The very means which support the human mind in one stage of its progress, may in another stage be mere hindrances. And the dominion of priests, which during the dark ages had been a salutary guardianship, became an unjust and noxious tyranny. During the last three centuries, to stunt the growth of the human mind has been her chief object. Throughout Christendom, whatever advance has been made in knowledge, freedom, and wealth has been everywhere in inverse proportion to her power."

But have we never heard all this before? Is it not as familiar to us as the sentences at the top of our copy-books? Are not the utterance of such platitudes an insult to ears that are not idiotic? They are only chronological solecisms. or rather axioms taken for granted by the British race. So. indeed, we flattered ourselves till Mr. Mallock's solution of the mystery of life drives us to ask in blank amazement, "Where are we?" "What is the time of day?" "What is the century I live in?" "Have I been asleep like Rip Van Winkle, but for 300 years instead of twenty?" "Is it a wild dream I had that there had been a Reformation?" "Did no Luther ever live who feared not a world full of devils?" "Have there been no martyrs who said, 'Life is not worth living if I cannot call my soul my own, and another man claims the power to shut me out from heaven'?" Have there been no tortures and cruel deaths for truth, before the dim recital of which the imagination shrinks appalled? For what did these martyrs die? For a myth? For a mistaken construction of words? For a mere antipathy to a new form of religion? For an ignorant prejudice? Not for such things do people die. The love of life, man's strongest instinct, is not overpowered by mere dialectic puzzles, nor do tender women become fierce, nor gentle children strong, for a scholastic subtlety. Rather was it the deadly grasp of a creed which negatived the best instincts that lie bound up in such truths as duty, responsibility, conscience, character, that was upon them, and their souls rose heroic to the strife. "God be with thee, dear Rowland!" said the brave wife to her husband, the Vicar of Hadleigh, condemned to be burnt alive in his own parish.

"Do not fear, for I will, with God's grace, meet thee there!" What nerved the boy to hold his hand without flinching in the flame, and helped Rogers the preacher to bathe his arms in the scorching fire as if it had been cold water? What made the commonest lives break forth into a poetry that a pure conscience only can give? "Pray for me!" said a boy at the stake to the bystanders. "I will no more pray for thee than I would pray for a dog!" said one of them. Then said the boy, "Son of God, shine upon me!" And immediately the sun shone out of a dark cloud, so full in his face, that he was constrained to look another way.*

And yet in spite of history, in spite of the palpable contradiction that the death of martyrs must always give to Mr. Mallock's question, if asked in mere irony, he has the effrontery to palm Roman Catholicism off upon the age as the only possible answer. Does he give it in honest faith? May he not have thrown it down as a gauntlet to incite attack? Or maybe the cynicism of an ultra-scepticism that, having explored all religious beliefs and found them wanting, says to the world, "I throw you this dry bone not to feed you, but to stifle your howl of hunger and despair."

But not by the Romish Church will the question be solved. It may move along the epochs of time with a grand and magnificent step; it may dazzle us with its learning, its pomp, its prestige. It may say, "I sit alone, I am a queen; I have more votaries than ever." But the principle it lives by is false, and, like a bladder inflated by air, it will burst when nearest its fullest expansion.

But the question has been answered from the very antipodes of thought. Miss Bevington † offers us an "enlightened" materialism as the only alternative to render life worth living. And dreary as the prospect she gives us is, there is at any rate the bracing tone about it of a thoroughly oxygenated atmosphere. She, too, has faced the cold wind of "life;" but without any cowardly shrinking behind the walls of religious temples, or wrapping round her shivering shoulders the warm mantle of creed, dogma, or ten commandments, she steps out boldly into the bleak and arid plain of ultra-scepticism, and takes a daring and defiant stand on her own individuality,

^{*} Green's "History of England." † Oct. No. of The Nineteenth Century.

as a complex union of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, or a nucleated mass of living protoplasm; or rather, in the words of every-day life, on her own rights as a thinking being. "Created," she will not stoop to call her race, for that admits a Creator into the question; thus necessarily lowering the idea of humanity, as implying a process of manufacture. Evolvements are we, strange ones doubtless, but therefore all the more worthy of scientific analysis from other self-conscious evolvements.

Now to assume this lone and independent position "we must have so sufficient a respect for one's self, so great an honouring of or confidence in one's self, as that nothing external shall affect, and that one can take whatever comes. even if it be what is called 'damnation.' " And who is equal to this? Does not this isolation shut us out from humanity? Do not we by this mental act forfeit our right to the title of human being? For man, to be man, is a social being. He was not made to live alone, but was evolved with a feeling of the sacredness of humanity. And though individuality of character may be a phenomenon peculiar to man, yet it can only be produced by the congregated mass of humanity acting upon the individual unit. It is not sufficient for most minds to say, "I know not why I was made, nor the purpose of all the pain and misery that I see around me," although a Huxley may give the advice. We cannot rest satisfied in this bed of ice; a natural craving for the warmth of system and plan, for something to cling to, to depend upon. is inherent in every soul; a longing to pierce through the seen, and discern the moving power behind, is as inwrought in our very fabric as any one of the organic functions. And to explain the mystery of life, after this fashion, is virtually depriving us of life first, to ask the bitter question of irony after. "Is life worth living?" they say, with a sneer of pity. And our answer is to be, "I cannot tell. I have senses, but they were only given me to delude: I have a mind, but I can only think in a labyrinth of circles: I have emotions, but I do not feel; I have a soul, but I dare not aspire. I may flatter myself I am above a brute, and am drawing near the Divine; but what is the Divine?" And thus is human

^{*} J. A. Froude's "Nemesis of Faith."

nature driven cruelly along the weary road of endless investigation, only to reach the goal of ignorant despair.

Is there, then, any solution to Mr. Mallock's question? Is chaos to be the God of the future? The world arose out of chaos, and it will return thither. It will have lived through the three periods that Comte assigned to it—the theological, the metaphysical, and the scientific—and will die at last of intellectual atrophy!

But not so indeed! Life is a thing of splendid issues; and in these latter days is to become possessed of a fulness, a vigour, and a splendour, such as past ages never dreamt of, and our own can but faintly realize. For can we not

Hear at times a sentinel,

Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well?

E. N. SHEFFIELD.

LAST YEAR'S DOUBT, AND THIS YEAR'S ANSWER.

HAVE I not loved thee, O my country, loved Even the dumb stones of thy common streets, And the dull hearts, that grinding poverty Has turned to stone, and all the human souls Caught in the restless sea of surging life That fills thy markets; loved the people that With rough proud faithfulness and solemn toil Have tilled thy fields and wov'n thy garments, built Thy churches and thy forests of high masts? And art thou lost, my country?-Has thy truth Become a lie, and all the light within Thee darkness?—Must thy foes, exulting, learn That she who stood upon the stormy seas, Strong on the great deep, fearing not Time's blast Because she held God's oracles, has bowed Her head to meet the tempter, thrown away Her shield of righteousness, and tossed aside The love that crowned her with its helmed might Of noble pity? England, can it be ?-Art thou grown subtle, thou, who once hast heard The voice of Cromwell and of Milton? Nay!

From twenty thousand hearts and homes rolls back Triumphant answer; "Nay, England is not A selfish traitress,—not a vain slight thing, Babbling for empire and for gaudy pomp
Of stars ascendant in the seeming sky
Above an earthly stage, bought by the groans
Of subject nations."
O my country, thou
Art not the poor fall'n fool Fear painted thee,
Lured by false words to ruin, but once more
Of thyself mistress, servant of the Truth,
And angel of the helpless. Thy strong arms
Shelter the weak, thy mother heart shall throb
With holy passion, thy right hand uphold
Eternal liberty: and the old days
Of the far past shall come again, when thy
Voice made oppressors tremble, saved the oppressed,
And shouted Freedom to the listening world!

ANNIE MATHESON.

CITY CHURCHES.

II.

Amongst the eccentricities of these latter days is the custom of opening City churches for solitary and silent prayer—a custom to be honoured in a Protestant country in the breach rather than the observance. It is not they who believe that God is near unto them that seek Him who need rush off to an oratory, where they could approach Him in prayer. In a Popish cathedral I expect to find men and women come in and pray and be off again directly. To them the place is holy, consecrated, set apart. In like manner did the devout Jew love to worship in the Temple; but we who believe that it is the heart, and not the place, that is holy; we who believe that prayer is spiritual, and not mechanical; we who believe that—

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near—

who feel that at all times and under all circumstances, as much in the bustle of the City as in the silence and solitude of the country, the heart can express its highest and widest aspirations in the form of prayer, need go to no empty church to pray. It quite true that, as Tennyson writes—

More things are wrought by prayer Than this world wots of.

But it is because that is so we feel the uselessness of a City church opening its doors for people when they want to pray: as if prayer outside a church—if it be but sincere—is not quite as good as any offered within, to say nothing of its reminding us of the custom condemned by the Master, of the Pharisees who loved to be seen of men. Of the churches thus guilty of a revival of what seems better unrevived, the principal are, if I remember aright, All Hallow's, Bread Street, open daily from twelve to two; St. Clement's, Eastcheap, on Wednesdays and Fridays at noon; St. Edmund the King's, Lombard Street, daily at the same hour, and St. Ethelburga's. Bishopsgate Street Within, and St. George's, Botolph Lane. In a matter like this I shrink from interfering. I must give to my brother the liberty I claim for myself. If he can better loose the burden of his sin, if he can better realize the consolation of the gospel in a consecrated church than in an unconsecrated chapel, if he cannot pray in his counting-house or home, but only in a church, there is, so far as he is concerned, an end of the matter. At the same time I may regret that he is the creature of circumstance, that he is thus enslaved by form, that he is not in a religious sense wiser, that he has not more fully attained to the freedom wherewith Christ makes His people free. However, if I may judge by appearances, there are few who care to follow this mediæval and antiquated style of worship even where, as at All Hallow's, Barking, the rector has the rent of a large block of buildings bequeathed him for the purpose. Let me add further that it is in vain that you perpetuate the form if you lack the heart that is the life to the dead form; that it is in vain that you call spirits from the vasty deep if they do not come. Church bells that tinkle in vain evidently must do more harm than good. No tongue can tell how such things harden the heart and take away all sense of sanctity and all faith in things Divine. It must sorely deaden a man's heart to have to repeat daily or weekly, as the case may be, in an empty church, and as a mere matter of form, words not lightly to be spoken and pregnant with eternal realities. Again, much to be pitied are women and charity children who are expected to

attend services for which they are to receive alms. St. Pancras, . Soper Lane, has endowments for the purpose of paying for seamen on the deliverance of England from the Spanish Armada and the Gunpowder Plot, and the commemoration of Queen Elizabeth's ascension to the throne. Some two hundred and fifty years ago a Sir Richard Budd left £300 of property, the yearly interest of which was to be paid to such of the poor as would attend morning prayers in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate. As really the sum must be much larger now, and as the number of poor has materially diminished (in some parts of the City they have no poor at all), there must be some nice pickings for somebody. But the St. Giles's bequest bears fruit to this day. As I was passing by St. Giles' church the other morning I was astonished by the sight of a small crowd of helpless old women and boys in a charity garb. "What was going on?" I naturally asked. "Only service," was the reply. Of course I stepped in, and almost wondered why old Foxe did not rise from his grave to denounce such scanty attendance in such a noble church, or why a man still greater-John Milton, that enemy of hireling priests and worshippers whose conscience was their maw-did not make the hollow arches ring with his indignant protest. If there be truth in Spiritualism, and the great men of the past can come back to the City they ennobled and adorned, we may expect some of these days what the newspapers call startling revelations. Forms are but means to an end. When that is lost the sooner they are done with the better. Litanies and church services avail little in the absence of devout men and women. Church revenues are simply embezzled where they go to support preachers who have no one to preach to.

In few of the City churches are there week evening services. So far as I can judge, it is only at St. Olave's, Hart Street, at St. Michael Basisshaw, at St. Magnus, London Bridge, that anything of the kind is attempted. The other evening as I was walking along Fore Street I heard the sound of a bell announcing evening service. I followed the sound and found myself opposite the entrance of St. Bartholomew's, Cripplegate. It was on a Saturday evening, and involuntarily I thought of Burn's "Cotter's Saturday Night," and was glad to feel that even in the heart of the City, where working men and

women most abound, there was for such as they a Saturday evening with its prayer and praise and calm. I was carried back in imagination to that fairest picture ever drawn by Scotch poet or prose writer of the family chanting "their artless notes in simple guise," of "the priest-like father" reading the sacred page of the prayer when—

Kneeling down to heaven's eternal King, The saint, the father, and the husband prays.

And, said I to myself, here I may see something similar, as here in this wretched neighbourhood the priest, if he be of any use, must at any rate be a friend. I was soon undeceived. The bell rang, it was true, but rang in vain. No faithful came to pray. Unfortunately there were no Mahomedans in the district to fall on their knees exclaiming, "God is great." As it was, the inhabitants preferred to spend their Saturday evening in their usual avocations, or soaking at the nearest publichouse, or lounging about the streets. There were all the time I was there five worshippers, aged women, the Saturday evening of whose life had long arrived. There was a pewopener, and I saw a male head, but only for a few moments; the wearer of it had only come for a little chat about things in general with the pew-opener, and I was left alone, the only representative (I write it timidly in these days of woman's rights) of the sterner sex. At eight, three white-robed gentlemen appeared. One of them in a harsh tone rattled over the prayers, while another of them indistinctly read the lessons, while the third was present in order to make up any deficiencies should either of them break down. All three of them turned their backs on us as they repeated the creed. The best part of the service was its brevity. It did not last an hour, and I came out rather disgusted than refreshed. In things spiritual, as in things secular, one can only judge by results. And what can we say of a system which has planted churches, at an enormous expense, in all parts of the City, which are but whited sepulchres, and which pays the clergy handsomely to do nothing?

Let me add a few facts and figures. In the square mile we call the City, with a population at the last census of 74,897, but much reduced since then, we have 112 parishes, only

fourteen of which have a population exceeding a hundred, while not a single parish has ten thousand. The incomes of these parishes are directed to increasing the incomes of the clergy, to the payment of choristers, or for repairs, decorations, feasts, and so on. In All Hallow's, Barking, with a population of 1,065, the living is set down at £2,000 a year; All Hallow's, London Wall, with a population of 305, pays to its parson £1,700 a year; the rector of St. Alphage is ready to do his duty to 274 souls for £1,350 a year. If that be fair pay for fair work, we cannot blame the vicar of St. Andrew Undershaft that he requires £2,000 a year to look after 580 parishioners, and must think the rector of St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate, badly used, who, with 315 population, has an income of £1,050. But one sickens at such a lavish waste of money. If we are to believe the report published by the London School Board, the spiritual oversight of 4,698 persons persons in certain City parishes is only undertaken by men who dare to call themselves ministers of Christ for a pecuniary consideration amounting to £15,345. In addition, there are 30 parishes with clerical incomes under a thousand a year and over two hundred, the total population of which is 5,000. After this can we wonder that Bradlaugh and the infidels flourish in the Hall of Science? Such things are enough to make us disbelieve in Christianity altogether, and to lead us to regard it simply as a scheme of priestcraft by which a certain number of men with their wives and families may live in peace and comfort at the expense of the community. It is such men as these, Conservative as may be their vote, that will bring down the Church of England just as the abuses of the Indulgences gave rise to Luther and the Protestant Reformation. It is such things as these that shock any worldly man with any sense of honour. Assuredly the people of greater London have a right to say that some of this wealth be disgorged, that at any rate it be devoted to the spread of that education without which the Church of the future cannot exist. No one would wilfully interfere with the wishes of pious founders; but assuredly the living are not to be sacrificed to In all questions involving financial arrangements undoubtedly the first consideration is the public good.

J. EWING RITCHIE.

THE FIRST MONTH OF THE NEW OPPOSITION.

THAT the sanguine hopes of those who fancied that the overwhelming strength of the Liberal majority would bear down all resistance and secure the immediate success of the measures which the Government have introduced, have not been fulfilled, is perhaps not wonderful. The Tories were hardly likely to accept our view of the late elections, and it was foolish to suppose that they would be so cowed by their defeat as to yield, at least for a time, to the inevitable. It is true that the Liberal disaster of 1874, which was by no means so complete and crushing, was followed by the disorganization of the party, and a collapse, from which there was no immediate rally. Occasionally, as on the question of the endowed schools, or the slave circular, there was a display of energy, but for the most part there could hardly be said to be an Opposition in the early Sessions of the late Parliament. there is no complete parallel between the two cases. Tories are numerically weaker now than were the Liberals in 1874, but they are more compact and united, and, what is of immense importance to them, they have a majority in the Lords, which has already shown itself willing to thwart the plans of the Ministry. When we add to this that they are bitterly mortified, and are bent on revenge, we cannot be astonished that they do not readily settle down to their new Still, admitting all this, and feeling that the Ministry would have no just ground to complain of an Opposition which, however energetic and determined, was conducted with courtesy and fairness, there is certainly no excuse for the factious proceedings which have disgraced the opening weeks of the Session. The action of the late Government had greatly reduced the working time of the Session, and now that its followers have been driven into opposition, they seem resolved that even that brief period shall not be available for practical legislation.

The devices to which they have had recourse in order to this are various, and all alike discreditable. Provided Mr. Gladstone can be worried, and, if possible, stung to irritation, it matters not what methods be adopted. The privilege of asking questions has been abused to an extent hitherto unknown. Mr. Gladstone's speeches are ransacked for spicy extracts, and these are put into the form of an inquiry, in the hope of extracting some disavowal or modification of them. or, if not, of alarming some timid Whig, and in either case of reflecting some personal annoyance on him. The malignity of the hatred with which he is regarded has in it an element of the diabolical, and it misses no opportunity for offering him an insult, and refuses no combination that could in any way avail to administer to him a check. Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell is scarcely the man that we should have expected the Tory gentlemen of England to take under their patronage; but he has an insolent manner, a reckless tongue, a contempt of public opinion and of the order of the House, and, what is better than all, he shares the hatred of the Prime Minister. He is, therefore, the very tool for Tory purposes, and the Opposition are not ashamed to use him. Party violence has often hurried honourable men into conduct unworthy of themselves: but seldom, if ever, has it been carried to such a pitch as in the present House of Commons. It is a new and not a very agreeable phase in our political struggles, and on this account, if on no other, it would deserve some attention. What are the causes of this fierce outburst of party passion which has been all too strong for Sir Stafford Northcote, and which has spurred some of his followers on to excesses, discreditable even in the Home Rulers with whom they have chosen to consort?

It is worthy of remark at the outset that the Tories have in some extraordinary way succeeded in persuading themselves that they have been unfairly treated, that the victory of their opponents was a mere fluke, and that as they, though sitting on the Opposition benches, represent the true mind of the country, they are warranted in doing their utmost to thwart the Government. The elaborate articles and speeches which have been devoted to an explanation of the defeat are all intended to produce this impression. Perhaps the most curious hallucination which they exhibit is the idea that the intellect of the country is with the Opposition. Factoryworkers, farmers, Scotch agriculturists, or Welsh miners may have voted for the Liberals, but the intelligence of England, which centres in London, Westminster, and Greenwich, and

which partially extends to Liverpool, has decided in favour of Lord Beaconsfield. Whether it is wisdom on the part of the Tories to tell the people whose power they cannot control that they are the canaille, and that wisdom dwells with the enlightened electors of London, and Westminster, and Liverpool (why should not Sheffield be added?) is a point which we must leave with themselves. At home all men of common sense laugh at the suggestion, but it seems to be caught up by foreign publicists, whose views are retailed by The Times, as though, for the first time in our history, we were to be instructed by Continentalists, who neither understand us, nor our institutions, nor our political struggles. It might have occurred to the publicists, who so hastily catch up the twaddling cant of our feeblest Tory scribes at home, as being at all events extraordinary that a party against which the intellect of England has so decidedly pronounced should, nevertheless, be capable of producing a Cabinet of such brilliant power as that which has recently taken office. Many of these foreign publicists know extremely little of English affairs, and still less of our politicians, but even they must know something of the versatile genius and unrivalled power of the Prime Minister, and of the remarkable ability which several of his colleagues have shown in their several departments. It would be a curious phenomenon if the intellect of the nation had shown itself thus contemptuous of recognized Parliamentary ability, and had arrayed itself on behalf of the party of reaction, to which, nevertheless, it did not contribute men sufficient to constitute a Cabinet of average power.

Taking London, Westminster, and Liverpool as the centres of light and leading, it is, to say the least, singular that intellectual constituencies should not select a different order of representatives. They include, indeed, two members of the late Cabinet, but even Mr. W. H. Smith and Lord Sandon are scarcely the men whom we should have expected to be chosen as representatives of the highest intelligence of the nation, and yet they tower far above their colleagues. Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Alderman Cotton, and Mr. Whitley may, probably, be most admirable men, but those who know them will not readily believe in the transcendent intelligence of the constituencies who have elevated them to their present posi-

tion. The foreign writers, to whose authority we are called upon to defer, know as little of these personal qualities as they do of the fact that Chelsea and Marylebone are as much part of London as Westminster, and include as much of the intellect of the metropolis. They indulge, therefore, in the notion that their favourite statesman retains his hold upon the mind of the country, and that he has been borne down by the clamours of the ignorant populace. We who can better gauge the frequenters of Capel Court and the members of the City guilds, laugh all such pretensions to scorn. Yet in some way the Tories fancy they ought to be in power because these bodies are on their side.

Lord George Hamilton takes up another point, but one which, could it be established, might yield even more con-By the favour of the Livery Companies of the City, furious at the thought of any inquiry into their unjust privileges and enormous revenues, his lordship has been fortunate enough to escape the fate which has overtaken other members of his noble House. In the elation of his own spirit he desires to comfort the shattered remnant of a host recently so arrogant in its sense of power, and perhaps even to solace the spirits of those unhappy victims of the fight, by assuring them that their affairs are not so desperate as the world believes and as they have even been inclined to believe themselves. Whether the gentlemen who are excluded from Parliament are likely to derive any particular satisfaction from the assurance that if a small number of the electors had voted differently they would have been returned, or whether Sir Stafford Northcote himself can find any relief in the thought that a few more thousands of Tory votes properly distributed through the constituencies would have made him the chief of a compact majority instead of the leader of a hopeless Opposition, it is impossible to say. But if it be so, they are easily consoled, and it seems almost cruel to deny them so slight a comfort under so heavy a calamity. All the ingenuity of the dashing young champion of the aristocracy cannot alter the facts, and if they on whom the hard arithmetic of the division lobbies presses so severely can soothe their spirits by an excursion among the ideal figures of their own imagination, there can hardly be very much harm done.

Still, the perversion of facts is too egregious for Liberals quietly to acquiesce in it. Even were it true that the Liberal successes were, as Lord George Hamilton suggests, won mainly by very small majorities, it is a curious accident, to say the least, that in such a large number of cases the result should have been in favour of one party. Evil fortune must have dogged the steps of the Tories with singular persistency and malignity if their rivals have been able to secure all the seats won by small majorities, and thus to obtain an immense preponderance in the House when they are barely a majority in the country at large. To a very considerable extent the Liberals did suffer in this way at the election of 1874, and their misfortune was aggravated by the fact that, while they had a decided majority in the aggregate of the numbers polled, they were in a minority in the House. It is impossible for any Tory statistician to make out a parallel case now. The Tory who had to extract some encouragement from the returns of the recent election had certainly no easy task; but if he was allowed to handle them in Lord George Hamilton's fashion, picking out only those which would support a foregone conclusion, and quietly ignoring all others, its difficulties were seriously diminished. The marvel is that such a teacher can secure so credulous an audience. But he helps to nurture the delusion that the power really belongs to the minority, and that they are justified in making it felt by all means, fair or foul.

But it is not true that the Liberals owe their unprecedented success to a chapter of accidents. They did win a certain number of seats by small majorities, which, however, such as they were, in many cases indicated a very decided change of opinion. At Colchester, the second Liberal was returned by only two votes, but in order to achieve this success he had first to neutralize an adverse majority of more than 200. At Plymouth, the Liberal returned was only twenty-two ahead of the Tory rejected, but his Liberal colleague came next to him on the poll, and forty more votes would have returned them both, whereas at the previous election the lowest Tory had a majority of nearly 300. Sir Harry Verney won Buckingham by eight votes only, but he lost it in 1874 by 198, and the recovery of this by-way indicates a reaction

which is very inadequately expressed in this actual majority. Mr. Inderwick defeated one of Lord Cranbrook's sons at Rye by eight, but at the previous election Mr. Hardy had a majority of fifty-eight, and the reversal of this in a constituency so small is a very serious matter. We need not multiply examples of this kind. As was well pointed out by Mr. Herbert Gladstone, in his clever speech at the great Middlesex meeting, both parties won about an equal proportion of their seats by small majorities; but there is this essential difference between them which he overlooked—in the majority of these places the Liberals were the assailants, and in some had converted their minorities into majorities, whereas in others, they barely failed of this result.

For the party of intellect, the Opposition have certainly shown a remarkable want of that statesmanlike ability which alone could have availed to repair, even in some slight degree. the defeat they have sustained at the polling booths. We are not surprised at their lack of dignity, for their resentment was too passionate to allow of the maintenance of the calm with which really strong and brave men meet adversity. The speeches of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury on the second night of the Session were sufficient to show that they were so intensely mortified and disappointed as to forget what was due to their own position. They hurt no one but themselves by their violent tirades, for even on the Continent they are beginning to be better understood; but they showed how little reason there was to hope for moderation in the Opposition. We looked as little for breadth of view and political wisdom as for dignity. The late Government had no home policy, and it was not to be expected that, when they went into opposition, they would suddenly develop one, except that which is summed up in the true Conservative phrase, non possumus. But we certainly might reasonably have anticipated the display of that tactical skill which will often go far to compensate for inferiority in numbers. This is pre-eminently a Conservative quality. It was exhibited in its perfection by Sir Robert Peel in the Parliament which followed the Reform Bill of 1832, and was so successful that in three years the dispirited fraction of a shattered party had become a formidable Opposition, and, six years later, a triumphant majority. In 1880 there has been no sign of any such skill. The Tory party seem to have forgotten that self-restraint, respect for political opponents, and a frank recognition of accomplished facts are essential conditions of success. They trust to bluster and audacity, they behave with an arrogance which would be unbecoming in a powerful majority, and which is as intolerable as it is ridiculous in a minority; they encourage anybody who on any pretext will assail Mr. Gladstone or the Ministry; and they have gone very far towards identifying themselves with that policy of obstruction against which they have so often protested.

The burden of responsibility for all this must unquestionably fall upon Sir Stafford Northcote. We have had enough. and more than enough, of compliment to the Tory chief. We are told that he is amiable in temper, courteous in manner. and fair in his general mode of dealing. But the fact remains that he is now the chief of an Opposition which is characterized by its turbulence and unscrupulous violence, as he was formerly the leader of a Ministerial majority more arrogant and overbearing than any that has occupied the Treasury benches in our day. Either the majority is not amenable to the guidance of its chief, or that chief has less of real moderation than might be supposed from his fair words. We are loth to believe the latter. But Sir Stafford Northcote has been drawn into a false position, and the annovance thus induced may have helped to embitter his spirit, and made him a fiercer partizan than he would otherwise have been. It is generally so with weak men; and for the position to which he has been raised the late Chancellor of the Exchequer is unquestionably weak. The consciousness of this fact must surely have dawned upon him as he listened to Mr. Gladstone's marvellous exposition of his financial projects. Hitherto Sir Stafford might have been able to persuade himself that he was the victim of circumstances, that the seasons had been against him, and that no opportunity had offered for a display of financial genius. But here was the great master, from whom he might have learned so much, and of whom he had presumed to be a rival, taking in hand the national revenue at a time when it was in the lowest state of depression, and, as by the touch of a magician's wand, altering the whole aspect of affairs. Small men sigh for opportunities which never come to them, or which they do not see when they do arise; great men make the opportunities for themselves. Sir Stafford Northcote had a surplus of six millions, and frittered it away; Mr. Gladstone succeeded to a deficit, and immediately he executes one of the greatest financial reforms of the generation. Is it any wonder that Sir Stafford should feel not a little vexation, which may dispose him to connive at proceedings which in his secret heart he must surely disapprove?

But the stormy character of the early part of the Session is due also to the spirit of the rank and file of the Opposition. The compactness of its organization and the perfection of its discipline have often been a subject of praise; and Liberals, conscious of the difficulty of securing a like unity among themselves, have been accustomed to look upon the wellmarshalled Tory force, so ready at all times to obey the word of command, with not a little envy. But it would seem as though this union can only be maintained by allowing the more violent spirits sometimes to govern the chief. During this Session the lead appears to have been in the hands of Sir Drummond Wolff, Mr. Chaplin, and Mr. Gorst, rather than of Sir Stafford Northcote. The first sign of this was in relation to Mr. Bradlaugh's case. Sir Stafford Northcote agreed to the appointment of a Select Committee, and his tone warranted the hope that an awkward affair might be settled without becoming an occasion for fierce party conflict, much less for a display of violence, which is peculiarly unseemly on such a subject. But Sir Drummond Wolff started an opposition, and the subsequent action of the party has been in harmony with his views, and not with the first indications of the leader. So in the discreditable scene of which Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell was the provoking cause, and in which Sir Stafford Northcote played so unworthy a part, it was evident that he was forced on by the little clique who congregate below the Tory gangway and are ready to associate themselves even with the Home Rulers if in any way they can damage the Government. A more unprincipled alliance has never been attempted, but no one can pronounce it impossible, or even improbable, when Sir Stafford Northcote can interpose between the leader of the House and a member whose position was so

utterly indefensible, but who, it was hoped, might be used as an instrument to injure Mr. Gladstone.

The designs of the Opposition have been aided by circumstances which have been singularly unpropitious to the Ministry, and of which their adversaries have taken very unfair advantage. Mr. Bradlaugh has chosen to thrust his own case before Parliament in a way which could not fail to provoke bitter discussion. If his aim was notoriety he could not have taken a more effectual plan to secure his end, nor could his opponents, from Mr. Chaplin to the President of the Wesleyan Conference, have rendered him more valuable assistance. The nation has long since decided that a man's opinions on religion shall not interfere with his civil privileges, and it is perfectly certain that this decision will not be reversed. It is possible to get up a very heated controversy about the admission of avowed atheists into the Legislature, but it can have only one issue; and in the meantime atheists will receive an amount of attention, and even attract a sympathy, which is always accorded to those who are regarded as victims of intolerance. Very truly does The Spectator say, "If we want to place a premium on atheism, we cannot do better than excommunicate atheists from political life." Still, Mr. Bradlaugh is not the client whom any one would willingly adopt and to the Ministry the circumstances which compel them to defend not him, but liberty in his person, must be anything but agreeable.

The mode in which the warfare has been conducted is disgraceful in the last degree. Mr. Samuel Morley, unfortunately for his own peace, sent a telegram, counselling unity at Northampton, and still more unfortunately, as we deem it, wrote a letter to explain his action. The explanation was unnecessary for any candid judges, and no explanation could have been satisfactory to those who desired to make political capital out of an action which, at the worst, could be construed into nothing more than an error of judgment. We do not admit it was even that, but the most malignant ingenuity of foes could not pervert it into anything more serious. But the explanatory letter showed that the writer was sensitive, and consequently the attacks have been multiplied. They are among the most scandalous incidents of recent political

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warfare. The idea of Mr. Chaplin rebuking Mr. Samuel Morley for unfaithfulness to his religion is as grotesque as that of the Baron de Worms professing such horror at the desecration of a book, the most precious part of which he himself disowns and rejects. But there is another side beside the grotesque to this discreditable procedure. Mr. Morley has a Christian reputation which is dear to him, and which might have been expected to secure some respect even from so reckless a speaker as the gentleman who unites two characters that do not at first appear in very close harmonyof a leader in the racing world and a champion of the religion of Jesus Christ. Mr. Morley has at least the satisfaction of knowing that among all whose approval is worth having he holds a position as high as ever he did. The attempt to drag in Mr. Gladstone is equally unworthy. The earnest religious character of the Prime Minister has, perhaps, made him more foes than any other cause; and though it may seem a clever move to identify him, of all men, with the advocacy of a cause he detests, such artifice is as inconsistent with the first principles of religion as the teachings of Mr. Bradlaugh himself. That such unworthy attacks will ultimately recoil upon those who make them we have no doubt. What causes us most trouble is the dishonour done to Christianity by such defenders and by such modes of warfare.

The action of Mr. O'Donnell, in his attempts to force the House to look at his accusation of the French Ambassador. gave another opportunity to the Opposition, which they were equally eager to seize. In the one case they pose as champions of religion; in the other as defenders of the liberties of Parliament. The latter pretension was not less absurd than the former. Unless liberty means the right of a member to speak when he likes, on what subject he chooses, and without any regard even to the first laws of order, there was no question of liberty in the case of Mr. O'Donnell. He was attempting to force on the House a motion which the Speaker hesitated to rule absolutely out of order, but which he was clearly reluctant to tolerate, and on which he appealed to the House. As leader of the House, Mr. Gladstone responded to the appeal, and moved that Mr. O'Donnell be not heard; and unless the House is to be made a spectacle of inefficiency he

was unquestionably right, and ought to have had the support of all friends of order. To suggest that a precedent would be created, in virtue of which the leader of a powerful majority could at any time stop an obnoxious speaker, is a little excess of constitutional jealousy. An assembly must have a right of self-protection, and to deny this, lest it be perverted into an instrument of tyranny, is to establish a license which would be fatal to the wise conduct of legislation. But the Tories saw a chance of creating trouble and they used it without scruple. Such policy is as dangerous as it is short-sighted. It may create delay, but even that will be purchased at too high a price if the method of securing it produce disgust in the minds of all moderate and fair-minded people. Sir Stafford Northcote must pursue another course if he is to recover any of the ground lost by his party.

. Since the above was written, the difficulties created by the feebleness and vacillation shown by the leaders of the Opposition in the matter of Mr. Bradlaugh's admission to the seat to which the Northamption electors elected him have culminated in the disgraceful scenes which followed the rejection of the sensible motion by which Mr. Labouchere sought extricate the House from the awkward position in which it had become involved, and in the subsequent imprisonment of Mr. Bradlaugh. The question should have been kept outside the lines of party strife, and would have been so had Sir Stafford Northcote had a spark of chivalry. Some have treated it as a matter of religion; by others, as Mr. O'Connor Power truly said, "the subject has been inflamed and controversy has been provoked in the sacred name of religion, but really for selfish and purely party purposes;" but, in fact, it was a pure question of law. It is this which makes the action of the Liberals who deserted their leader the more inexplicable and the more absolutely indefensible. They were not asked to vote on the general question of the admission of atheists to Parliament, still less to express approval of Mr. Bradlaugh; but simply to allow him to do what the best lawyers in the House pronounced that he was legally entitled to do. Rather than do this simple act of justice, they divided a party which it has been so hard to bring into union, humiliated their great leader, and helped the most unprincipled coalition which has been seen in the House for years to score a victory. recreant or timid Liberals must bear a large measure of the responsibility for the wretched fiasco, which has stung to the quick multitudes of true men in the country who laboured to secure the triumph whose brightness has thus been dimmed. We admit the conscientiousness of many of them, but that does not acquit them of weakness and inconsistency. For ourselves, so thoroughly do we disapprove of Mr. Bradlaugh's principles and actions, that we would rather have seen both the Northampton seats lost than have helped, directly or indirectly, to his election. But, believing in the equal rights of all citizens, irrespective of their opinions about religion, we could not have refused the elected of Northampton admission to the House. It would seem, however, that there are some Liberals who have not the courage of their principles, and Sir Stafford Northcote has been content to use their weakness in order to snatch a momentary triumph. That fleeting satisfaction will cost him more than he at present perceives. Already it is seen on all sides that he is the most miserable failure, as a leader of Opposition, whom this generation has known. He must bear the chief blame for all that has occurred: for either he has no authority at all, or he could have intervened to prevent the factious procedure of the little knot of men who thought they could steal an unworthy advantage and have been indifferent to all considerations of law, to say nothing of justice or chivalry, in their determination to secure it.

A FRENCH PASTOR'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

Under the title of "Un Apôtre" there appeared in a recent number of the Revue des Deux Mondes, a long and appreciative notice of this work, "Mes Impressions." The fact is that M. Martin had created a reputation for himself as Director of the Agricultural Colony of Ste. Foy, in the Department of the Dordogne. In this establishment he laboured for many years with something like apostolic zeal, and with a large

^{* &}quot;Mes Impressions" (1802-1876). Par P. F. Martin Dupont, Pasteur. Paris: Sandoz, 1878.

measure of success, for the reformation of the Protestant youth, chiefly boys, who were committed to his care by the Government, or by distressed parents unable to correct the vicious habits which their children had contracted. The record of his proceedings and experience at this colony occupy a large, but by no means the most attractive, part of this volume.

The description of his early days spent amid the valleys of the Hautes Alpes, of his brief labours in connection with Felix Neff, and then of his pastoral life in different parts of France, is full of interest, and reveals a mind thoroughly in sympathy with all that is grand and beautiful in nature, and most earnestly desirous of promoting the kingdom of God. M. Martin was a man who had the courage of his convictions. He was a fearless champion of the truth in the days when lukewarmness and Socinianism characterized, to a very large extent, the ministry of the French churches. He was a worthy associate of Felix Neff, whose holy fervour and untiring zeal will be held in thankful remembrance to the end of time.

Our purpose in the present notice is not so much to describe M. Martin's life, or to pourtray his character, as to give some idea of the varied scenes and circumstances with which the volume abounds.

As a native of the valley of Champsaur, M. Martin Dupont was well acquainted with the wild scenery of the Hautes Alpes, and with much true feeling does he sketch some of the more salient features of that upland region. But it is the spiritual aspect of the country that comes out most prominently to view in this series of impressions. And it is to be feared that, to a large extent, but little change has taken place in the religious condition of the people since the time to which these memoirs chiefly refer. Felix Neff was instrumental in effecting a great revival in the Hautes Alpes, and in other places waves of spiritual life passed over many districts, but the piety of the people is still too largely of a traditional character, and Christianity even now does not receive very striking exemplification in the districts spoken of in this volume. But let us examine the record here given of things as they were.

Speaking of his native valley (Le Champsaur), M. Martin

says, "True piety was unknown there, as in very many other places. Evangelical Christianity had given place to a few entirely external practices. There was no temple, nor any person sufficiently intelligent or worthy to conduct meetings on Sunday. There were no elders, or deacons, or discipline, or anything to recall the existence of a Church properly so called." There was, indeed, but little difference between Protestants and Roman Catholics. The former occasionally attended a service and the latter went to mass, but on leaving their respective churches all joined in the same pastimes. Religion was pure formalism. Occasionally pastors from a distance visited the valleys and preached; but their sermons made no appeal to the conscience, and were soon forgotten. M. Martin says that when a professor from Montauban once came and held services, distributed Bibles, and visited the people from house to house, the Protestants were quite proud of the attention thus shown them, but more because it gave them a sort of importance in the eyes of their Catholic neighbours than because their consciences were moved, or because God's claims were set before them. At Mens public worship was very numerously attended.

I remember seeing the faithful repairing to the temple on Sunday in companies—fathers, mothers, sons and daughters, men-servants and maidservants—coming down in long files from the mountain heights by narrow paths, and forming a sort of procession as they met together near Mens. It was a sort of repetition of what used to take place in Jerusalem at the great feasts, only here the people descended instead of ascending. I cannot describe the pleasure I felt in looking at these joyous companies going to render their homage to God. They went rather to give than to receive.

At Mas d'Azil, in the Ariège, M. Martin's first pastorate, the religion of the majority consisted simply in knowing that they were Protestants, that they had been baptized by such and such a pastor, and that instead of going to mass they went to the temple more or less regularly. At Camarade, a neighbouring village, Christian language was wholly incomprehensible to the people; only the most elementary terms of religion were employed. In the following extract we get some idea of the cause of this generally low state of piety:

In my time the churches in the Ariège were served by seven pastors. With one exception, they were orthodox; but zeal was wanting, and

preaching and other pastoral duties were not performed as they might have been. The hearers were addressed, not as lost sinners in need of conversion, and who ought earnestly and immediately to seek the Saviour, but as Christians, or half-Christians, who certainly had something to do, but in whom something had been done. This style of sermon produced no impression. The people lived without any fear as regards their salvation. They attended to their business, they cultivated their land, and they went to worship like persons who have nothing to fear from God's righteousness. They left the temple Sabbath after Sabbath without any change of feeling or conviction. They had done their duty to God, and now they were going to do what was due to the world. God had no part in their life; eternal interests did not trouble them.

M. Martin's last pastorate was in the Ile de Ré, an island on the Atlantic coast, where, in persecuting days, many a Huguenot took refuge until he could find a ship to convey him to England, Holland, or Denmark. The number of Protestants was small, and has since then greatly decreased. This diminution is accounted for by the following facts: "The Protestants are not the owners of the soil; they have not taken root in the district; the young men go to other places; the young women remain and marry Catholics, if they marry at all." These mixed marriages are the destruction of Protestantism, and are leading to the absorption into the Romish Church of all that remains of Protestantism in many parts of France. Of the spiritual state of this island we have the following description:

The Socinian heresy had crept in amongst many of them. Thus there were formally orthodox persons, others orthodox but unbelieving, also infidels and people utterly indifferent about religion, and attending the temple only at Christmas and Easter, others thoroughly worldly and addicted to vice, many very ignorant, and sailors who only believed in God in the midst of the tempest, and forgot Him directly after. There were mixed families whose children hardly knew to which religion they belonged, those of one religion using the prayers of the other and vice versit. The Protestants repeated the Pater, the Ave Maria, and prayers for the dead, made the sign of the cross, and thought all the while that they were good Protestants.

For a short time M. Martin was minister at La Roque d'Anthéron, on the banks of the Durance, in the Consistory of Marseilles. The following is the account he gives of this sphere:

The Reformed Church at La Roque consists of about sixty families. It has a temple, a school, and a manse. The Church was poor in faith and

zeal. The men scarcely ever came to the services, and many of the women also kept away. Out of fifty heads of families, at most five or six, or sometimes eight, would come. There are thirty mixed marriages at La Roque. It is a sort of leprosy for the Church, a voluntary mutilation, which must end in the breaking up of the whole body.

When such is the condition of things in many of the Protestant parishes of France, it is not difficult to account for the otherwise singular fact that, notwithstanding the numerous accessions to the Protestant ranks since the beginning of the century, there has been little or no increase in the total number. The gains in the larger towns, and in some country districts, scarcely make up for the losses in those regions of France where the Protestants live scattered among a Roman Catholic population, with no one to instruct them in the doctrines of their faith, or where for years they have been under the pastoral care of men as ignorant of spiritual religion as they are themselves.

M. Martin was a man of deep piety and fervent zeal. Not an eloquent preacher, he nevertheless often deeply moved his hearers by his earnest manner, and stirring and original style of unfolding and enforcing truth. On his arrival in the parishes referred to above, he was spoken of as a Methodist, in those days-some thirty years ago-if not now, a term expressive of everything that was narrow and bigoted in religion; but he soon succeeded in gathering around himself a few souls whom his fervent appeals had aroused, and in each of the parishes where he laboured he is still spoken of by the old inhabitants as ce brave M. Martin. And one cannot help feeling that if the Reformed Church of France could send forth a number of such men to labour in the regions where liberalism and indifference now reign supreme, Protestantism in France would soon assume a different appearance, and prove an attractive power to the multitudes now disgusted with Rome and ready to embrace a religion which shall satisfy their ideas of liberty, and also shall offer them satisfaction for their spiritual natures.

In concluding our notice of this interesting volume, we cannot do better than quote, as characteristic of the man, and as indicative of the reality of his Christian faith, the following passage, written after a serious illness, and not very long before his death:

I was permitted in these days of suffering to move, so to speak, amidst the unsearchable riches of the grace of God. At the sight of those magnificent truths I felt myself penetrated, and, as it were, filled to overflowing with the love of Him who is love. The work of Jesus Christ, the work of salvation appeared to me, in its great beauty, in its completeness, in its variety, in its delightful harmony, as that which most magnifies the Lord, by whom its plan was conceived, accomplished, and realized. On my bed I could pursue my meditations unhindered. The Scriptures had never offered me such a fulness and such an abundance of glorious subjects of reflection. I am more and more delighted with their agreement with the deepest needs of my soul. Everything is excellent, abundant, full of power and efficacy, and I know of nothing in me that does not find in them its nourishment, its support, its light, its complete satisfaction.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Country of the Passion Play-the Highlands and Highlanders of Bavaria. By L. G. Seguin. (Strahan and Co.) Miss Seguin has here given us another of those charming books which are such pleasant and useful companions for all tourists in the regions of which they treat, About the "Passion Play" there may reasonably be differences of opinion. We are not of those who seem to think that it is necessary and expedient to see every spectacle that has become notorious, and to which all the world and his wife are flocking, whatever be the nature of the exhibition or the influence which it is likely to exert. We have our serious misgivings about this "Passion Play," and all the more since it has become a fashion. It must, in all candour, be admitted that the performance at Ober-Ammagau is altogether different from that of an ordinary theatre. There is a distinct purpose of moral and religious teaching, which invests it with an entirely different character. The actors regard the performance as a positive obligation; and so, though the theatre is an enclosed space, open to wind, rain, or heat, and though the stage is unprotected, yet we are told "no condition of weather is allowed to interfere with or postpone what is believed to be a sacred duty; and even on fine days the fierce beating rays of the sun must surely, one would think, have a trying effect through a long summer's day, both upon actors and audience." As is generally known, this play-a survival of the "Miracle Plays" of the middle agesis kept up in fulfilment of a vow of gratitude for the staying of a fearful plague which had invaded the village. As in the original design, so also with the spirit and character of the play itself, there is a religious purpose. It consists of eighteen acts, each complete in itself, and "prefaced by one or more tableaux taken from Old Testament incidents, each one having some special reference to the portion of Christ's life which is afterwards to be represented." Miss Seguin gives the following quotation from the textbook, which fully sets forth the design of those by whom it has been prepared. "Our main object is to represent the story of Christ's passion, not by a mere statement of facts, but in its connection with the types, figures, and prophecies of the Old Testament. By this manner of treatment an additional and strong light will be cast upon the sacred narrative, and thoughtful spectators will be able to realize that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, made man for our salvation, is the central figure of the inspired volumes; that all the personages of the Old Testament, and whatever is recorded in Scripture, have an avowed reference to Him who is yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Whether this be the best mode of accomplishing this end, or whether it be alegitimate method, is open to serious question; but we are bound to say that we have heard some devout Christians, who have witnessed the performance, speak in the strongest possible terms as to the religious impressions produced on their own minds.

There are numbers, however, who have formed a very opposite opinion, and it is difficult not to agree with them. A preliminary objection is taken, and it is one that has very great force, to the dramatizing of the "Passion" at all; and when it is remembered that it means the impersonation of our Lord Himself, it is not easy to remove the feeling. Even if it were granted that, in less stirring times and among a primitive population, the religious sentiment might be predominant, it is not easy to see how this is to be maintained now that the village and its performance have become a kind of European show, and "t ouristing arrangements," as Miss Seguin calls them, are attracting to it such multitudes of gazers of all classes and from all parts, that it has become very much of a trade speculation. On this moot point, of course, there will continue to be great varieties of opinion, but that numbers will be attracted to the spot is certain. Such visitors will find no book more complete, more full of information, more admirable in arrangement and interesting in style, and more generally delightful than this by Miss Seguin. She knows the region thoroughly, understands the people, has made herself familiar with all their history and their habits, and gives us a very clear and interesting view of the "little forest and mountain-girt kingdom of Bavaria." Books like this make travel a means of real education. Perhaps the first effect is to create a desire to visit the localities. This has certainly been so in our own case with the present volume. But it does much more than this. It enables its readers to observe intelligently, and to come back with something more than the vague idea, which is all that numbers of travellers get about the countries and the people among whom they have spent a pleasant vacation.

The Religions of China. Confucianism and Taoism Described and Compared with Christianity. By James Legge, D.D. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) A great subject is here treated in a popular style by the man who, of all others, is competent to deal with it thoroughly. Congregationalism has reason to be proud of Dr. Legge, who, as Professor of the Chinese Language and Literature at Oxford, has given it a position of honour in the university which it could not otherwise have reached. We have the more reason to rejoice in such distinction, and to render a fitting tribute to the man who has secured it for us, since the want of literary culture is the sin most commonly charged against Nonconformity. The distinguished career of some Dissenting students at both of the universities has proved that we suffered from lack of opportunity, not from any want of brain or any failure to appreciate the full importance of learning. But the appointment of Dr. Legge to the Chinese professorship, confirmed by the general conviction that he was the one man suited to the position, is a still more decided step in the same direction. This volume of lectures, delivered to the students of the Presbyterian College, is a justification of

the wisdom of the choice. It is an admirable digest of information on subjects which could only be efficiently treated by one who has had the extended acquaintance with China which Dr. Legge has enjoyed. He has, as he told the students whom he was instructing, spent more than half his life in making himself acquainted with Confucianism and Taoism, and in endeavouring to bring over their adherents to Christianity. Let it be added that, while this close study of these systems has necessarily given a man of Dr. Legge's clear and vigorous intellect an intimate acquaintance with their teachings, his special work as a missionary has not had the narrowing effect upon his mind which we frequently witness in those whose one function is to make proselytes—as, for example, in "Protestant Propagandists." "During my long residence among the Chinese," he says, "I learned to think more highly of them than many of our countrymen do; more highly as to their actual morality, and more highly as to their intellectual capacity." As the people were largely influenced by their religion, the same Christian spirit is shown in the estimate of these systems. A book of this character is infinitely more convincing and useful than one more passionate and undiscriminating in its tone. It is the work of a philosophic thinker as well as of an earnest evangelical teacher. The defects of the Chinese systems are clearly pointed out, and the comparison between their teachings and the full revelations of Christianity produces a deeper impression because of the candour with which the better features of Taoism and Confucianism are indicated.

Memorials of John Legge, M.A. With Memoir. By James Legge, M.A. (James Clarke and Co.) This interesting volume contains the touching record of a brief but useful life, and some specimens of work so real and so superior, both in spirit and in execution, as to awaken profound regret that a life so full of promise should have been so early and, as we should judge, so prematurely closed. The writer of this brief notice remembers the coming of these two brothers to college, and had the opportunity, from time to time, as an examiner, of reviewing their progress and forming a judgment of their abilities. Both won for themselves a high standing and assured reputation both for talent and diligence. They were conscientious, painstaking, and successful students, of whose future very confident hopes were entertained. How fully these hopes were warranted in the case of John Legge may be gathered from an unusual incident which is here recorded. On one occasion in the sermon-class, after he had read a sermon, with the express view of having it tested by professor and students, the biographer tells us, "When my brother had finished reading, the professor (Mr. Rogers) appealed to the students for their criticism. Each in his turn—there were about fifteen in the class declined to make any criticism. 'No, gentlemen,' said Mr. Rogers, 'nor have I any remark to make on this sermon, save this: that we could not do better than retire to our studies and reflect on the solemn truths to which we have been listening.' So far as my memory serves me, this was the only instance in which a sermon passed under review of our class without some adverse comment being made." This will be easily believed by all who are familiar with college life among Dissenters, and the sermon must have been of rare excellence that was thus tenderly handled. The impression given by this incident is fully sustained by the

sermons contained in the volume. They are fresh, thoughtful, vigorous, and impressive, and altogether samples of a high style of pulpit teaching. They enable us fully to comprehend the remarkable power which Mr. Legge wielded in the colony of Victoria, to which ill-health compelled him to go. The book proves him to have been a young man of devoted spirit, great intellectual capacity, and with eminent promise, not only of usefulness, but of distinction also. It is a touching story of a beautiful and carnest life.

The Great African Island. Chapters on Madagascar. By Rev. James Sibree, Jun. (Trübner and Co.) The world is slow to acknowledge the debt which it owes to Christian missions. They are sneered at by would-be philosophers, pooh-pooled by men who pride themselves upon being practical, and now and then we may come across even a Christian who hints and doubts as to their actual value. Yet our missionaries are doing a great work even for the world, independent of the special and proper service they render to the Gospel and the Church. The commercial results alone are not contemptible. "It can be shown," says our author, "from consular returns, that so much has Christianity opened up trade in Polynesia, that every Protestant missionary is worth £10,000 per annum to European and American commerce. So much cannot yet be claimed for Christian missions in Madagascar, but perhaps it would not be too much to say that each missionary represents a value of from £2,000 to £3,000 in foreign imports." But this is only the smallest point of the indirect advantage accruing from missions. Many of our missionaries are singularly intelligent men, who have the faculty of observation and the power of gathering up and communicating its results. Mr. Sibree is one of these, and the volume he has given us here is an extremely valuable contribution to the geographical, ethnological, and philological science as well as to missionary literature. He spent several years in the island, and being a man of considerable culture was naturally desirous to use the opportunities of research which were so abundantly within his reach. He has thus been able to extend the domain of knowledge by helping us to understand better the great island in which he laboured and the people who inhabit it-their affinities of race, their peculiarities of custom, their language, and their religion before they received the gospel of life. The book is marked by great thoroughness. Mr. Sibree writes of what he has carefully examined and verified, and hence there is a fulness of information not found in the works of men who scamper through a country in order that they may write about it. There can be no question that his book will find a high place in geographical literature, and we can only hope that a work so practical and judicious, so able and discriminating, may teach some who take it up solely on scientific or literary grounds to appreciate better the higher service to which Mr. Sibree has consecrated his life. But for the inspiring influence of the missionary work Mr. Sibree and his brethren would never have gone to live in Madagascar and we should have been left in ignorance of a very interesting people.

Mr. Sibree devotes several chapters to the physical geography and natural history of the island, on which he has brought together a large number of facts. But to us one of the most interesting chapters in the

early part of the volume is that on "Curiosities of the Malagasy Language," in which Mr. Sibree, following on the lines of Archbishop Trench in his books on "Language," has given us some very striking notes on the "history," the "poetry," and the "morality" in native words. But one tongue is spoken by the different tribes that belong to the Malayo-Polynesian, and not to the African family. The vast extent of country over which these Malayo-Polynesian languages are spoken is a curious fact. Malagasy is the most western representative of the family, and the eastern limit is in Easter Island, in the Pacific. But the Malagasy has now become a composite tongue, receiving additions from several other languages, our own and the French among the number. English influence is marked in several directions. After pointing out how many words relating to government, to military tactics, and to building have been borrowed from England, Mr. Sibree adds: "But the influence of England would be most honourably shown by the fact that almost all the foreign words connected with education and literature are found in such as school, class, and lesson; pen, copy-book, slate, and even blackboard; book, gazette, press, print, and proof; capital, period, and names for all the stops, &c.; grammar, geography, and addition; with many others, showing how much they owe to us for their intellectual advancement. And numerous words connected with religious belief and practice would also be lasting memorials that from England they have derived the greatest of all blessings-the knowledge of revealed religion; for we have naturalised in Malagasy such words as baptism, Bible, and Testament, psalm and epistle, angel and apostle, martyr and Virgin, patriarch and deacon, evangelist and missionary, demon and devil, and tabernacle, temple, and synagogue; while the English pronunciation of the name of our blessed Lord (written Jesosy Kraisty) is firmly fixed in the language."

Long may it continue the glory of our country to be associated with such work as has been done in Madagascar. Of that great work Mr. Sibree writes not only with full knowledge, but with a due sense of responsibility and discrimination. Even his enthusiasm for missions does not interfere with the free exercise of his judgment nor tinge his views with an unwise optimism. Thoughtful men will be more impressed by his sober and dispassionate account of what has been accomplished than by the more flattering pictures of those who see everything in couleur de rose. The story, as told by Mr. Sibree, is much more in harmony with all our knowledge of human nature, and of human nature in its first contact with the gospel as we see it in the records of the first Churches, than a picture in which there were no shadows. Christianity is evidently growing, but much has to be done before the effects of centuries of heathen training are undone and the people raised to the level of morality which is found in a land that has long been Christianized. Mr. Sibree's chapters on the religious life of Madagascar are very thoughtful and rich in suggestion. We should like to have quoted from them, but no quotations could do them justice. They contain numberless hints which may help to a better understanding of Church history and to the solution of some questions that oftentimes puzzle ourselves. But this would demand an amount of space for their discussion which we could not possibly afford. On one point the Malagasy, it may be noted, are showing considerable wisdom, by which some among ourselves might profit. "It is far more

difficult," says Mr. Sibree, "to induce our Malagasy friends to preach than it used to be, for they are beginning to learn how little they know, and they generally desire time for careful preparation before venturing to address a congregation." Would that a similar conviction might dawn upon some nearer home! It would certainly be for their own good, but it would be still more for the good of the Church. In taking leave of Mr. Sibree's book we heartily commend it to all our readers as one of the richest additions which our missionary literature has received of late.

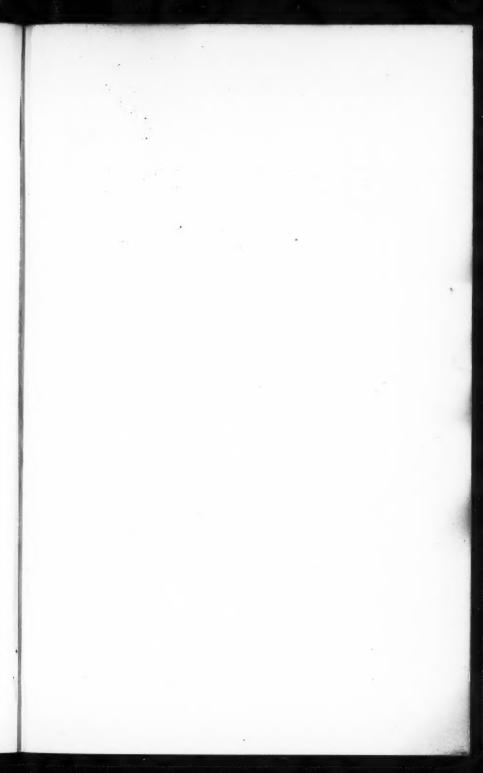
The Day, the Book, and the Teacher. A Centenary Memorial. By EDWIN PANTON HOOD. (London: Sunday-school Union). This is a book of great interest and power, and, on the whole, admirably suited to its special purpose. If we have any doubt it is as to the prominence which it gives to the unbelief of the day. We should hardly expect to find ourselves taken back to the "Emilius" of Rousseau, or interested in speculations about the influence of Comtism, or called to contemplate the wild extravagance of the late Professor Clifford, and the anti-Christian furor of Mr. Moncure Conway in a Sunday school centenary volume. At the same time we are bound to recognize the earnestness, ability, and force with which this part of the book is done, and of its value to those who are most responsible for guiding the work of the Sunday-school. The considerations suggested in the frequent references to the tendencies of the age, and the eloquent pictures of the perils which threaten our Christian work, are of the very highest importance. We fully agree with the general conclusion at which he arrives in relation to modern unbelief, that "the teacher's duty is not to argue with it, but to anticipate it; to keep the thought of God and the human soul, its real power of vision and its responsibilities, its duties, its essential immortalities, ever alive in the mind: to keep Christ, His incarnation, His resurrection, His words, His life, His death, His expected return, alive in the souls of the children." But if this be so, the question may well arise, why give so much attention to the phases of unbelief in a book which is, we suppose, intended specially for teachers? The fear, indeed, is that they may be tempted to indulge in those gladiatorial exercises which Mr. Hood so properly deprecates.

The book is worthy of the author's reputation. It is fresh and racy, enriched with anecdote and illustration, glowing with devout sentiment and true eloquence. We cannot profess to agree in all its views, and to discuss them with anything like fulness it would be necessary to follow them closely. The book would not be the author's if there were not some marked idiosyncracies. But to only one of these will we refer, and that only because we think it for many reasons likely to be very mischievous. "One thing," he says, "is very certain, there is no denying it-the preacher is becoming very wearisome." When a statement is made in this positive form and infallible style, there is no place for argument; it can only be met by an expression of absolute disbelief. How it is to be reconciled with another passage, in which the author "expresses his personal conviction as entirely adverse to that usage which has grown up during the last twenty or twenty-five years, of withdrawing the children of the Sunday-schools from the services of the Church—the public united services of the house of God"-is not very obvious. In that view we perfectly agree. The question is too large to be argued here but we

may say that the mischief of the practice is being very clearly seen in America. But if the preacher is becoming so wearisome, surely it is the best thing that can be done, at least until the congregation is turned into that great preparation class for which Mr. Hood sighs, but for which he seems to think a competent conductor could not be found. In our judgment, the wisest policy is to utilize all the forces for contending against unbelief and evil of all kinds to the utmost possible extent. Because we agree with Mr. Hood in his powerful representations of the character of the age, we regret his references to the pulpit. The Sunday-school cannot take the place of the preacher. If the pulpit is losing its power, no effort should be spared in order to revive and restore it; for the loss of its force would be a calamity not easily to be remedied. We differ from the view which Mr. Hood expresses, but our differences do not detract from our admiration of a book in which there is so much that is both true and beautiful. At the same time, we may doubt whether suggestions such as he throws out are likely to promote that friendly understanding between ministers and Sunday-schools the importance of which he himself recognizes; still more whether the committee of the Sunday-school Union have acted wisely in allowing them to have a place in a work which appears under their sanction. There is not a little distrust abroad already. and this will certainly not tend to restore confidence.

The Egoist. A Comedy in Narrative. By George Meredith, (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) It strikes us that this book will be more prejudiced than advantaged by the descriptive addition to the title. A "comedy in narrative" gives the reader a very indefinite idea of what he is to expect, and certainly does but very scant justice to the extremely clever, amusing, and suggestive novel before us. A comedy no doubt it is, and one in which the characters are drawn with extreme skill, and in which the situations are very effective, and often extremely entertaining; and if the title is intended to distinguish it from the host of novels, more or less sensational, with which the press is continually teeming, and in which, we fear, the customers of Mudie delight, that ends all objection to it, The main object of the writer is to hold up Egoism to the contempt which it deserves, and this certainly could not be done better than by covering it with ridicule. Sir Willoughby Patterne, the hero, is one of those unfortunate individuals whom English society seems bent on ruining. Looking at the adulation which is poured upon the representatives of old families with a long rent-roll, the marvel is that any of them escape from becoming mere self-worshippers. On every side they meet with toadies, flatterers, parasites; and as those they meet are perpetually worshipping them, it is not surprising if they come at last to repeat the sin of Herod, and to believe themselves the gods which the world proclaims them. The insolent arrogance which is displayed by some of the country gentlemen in the House of Commons, and which, it may be hoped, reached its culminating point when Lord Elcho forgot what was due to his own dignity as well as to that of the House, by placing on the order book a burlesque motion, is the result. Very possibly his Lordship may not feel the severity of the rebuke conveyed in the refusal of the Speaker to allow it to be printed; but all outside his own circle perceive it, and, what is worse for him, confess that it is well deserved. Lord Elcho, Mr. Chaplin,

and others of the same type are in political, what the hero of this book is in social, life. As they proceed on the supposition that England was made for them and their order, so did Sir Willoughby assume that he was the sun of the system to which he belonged, and that any one, especially any lady, on whom his beams might fall was indeed doubly blessed. "He was hearing from sunrise to the setting of the moon salutes in his honour, songs of praise, and Ciceronian eulogy. Rich, handsome, courteous, generous, lord of the hall, the feast, and the dance, he excited his guests of both sexes to a holiday of flattery. And, says Mrs. Mountstuart, while grand phrases were mouthing round about him, 'You see he has a leg.' . . . It was perfect! Adulation of the young Sir Willoughby's beauty and wit, and aristocratic bearing and mien, and of his moral virtues, was common: welcome, if you like, as a form of homage; but common, almost vulgar, beside Mr. Mountstuart's quiet little touch of nature." This brief sketch will help our readers to understand something of the atmosphere which this favourite of fortune breathed, as well as to appreciate the style in which the author has executed his task. Every one combined to persuade Sir Willoughby into the belief that he was nothing less than a marvel, and it does not appear that he found any great difficulty in accepting so flattering an idea. In the "comedy" this hideous Egoism is laid bare in all its native meanness and deformity. The story tells how he is baffled by women whom he supposed intended by nature to be his worshippers, and it is told with great effect and considerable humour. He is engaged to three separate ladies, whom he chose to honour by offering to raise them to his own exalted level. The first jilts him, and thus administers the first blow to his complacency, from which, however, he speedily recovers without any great loss of dignity. Another, who plays one of the principal parts in this strange comedy of life, is persuaded to accept him, and has hardly committed herself before she is possessed with the desire to escape from an alliance which, however exalted, she feels must be burdensome, because loveless. Her struggles after freedom are sometimes very amusing, the most ludicrous feature in the whole being the difficulty she has in persuading the self-satisfied baronet that she has no ambition to share his hand, and indeed regards the prospect with a disgust that approaches to loathing. The third lady, with all her constancy, is to us the least satisfactory character in the whole. We grudge Sir Willoughby such a wife, although the manner in which she accepts him is a severe rebuke to his miserable Egoism, not less caustic than his failure with others. "He asks me for a hand that cannot carry a heart, because that heart is dead. I repeat it. I used to think the heart a woman's married portion for her husband. I see now that she may consent, and he accept her, without one. But it is right that you should know what I am when I consent. I was once a foolish, romantic girl; now I am a sickly woman, all illusions vanished. Privation has made me what an abounding fortune usually makes of others. I am an Egoist." Such was the result of unredeemed, inconsiderate, arrogant Egoism. Sir Willoughby fancied all around were made for him, and he made a desert of another heart as well as his own. There is a great moral lesson in the book, and it is taught with great piquancy, point, and cleverness. It is refreshing to see Sir Willoughby's discomfiture; but we have a feeling that, after all, he is too kindly dealt with.



THE CONGREGATIONALIST, August, 1880.



Ellion & Fry, Photo.

Unwin Brotners, London.

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The Congregationalist.

AUGUST, 1880.

REV. ENOCH MELLOR, D.D.

Ray. Da. Melloca, as he is one of the most eminent, is certainly one of the most characteristic, representatives of Yorkshire Congregationalism. He is a native of the county, has resided there for almost the whole of his life, is in deep sympathy with as modes of thought and feeling, and has those marked in the standard gualities which are distinctive of Yorkshire and moral qualities which are distinctive of Yorkshire and moral qualities which are distinctive of logical and a strength of an extended a thorough straightforwardness in account the standard which give force to character and produce a secondard paramon on the popular mind, but they are very liable to be misunderstood, especially in an age when there is such an exaggerated dread of plain speech. Dr. Mellor thinks clearly, reasons acutely, expresses himself foreibly after the manner of his county, but no man more incapable of harbouring an unkindly sentiment towards an opponent. He is as generous in spirit as he is consistent an areament, and while no one is more unyielding to account the manner of the sentiment in the sentiment and the sentiment and

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REV. Dr. Mellor, as he is one of the most eminent, is certainly one of the most characteristic, representatives of Yorkshire Congregationalism. He is a native of the county, has resided there for almost the whole of his life, is in deep sympathy with its modes of thought and feeling, and has those marked intellectual and moral qualities which are distinctive of Yorkshiremen-robustness of mind, vigour and keenness of logical faculty, strength of will, and a thorough straightforwardness in action. They are qualities which give force to character and produce a strong impression on the popular mind, but they are very liable to be misunderstood, especially in an age when there is such an exaggerated dread of plain speech. Dr. Mellor thinks clearly, reasons acutely, expresses himself forcibly after the manner of his county, but no man is more incapable of harbouring an unkindly sentiment towards an opponent. He is as generous in spirit as he is convincing in argument, and while no one is more unvielding on any point of principle, no one could be more magnanimous in feeling. In short, he is one of those true and noble men of whom not only Yorkshire but the Congregationalists of England are proud.

Enoch Mellor was born at Huddersfield, November, 1823, and received his early education at the Collegiate School of that town. In 1841, he went to the University of Edinburgh, where he enjoyed the benefit of the teachings of Sir William Hamilton, of whom he always speaks with enthusiasm, and whose influence upon his mental development was very con-

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siderable. In the year 1846 he entered Lancashire Independent College, and even in his student career gave abundant evidence of that power in the pulpit which has since won for him such high distinction. At the close of his course in 1848 he accepted the pastorate of the Square Chapel in Halifax. the Church at which had at the time been reduced by circumstances to a state of weakness, contrasting alike with the palmy days of its past and with the still greater prosperity which it at present enjoys. The power of the young preacher soon made itself felt; the old chapel was filled, and it became necessary to build the new and handsome church, the spire of which is one of the most conspicuous objects by which the eye of the stranger is arrested as he passes out of the railway station. In this great undertaking, as well as in all the steps which led up to it, Mr. Mellor was greatly assisted by that noble band of brothers whose names are so closely linked with his own, and with the Square Church as well as with every public institution in the town of Halifax. The Crosslevs were themselves a tower of strength; and while their pastor would never hesitate to acknowledge the benefit he derived from their co-operation, they, on their part, would have been quite as ready to confess how much of their capacity for rendering such service was due to the influences of his quickening and stimulating ministry. The three brothers who once filled so conspicuous a place have all gone to their rest, and we are therefore the more free to speak of their work as honourable English merchants, philanthropic citizens, and single-minded Christians. They were men of very different temperaments, but they were one in their love of liberty; in their loyal devotion to the gospel of Christ, in their consistent though never bigoted Nonconformity, in their sincere endeavour to use all their opportunities and resources for the good of others and thus for the glory of God. The dark cloud of trouble which rested over the closing years of John Crossley, the last survivor of the three, only served to call forth a remarkable demonstration of public feeling in his favour. At his funeral there was a manifestation of universal sorrow and respect on the part of the town, which might not have been surprising had he died in the fulness of his prosperity, but which, under the circumstances, was one

of the most noteworthy tributes to his personal goodness that could have been presented. In the wreck of his fortunes he had not lost his hold upon his friends, and the extraordinary expressions of sympathy were hardly less honourable to those by whom they were offered than to him to whose memory they were paid. They made one think better of human nature, and they certainly enhanced our estimate of the man who had obtained such a hold upon the regard of those by whom he was best known. Happy the pastor who has such helpers.

In 1861 Dr. Mellor was induced to accept the call of the Church at Great George Street Chapel, Liverpool, and to become the successor of the late Dr. Raffles. His ministry there only extended over six years, but it was eminently prosperous. He became a power, not only in Liverpool, but throughout the county, and there was universal regret when the earnest requests of some of his old friends who had very painfully felt his loss persuaded him to return to his old flock at Halifax. There he still labours with unabated vigour, with undiminished success, and with the ever-increasing attachment of an affectionate congregation. Of him it may emphatically be said that he "dwells among his own people." Yorkshire is his home; and while he is honoured and admired wherever he is known, it is in his own county that his worth is best understood and his reputation is the highest. Of the esteem in which he is held in the county, only those who are well acquainted with the people can have a true conception. We have heard an amusing anecdote which may illustrate this. In a railway carriage on one of the Yorkshire lines there happened to spring up a discussion on baptismal regeneration. One of the disputants was a clergyman, who expressed himself with such wisdom and authority on the subject as his office might be supposed to give him. An old woman, who had been sitting in a corner quietly listening, at last broke in with a question addressed to the reverend gentleman, whose views did not quite seem to please her. "Have you read Enoch Mellor on that soobjac? Ah! you should read Enoch Mellor." "Enoch Mellor, ma'am?" was the reply. I have not the pleasure of knowing either him or his book." "Not know Enoch Mellor?" said the old woman, in scornful tone, and "yo' talk about baptismal regeneration." What the old woman expressed is widely felt in Yorkshire, where Dr. Mellor's power is fully recognized. It is in Halifax that his influence is most powerful, but it extends all through the West Riding and the county. Those who are best acquainted will be the most hearty in endorsing the verdict which his neighbours have pronounced on him as a man, a Christian, and a preacher.

The degree of "D.D." was conferred on Mr. Mellor by the University of Edinburgh in 1866. In 1863 he was elected Chairman of the Congregational Union, and in 1875 he delivered the Congregational Lecture, his subject being "Priesthood." Of that lecture, it is enough to say that it is worthy of his high reputation, and is fully abreast of the other volumes of that valuable series. Beyond a very able little volume on the Atonement, and a number of pamphlets and reviews, he has not made any other contributions to literature.

PIT PREACHING AND CATHEDRAL BUILDING IN CORNWALL.

On Thursday, May 20, there were laid, in the city of Truro, the foundation stones of the first additional cathedral which it has been attempted to erect in England since the Reformation. The historical interest-as some would say, the historical importance—of the event itself, the splendour of the ceremonial, the fact that the stones were laid by the Prince of Wales, who derives one of his titles from the Duchy of Cornwall, combined with the charm of half romance which invests the "rocky land of strangers" and its inhabitants, to draw a large amount of public attention to the celebration. On the previous Monday another religious service was held in the same county, and within ten miles of Truro, of which few outside Cornwall knew anything, that in historic interest and importance at least equalled the event of which the newspapers were full; a service identified with the spiritual life of the people during the last century, and held in a spot as sacred in the devout affections of thousands as the proudest cathedral can aspire to be.

The parish of Gwennap is one of the richest in mineral resources of the mining districts of Cornwall. Twenty years ago it was a thickly inhabited parish; the mines then in full work maintained a contented and laborious population. The increasing depth of the mines made the bringing of the ore "to grass" a more and more costly operation, and foreign competition has rendered their working unremunerative. The shipping enterprise of England has ruined the Cornish mines: decaying cottages and engine-houses from which the machinery has been removed present a sad picture of desolation. In Wesley's early visits to Cornwall he found a cordial reception, and a response to his message, among the "tinners" of Gwennap which often cheered his spirit; and a flourishing "society" was soon formed here. A plain near Gwennap church-town was the scene of his first ministrations: but in September, 1762, says he, "the wind was so high at five, that I could not stand at the usual place at Gwennap. But at a small distance was a hollow, capable of containing many thousand people. I stood on one side of this amphitheatre toward the top, with the people beneath and on all sides, and enlarged on these words in the Gospel for the day (Luke x. 23, 24): 'Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see, and which hear the things that ye hear'" (sic). The place was found so convenient for his purpose that, on his subsequent visits to Cornwall, it was used for his meetings. He is never weary of recording his delight in facing the throngs that assembled here, and finding that all could hear him. "I think," he writes (Sept., 1775), "this is the most magnificent spectacle which is to be seen on this side heaven. And no music is to be heard upon earth comparable to the sound of many thousand voices, when they are all harmoniously joined together, singing praises to God and the Lamb." His last visit was paid in August, 1789, when he was eighty-six years old. He preached in the morning and evening of Sunday, August 23, "I suppose," he says, "for the last time, for my voice cannot now command the still increasing multitude." An annual service has been held here ever since his death; the Whit-Monday preaching, at which one of the most eloquent of the Methodist ministers officiates, is a fitting monument of his labours on the sacred spot.

Concerning the origin of the amphitheatre, or "pit," to use the homely name which it always bears in Cornwall, there is much obscurity. Wesley calls it a "natural amphitheatre;" but the term "natural" can only be given to it as not having been constructed for the purpose to which he applied it. Signs of human thought and labour are evident in the regularity of its construction. Among the miners there are those who speak of it as an "old fall'd-in bal;" that is, the sunken mouth of a mine. This is a quite possible account of its natural origin; the "old bal" may have supplied the Phœnicians with tin. A mine bearing the quaint name "Cathedral" is close to it, and the engine-beam, or "bob," was at work last Whit-Monday pumping water from the mine all the while the service was proceeding. Cyrus Redding, in his "Illustrated Itinerary of Cornwall," gives the plan of a somewhat similar amphitheatre at Perran Round, a few miles north of Truro; and a third, with stone seats, is found at St. Just in Penwith. These were once used for the performance of miracle plays; the pit is hardly adapted for such a purpose, nor do the guide-books say anything of its ancient uses; popular tradition is satisfied to record its connection with Wesley.

Mr. Tyerman, speaking of Wesley's ministrations here, says: "There can be little doubt that the estimated numbers were sometimes greater than the real." This is a very mild way of putting the facts; both the size and accommodation of the amphitheatre have been grossly exaggerated. Wesley speaks of it as being about fifty feet deep, two hundred feet across one way, and near three hundred the other. Its actual dimensions have been thus given by a correspondent to a local newspaper who recently measured it: "Its perpendicular height is under twenty feet; it contains twelve rows of turf seats, the bottom row is fifteen feet in circumference, the top row three hundred and twenty." This writer estimates its sitting accommodation at from fifteen to sixteen hundred. The seats are broad, and, supposing the audience to stand instead of sitting, this number might easily be doubled. There is also a broad rampart on the top with a deep bay opposite the preacher, which might give standing room to three or four hundred more. I made a rough estimate of the number present on Whit-Monday, and reckoned them at somewhat over two thousand. The pit is situated at the bottom of a hill, and should the people overflow the rampart, and swarm up the hill-side, several thousands more might be within the range of a powerful voice. Making ample allowance for these considerations, Wesley's alleged congregations of twenty, five-and-twenty, and thirty-two thousand people would have to be reduced at least one half.

To any one of human sensibilities the scene on Whit-Monday afternoon must have been impressive as well as interesting. Half an hour before the service began, I stood on the top of Carn Marth, the Knight's Barrow, the hill (757 feet above sea-level) at the base of which lies the pit. To the south was seen the entrance to Falmouth Harbour, frowned on by the dim outline of Pendennis Castle: to the north the sea between Portreath and St. Agnes Beacon gleamed through the afternoon haze. Westward lay the picturesque ridge of Carn Brea, with its mysterious granite blocks, associated in the popular fancy with the cruel rites of the Druids. At the foot of Carn Brea clustered the cottages of the mining peasantry of Lanner. Gwennap was a mile or two further to the south. Behind us was Redruth, and between Redruth and Gwennap the little church-town of St. Dye. From all these places the congregation was flocking, some in vehicles of various descriptions, but most on foot, hundreds crowding the field path from Redruth, and now and then a solitary traveller over the Carn. The prints and muslins in which the Cornish girls delight were wanting; this may have been because Whitsuntide fell in the month of May and not in June this year; but I could not help associating the sombre dress of the women with the deserted aspect of the surrounding mines. The pit was full when we descended, and we stood on the rampart. The granite hill was behind us covered with yellow gorse, and throughout the service I had a latent remembrance of the solemn seas gently breaking on the northern and southern shores.

More than thirty years before I had attended a pit preaching, and this service contrasted somewhat severely with my boyish memories. Then the service was a Pentecostal one; the sermon was on the descent of the Spirit; the hymns were

sung with vigour, and many a response followed the desires expressed in prayer and sermon that again the Spirit might be vouchsafed. On this occasion there was no pervading feeling of Whitsuntide doctrine. The singing was by no means general, and the preacher's voice lacked power. If you sat you could only hear a murmur of either hymns or sermon; and around the listening congregation there was a fringe of restless young people whose sculs were not yet profoundly moved, either by life's responsibilities or the awe of the gospel. Within the pit the seated congregation was both decorous and devout; the responses were few, but the interest was manifest; in the majority of cases the listening was earnest.

The appointed preacher of the day had been unable, from feeble health, to fulfil his engagement, and another preacher had been at the last hour telegraphed for-" wired" was the atrocious word used by the gentleman who made the announcement-to Truro. The sermon was an effective one: delivered within the four walls of a building it would have been more powerful. The text was, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson," and the subject was the failure and recovery of spiritual power, as illustrated in Samson's history. The lessons were well put; some of the applications were very searching; I cannot doubt that many of us heard to profit. One illustration was admirable both in itself and for its local feeling. Speaking of the ordinary world in which Christians were compelled to live, but out of which a vigorous spiritual life would come uninjured, the preacher said: "So have I seen on your coasts the sea-bird dive into the sea in search of food, and emerge to shake the drops from its wings, and soar with plumage as dry as if it had been flying in the winds of heaven." At the close of the sermon the congregation dispersed as rapidly as they had gathered: some to their homes, some to Redruth fair, and many to attend an evening meeting in a neighbouring chapel.

From Redruth to Truro the distance is but about ten miles, but in appearance and social characteristics the difference between the two towns is as great as if half a kingdom separated them. From Truro the shafts of engine-houses and the heaps of mining refuse are no longer visible, and rich pasture

slopes surround the town instead of granite moorlands. Redruth has that indescribable aspect of being a settlement, that straggling tendency which may be observed in so many mining towns. This is not due to its recent origin, for Redruth is an old town. It may be that the engineering skill of its inhabitants was exhausted in planning levels and constructing shafts and adits, and that none was left for the laying out of streets; or perhaps the knowledge that at any time the discovery of a new lode of ore might lead to the destruction of property has been unfavourable to regard for regularity in the planning of a town and the making of roads. However this may be, while Truro is a neat, compact little city, Redruth looks as if the town were going to be made tomorrow. Truro has the contented, self-complacent air of the commercial centre of a pastoral district, doing moreover a little shipping business; and is by no means disconcerted at having been suddenly, by Act of Parliament, transformed into a city.

By a curious irony of fate, the site chosen for the first new cathedral in England since the Reformation is a slowly decaying town. For many years the population refused to increase; then it began to decline. New stir has been given to the town by its being erected into an episcopal see; but I know not if this fact will tell on the next census returns, for the Vicar of Kenwyn with his family had to turn out, that the Bishop of Truro and his family might turn in. The new city has shared in the general decline of the Duchy; and the gradual silting up of the river has made its privileges as a port almost useless. It is withal a charming little nook. If the visitor from "up the country" arrives at high tide, he will acknowledge that few views can be obtained from a railway carriage window more peaceful and more pretty than that which greets him from the viaduct on which he halts before running into the station. To the north the pinnacles of Kenwyn Church tower rise from a bower of foliage: under him is the clustering town with the spire of St. Mary's, the Pro-Cathedral, breaking from amid the houses; and in the foreground the river sweeps between quarried and sylvan shores to the woods of Tregothnan, where it turns suddenly south-westward and is lost in the windings of Falmouth Harbour.

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The tiny city had put on its best attire on the 20th of May. The town is so compact (let us not say so small) that it required a little ingenuity to furnish street-room for the procession which was to add dignity to the day's proceedings. The royal party was received at the Town Hall, from which a three minutes' walk would have conducted them to the cathedral enclosure. The house of a gentleman on the outskirts of the town was, however, arranged as a Masonic robingroom; and hither rode the Prince of Wales from the Town Hall. accompanied by the Princess. On the return to the cathedral enclosure the Princess, in her carriage, preceded the Masonic procession: the Prince, in Masonic costume, now styled the Grand Master, walking in its rear. The Masons were so many that even with this arrangement, which gave the length of half the city to the procession, I suspected that the Princess must have entered the enclosure before the Grand Master had left the Lodge. The barriers within which the procession moved were lined with rifle volunteers of the Cornish companies; military and Masonic bands accompanied the march; and the firing of cannon announced to the people outside the enclosure the progress of the proceedings within. The Bishops of Exeter and Truro remained with the clergy on the cathedral ground to receive the party. The only clergymen in the procession were those who held rank in the Masonic Lodges. These struck me as being, both in face and figure, the handsomest set of men in the whole company.

It was undoubtedly a fair sight on which the sun shone that day. The quaint little city easily lends itself to festal decoration. The white granite Town Hall with plain Palladian façade, has a dark mediæval building, the ill-fated Cornish Bank, on one side of it, and opposite are some pleasing specimens of domestic architecture. Scarlet and purple cloth covered some of the building fronts, and pots of shrubs and flowers were mingled with flags on others; Venetian masts with banners moving to the breeze were everywhere, and five arches spanned the streets at intervals. One of these arches was of great interest both to the antiquarian and the student of modern political history. It was called the Cornish arch, and had for decoration the shields of the ancient Cornish boroughs. To look on these was to read a touching history of past im-

portance and present decay. At the head of them was, of course, the ship of Truro, the old materialistic motto, "Fish, tin, and copper," being displaced by one more worthy of Cornwall, as well as more becoming to a cathedral town—"Cornu exaltatum in Deo." And there were also the arms of many a borough forgotten since the first Reform Bill—Grampound, a name often uttered in Parliament and on the hustings; and Tregoney, which would have scarcely any trade left but for a Nonconformist boarding school; and Bossiney, where a man may walk and not know he is there; and Boscastle, clinging like a sea-bird to the northern cliffs; and other towns even to Cornishmen unknown.

Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus Dardaæ: fuimus Troeës, fuit Ilium, et ingens Gloria Teucrorum.

The Cornish arch, and the Masonic arch, and the arches of welcome joined with the banners and the hurrying thousands to greet the goodly company that gathered in the brilliant southern light under the cold spire of St. Mary's, now bedecked with flags, as if heedless that it was so soon to be

swept away.

I did not enter the cathedral enclosure. I have an invincible repugnance to worship the Saviour of mankind to the blase of military music; the heart of adoration is paralysed within me at the suggestion of "guns, and drums, and wounds: God save the mark." Nor can I recognise the propriety of assigning the chief place in the ceremonial connected with building a church for the service of a gospel which is severely simple to a ritual which is professedly mystic, but really histrionic. The Freemasons were the leading actors in the performance of the day. What some regard as the most significant recent incident in the extension of the Church of the poor, the National Church, was chosen as the occasion for glorifying a secret society by no means frugal in its expenditure. I read in The Freemason that some of the brethren were much dissatisfied with their reception, and especially (tantana animis celestibus ira) because they had to pay for their own dinners. And in reference to the criticisms of The Guardian, which reveal the repugnance

many devout Churchmen felt at the possible mixing of "an inharmonious element" with Christian worship, The Freemason adds: "It may be a question whether, with such recurring evidences of difficulty in such matters, it may not be more prudent in the future to discourage similar proposals." This is a wise suggestion, the adoption of which Churchmen and Masons are equally interested in securing.

It was with a simple, honest delight that the loval people of Truro and their neighbours gave themselves up to the keeping of their festal day. Not only had they the pleasing consciousness that they were the "observed of all observers," and that reporters of the London press, the artists of The Illustrated London News and The Graphic were taking notes among them; they were also engaged in giving welcome to their own Duke and Duchess. The sense of their local relations to the royal house is strong in Cornishmen. When, in 1846, Prince Albert laid the foundation stone of the Town Hall, he was greeted as the "Lord Warden of the Stannaries." So on this day, the titles Prince and Princess of Wales were forgotten; whatever they might be elsewhere, in Truro they were the Duke and the Duchess of Cornwall. And the royal personages well fulfilled their parts. With characteristic bonhommie the Prince won the kindly regard of all; and the gracious lady by his side made the impression she has always made in England of being worthy of any place to which womanhood may be called. It needed not that "an earnest and devoted friend of the Church" should write-

That Truro Cathedral may rise on a sure foundation to the glory of God and the increase of faith in Him will be the prayer of thousands on the 20th of May. We must further our prayers by work and alms. Royalty deigns to assist us in our work. The Mason who lays and tries the foundation stones is no less a personage than England's future King. The Princess who has won a place in England's heart second only to our beloved Queen will aid us by her presence and her sympathy. We ask her graciously to do more. The royal gift of gold will be presented by her royal hands to the King of kings. Let every one present come prepared to give at least one piece of gold to swell the offerings on the day. Each one—young and old—who thus aids the work with his gold will feel that he has been permitted to dedicate the value of one stone, at least, of this the first cathedral reared in England for three hundred years, in conjunction and sympathy with the royal hands that inaugurate this glorious work.

Such words appear impertinent to the sentiment of the occasion; as vulgar as they are profane.

I am not disposed too sharply to challenge the propriety of placing such a building, one that is to cost over a hundred thousand pounds in its erection, in a decaying town and amid a frugal population. The generous donors who have devised the work mean it as an offering to God; it is not for us to ask, "to what purpose is this waste?" Church extension is an object sacred to us all; and each Church must extend itself in its own way, in accordance with its own traditions. The old Church of St. Mary's was grotesquely unfit for a cathedral; and it would have been quite out of place to erect a new cathedral which, in comparison with the wealth of the nation and our lavish expenditure on domestic and municipal architecture, should appear stinted and mean. Let the building rise, the sturdiest Nonconformist may say, and let it fairly represent the zeal and munificence of those who give it. Cornwall is an open field for them as well as for others: no community conscious of an ecclesiastical mission ought to consent to be excluded from any portion of our common country. It remains, however, true and typical that the true Cornwall was outside, not inside, the cathedral enclosure. However dignified the assembly that assisted at the ceremonial, the bulk of the people were content to welcome them as guests, to be interested in their work, but they themselves remained absent from an alien celebration.

One of the reasons of this was the subordination of the religious to the stately element in the proceedings of the day. The Bishops and clergy and the congregations committed to their charge were very little considered; it must have required a rare power of attention to offer simple worship to God amid those distractions of worldly splendour. The Prince of Wales himself would be the first to allow that, but for the accident of his station, he would not have been chosen to take the leading part in a spiritual act. The saints whom Cornishmen revere have been men whom the world has not known; men destitute of graces many of them, but full of grace. The old British Bishops bore no territorial title; they were itinerants, men more like Wesley himself than like modern prelates, living where their work called them, their homes

varying with the requirements of their mission. And her modern ministers, the men who reclaimed the country from her second heathenism, who have made "wrecking" an unknown thing, and put down "wrastlin', huntin', cock-fightin', and keel-playin'," have followed the same method. A superstitious people cannot be won to piety by ritual, but by such preaching and watchful discipline as the itinerant and local ministers of the Methodist communities have known how to employ. The Standard, in one of the candid articles for which that journal is honourably distinguished, has pointed out the need of preachers if the Church of England is to hold its own in Cornwall. The sextoness of a village church near Penzance. which I visited, gave a very significant answer to a question I asked her: "Is your new vicar who is coming a High Churchman?" "I can't tell," said she, "maybe he is, he comes from the sheeres." That is to say, an elaborate ritual is an alien importation. No Church that regards anythingorganization, worldly advantage, learning, ceremonial, pomp -as able even to supplement direct spiritual power, will ever find a home in Cornwall.

Another element of weakness in the Episcopal Church for Cornish work is her exclusive spirit. A hundred years ago it was a favourite device of a West Country clerical magistrate to impress Methodist local preachers for service on board his Majesty's vessels of war. The manners of to-day are milder; but there is still the same refusal to recognise the Divine call and the Christian ministry of any but the ordained of one community. I looked in the newspapers to see the names of some Nonconformist ministers among the honoured guests at the ceremonial, and for a toast in which the "other denominations" should be referred to; but I looked in vain. There is not another of the English Churches which could hold a similar service and manifest no fraternal feeling towards fellow-Christians.

The day before the stone-laying I visited the "general cemetery" of Truro—significant title for the graveyard of the whole brotherhood of Nonconformists—which is distant by the breadth of the town from the "churchyard" where only one sect is entitled to perform its funeral rites. It is a plain, unattractive spot, and many a remembrance through in on

me as I read names and recalled men that more than thirty years ago were familiar to me. I understood the "proud humility" that dictated the inscription on the gravestone of the Rev. William Moore, of Bethesda Chapel, which told how some of his children were interred in "the graveyard of the Friends' meeting-house of this town." The "most straitest sect," as they were scornfully deemed, opened their kindly earth to hold the dead which the "National Church" would only receive on the condition of insulting their parents' faith. I remembered how, in like manner, we were shut out from the grammar school; and how there was fostered in us the spirit of reserve and suspicion which comes from the sense of social wrong. I recalled funeral processions I had seen win? ing their way up the dreary hill that led to the uninviting graveyard; the Methodists singing as they came, the Puritan Nonconformists in stern silence, and with set features, more like the Covenanters of Scotland than dwellers in the sunny Thank God, the day of such possibilities is fast hurrying out, the last of these restrictions is rushing to a perpetual night: but the fact that they were has bred in many a changeless hatred of religious exclusiveness. If, in her new mission to Cornwall, the Episcopal Church would but lay aside her purpose either to absorb the other Churches or to ignore them and their labours, nowhere would she be more welcome and more honoured: but if her old spirit of exclusiveness possesses her, unless the present race of Cornishmen be wholly unlike their forefathers, she will still be regarded as an alien institution, an importation from the shires. ALEX. MACKENNAL.

THE WEEK-EVENING SERVICE.

THERE is, perhaps, none of the institutions of the Church which is being more affected by the changed conditions of society than the week-evening service. There are places even now in which it is fairly attended, but it is to be feared that they are the exception, and that the number is declining. We must not so far delude ourselves with roseate pictures of the past as to fancy that there was a time when the service

of the week-day was as much frequented as that of the Sunday; but it is certain that the habit of attending the former was more prevalent among the more serious and devoted members of the Church thirty years ago than it is at present. In not a few Churches, indeed, there were two services—a prayermeeting and a lecture, as it was often called—in the course of the week, and many of the more devout members of the Church made a point of being present at both. The difficulty of maintaining both has led to the blending of them in one service, at which the pastor gives an address; but the attendance is, in many cases, exceedingly meagre, and often below the average at either of the separate meetings. There is no doubt great diversity on the point, the services being generally better attended in country places than in the large towns; but, taken as a whole, their condition is anything but encouraging.

By many this is regarded as a sign of a declining vitality in our Church life, and will be quoted as such by unbelievers who rejoice in it as a sign of progress as well as by earnest Christians, who mourn over it as an evidence of decay. An interesting and intelligent observer, Dr. Karl Hittebrand, says, in a recent number of *The Nineteenth Century*, in relation to us Englishmen:

You are evidently not yet arrived at the stage of indifference towards Christianity which we have reached on the Continent, and in Germany particularly, although the progress towards it since the "Essays and Reviews" seems to me prodigious. Who would find anything dangerous in them to-day, I wonder? Yet it is scarcely fifteen years since they were written, and set the whole of England in commotion.

To one who looks at our religious life in this spirit, such a fact as the comparative desuetude into which the week-day service is falling in many places would be full confirmation of his views, and not the less so, because he sees in the Puritan or Evangelical element the salt by which our English religion is preserved from decay.

You were once (he says) already far advanced on the road to indifference, when the Evangelical movement gave new life to religious passion, and drove you almost further from tolerance than you had been in the time of the saints. I mean inner tolerance, of course, not outward toleration, which is nowhere more firmly established than in England. And again: in the State and society your cultured classes continue to

lead, and their influence is felt everywhere; but they seem to have no hold on the mental and spiritual life of the nation at large, however absolute may be their sway in the higher circles. Otherwise the vagaries of Moody and Sankey would be impossible in the country of Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall.

When we have got over the tone of assumption and intellectual scorn which characterizes this as it does the utterances of unbelief in general, we may find in it some consolation. It is the testimony of a keen-sighted German to the power which Christianity still wields among us, and to the dependence of that power upon the Evangelical sentiment. To such a man the curtailment of religious exercises would look very like a loss of fervour. The neglect of the week-day service would be to him an infallible sign; and if he were told that this has been followed, in not a few cases, by the relaxation of attendance on Sunday evening, he would rush to the conviction that not only has decline commenced, but that it is proceeding at a rapid rate.

Among ourselves there are not a few who with great sadness of spirit reason in this way. It is worth while to consider how far their lamentations are well founded. Now looking at the fact, even when presented in its strongest form, it is necessary before we draw so absolute a conclusion from it to consider how far it is due to mere change of circumstances, and how far to an actual weakening of faith or decline of zeal. Society has undergone an entire transformation during the last thirty years, one of the most manifest indications of which is the difficulty of maintaining congregations in the central chapels of large towns whose names are intimately associated with the great religious works of the last half-century. At that time the shopkeepers, even those who had become prosperous, used to have their houses connected with their shops; and even the wholesale dealers used to live as near as possible to their place of business. The Congregational chapels of that day gathered their congregations, for the most part, from the immediate district, and there was no difficulty in their members sparing an hour or two once, or even twice, in a week at a religious service. All that is altered now. Even the shopkeeper, as soon as he can manage it, has his house in the suburb, where, of course, all merchants,

manufacturers, and even their clerks, resort. So notoriously is this the case in London, that, in the hope of preserving the importance of the City, it has been suggested that a census should be taken, not of the diminished population who reside there, but of the multitudes who are to be found in its places of business in the middle of the day. The population of the City is, in fact, seriously diminishing, while of course the suburbs are marvellously on the increase. It is not difficult to see the effect of this change on week-evening services. Those who have been occupied all day long in the absorbing work of the City, return home wearied to a late dinner, and are little disposed to go afterwards to a service, even if the hour could be so arranged as to meet their convenience. But this postponement of the hour, though a mere point of detail, could not always be managed; and if it were, it is extremely doubtful whether it would secure the end in view, or whether it would not so inconvenience some who already attend, that they would be lost while no others would be attracted to fill their places. The plain fact is, and it is well that it should be looked in the face, that in these suburban districts it seems all but impossible to secure a large attendance on the weekevening. Whether any method can be struck out which will overcome the difficulties remains to be seen. Certainly none of the plans hitherto tried have been successful.

There is another circumstance which must be taken into account if we are to form a true estimate of the actual significance of the diminished interest in week-evening services. A large number of men are living at very high, many certainly at too high, pressure. Life is made to cover a greater variety of interests, and as the consequence there is a greatly increased number of engagements. The diaries of some would tell a remarkable tale of the excitement and occupation in the midst of which they live. Their days are one whirl of engagements, and when the evening is reached they very naturally desire rest. They are not at the prayer-meeting, but it may be that they have been doing service for the Church on some committee, or other work, during the day; or giving time which has with difficulty been subtracted from the pressing calls of business, and which perhaps had to be made up either by the extension of office-hours or by a severe strain, and are

now seeking the quiet necessary to recruit their exhausted energies. Many of the young people, too, are themselves engaged in various duties. Young Men's Associations, evening classes for the neglected, and other works of a like kind, divert attention and draw away some who would otherwise be found at the quiet gathering of the Church. So far as these causes operate, the change we may all regret is due to altered circumstances rather than to any abatement of Christian zeal.

But can it be truly said that this is a complete and sufficient explanation? That there are many whose absence is due to the want of inclination, not to the pressure of adverse circumstances, to whom the way is open and easy enough, but in whom the will is lacking, and are absent because they do not recognize the value of the service, and certainly do not feel that there is any obligation connected with it, is as certain as that there is no small proportion of absentees whose failure is to be accounted for on the more charitable supposition. But even with these it is not to be assumed that there is any faltering in their attachment to Evangelical truth, nor even though this is no doubt a more frequent cause of the negligence—any languor or feebleness in their own spiritual life. They would say that they are not attracted to this kind of meeting, and do not derive from it either enjoyment or profit; that they regard it as an institution which the Church is pleased to keep up, and which those who value it should support and strengthen by their presence, but which others are at liberty to neglect without incurring any impeachment of their motives or principles. They acknowledge no call of duty in connection with it, and they exercise their Christian liberty by seeking other modes of edification.

The state of mind which such reasoning reveals is by no means uncommon. Perhaps the most serious aspect of it is that the Sunday evening service is too often regarded in the same spirit. We believe the whole argument to be based upon a fallacy, but we must be careful not to fasten upon those who adopt it a charge to which they are not fairly open. It may, no doubt, be an indication of a latent indifference, or even scepticism; but it is not necessarily so, and as a matter of fact we do not believe it is generally so. Relaxed ideas of individual obligation to the Church are one of the crying evils

of the day, but they are not invariably, perhaps not even in a large majority of cases, due to any undermining of the foundations of faith. Very often they are the result of an exaggerated independence, which many causes have helped to foster, not the least active among them being that leaven of Plymouth Brotherism which we may find scattered among most of our Christian communities. Even where there is no sympathy with a particular sect, or, to speak more correctly, the sects describing themselves as the "Brethren," there is a tendency to that lawlessness and anarchy—that desire that every man should be a law to himself-which is a characteristic of the system, and which influences many to an extent of which they themselves are hardly conscious. Public worship is viewed as a human institution, with which a Christian is at perfect liberty to dispense if he feels so disposed. Extremes meet here, and those men who regard public worship as too spiritual for them join hands with those who fancy themselves too spiritual for the worship. The evil is great in both cases. A Church of Christ has, of course, no right to lay down laws by which all its members are to be bound, or to prescribe certain religious observances which they must keep up. A man cannot violate his own conscience, nor is he wise to place his Christian liberty at the feet of any society. It is good even for the society that it should understand that there is a limit to the power it wields and the allegiance which it is entitled to expect. But, on the other hand, every man who voluntarily enters its fellowship gives an implied pledge that he will care for its interests, and as far as he can, without sacrifice of conscience, help in the carrying out of its plans. No one has a right to ask from him that he should compromise any conscientious convictions, and he would be sadly lacking in manliness were he to accede to such a request if made. But personal inclinations he may fairly be urged to subordinate to the general good, and so far to respect the decisions or practices of the Church in general, as to repress a mere idiosyncrasy when it crosses plans on which the majority hold it to be expedient and useful. This is putting the argument for public worship very mildly indeed. But it is desirable to avoid everything that sounds like a tone of authority, and to show that, after making the most extreme concessions to individual right, there is still reason for urging a compliance with the practice of the community. It must not be supposed, however, that there is here even an approach to an exhaustive statement of the argument. That rests upon considerations of manifest fitness, of general expediency, of proved utility, of which it is not possible to attempt the barest summary. The experience of the universal Church throughout its history attests the wisdom of a practice which grew up out of the felt necessities of the heart, and is in harmony with all the circumstances of the case. What Christian life would be maintained without it, no one can undertake to say, for the experiment has never been made on a large scale, and individual examples, if they be found, prove nothing. One thing is worthy of note: those who most loudly protest against the mechanism of our arrangements instinctively and of sheer necessity fall into similar ones themselves-morning assemblies of saints, evening addresses to sinners-and carry them out with at least equal severity.

All this does not prove the necessity for a week-evening service. If it could be proved that the circumstances of time or place rendered its continuance undesirable, the wisest plan would be to decide on a change; even though the "thin end of the wedge" argument could be urged, and urged with considerable effect, against it. But a departure from long-standing precedents, involving the abandonment of a service which many find eminently profitable, ought not to be resolved upon without very careful and mature consideration. A mere proposal of the kind would be certain to call forth a loud remonstrance in most Churches. Indeed, I might undertake to say that if all who would join in the hostile outcry on such a suggestion would resolve to attend the meeting, any question of its discontinuance would be settled for ever. Strange to say, one does continually meet with individuals who profess the strongest interest in the prayer-meeting, but who are very like those remarkable upholders of the Establishment, for whose special benefit a census of religious profession is advocated, whose devout attachment to the Church seldom or never induces them to enter one of its buildings. These excellent people would deprecate any disturbance of so valuable an institution, and with upturned eyes express their horror and distress at such an indication of failing piety, and yet they do nothing to promote the efficiency of a meeting of whose value they are so deeply convinced, or to cheer the hearts of those who, in the midst of great discouragement, are seeking to maintain it.

It is all but certain, however, that in most Churches there would be a strong and very commendable indisposition to sweep away what numbers unquestionably prize, at all events until some attempt has been made to adapt it to altered conditions. Improvements may be suggested, and if so it is desirable that they should be introduced. A minister may often do something himself by devoting the week-evening to the exposition of some special portion of Scripture, provided that the work be not done in a perfunctory or careless manner, but that it be terse, illustrative, and, if possible, fresh and racy. Or he may, with advantage, draw the attention of his Church to the story of God's truth in the world, whether in the present or in the past. He would here be cultivating a field that is almost virgin, and which, if properly tilled, would yield abundant results. It is simply sad to see how complete a blank there is in the minds even of intelligent Christians in the knowledge of Church history. A monthly lecture on some period of Church history might be made extremely attractive, and, what is of more importance, practically useful. Suppose that Thursday is the day selected, why should there not be one Thursday in the month for exposition, another for historical, biographical, or missionary lecture, a third for devotion and Church business, and a fourth for a social gathering, followed by a free Christian conference on some appointed subject? The last might be the most difficult to manage, but as the time remaining after the half-hour or three-quarters spent in social fellowship could not be long, it ought not to be so hard to conduct it with success. Social fellowship is unquestionably one of the great needs of our Churches, and the week-evening service should be utilized as one of the best means for promoting it. No doubt it would require some practical wisdom in order to manage it effectually, but if it were successful it would give to our week-day services a very different aspect from that they too often wear at present.

I have said nothing about the prayer-meeting, reserving that for separate consideration. At some of the meetings I

suggest the devotional element ought to be prominent. Whether, in addition to this, there ought to be regular meetings for prayer, is a question to be discussed afterwards. Here I speak only of the week-evening service which a Church may be expected to maintain, and whose efficiency would, I believe, be of immense value to its general interests. It is on every ground most undesirable that the assembling of the Church and congregation should be confined to the two services of the Sunday. Between a number of people who twice a week take their places in a large congregation, the bond of coherence must necessarily be comparatively feeble, and if there is to be a fuller development of that unity which is a condition of real power, more frequent meetings, and some of them of a more social character are essential. It must be added. however, that if such gatherings are to be effective, there must be a general co-operation of the members. At present, the week-evening service is regarded by many a minister as his thorn in the flesh. He anticipates it with a nervous anxiety: he too often looks back upon it with gloomy and despondent regrets. It awakens doubt as to the success of his ministry, so far as the attainment of its highest spiritual results is concerned, and by thus dispiriting and discouraging him, does not a little to curtail his power and usefulness. This is a state of things which ought not to continue, and which could not continue if every member of the Church felt that he had a personal duty in the matter. To expect a minister to appear regularly in his place on the chance of finding a few people, who may be reduced to an insignificant fraction either by some private social gathering, or by a drawing-room meeting on behalf of temperance or some other philanthropic object, or by a concert in the neighbourhood, is worse than unreasonable. It is putting a tax on energies which in many cases are already overweighted, and which certainly are needed for greater purposes, and it is creating that worry which does more to lower and enfeeble the system than any amount of work. The Church that wishes a good and hearty week-evening service can have it, but only on condition that there be a spirit of thorough union and sacrifice. We believe the service can and ought to be made a power, and that, after all deductions have been made for those whose circumstances make it impossible for them to attend, there are in all our Churches numbers sufficient to maintain it in efficiency. To keep it up in deference to mere tradition, and a tradition which is binding only on the pastor, is not promotive of the true good of the Church. A mere formal institution does not deserve to live, and if not reformed will not live. Those who desire its survival must not be content with talk, they must make it such a success and such a blessing to the Church that no one would contemplate the possibility of its discontinuance.

J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

THE ORGANIZATION OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.*

It is happily unnecessary for me to discuss the relative importance of the various objects which the Sunday-school is intended to secure. It is our supreme concern that the children should know for themselves before the stress and strain of manhood and womanhood are upon them, before the graver perils and graver duties of life have to be confronted, the august righteousness and infinite love of God, should make His will the law of conduct, and should accept with unfaltering trust, with perfect joy, and with unmeasured hopes the transcendent blessings included in the Christian redemption. To a very large extent this, which is the great object of our work, has been actually accomplished. But the remarkable and beneficent institutions whose centenary we are now celebrating are schools; -and in schools of all kinds the intellect should be both disciplined and informed. The children and young people whom you meet every Sunday come to you as scholars, and scholars that learn nothing, or that learn nothing thoroughly and well, hardly deserve the name. This assembly consists of teachers, and your very title-which is one of the most honourable that any man or woman can bear-reminds you that you have to teach. You are not Evangelists, although you will endeavour to induce the members of your classes to receive the gospel. You are not Pastors, although you will watch over the development of their moral and religious life

^{*} A paper read at a Conference held in Birmingham, July 6, 1880, in celebration of the Centenary of the foundation of Sunday-schools. Part of it has appeared in a Sunday-school publication, but it has been thought desirable to give it here complete and revised.—Editor.

with earnest solicitude. You are Teachers; and whatever may be the measure of your success in these great objects which you share with the pastor and the evangelist, you fail as teachers unless you teach effectively. I doubt whether we have ever sufficiently estimated the very large amount of religious knowledge which ought to be acquired by five, six, or seven years' attendance at a Sunday-school. Imagine what we should expect from the same amount of time given every week to the study of one subject—the history of England or of Rome, the geography of Europe or of America, chemistry, or any other of the physical sciences. We have an immense opportunity; and with the history of a hundred years behind us we ought to consider very seriously whether our predecessors have used it adequately—whether we ourselves are using

it adequately now.

My special inquiry will be into the organization of our teaching. First of all, it is necessary to determine what we ought to attempt to teach. It may be answered that we ought to make the scholars acquainted with the contents of the Bible. But the Bible is a very large book; or rather, it is a collection of books; it is a considerable library. The first part of it contains most wonderful documents illustrating the relations of God to the universe and to the human race: and documents giving an account of the moral life of mankind in ages preceding the great movements of ancient civilization and the rise of empires the very ruins of which have now disappeared or have only recently been recovered from the oblivion of many centuries. We have there the story of the rise and formation of a very remarkable nation, a nation which occupies a unique place in the history of mankind. We have the account of its political and ecclesiastical institutions, of its criminal legislation, of its laws for the regulation of personal rights and rights of property; we have an elaborate account of the organization of its priesthood, the structure of its sacred tabernacle and temple; of the ritual of its religion, and the regulations which governed the national festivals; the ceremonial rules which had to be observed by individual citizens. We have, then, all the varied incidents of an exciting, a glorious, and a tragic history-wars, victories, defeats; conspiracies and rebellions; periods of famine and pestilence; the story of the conquest of neighbouring countries and of the annexation of territory; the story of successful and unsuccessful invasions by foreign powers; periods of national prosperity, and periods of national disaster. The history is complicated by the early division of the nation into two kingdoms, each of which passed through extraordinary vicissitudes, ending in appalling castastrophes.

Extending through the whole book there is a gallery of remarkable historical portraits-kings and queens, soldiers, prophets, and priests-a whole crowd of men and women of various ranks, and belonging to various nations, whose virtues and whose crimes are all illustrated with extraordinary truthfulness and vigour. The adventures of some of them were singularly romantic. They passed from the sheepfold to the command of armies and to the government of the State; they were in prison one day and were the administrators of great empires the next; they were called suddenly from a life of obscurity to rebuke the crimes of monarchs, and to lead religious reformations. The reverses of some of them were not less sudden or less startling than their rise to greatness and power. Kings are flung from their thrones: fall in battle; are fugitives in the desert; are hunted down by rebels; are carried as prisoners into remote countries by the victorious armies of foreign enemies.

Besides the history we have the literature of this remarkable race—a collection of poems, some of them of rare pathos, some of them of extraordinary solemnity and grandeur-poems written to express the strong emotion excited by great national events,; poems written at the impulse of individual feeling; songs written after victories and after defeats which it is now difficult to identify; sad lyrics in which a broken heart pours out its penitence for sin; hymns of triumph in which the happy soul gives God thanks for His infinite mercy. There are books described as books of prophecy consisting, for the most part, of collections of moral and religious discourses relating to the crimes and destinies of the Jewish nations, and of the nations with which it was politically connected; referring often to obscure and forgotten political events, but rising sometimes into glorious predictions of that Divine kingdom which was the great object of Jewish hope, and the great source of Jewish consolation.

Of the infinite variety of wealth contained in the collection of books constituting the New Testament, it is harder to speak than of the contents of books of the Old Testament. The Life of which we have the narrative in the four gospels transcends all description. In the presence of the glory and the humiliation, the power and the suffering, the majesty and the gentleness, the righteousness and the mercy of that wonderful history, we bow in silent love and awe and worship. The birth, the life, the ministry, the death, the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ are the great crisis in the history of the world, perhaps of the universe. In these events the Infinite and the finite are in contact at every point. Everything that happened to Christ, everything He did, has immeasurable significance. His teaching—whether of the nature of doctrine or of ethics-covers the whole breadth of the loftiest and widest provinces of human thought. It has been the inexhaustible fountain of speculation and controversy for eighteen centuries. Pass on to the Acts of the Apostles. In that book you have the history of the Christian Church during the thirty years which followed the Ascension: or rather you have enough of that history to illustrate how the new life which had come into the world with Christ, organized a society; and how this society gradually emerged-not without severe internal conflicts-from conditions which threatened to narrow it within the limits of a Jewish sect, into the larger proportions and ampler freedom of the Catholic Church; and you have the story of the missions by which the Church was planted in distant cities. This is followed by a large number of letters. Some of them were written to individuals who were conspicuous in early Christian history, and several of these individual letters contain authoritative directions in relation to the manner in which those to whom they were addressed were to deal with corruptions of thought and corruptions of morals, which made their appearance in the Christian Church in very early times. There are other letters -and these the more numerous - written to particular Churches, or to the Churches of a particular country, or to Christian people generally-all of them exhibiting the great truths of the Christian faith in relation to the errors which were originated either by the attempt to perpetuate the authority of Judaism, or by the attempt to translate into Christian thought the speculations of pagan philosophy; and in most of these letters there are long passages enforcing those laws of Christian morals which were outraged by the vices which heathen men had brought into the Church.

I have sketched in bare outline the contents of the Old and New Testament, in order that we may see the necessity of revising and limiting the answer which I gave just now to the question. What shall we attempt to teach? If we had the children in our classes for five hours six days every week, instead of two or three hours on one day in the week; if we had them for ten or twelve years, instead of four, five, six, or seven, it would be an impossible task to teach our children the contents of the Bible. Teachers whose resources are less ample than those of the famous German professor who undertook to lecture on the Book of Isaiah, and who, at the end of twenty years was just reaching the end of the first chapter. know how page after page of this book admits of almost endless illustration, and even seems to require it, and how sentence after sentence opens out into infinity. And further, there are parts of the book altogether beyond the reach of children and young people; there are parts of it which cannot be understood without a large knowledge of the history and religions of ancient nations; and the parts which in one sense are intelligible transcend our intellectual reach. After studying the Bible for thirty years with the aids of ancient and modern scholarship within our reach, there are many of us who are conscious that the heights and depths, the lengths and breadths of this wonderful revelation of God and man still pass our knowledge. We must, therefore, limit our aim; we must resolve to teach what our scholars can learn, and what it is most necessary for them to know.

What we have to teach falls simply and naturally into three general divisions: History, Doctrine, Ethics. In history we should all agree in giving the first place to the Life of our Lord Jesus Christ; and we should all agree that it is necessary, or at least desirable, to secure an accurate knowledge of the principal events in the history of the Jewish nation, and in the early history of the Christian Church.

But our teaching will be slovenly and ineffective unless our children have what I will call a firm framework, in which they can arrange and fix whatever facts they learn from us, and whatever facts they may learn from other sources after they have left us. A knowledge of a large number of miscellaneous biographical and historical anecdotes picked up from English historians does not constitute in any rational sense a knowledge of English history. The knowledge must be arranged and organized. If a boy knows something about the life of Oliver Cromwell, but does not know whether he lived before the time of Henry VIII. or afterwards,-if he can tell the story of the defeat of the Spanish Armada with great vividness, but knows nothing of the place of that great event in the development of the national life and national religion, and cannot tell whether it happened before or after the Protestant Reformation,—he has been taught some historical anecdotes, but he knows nothing of history.

I am inclined to think that much of our historical teaching in Sunday-schools is of the same kind. Our scholars know something, for instance, about the terrible discourses delivered by our Lord against the Pharisees, but they have never grasped the fact that these discourses belong to the close of His ministry, and would have been impossible at the com-They know something about the dismencement of it. cussions which took place in what is erroneously called the Council of Jerusalem, but they do not see for themselves from their knowledge of the general historical movement represented in the Acts of the Apostles that the decisions of the Council were provisional and transient, because the questions which had to be solved originated in circumstances which soon disappeared. We should, therefore, as I have said, endeavour to give our scholars a firm historical framework in which to arrange all the particular facts and details of their knowledge, so that when they are considering any fact in the life of our Lord, they should never make a mistake as to its historical place,-I mean that they should never make a mistake as to which of the principal periods of His life it belongs. It should be impossible for them to make a similar blunder in relation to the facts in the history of the early Church, and of the Jewish people. We cannot teach them

everything; but we can teach them a few important events, and we can give them such a clear and intelligent apprehension of the general outlines of the history, that whenever they read the Bible for themselves, or listen to historical sermons, the facts will fall into their right relations and order.

The same principle holds in relation to the teaching of doctrine: we must consider what doctrines are of critical importance as controlling the religious life and determining the whole method and substance of religious faith and thought, and make sure that these doctrines are taught as thoroughly as we can teach them. The rest we must leave. The same principle holds in relation to the teaching of ethics. We cannot cover all the details of human duty as interpreted by the Christian revelation; but instead of satisfying ourselves with giving picturesque and impressive lessons on any duty that happens to strike us, or that happens to be illustrated by some excellent story that we have just seen in a newspaper, we should endeavour to root in the conscience and heart and mind of the children those germinal principles of Christian ethics of which the noblest and completest Christian sanctity is the ultimate development. If a few great principles are so explained and so illustrated, and so enforced as to become the real and living possession of the scholar. every province of his life will sooner or later be brought under their control.

I have been pastor of a Church for more than five-and-twenty years. It has been my duty to see a very large number of persons who have come to speak to me about entering the Church, or about their practical or speculative difficulties. Most of them had been in Sunday-schools in different parts of England. They had been in schools of all kinds—large and small—in country villages and in great towns: Methodist schools, Baptist schools, Congregational schools, Church of England schools. In a very large number of cases they had learnt in the school to repent of sin and to rely on the Lord Jesus Christ for the pardon of sin and for the gift of eternal life. The school had been their salvation. The teacher had been their evangelist; he had led them to believe the gospel. In many instances the

teacher had been their pastor, and had rendered them priceless service in their early endeavours to do the will of God. In reply to all who are sceptical about the success of Sundayschools, I can always point to the Church of which I am minister, in which I believe a majority of the members owe their very life not to the minister, but to the teacher. But, so far as I have observed, the function which is imposed on the teacher by his very title and name, is the function which is most generally neglected or least efficiently discharged.

He is an evangelist, a pastor, but hardly a teacher.

About the knowledge of the historical contents of the Bible, which the persons whom I have seen possessed, I can say very little. I have not examined them on that subject. From other sources of information I have reason to believe that a large number of scholars who have attended school for many years, and attended regularly, and who, before they left, became earnestly religious, carry away with them only that vague, desultory, anecdotal knowledge of Biblical history which, as knowledge, is of very little use while it is retained, and which, because it is not properly arranged, is soon forgotten. About the knowledge, of Christian doctrine I can speak confidently. Again and again, in cases innumerable, I have been astonished, confounded, plunged into despair by the blank doctrinal ignorance of persons who had been in Sunday-schools for years. They had found their way to God, but, so far as the intellect was concerned, they had found their way in the dark. They were alive, but knew as little about the conditions and laws of their new life as a child of six months old. A Divine hand had led them by a way they knew not. Divine love had answered vague and inarticulate prayers. They must have had some true religious thoughts, but their thoughts were very cloudy, and the relations between their thoughts and their words were uncertain, precarious, varying. They had no clear intellectual conception of the simplest truths. They did not know what it was to believe in Christ, although they believed; just as a horse knows nothing about digestion, and yet digests his feed of corn. They did not know what was meant by being born again. Very many had no firm apprehension of the truth that the death of Christ is the ground of the remission of sins. A

much larger number obviously attached no clear and fixed idea to the great declaration that we are justified by faith.

About many of the characteristic elements of Christian ethics, I believe that many of them were equally ignorant. Whatever was the measure of their actual obedience to the laws of Christ, the laws were not understood. I do not ascribe these failures to the inefficiency of the teachers. If our day-schools were organized like our Sunday-schools their results would be equally unsatisfactory.

There are two principal forms of organization in the Sunday-schools of this country-if, indeed, one of them can be called a form of organization at all. In some schools some of the teachers, if not all, choose their own lessons. and retain the same children in their classes for several years together. If the teacher happens to be exceptionally competent, this method may be sometimes very successful. If, on entering the school, and taking charge of his children, he estimates how long he is likely to keep them, and lays out a scheme of lessons covering three, four, or five years, and including all those historical, doctrinal, and ethical subjects which should have a place in a complete course of lessons, the subjects rising in difficulty as the children grow older, he may do admirably. But I doubt whether such a systematic method is common in cases of this kind. To lay down a scheme of instruction for several years requires large experience and large knowledge of the science of teaching. A teacher who could carry out a good scheme with great ability may be unable to construct one. Supposing the private scheme constructed, there are many chances that in the course of a year or two, circumstances will compel him to leave the school, or he will be removed to another class, and then the whole plan breaks down. I am afraid that most commonly teachers who are left to themselves live from hand to mouth. I don't mean that the lessons for Sunday are not fixed upon till Saturday night, and that no method at all is followed, but that a succession of unrelated series of lessons is adopted. It is the Book of Exodus one half-year, and one of the four Gospels the next, and the Book of Genesis the next, and so forth. No adequate thought is given to make sure that in the course of a definite number of years the

great historical facts, the great doctrines, the great ethical laws receive proper consideration.

But in most schools there is something better than this. The London Sunday-school Union, by publishing its "Lessons and Notes," has introduced something like the form of organization into an immense number of schools both in England and in the Colonies. It would probably have attempted much more if the public opinion of the teachers had demanded, or even permitted, the reformation which is plainly and urgently needed. The "Lessons and Notes" have many admirable qualities; but in one respect they are gravely defective. The same lesson is given throughout the school, and the same notes are given for the guidance of the teachers of all the classes, with the exception of the infants. Of course I do not mean that in a class of boys between the ages of nine and eleven the same instruction is actually given as that which is given to a class of boys between the ages of fourteen and sixteen; but the teacher has the same subject, and works from the same notes. The teacher of the younger class picks out the simpler elements of the lesson; the teacher of the elder class includes the more difficult. But suppose we taught reading in our day-schools on that principle, and used the same reading-books for children in the first standard and in the sixth, letting the children in the first standard skip the hard words, what kind of report would the master get from her Majesty's inspectors, and what kind of grant would go to the managers? It is very easy to point out superficial differences between the two cases, but the analogy is much closer than it seems. If in giving an historical lesson you have to leave out the hard bits which are beyond the reach of your class, you may have to leave out what is absolutely essential to the history. If in explaining some doctrinal words of Christ's you have to leave out some thoughts which are remote from the minds of your children, you may be giving a false explanation of His meaning, and you may be forming a habit in the mind of the child which will lead it always to omit any recognition of those elements which you suppress. There are ethical ideas and applications of ethical ideas which may be fairly within the grasp of children of fourteen or fifteen which are quite unintelligible to children of ten or eleven.

My contention is that you cannot teach effectively all subjects to scholars of all ages between seven and seventeen. There are some subjects which may fairly and without injury be taught to children of all ages; but there are many subjects-historical, doctrinal, ethical-which ought to be taught to children who have been in the school four or five years, but which cannot be taught effectively to children whose school life is just beginning. Further: in any scheme of lessons for a Sunday-school there are imperative reasons for completing what I will call a cycle of instruction within a period much less than that during which we ought to expect children to remain in the school. I mean that if we begin the life of Christ with children of seven years of age, we must return to it at some later period, partly because there is very much in it which they cannot understand while they are between seven and ten, and which they may be able to understand three or four years later; partly because the religious and moral objects of the Sunday-school require us to return again and again to the supreme objects of Christian faith and the supreme sources of Christian life. Thirty years ago, in the few schools which used catechisms suited to children of various ages, these conditions of successful teaching received some recognition.

The principles, therefore, for which I am pleading are these. First—The teaching in every school should be so organized as to secure the instruction of all the children in those historical parts of Scripture, in those doctrinal truths, in those ethical laws which we believe are of chief intellectual and practical importance. Secondly—The lessons should be so graded that the subjects should be suitable to the differences in the intellectual and moral development of the children. Thirdly—The lessons should be arranged in two or more cycles, so as to secure the return of the children at different periods of their school life to the historical, doctrinal, and ethical contents both of the Old and New Testaments.

There are many questions which these proposals naturally suggest which I must not attempt to solve, many objections to which I must not attempt to reply; but if I may venture to en-

croach for not more than two or three minutes more on the time of this assembly, I will give an outline sketch of a scheme of instruction based on these principles. It may be necessary to explain that when I speak of children between eight and ten. I mean children whose acquirements correspond to average children of that age. Lessons of the grade suitable to most children between eight and ten may sometimes have to be given to children between twelve and thirteen. This, then, is an illustration of the scheme: First grade (eight to ten)-Life of our Lord, including those facts which can be fairly explained to children of this age, and such religious and ethical truths as are suitable to them. This explanation must be understood in connection with the lessons for each succeeding grade. Second grade (ten to eleven)—Outlines of the history of the Third grade (eleven to thirteen)—Life of Jewish people. our Lord. Fourth grade (thirteen to fourteen)-Outlines of the history of Jewish people, with selections from the earlier part of the Book of Genesis. Fifth grade (fourteen to sixteen) -Fuller treatment of the doctrine and ethics of our Lord: general view of the early history of the Church; and select doctrinal and ethical passages from the Epistles. In these five grades definite places should be found for the special treatment of the central doctrines of the Christian faith, and also for the inculcation of the great moral virtues-truth, justice, generosity, temperance, industry, courage, and the like-and for the special ethical ideas of the teaching of Christ. Sixth grade (sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen)-Special subjects selected from the Old Testament and the New, such as: the creation of the world and of man; the flood, and other early incidents recorded in Genesis; the mission of the Jewish race; their principal civil and religious institutions; a selection from the prophecies; the growth of the Jewish idea of Christ; the origin and trustworthiness of the four Gospels; the two Christian ordinances; the idea and objects of the Christian Church; the Christian laws affecting property, trades, and professions, family and public duty.

Very much of the information which is now given in a fragmentary form—information about the geography of Palestine and the neighbouring countries, about Jewish institutions and customs, about the history of Egypt, and Tyre, and Babylon;

about Jewish religious parties and their characteristic beliefs —I would relegate to special lectures to be given in the school-room occasionally on Sunday evening, with maps and other illustrations. These lectures would be given to such divisions of the school as would be likely to profit by them.

I believe that if such a scheme of lessons were drawn up by the Sunday-school Union, and frankly and cordially worked, if a series of handbooks for the use of teachers were published to accompany each of the cycle of lessons, the value of our teaching would be augmented beyond all our hopes. The arrangement of the scheme would demand the concurrent consideration of many minds; theological learning, just conceptions of the science and art of teaching, a wide practical experience of Sunday-school work, would be necessary to make a scheme that would be even worth trying; and it may be taken for granted that the first scheme would soon turn out to be unsatisfactory and probably impracticable. A second scheme produced at equal cost of labour and thought would probably prove an equal failure. Those of us who have watched the incessant changes in the regulations of our Education Department for the teaching in our elementary schools will not anticipate any immediate and complete success in the attempt to organize the teaching in Sunday-schools. But the responsibilities which rest on the Sunday-school Union are so enormous - responsibilities arising from its resources and from its great influence on the religious education of immense numbers of children-that any cost, any toil, any number of failures are worth accepting in the attempt to embody in the organization of our teaching the principles which, as it seems to me, are suggested and confirmed both by the theory of teaching and by the experience of teachers. There are many excellent objects which the Union proposes to secure at this Centenary: in my judgment the organization of our teaching should take precedence of them all. R. W. DALE.

THE BROAD CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.*

T.

It is impossible to deny, and it would be dangerous for the teachers of Christianity to ignore, the fact that there is extraordinary and all but universal agitation and unrest on religious questions, unprecedented, indeed, except at times of great religious revolutions, such as the Reformation. are many who would tell us that we are on the eve of a second Reformation, which shall more thoroughly carry out the principles laid down, but only imperfectly applied, in the first; and, with necessary limitations, the statement may, in the main, be accepted as true. Like all such general assertions, it is open to the charge of vagueness, and, in common with a great many other propositions of the kind, may be used by individuals holding the most opposite views, and whose differences would be manifest at the very first attempt to define their meaning. High-sounding declarations, conceived in a liberal spirit, are pretty sure to be popular, and, so long as they are confined to mere generalities, are very safe. Their fault is that they supply no leading, and may be as honestly employed by those who intend to sweep away the very foundations of Christianity, and all the institutions connected with it, as by those who regard the gospel with profound reverence, and whose only desire is that it should be freed from the cerements in which human traditions have wrapped it and presented to the world in its original beauty and simplicity. Both of them may be sincerely desirous of a new Reformation, but their agreement extends no further than the use of a common expression and a common belief, which itself distinguishes them from mere slaves of the authority, or blind devotees of the past, that liberty must have its perfect work. and that truth has nothing to fear but everything to hope from the triumph of freedom.

Freedom, no doubt, has its difficulties, and we are experiencing them now; but as all efforts at repression must fail, and as those who have caught the spirit of the gospel can desire for them no other fate—that is, can desire that only

^{* &}quot;Scotch Sermons." London: Macmillan and Co.

that truth should live which is able to commend itself to the hearts and consciences of men-it is for us to try and realize the position which we, as servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, have to maintain. Despairing pessimists in our own ranks are ever ready to alarm us by the most dismal pictures of the actual condition of things, and the most lugubrious prophecies of the disasters that are awaiting the Church: while, on the other side, the prophets of unbelief would persuade us that the conflict is over; that Christianity is rapidly passing into the neglect and even contempt which, sooner or later, overtakes all superstitions; that the intellect of the age has renounced its control altogether: and that if here and there a few men of culture still adhere to it, it is only because they are dominated by sacred associations or tender sentiments. which prevent the full influences of truth from playing on their minds. The tendency of extreme representation of this kind is to induce an indifference to the actual movements of religious thought, which would be alike unphilosophical and impolitic.

Christianity is neither dead nor dying, nor does it even exhibit any symptoms of decay, as none know better than those who expend on a system which they proclaim to be effete an intensity of feeling and a strength of opposition which they direct against nothing beside. But a great many traditional ideas. which have been supposed to be of the essence of religion, may be regarded as already dead, even though they still await the rites of decent sepulture. Systems of theology are being shaken to their very centre, and it may be doubted whether any of them will escape without serious injury. Authority finds it extremely hard to maintain its ground at all, and dogmas and usages which rest upon its decrees, and on them only, have no chance of survival. The vehemence with which many fulminate against "isms" and creeds, without any care to discriminate between their use and their abuse, or even clearly to define what they mean thus severely to condemn, may often provoke a smile where it does not awaken indignation; but its very extravagance is itself an index to the state of feeling which is abroad in relation to set forms of belief. Creeds which professed to be expositors of the Divine will have been used so long and so often as oppressors of the

human conscience, that a revolt has been stirred up against them, so violent and unreasoning as to insist that it is a matter of indifference whether a man believes or whether he has any belief at all. They who have sought by means of these formularies to cramp human intellect, or coerce the conscience, have only themselves to thank for the reaction. whose pitiless severity at once alarms and irritates them. They have made men martyrs, hypocrites, formalists, but never believers. Every new attempt to employ these weapons, such as that recently seen in the case of Mr. Bradlaugh, only serves to widen and deepen the opposite movement. It does not create sympathy to any extent with opinions so extreme and detestable as those of Mr. Bradlaugh, but it does assuredly intensify the feeling against creeds and tests so readily used as engines of oppression by those to whom they are little if anything more than mere outward forms. Would that the feeling stopped in antagonism to the unrighteous use of such forms by Governments and Churches! But when was a reaction under legitimate restraint? The opposition to creeds as instruments of tyranny has passed into a distaste for creeds themselves, which is not confined to some special dogmas in them, or even to the attempt to force opinions and beliefs into a hard, logical form, but has passed into a contempt of all definite religious opinions. Here are sufficient elements of unrest, and one of the great problems of the day is how to deal with them effectually.

There are those who would, even in this nineteenth century, endeavour to end all controversy by a stern policy of Conservatism. They decline to enter into any discussion, they refuse to admit the possibility of any change, they stand rigidly upon the old lines themselves, and they treat any deviation from them as a sign of heresy. It is difficult to understand how any who have been trained in the principles of Protestantism can adopt this attitude; but, strange to say, those who would thus stifle all inquiry which contains any menace to their favourite dogmas suppose themselves to be par excellence Protestants. There could hardly be a better illustration of the difference between an "ism" and a principle. The Protestant "ism" means a belief that the Church of Rome is apostate; that the Pope usurps the authority of Christ and

tramples upon the rights of men; that masses are blasphemies, and transubstantiation an idolatry. The Protestant principle is the right of private judgment. It is possible to hold both, but it is certainly quite as possible to divorce the principle from the "ism," or to abide by it, just so long as it avails to justify the "ism," and then to east it aside altogether. The suppressed idea in the minds of such Protestants is that they must draw the line somewhere, and of course they draw it at their own opinions. But freedom cannot acknowledge such limitations. It must be absolute or it ceases to deserve the name. If men resolve to constitute Churches on the basis of agreement in their opinions, they are entitled to do so, provided they are purely voluntary associations, and do not claim to be exclusively the Church of Christ. If they assume to be the Church of the nation, they sin against the principle of justice; if they claim to be the Catholic Church, and excommunicate all who do not adopt their shibboleths, they trample on the law of Christ, and undertake to pronounce that judgment which belongs only to God. But if they simply band themselves together in a Christian association, feeling that the amount of agreement on which they insist is a necessary condition of healthful co-operation, they are acting strictly within their right. Reproaches even upon their narrowness and exclusiveness may well be spared, so long as they do not seek to restrain the liberties or judge of the Christianity of others.

Unfortunately, however, this is what is too often done, and Christian societies fairly lay themselves open to charges of intolerance because they are not content simply to serve Christ in their own way, but insist that theirs is the only way. The little cliques who assume to themselves the title of "Brethren" are too largely characterized by the unbrotherly spirit they manifest towards all who are not of their company, and the uncharitable judgments they pass upon them. We can easily understand that the effect of the present upheaving of opinions upon many minds should be to produce a greater severity and a sterner determination to abide by every iota of received doctrine. We do not think it a wise course, but if it be taken conscientiously, and there is no decree to usurp lordship over the consciences of others, no one has just ground for

interference or complaint. These are not the men, however, who are best qualified to meet the evils they deprecate. In truth, they can hardly be said to attempt to meet them. They withdraw into their own enclosures and regard with almost equal apprehension the assailants of Christianity and those who seek to meet the assault by showing that the Christianity they attack is not the Divine truth but a human representation of it.

On the other side of the Tweed especially, a powerful party are bent on something much stronger than mere protest or condemnation. They would have the Church cast out the heresy, and they are not restrained by the fact that in many cases the alleged heterodoxy does not touch a vital point of the faith. We do not intend here, however, to enter into a discussion of the internal controversies which have agitated the Presbyterian Churches in Scotland, and which are destined, as we believe, to agitate them still more. We must frankly disavow all sympathy with all attempts there or anywhere else to tamper with obligations which have been voluntarily and solemnly contracted. What may be the exact force of the restraints which the clergy of the Scotch Churches have imposed upon themselves we cannot attempt to determine, and it is still more unwarrantable for any one who has not fully examined the facts to pronounce whether in any individual case there has been a departure from the path of duty. But on the general principle we are clear. So long as the obligations exist they ought to be held sacred by those who have contracted them. It may be that they are very unreasonable, that they are out of harmony with the spirit of the age, that they are a strait waistcoat for consciences, that they are obstacles to the progress of the truth and to the advance of the Church itself. All these are excellent reasons for seeking their abolition, but not for any individual treating them as nugatory while he still continues to enjoy advantages secured by his acceptance of them. There is a grave question of morality involved here which is often strangely overlooked by men of high honour in all besides, and this indifference to considerations which ought to be paramount introduces a new element of bitterness into controversies in themselves sufficiently exciting. While it is easy, however, to lay down a prin-VOL. IX. 47

ciple, the application of it in every case is not so simple. If we refer to it at all, it is because there seems so strong a tendency to forget that these questions ought to be argued in foro conscientiæ. It was cleverly said by The Spectator, in a recent article: "We utterly disbelieve that any country can be regenerated by defying the Eighth Commandment. It is evil-in our eyes, a great evil-that the Duke of Sutherland should own Sutherlandshire; but it is his by legal decisions, which amount to contracts between owners and the See, and to take it away without compensation would be robbery." This is the selfsame principle that we should lay down in the present case. Whatever advantage to himself, or, as he may suppose, to the cause of truth he may have to surrender, a Christian teacher should be careful at all costs to maintain his honour unsullied and to be extremely scrupulous in the observance of the obligations he has himself accepted. Slightly altering The Spectator's words, we would say: "We utterly disbelieve a Church can be emancipated by tampering with the Ninth Commandment." It ought to be unnecessary to enunciate what is really a truism. But, strange to tell, in the sphere of religious inquiry it is too often assumed that it is justifiable to adopt a policy that would be condemned in the ordinary affairs of life as inconsistent with high honour. Perhaps the explanation may be found in the false position which the Church itself has continually assumed. It has claimed to be the Church of the nation, and those who feel that they have, by right, a place in a national institution, have felt themselves warranted in evading the operation of a law which would have deprived them of their birthright. Or it has assumed to be the representative of Catholic Christianity, and to treat all who are not of its communion as outside the pale of Christendom. The natural result is that those who are unwilling to be thus excommunicated endeavour as best they can to harmonize their own views with those which have been laid down by Church authority.

Such pleas, however, cannot be advanced on behalf of those who belong to voluntary communities in which it is recognized that they are only a section of the Christian Church, which do not seek to judge those who are not of their fellowship, and only desire to work out their own ideas of Christian doctrine and life in harmony with their own views of scriptural teaching. A Church may be constituted on what appears to us an extremely narrow basis. It may insist on all its members accepting a theory of verbal inspiration and subscribing an extreme Calvinistic creed, but, so long as it simply claims the right of free development, it does injustice to no one. We may regret that it should give so imperfect, misleading, and mischievous a representation of the gospel, and do our utmost to correct the erroneous impression which it produces in the world. But we are not aggrieved by exclusion from its communion, nor should we be justified in seeking to retain a place in its fellowship, although we had renounced the opinions in the profession of which we had secured it. It may seem a very benevolent and laudable enterprize to attempt the broadening of its foundations, but even that ought not to be

prosecuted except in an open and legitimate way.

We hear sometimes the expression of a determination to shake off the pressure of the "dead man's hand." This sounds well, and if the methods are right is praiseworthy. But it may practically mean the setting aside of certain conditions in which a property is held. A number of people, half a century or a century ago, built a place of worship, and thus created a property to be enjoyed by a community who should hold certain opinions, and provide for their being publicly taught. It is not easy to see on what grounds any man can claim to set aside these conditions and so to divert the property from this use and employ it for the benefit of a system in direct contravention of that indicated in the trust deeds. It may be undesirable that such trusts should be created; but, as a matter of fact, they exist, and the only question is whether it is right for those who hold positions under them to attempt the evasion of obligations they have themselves contracted. The misfortune is that questions which ought to be kept essentially distinct are confounded. It is argued that inquiry ought to be free, that the interest of truth can never be served by the enforcement of conditions which stereotype opinion, that one generation has no right to prescribe the creed of another, and from this it is quietly assumed that every one who finds himself under these restrictive conditions is justified in getting rid of them per fas aut nefas. The premisses do not warrant the conclusion. We agree very largely in the premisses, but we utterly dissent from the conclusion. The inferences to which they point are the undesirableness of such conditions, the expediency of efforts to secure an alteration in them, by any legal process that may be available, and the adoption of a more liberal policy in the future. As things are at present there is a great deal of unpleasant feeling stirred up, which might otherwise be avoided, and the cause of liberty itself is prejudiced.

The clergymen of the Established Church of Scotland, who have just published a volume which may fairly be regarded as the manifesto of a party, and which so far reminds us of the "Essays and Reviews," are, of course, not open to such censure as this. They belong to a national Church, and may urge that, as they have not only an equal right with the teachers of any other doctrine to a place there, but feel themselves in conscience bound to adhere to the public Church, they are entitled to such freedom as they can possibly secure for themselves. If the Church is not comprehensive, it ought to be; and they are justified in acting upon the supposition that it is, and remaining where they are until the law excludes them. There are some important facts in the case, such, for example, as the obligations which all clergymen contract at their ordination, which this view entirely ignores; but it would be unfair to treat it as a mere piece of special pleading. It may not satisfy our consciences, but it does unquestionably commend itself to many high-minded men, and of them we have neither desire nor right to be judges. They do not perceive what is so clear to us, that their argument, if pressed to its full extent, makes some of the most formal and solemn acts of public life a mere farce. The law has established the Church of Scotland on a distinct doctrinal basis. The foundation may be very narrow and its enlargement in every way desirable. It may be unfair, and justice may demand that, if there be a national Church at all, there should be no conditions, doctrinal or other, that should prevent any citizen from enjoying its privileges, or, if he has the necessary qualifications, exercising its ministry. But while these are excellent reasons for seeking an entire change in its constitution, we cannot see how they justify an evasion of the conditions which the law has laid down, and which cannot be treated as obsolete formularies, which may be forgotten as soon as accepted without a serious damage to public morality. It cannot even be pleaded in the case of the Scottish as in that of the Anglican Church that it was intended to be comprehensive, that, being based on a compromise, all parties must strain a point somewhere, and that those who claim the widest latitude only differ in degree from the most strait-laced of their brethren. The Scotch Church has a very definite and rigid creed, and when looking at the stringent terms of its confession it is hard to see where there is in it a warrant for the liberty which is asserted in this volume. Here, as in voluntary Churches, it appears to us that men must be governed by the laws as they are, and not act upon their own ideas as to what the law ought to be. A bad law ought to be repealed, but this is never likely to be done, if those who do not approve of it secure liberty for themselves by ignoring it. We believe the attempt to relax ecclesiastical obligations in this way is a grave ethical error, and that, in the long run, it tells to the injury of the cause of free religious thought. A few examples of self-sacrifice for the sake of liberty would do more for its promotion than the success of any number of legal subtleties.

The volume is intended to supply a "few specimens of a style of teaching which increasingly prevails among the clergy of the Scottish Church." Between these sermons and the articles in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which have laid Professor Robertson Smith open to the charge of heresy, there is the widest difference. The latter starts questions which do not necessarily affect the doctrines of Christianity, but the latter deal directly with the very fundamentals of faith. A single extract from a sermon on the "things which cannot be shaken"-which, we are bound to say, is much more distinct as to the things which, being shaken, will be removed than as to those which, as they cannot be shaken, will remain -may serve to indicate the freedom of those speculations and the extent to which they have been carried. Speaking of these eternal truths, the preacher, Rev. Mr. McFarlan, of Lenzie, says:

Foremost among these I place the truth that there is a Divine Being, and that this Being is seeking to make us sharers in His righteousness

and blessedness. Many of the conceptions of the school divines in regard to the nature of God, like many of their conceptions in regard to the salvation of the elect, have ceased to commend themselves to thoughtful and devout minds in these days. There are many amongst us who are unable any longer to think of the infinite Spirit as a mechanician divinity, who overcomes difficulty by ingenious contrivance. They may see much of poetic beauty in the saying of Kepler, that, in making his astronomical discoveries, he was "thinking the thoughts of God after Him." They may even admit that the argument from design, on which the divines of the eighteenth century laid so great stress, has its value. They may accept it as helpful to them in so far as it enables, as no other argument does, their finite intelligence to realize the presence in "the universe of an infinite intelligence. They cannot accept it, however, as a scientific definition of the nature of the Divine Being and the mode of Divine operation in the world."

We pass over here the quiet assumption that it is the "thoughtful and devout in these days" who have struck out these new paths. We are so accustomed to the implied suggestion that those who are not prepared to follow this lead are deficient in intellectual independence or vigour that we have ceased even to be surprised at the unconscious arrogance which underlies the assumption. It is a little qualified in a further statement which tacitly implies that there may be dissentients even among the thoughtful. "Not only do many of the thoughtful and the devout among us refuse to look upon the Divine Being as the kind of opifex Deus, or Workman-God. given us in the argument from design. They reject in like manner the old conception in regard to creation." We would fain hope, however, that among the more devout of the thoughtful section whom Mr. McFarlane represents there are some who, even if they share his opinions, would disapprove of his style of expression. To describe the old view of God in the terms just quoted, or to speak of "the conception of this Infinite Being as a kind of modern Vulcan, fertile in resource," shows a want of good taste as well as of reverence. There is no need to deal with faiths which are venerable and sacred in the eyes of numbers in this fashion. The representation is not a fair one, and its tone is unworthy of the subject. Clever hits are out of place in any discussion of questions relative to the Divine nature.

We have no desire, however, to suggest that the preacher intends to awaken any doubts as to the being of a God, nor

are we of those who would insist on some special theory of creation as essential to orthodoxy. We are more than weary of the attempts to fasten on good men charges of heresy. because of their accepting some scientific views contrary to established theological notions. We recognize, as fully as one can, the necessity for a separation such as that on which Mr. McFarlane has ventured in a sermon whose earnestness and ability we heartily acknowledge, between the changing human forms which we have in creeds and confession and the eternal truths of which they are meant to be the expression. All that we desire is to have a clear conception of what these unchanging verities are. If, for example, the theory of evolution be established, it will modify our theory of creation, but it would not shake our faith in the Creator. We may note, en passant, that it is curious how those who are continually insisting that we should believe nothing except that which can be verified by observation or experience, themselves demand our faith in a theory of development, though the main links in the chain of its evidence are utterly wanting. But granting it established, the difficulties by which those who refuse to believe in a God, whose wisdom is seen in all the complications of this wondrous system, are not diminished in the slightest degree. And what we want to know is whether amid these changes of opinion our faith in the living God is still left to us. The reply is certainly not so distinct as we could desire.

They—that is, the thoughtful and devout whose views the preacher is the interpreter—are driven to the conclusion that the material universe is the phenomenal manifestation of the only true substance—of "him in whom all things consist," to quote the language of the Epistle to the Colossians. Forasmuch as they can only understand the material universe in so far as they understand it in virtue of the intelligence with which they are endowed, they regard it as the expression of an everlasting intelligence, the embodiment of the Eternal Reason, ever shifting in its form but eternal as itself. They look upon it, in fact, as God's ceaseless conversation with His creatures, as Bishop Berkeley grandly said. "Is this not pantheism?' they are asked. Be it so,' they reply." To some such pantheistic conception of the universe intellects at once speculative and devout will be driven, they believe, as the only refuge which will afford them secure shelter from the assaults of materialistic atheism (pp. 238, 234).

If this be the kind of teaching which is growing in the Established Church of Scotland, there can be little question that we are on the eve of a great theological as well as ecclesiastical revolution in that country. With the points raised in this volume, which is certainly a sign of the times, we shall deal more fully in future articles, and we shall endeavour to treat them in no narrow spirit. Whether the teaching contained here can be reconciled with the confession of faith is a comparatively unimportant point, so far as we are concerned. Whether they can be harmonized with any reasonable interpretation of Christianity is a much more serious question, and it is that which we shall endeavour to discuss. We shall treat it from the standpoint of those who have no devotion to mere forms and traditions, and who believe that Christianity itself can only be fairly judged when looked at in its Divine simplicity, and are desirous, therefore, to distinguish between the gospel and the human creeds and theories which are too often identified with it, but who, at the same time, are watchful lest in the process of separation any point of the Divine truth should be sacrificed. We have no desire to maintain an ecclesiastical or a traditional Christianity. but that which will stand an honest examination, and commend itself to men's consciences. In this spirit we shall resume the examination of these "Scotch sermons" and some kindred volumes.

ANNALS OF THE FISHERFOLK.

It is now eighteen hundred and fifty years since Jesus was walking by the Sea of Galilee and saw two brethren, Peter and Andrew, casting a net into the sea, "for they were fishers." According to St. Matthew, He said unto them, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." "Going out from thence he saw other two brethren, James and John, in a ship with Zebedee their father mending their nets, and he called them also."

After the death of Christ we find them again in Galilee, and about to pursue their calling as if nothing unusual had occurred during the past three years in which they had been associated with Christ in His public ministry. "I go a-fishing," said Peter to the other disciples. "We go with

thee," was their reply, and then manning their boat they launched out into the deep. That night they caught nothing, but in the morning Jesus was seen on the shore, and, though at first unknown, the miraculous draught of fishes revealed Him, and thenceforward they became fishers of men.

Now it is a curious and interesting fact that the description here given of the fishermen of Galilee, and how they pursued their occupation, finds a parallel in the history of the fishermen along our own seaboard, and on the banks of some of the inland lakes of Scotland. There, in the summer season, you may see such fathers as Zebedee, with sons like James and John, sitting on the shingly beach, or on the greensward of the margin of the lake, mending their nets, and laying their great lines, while their boats are hauled up or lie affoat in the cove or creek which serves for a harbour. When evening comes, down they go a-fishing, returning in the morning often well fished, but not unfrequently they toil all night and catch nothing. When they are successful, the fish caught are divided into as many parts or lots as there are men in the crew, with one part for the boat. This is carefully husbanded to keep the boat in repair and replenish the fishing gear as may be required. The women betake themselves to the sorting and the selling of the fish, and at one time had to carry them to market, but now that railways have been made from the "Land's End" to "John o'Groat's" their burden is lightened, and they are more at home. Here they work baiting the lines and laying them in, while the fishermen rest, and in the evening get ready for their next night's labour.

While they are thus engaged, "let us quietly enter one of their cottages. The floor is earthen, but being Saturday afternoon is neatly sanded over from the door to the hearth. There is no passage. The cottage consists of two rooms, a 'but' and a 'ben:' at the far end from the door the turf fire is burning on the hearth of bricks, and the smoke ascends past the 'cupples' out at a hole in the roof. As the evening is approaching, the fish on hakes (wooden triangles with nails for hooks), which during the day hung outside the walls to dry, are now suspended on them inside. In one corner a few deal boards are nailed so as to make a bed for children above,

and a place for fuel below. A wooden cradle is opposite, the seats are fir stools and chairs, and the little round turning up table, all as clean and white as snow. Oars, wicker-baskets, and creels and nets are placed on the couples. The evening darkens in and the 'cruisie,' or small iron lamp, is lit up. A patriarchal family assembles, including sometimes four generations. Let a reverence for the great domestic drama of every-day life, of which these humble details make up the scene, stir the imagination to realise them all; the grandam with her grandchild upon her knee, the nursing mother, the toiling father, the children gazing at their elders studiously, the little fellow asleep in the net on the floor, and the small light struggling with the smoke to display all. It is a poor place, but you cannot fill your palace with more interesting things than it sees—births, deaths, marriages, life!" *

Such is a picture of the fisherfolk which was drawn from real life forty years ago. Most of it will apply at the present time, but the progress of sanitary improvement, the advent of temperance societies and savings banks, and above all the great revival of religion which swept over these villages in the far north in 1859-60, and more recently through the visits of Moody and Sankey, have changed the whole character of the fisherfolk, and raised them to a much higher state of social comfort and intelligence than ever they experienced before. Not only does this hold good as to their life at home, but it extends to their work on the mighty deep, as we can testify from personal experience, having once spent a night on the sea in one of their large boats in the month of August and with a Christian crew. About four hundred boats that evening went out, each with a crew of five men and a compliment of fifty nets. The nets had been all "laid on," as the fishermen would say, on the flooring of the boat, ready to be cast into the sea, and in such a way as would give a spread of half a mile in length of netting hanging in the water, supported by floats and kept straight by small stone weights at intervals of a dozen of feet along the lower edge. Starting in the afternoon, these boats ran out to sea until they got to the fishing-ground nearly a score of miles off, and then, as the sun went down, the sails were lowered and every boat had its own berth. It was a

^{*} Blackwood's Magazine.

pleasant night and the sea was smooth, with as much wind as served to keep the boat "leading" as the fishermen "payed out" the nets and "gearing" clear of the "bolt-rope." This done, the crew gathered around the captain for evening worship. A hymn was sung. Such melody! Sankey would have been delighted with it, for it rose into the vault of heaven, whose stars were just letting the glory through, and spread over the blue waves, mingling with other melodies from other little companies who were also having their evening worship at that hour. After prayer three of our crew went to rest for two hours, while the others kept watch; and with the watchers we sat and heard them tell stories of former adventure, some of them weird-like, our attention now and then being diverted by the blowing of a whale, which was a sure proof that the herrings were not far off. Towards morning the nets were hauled, and they were well filled, for we had got into the shoal and caught a good boat's load. It was a grand sight now to see the nets drawn over the gunwale of the boat, the fish glistening like sheets of silver all along the fleet, for few of the fishermen had toiled that night and caught nothing. As the sun rose the wind rose, and, being favourable, helped the boat greatly, for they were ready to land by break of day, and took the harbour with the tide. Then began the work of the crews and of their helpers. But there would be no end to all that we could tell of the busy scenes among the people on the east coast, whose harvest comes, like the harvest of the field, only once a year.

Almost from time immemorial the fisherfolk have been noted for their regular attendance at church. It was a fine sight of old to see the women on the Sunday dressed in dark blue winsey gowns, red glazed shawls, and white "mutches" (or caps), with high crowns projecting well out in front, tied with red or blue ribbon over the frontal half of the forehead, marching in order from the sea-town to the inland parish, and there, with their husbands, fathers, and brothers seated, not together always, but more often in separate seats, in the "fisher's loft." The wonderful voices of the fisherfolk as they sang "Bangor," "London New," and the "Old Hundred," as well as their devoted and solemn manner during the service, formed quite a contrast to that of some of the urban worshippers in other parts of the church.

The moral influence of Christianity was felt even where it was not always personally experienced amongst these hardy people. And yet with all this they were very superstitious. On the inside of the stem, or angle of the bow, of the boat, a horseshoe was nailed, and believed in as a protection against witches and storms. After going to the manse with a child to have it baptized, the first person met on returning was stopped, the name taken down, and a good packet of bread and cheese handed to the "first fit" (first foot), as the stranger was called. In every case of death the clock was stopped, the cat was locked up, and salt in a saucer placed on the breast of the corpse. Some of these traditions have come down to the present day, but the "penny wedding" and the revelries attending it in the olden times have passed away. There is a remarkable homogeneousness among the whole of the fishing population. They seldom marry out of their own lines. The names, too, are few in number and variety, families as they multiply being distinguished by aliases, and terminals peculiar to the Saxon language as it gets mixed with that of the Picts. They read few newspapers, know little or nothing of politics, and the truly pious among them have few books or serials besides the Bible, the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the denominational magazine. But while Scotland owes much to her parish kirk, and more to her parish schools-now superseded by the Board schools-the fisherfolk have been chiefly indebted to John Wesley for their moral and religious improvement, who in his day visited the seaboard as far as Inverness, and sent accredited agents to all the seaports. Here, for example, in one of those little villages is a small chapel with clay-built walls, thatched roof, deal board forms for seats, and a small pulpit with a few steps leading up to it above the earthen floor. Richard Tabraham is the minister, a smart, lively preacher from London, and full of energy. The chapel is usually crowded in the evening, and there is a Sundayschool in the afternoon. Mr. Tabraham has three other stations within a radius of five miles, and with the aid of a few local preachers keeps them all a-going. The chief of his head-centre is a tall fisherman who has retired from the sea and has become a local merchant in the village. He is superintendent of the Sunday-school; and one who now occupies a

prominent position in the Christian Church in England, lately said at a public meeting in London that the first religious impressions he could remember were produced by seeing the tears trickling down the weather-beaten countenance of this teacher when praying for the children more than fifty years ago. This good man had great force of character, which has been transmitted to his children, two of whom became ministers, while two of his grandchildren, after receiving a sound education at the parish school, graduated in arts at Kings College and University in Aberdeen, then went to Cambridge, became wranglers, and now occupy very important positions in the principal college of the Wesleyan denomination.

With such forces at work, extending over half a century, it is not surprising to find the fisherfolk predisposed for the great religious movement which took place in 1859. "Revivals" had not become a feature of the Methodist life in Scotland, nor has Wesleyanism made so much progress as Presbyterianism there, but nearly all denominations experienced an awakening soon after the great revival in America. The fisherfolk being more than usually susceptible, became the subjects of peculiar excitement. Every village was moved, and so startling did some of the manifestations become that fears were entertained lest more harm than good should be the result.

Dancing became a feature of their worship. In the village already mentioned hundreds would assemble night after night on a green field or common close at hand, and there arrange themselves in a circle, when one after another of the leaders, men and women, would address the crowd in earnest and eloquent terms, after which they would pair themselves and join in the dance to the vocal music of the hymns. The chief magistrate of the urban burgh having heard that these meetings were becoming troublesome to quiet people, went to see one of them, and assured us that, while he had no faith in such "revivals," he had never seen anything more striking or beautiful than the attitudes of the dancers, nor anything more orderly than the whole proceedings.

The efforts of Messrs. Moody and Sankey did not lay hold of the fisherfolk in the same degree as they did on the inland population, but many of them were amongst the hearers of the American Evangelists. Speaking with Mr. Moody one day about the revival of 1859-60, we heard a minister say he had seen as many as ten persons taken out of his church on a Sunday morning in June during a revival service in 1859, laid on the grass, some fainting, others screaming and crying for mercy! He asked Mr. Moody what he would have done with such cases? Mr. Moody said he had been two years in Scotland, and during all that time, although he had addressed hundreds of thousands of people, he had never seen one case of the kind. He added, "If I were to see such a scene I would begin to fear that the effects were not produced by the Holy Spirit, but were induced by nervous excitement." And yet after visiting lately the seaboard along which these great awakenings have passed, we found a happy and prosperous community, an intelligent order of Christian service, and such a state of social improvement as gives reason to believe that a new departure, if not a new era, in the history of the "fisherfolk" is being realized.

THE EARLY TROUBLES OF THE LIBERAL MINISTRY.

WHEN Mr. Gladstone undertook to extricate the affairs of the nation from the tangle in which they had been involved by the mismanagement of the late Government, he must have been fully conscious that his task was beset with enormous difficulties. But neither he nor any one else could have been prepared for the turmoil and tempest amid which the first weeks of his ministry have been passed. It might have been expected that the Opposition, mortified and humiliated though they were by the crushing defeat which had overtaken them, would at all events have acted with that fairness which is seldom altogether wanting in our political conflicts. We were prepared to find them vigilant, resolute, ready to seize every advantage, perhaps even a trifle awkward. But we did not suppose that they would be factious, unscrupulous, malignant. That even the hot-bloods of the party would carry on a policy little short of actual obstruction-starting discussions on every possible point, and renewing them whenever a straining of the forms of the House would permit—repeating their wild exaggerations on each successive occasion, and varying them only with a spice of abuse, ready to patch up alliances of the most unprincipled character in order to embarrass the Government, and hindering every measure of the Government, down even to a Savings Bank Bill, which is politically colourless, by a vexatious opposition which had at all events the effect of wasting time, would have been pronounced incredible. It would have been said that English Tories are at all events gentlemen and Englishmen, that they have never shown themselves inaccessible to common sense, courtesy, or patriotism, and that they are too proud of our parliamentary institutions to allow of their being accomplices in a procedure which must bring them into contempt.

For once, however, all restraints of this kind have been thrown aside. The little knot, of which Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Gorst, Sir Drummond Wolff, and Mr. Chaplin have been the most conspicuous members, have behaved as though their one aim was to annoy Mr. Gladstone, and as though in the pursuit of that very lofty ambition they cared as little for the honour of Parliament as for their own character. What is worse, they have met with no stern rebuke from their own leader. Now and then he has expressed a mild disapproval of some of their proceedings, but it has always been done in the fashion of the head of a mob who should point its fiercer spirits to a heap of stones but beseech them to break no windows. If Sir Stafford Northcote has blamed his impetuous followers in one sentence, he has so qualified his censure in the next as to assure them that it has been nothing more than a sacrifice to les convenances, and that, in his heart, he feels no displeasure. No reputation has suffered so seriously as his during these early weeks of the session. His miserable weakness has been long known, and it may be is the true explanation of his unworthy conduct; but, unfortunately for his fame, it has been shown in a way which justifies the suspicion that he is as petty in feeling as he is vacillating and feeble in policy. A wiser man would have kept himself and his party clear of the wretched Bradlaugh imbroglio, but he was weak enough to allow Sir Drummond Wolff to force his

hand and commit him to a procedure from which one more fit to lead would have recoiled. If it was any gratification to his personal vanity to find himself once more guiding the House, he certainly had a retributive mortification when, on the very next day, he had to ask it to undo what had been done with so much solemnity at his suggestion. His worst enemy could not desire to see him in a more humiliating position than that which he occupied when he rose (whether at the instigation of the abler spirit behind, who can tell?) to propose that the impenitent and recalcitrant Bradlaugh should be released from the custody to which in an evil hour he had himself consigned him. It was a fitting penalty to be inflicted on a politician who showed himself on that, as on various other occasions, unable to discriminate between factious annoyance and open straightforward opposition.

Let it be said, in all fairness, that no one has a right to complain of steady and unflinching resistance to the measures of the Government, on the part of the representatives of privilege and vested interest. There is no possibility of mistaking the temper in which the new Ministry have commenced their régime. Mr. Gladstone's object manifestly is to make his second Administration as fruitful of benefit to the nation as the first, and if the nation will heartily support him, he will do it. He means real progress everywhere, though in the constitution of his Ministry he has given abundant guarantee that he has none of the dangerous designs some impute to him. To suppose that he intends to deal in a highhanded manner with the landlords is to forget that, before his measures are introduced to Parliament, they must receive the approval of a Cabinet, in which sit representatives of some of the most powerful families in the kingdom. The Marquis of Hartington may reasonably be expected to have as jealous a care for the interests of property as Lord Elcho. Earl Spencer, who not only continues in the Ministry, but who took the opportunity furnished by the Cobden Club dinner to express his sense of the necessity of reform in our land laws, must understand as much about the bearing of the proposed legislation on his class, even as the Marquis of Lansdowne, who has withdrawn from the Ministry; and the Duke of Argyll is certain to be as jealous of any improper tampering with the

conditions of the tenure of property, even as Mr. Gorst or Mr. Walter. To suggest that any revolutionary policy is contemplated is to ignore such palpable facts as these. In relation to the one measure which has been so hotly debated, and which excited such exaggerated apprehensions on the part of the landlords, Lord Portsmouth, an old Whig and an Irish landlord, points this out in a letter to *The Times*:

English or Scotch proprietors are not aware of the difference (usually) between Irish tenure and English or Scotch. In Ireland the tenant usually provides buildings, in England and Scotland the landlord. Consequently Irish tenure approximates in the main to English copyhold tenure "renewable at value." Hence Ulster custom, to secure the tenant's interest. I think all this Bill proposes to do is to allow the tenant to set off against rent the value of his interest, and so avoid ill-feeling.

This is the simple truth, and yet this very rational proposition is scouted as the first step to Communism. The Tory vocabulary is limited but strong. It consists of a few words. such as "confiscation," "sacred rights of contract," "spoliation," or "Communism," which are used without any serious consideration as to their exact meaning or appropriateness. The ardent champions of "vested rights" have made up their minds that they are to be attacked on every point, and in any measure that is brought forward they seek to find some confirmation of their views; and if it is not in the actual provisions of the Bill, they insist that it is evident from some of its surroundings. We do not say that they do not believe in their own fancies. They are smitten with panic, and panic listens to no reason and will accept no explanation of its imaginary fears. On the contrary, it is always ready to see corroborations of its suspicion in the most trivial and incidental circumstances, and to act upon these jealous doubts as though they were established facts. The most charitable explanation of the overbearing insolence of Lord Elcho and his clique is that panic has driven them mad.

The difficulties of the Ministry would not be so great but for the sympathy which some of their own supporters feel with the objections that come from the Tory side. These hesitating followers are not found solely among the great landowners. There are in the Liberal party men who have an established reputation for what they would themselves describe as independence, but what critics would designate by a different term. The whips would say that they cannot depend on them to run straight. They have a natural attraction to caves, and are always doing their utmost to draw others into them. Of course, they do not like Mr. Gladstone, and they spare no effort to infect others with their own disloyalty. It is their talk which gives that "tone" to the lobby, which creates so much surprise and indignation among honest Liberals who have come up with the full intention of carrying out their own professions, and are astonished to find that by their side are men who are quietly thwarting the very objects which their constituents believe them anxious to promote. It is possible that the most earnest Liberal may sometimes differ from the policy of his leader, and so far differ that he is compelled reluctantly to go into the opposite lobby. The case of Mr. Bradlaugh is one in point. Religious scruples did unquestionably deter some true Liberals from voting with the Government on the first division. Their defection was very much to be lamented, and in our judgment it indicated an imperfect apprehension of their own principles, but it did not necessarily imply any unfaithfulness to their party. Indeed, the men who thus pressed their conscientious hesitatation to an extreme are just those on whom the most implicit reliance may be placed in all questions where the political principles of the party are at stake.

But the malcontents to whom we refer are those who are always uncertain. They are a perpetual puzzle to all straightforward men; for whatever be the occasion of difficulty. they are sure always to be among the troublers of the party. They were so all through the last Parliament, and those of them who remain have entered on the same course again. is surprising that Liberal constituencies should renew their confidence to men who have more than once dissappointed their hopes; but when one of these doubtful politicians has once succeeded in establishing his hold, there is an unwillingness to challenge his seat, lest a Liberal division should result in a Tory triumph. Especially was this the case at the last election. when the one exhortation that went forth from head-quarters was, "Be united." The maxim is sound enough, and vet its indiscriminate application has done no little damage to the party. It let in Mr. Bradlaugh at Northampton, and a number of weak-kneed Liberals up and down the country, who are now a source of constant division and difficulty. It is useless to hope that we shall ever be without such elements. but we fancy that constituencies where the Liberal party has found that it has overwhelming strength will be less tolerant of such uncertain men in the future. If the Liberal Association of Hull, for example, is content to sit down under the snubbing which Mr. Norwood has seen fit to administer to it. it will have only itself to blame for its humiliation. With such a majority as it succeeded in polling last April, it can certainly afford to select a candidate who will render more loyal service to the cause in whose interests he is sent to Parliament. In this, as in some other respects, many have failed to learn the lesson which the last election has taught them. The extraordinary letters which both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Norwood addressed the body of hearty and disinterested supporters to whom they owed their election, simply indicated that they failed to understand their own position, and mistook devotion to great principles for a tribute to their own personal merit. Democratic constituencies will certainly not elect men to play fast and loose, and the electoral bodies are too large to allow of the play of those personal considerations which have had too much weight where there are only a few hundred voters. The moderation which is but another name for time-serving. but which some middle-class voters regard with such favour as though it were a sign of special wisdom, is not acceptable to these strong-headed men, who mean what they profess, and expect their representatives to mean it also.

But besides these adherents, who are constitutionally doubtful, there are men in the Liberal ranks who are more or less identified with the various interests which Mr. Gladstone's policy threatens, and they do not wait until their own turn comes, but rush to the defence of their neighbour, in order to delay their own time, and, if it be possible, to escape altogether. Proximus Ucalegon ardet, and those whose turn may follow rush to extinguish the flames. The great mining and railway interests are alarmed by the Employers' Liability Bill, and so its representatives have a tender sympathy with the Irish landlords. The Hares and Rabbits Bill is waiting till the time comes for its discussion, and preservers of game are ready to

help the opponents of any or every Ministerial scheme in order to postpone the evil day. We are watching with mingled amusement and curiosity the action of the Aldermen of London who sit on the Liberal side of the House, and we can assure them that many of their constituents are making similar observations. All the world knows that if the Liberal Government continues in office, the Corporation will be dealt with, and its abuses removed, and it is suspected that this prospect has a very relaxing influence on the Liberalism of some of its members who are in Parliament.

Here, indeed, is the main source of the troubles through which the Gladstone Ministry has been so manfully ploughing its way. Vested interests know that they will be harassed, and all who have any share in them muster to their defence. With such a majority on the Liberal benches, however, this opposition would not have assumed such grave proportions, but for the attitude of the Home Rule party. They are determined on dictating their own terms to the Ministry, and circumstances have been singularly propitious to them. The session is necessarily very short, and yet the Government feel that it ought not to close without something being done for Ireland. The anti-rent agitation is most menacing, and the demands of its promoters intolerable; but the action of many of the landlords is not less to be condemned on the other side, and if some check be not put upon it threatens evils not less serious. Whatever be the exact truth about the statistics, it is perfectly certain that numbers of ejectments have taken place, and it is certain that if the Government does not interfere many landlords will take advantage of the disasters which have overtaken their tenants to obtain possession of farms, whose occupants they could not otherwise have disturbed. without the payment of adequate compensation. To allow this would be to light up the fires of trouble, if not of civil war. in the distressed districts, and the Government have therefore felt the imperative necessity of legislation. Had they been met by the English Tories in a wise and conciliatory temper. it would have been easy to pass a Bill which would have adequately provided for the temporary emergency, without giving any encouragement to the agitation. But this was just what English landlords, whether Whig or Tory, would not do.

They would listen to no terms, and were ready even to coalesce with the Home Rulers merely in order to obstruct and embarrass the Ministry. The only result has been to give Mr. Parnell an immense accession of power. We are unwilling to pass a severe judgment on a party in which there are certainly some men who are desirous of doing their duty to their country, but the obstructive attitude which from time to time he and his friends have assumed has been as discreditable to themselves as it has been fatal to the progress of business. The great fault of the Irish party, and especially of its leader, is that it is unwilling fairly to accept the decision of a majority. The defence which some of its members have offered for opposition which at first looked unreasonable has proved at least that they acted upon what seemed valid and substantial grounds. But this does not meet the objection to their conduct. Their mistake-and it is one which even the shrewdest and most moderate among them evidently find it difficult to understand—is their refusal to bow to the decision of the majority when it has been given clearly against them.

The most flagrant example of this was the opposition to the railway clauses of the Irish Relief Bill, when Mr. Parnell and seventeen others succeeded in wearying out an enormous majority, in which were included a number of Home Rulers at least equal to the recalcitrant minority. Mr. Justin McCarthy evidently fancied that he had furnished a sufficient defence for this conduct when he had shown that it was not a piece of mere obstruction, but that he and his friends had substantial objections to the Government proposal. It is strange that so able a man did not detect the fallacy of the argument. His friends were entirely within their right in stating these objections and embodying their protest in a division, but the attempt to force their view upon a reluctant House was an abuse of their privileges which, if acted upon generally, would render the transaction of business impossible. Mr. Parnell's speech amounted to a claim that he and his friends should dictate the policy for Ireland in opposition to the responsible Minister, in defiance of the overwhelming majority of the House, in contravention of the views of the majority of the Irish members, including not less than onehalf of the Home Rulers. The most instructive commentary apon their action was the remonstrance of the Irish people, which compelled them to retrace their steps.

A few displays of this kind have weakened the influence which the Irish party might easily have secured, and have rendered it more difficult for Mr. Gladstone to show that fair consideration for their views which, in the spirit of the most wise and cautious statesmanship, he has been desirous to exhibit to those who represent so powerful a section of Irish opinion. The Tory "bloods" would simply put them down with high hand, and not the less so because they are not ashamed of dalliance with them whenever it seems possible to use them as instruments for the annoyance of the Ministry. Mr. Gladstone will be neither weakly pliant nor rudely arrogant. When obstruction is attempted he can be resolute and severe, but so long as opposition is rational and intelligent his anxious effort is to meet it fairly. It is this which his opponents cannot understand, and undoubtedly it is this readiness to listen to any suggestion and give it due weight which has increased the difficulties in the way of Mr. Forster's Irish Compensation Bill. The Prime Minister has not been content to carry the measure by a majority; he has been anxious to secure the general concurrence of both parties in a policy intended to avert the grave difficulties with which Ireland is threatened. In order to do this he has taken into account the representations of the Irish members, feeling that they knew the minds of the tenantry and had their confidence, and that to legislate in contempt of them would be to court failure. But this has been an unpardonable sin in the eyes of the Tory party, and perhaps has done more than anything else to exasperate the Opposition. In their view, Irishmen are to be ruled, not consulted, and the policy of repression is the only one that ought to be adopted towards men who are enemies of order, advocates of confiscation, and patrons of lawless violence and crime. Mr. Gladstone is held to be the accomplice of these disturbers because he feels that their power for evil is to be broken by a policy of justice rather than coercion. They forget that, if their favourite course were to be adopted, they must cease to treat as allies one day the men whom they are ready on the next to crush as pirates, and they must be prepared for that civil war which such reckless

action would assuredly provoke. But with such a temper on the part of the Tory Opposition, and with the secret alienation of not a few Whigs, it is, to say the least, unfortunate that the Irishmen themselves have, by their unreasonableness and their readiness to adopt obstructive tactics, so often played into the hands of their enemies and added to the embarrassments of their true friends.

The conduct of Mr. Gladstone in the midst of the unfortunate tangle of Irish questions has been above all praise. We have had exciting scenes in Parliament, wranglings and recriminations on all sides, shameless waste of the public time, and, as the result, necessary disappointment and vexation to the statesman who has the conduct of the business of the House. and who is desirous that even this brief session should not be added to the number of fruitless ones by which it has been preceded. He understands well that the object of his enemies is to fix on him the responsibility for the confusion, turmoil. and delay which they have done their utmost to produce, and that already society is gloating over what it is pleased to assume is his failure. But notwithstanding, he has preserved a calm self-restraint under circumstances the most provoking and when the fierceness and pertinacity of the attack have necessitated special earnestness in the defence, the eloquence of his reply has never broken through the bounds of wisdom and courtesy. We have carefully studied the whole of his conduct in relation to the unhappy Bill which has occupied so much of the session, and we have no hesitation in saying that throughout it has been as honourable and manly in spirit as it has been wise in policy. We have heard some who profess to be his supporters, but who are insensibly demoralized by the lowering influence of the political atmosphere of the metropolis, regret that he ever brought in the measure, or, adopting a contrary tone, complain that he had so often changed his front. Circumstances seemed to enforce the necessity of action, and yet in acting it was equally imperative that he should do no injustice either to landlord or tenant. But to steer clear between Scylla and Charybdis was no easy task. It was not even the actual difficulties he had to escape, but the exaggerated apprehensions on both sides. The necessity for prompt action rendered this all the worse, and furnished an abundant opportunity for the exercise of that microscopic criticism to which the Bill has been subjected. Of course Mr. Gladstone could have put down his foot and insisted on the measure being passed in its integrity, and this is what he would have done had he been intending a mere party triumph. But his aim has been justice and conciliation. The Bill is meant to save unfortunate tenants from oppression, not to oppress the scarcely less unfortunate landlords; and the Prime Minister, holding fast by the one principle throughout, has not been ashamed to accept amendments on either side which, while making it effective as an instrument of defence, would prevent its being converted into a weapon of unjust aggression.

When the smoke of the battle has cleared away, it will be seen that Mr. Gladstone has never played a more noble or manly part than in the struggle of this session. The provocation to which he has been exposed has been extreme. The active spirits of the Opposition have set themselves to worry him without scruple. The bitterness of party strife has shown itself in an unmannerly insolence which has continually passed the ordinary limits of political strife. We have had nothing like it in the House since the days when Mr. Disraeli used to launch his sarcasms and invectives against Sir Robert Peel. But in those envenomed attacks there was the play of genius. In those of Lord Elcho or Sir Drummond Wolff there is nothing but truculent violence. In the midst of all, Mr. Gladstone has surprised even those who knew him best and admired him most by a boundless fertility of resource, a marvellous power of endurance, a versatility of genius, and a majesty of eloquence which has seldom been more remarkably manifest than in these debates. The following description from the writer in The Pall Mall Gazette is a vivid sketch of one of his various deliverances. It refers to his speech in reply to Mr. Gibson on the 15th:

Mr. Gladstone's speech in reply was a surprise to the House, and probably also to himself. He got up apparently with the intention of discussing the passionate harangue of the late Attorney-General for Ireland with that tranquil brevity which nisi prius orations deserve at the hands of speakers who are really in earnest. But the Premier warmed with his subject as he went on; and passages of lofty eloquence followed suddenly and rapidly on each other, producing on the dazzled House something of the same amazement as flashes of lightning from a

blue sky. This summary of what the Prime Minister said can give not even a faint idea of the style and matter of one of the most remarkable addresses he has delivered for a long time—lofty in tone, magnificent in language, and delivered with much intensity. The unusual effort had cost him a good deal; for when he sat down he was pale and panting; and the artist that would bequeath his counterfeit presentment in worthy form should have caught Mr. Gladstone's face at that moment, with its deep pallor, its heavy lines looking deeper, and its expression of generous earnestness and still present passion.

Such a leader has a claim upon the loyalty of his followers which it would not be easy to exaggerate. His patriotism is as pure as his genius is lofty, and his devotion to Liberalism and progress as sincere as his advocacy of its principles is unrivalled in eloquence and power.

ECCLESIASTICAL AFFAIRS OF THE MONTH.

THE BURIALS BILL.

THE fate of the Burials Bill is still extremely doubtful. It is placed in the rear of the other great Ministerial measures, and, at the present rate of progress, it is very uncertain whether it will be reached during the present session. Yet Dissenters do not raise a howl of impatience and indignation, harbour unpleasant suspicions about Mr. Gladstone, and express their determination to show their displeasure by some vindictive action. They quietly wait the course of events, and will not be greatly disturbed if the redress of this admitted grievance is still longer delayed. Whatever others may do, Dissenters at least will lay the blame for the postponement of this legislation upon the real culprits. It may be that they suffer because the Ministry have thought it right and necessary to assail some of those privileges which landlords have enjoyed so long that they have come to regard them as a special provision which Providence has made for the pleasure of English aristocrats; but the responsibility for the consequent delay, in their view, rests not upon the Government, who have proposed a reform which is just and necessary, and which the present condition of the agricultural interests has made urgent, but upon those who have been content to see the whole business of Parliament stopped. and its character lowered, in order that they may preserve their "vested rights" in hares and rabbits. It is a pitiable policy, and one of the extraordinary circumstances in connection with it is that these aristocratic obstructives seem to fancy that the country does not perceive the real meaning of the interminable debates with which they occupy themselves. Questions are multiplied until, alike from their number and the character of some of them, these interpellations have become a nuisance and almost a scandal. Every trivial incident has served as a pretext for new floods of talk. Each separate stage of every measure has furnished occasion for fresh conflict, and in the meantime the session is waning and the hares and rabbits have a chance of escape. Liberals outside understand it all, as will be seen when the time for action comes. In the meantime Dissenters are left waiting. Happily they can afford to wait. It is the friends of the Establishment, as the wisest even among the bishops see, who ought to be most anxious for an immediate settlement.

It must be distinctly understood, however, that the Bill, as it at present stands, is not a settlement, and will not be accepted as such by Nonconformists. The amendments which were introduced by the Lords in Committee have so altered proposals which were never perfectly satisfactory, that the rejection of this mutilated Bill would not trouble us and its adoption would not end the controversy. Lord Selborne's Bill needed amendment, but amendment in the opposite direction from that which the Peers have taken. Dissenters have little to complain of for themselves; but they have been fighting a national, not a sectarian, battle, and they cannot consent to degrade their own cause by welcoming a settlement which removes their own grievance, but leaves that of a number of their fellow-citizens untouched. Their right in the national graveyards is theirs, not as Nonconformists, or Protestants, or Christians, but as citizens, and is shared by all citizens, whatever their religious or non-religious opinions. This was the principle laid down by Lord Selborne himself, but unfortunately he forgot it in the construction of the Bill, and so exposed it and himself to the keen and unanswerable criticisms of the Bishop of Peterborough. What may have been his lordship's object in so mercilessly riddling the unfortunate clause which provides for a "Christian and orderly service" we do not care to inquire, but the criticism was not more caustic than just and effective. The clause is an impotent attempt to keep up a restriction which is unjust in principle, false in policy, and impossible in practice. But it is not more objectionable than the reference to Convocation and the introduction of a schedule with an optional service, on which that venerable body has been pleased to agree. Anything more out of place it is not very easy to conceive. The measure professes to be a product of nineteenth century Liberalism, and yet here is a reactionary clause worthy of mediæval times. We wonder that the Primate himself could desire such a recognition of a clerical synod which is so thoroughly out of sympathy with the spirit of the time, and which has shown so little capacity for understanding the true interests of the Church. All the authority of the Ministry will not save so anomalous a proposal from the treatment it so well deserves. We have no wish to refuse the clergy any liberty they can fairly ask, provided it does not interfere with their obligations to the nation as the ministers of the State Church. They have the prestige, and they cannot be allowed to evade the duties. No reasonable man, however, would be unwilling to release them from any unfair burden which at present weighs upon their consciences. But in making the change there must be no concession, either direct or indirect, of the authority of Convocation. Nonconformists are not alone in their resistance to this clerical usurpation, which ought to be opposed at all costs.

THE LATEST SUIT IN LORD PENZANCE'S COURT.

Poor Lord Penzance must have thought that his cup of humiliation was full to the brim when he was called upon to interpose between the Rev. Mr. Warmington and his aggrieved parishioner. To have the petty grievances of these two extremely sensitive individuals paraded before him, to be invited to a minute study of this amazing display of littleness, and to be required to adjudicate 'twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee, was certainly a service which it must have needed a very high and patriotic sense of duty for him to discharge with any

degree of equanimity. It must often have been sorely trying to have to listen to the elaborate pleadings of counsel about the colour of a stole or the cut of a vestment, but in those cases there was at all events a principle involved, and on his decision great issues seemed to be dependent. But here was nothing more than a wretched personal squabble, arising apparently out of misunderstanding, and which would have had no importance at all but for the arrogance which led the parish priest, dressed in his little brief authority, to excommunicate the object of his displeasure. He has at least done one good service, if he has taught us a lesson as to the peril of the exaggerated notions of priestly prerogative which are abroad. We are half sorry that the trial did not proceed to the end, so that the judge might have had an opportunity of pronouncing as to the validity of such assumptions. Of course there is another side to the subject. What is to become of Church discipline if the aid of a court of law may be called in whenever an unworthy person is warned not to approach the Lord's table? That question, however, is one which most concerns those who are resolved on maintaining a national Church. All that we can say in relation to it is that the one mode of settling it which is absolutely intolerable is to vest the power in the priest.

HALF-HOURS FROM CHRISTIAN CLASSICS.

DAVID'S "SOBS OF PENITENCE."

The same intensity of feeling expressed by the use of so many words for sin is revealed also in the reiterated synonyms for pardon. The prayer comes from his lips over and over again, not because he thinks that he shall be heard for his much speaking, but because of the earnestness of his longing. Such repetitions are signs of the persistence of faith, while others, though they last like the prayers of Baal's priests, "from morning till the time of the evening sacrifice," indicate only the suppliant's doubt. David prays that his sins may be "blotted out," in which petition they are conceived as

recorded against him in the archives of the heavens; that he may be "washed" from them, in which they are conceived as foul stains upon himself, needing for their removal hard rubbing and beating (for such is, according to some commentators, the force of the word); that he may be "cleansed" the technical word for the priestly cleansing of the leper, and declaring him clear of the taint. He also, with similar recurrence to the Mosaic symbols, prays that he may be "purged with hyssop." There is a pathetic appropriateness in the petition, for not only lepers, but those who had become defiled by contact with a dead body were thus purified; and on whom did the taint of corruption cleave as on the murderer of Uriah? The prayer, too, is even more remarkable in the original, which employs a verb formed from the word for "sin;" "and if in our language that were a word in use, it might be translated, 'Thou shalt un-sin me.'" *

In the midst of these abased confessions and cries for pardon there comes with wonderful force and beauty the bold prayer for restoration to "joy and gladness"—an indication surely of more than ordinary confidence in the full mercy of God, which would efface all the consequences of his sin.

And following upon them are petitions for sanctifying, reiterated and many-sided, like those that have preceded. Three pairs of clauses contain these, in each of which the second member of the clause asks for the infusion into his spirit of some grace from God-that he may possess a "steadfast spirit," "Thy Holy Spirit," "a willing spirit." It is perhaps not an accident that the central petition of the three is the one which most clearly expresses the thought which all imply—that the human spirit can only be renewed and hallowed by the entrance into it of the Divine. We are not to commit the theological anachronism which has been applied with such evil effect to the whole Old Testament, and suppose that David meant by that central clause in his prayer for renewal all that we mean by it; but he meant at least that his spiritual nature could be made to love righteousness and hate iniquity by none other power than God's breathing on it. If we may venture to regard this as the heart of the series, the other two on either side of it may be conceived as its con-

^{*} Donne's Sermons, quoted in Perowne, in loc.

sequences. It will then be "a right spirit," or, as the word means, a steadfast spirit, strong to resist, not swept away by surges of passion, nor shaken by terrors of remorse, but calm, tenacious, and resolved, pressing on in the path of holiness, and immovable with the immobility of those who are rooted in God and goodness. It will be a free, or "a willing spirit," ready for all joyful service of thankfulness, and so penetrated with the love of his God that he will delight to do His will, and carry the law charactered in the spontaneous impulses of his renewed nature. Not without profound meaning does the psalmist seem to recur in his hour of penitence to the tragic fate of his predecessor in the monarchy, to whom, as to himself, had been given by the same anointing, the same gift of "the Spirit of God." Remembering how the holy chrism had faded from the raven locks of Saul long before his bloody head had been sent round Philistine cities to glut their revenge, and knowing that if God were "strict to mark iniquity" the gift which had been withdrawn from Saul would not be continued to himself, he prays, not as anointed monarch only, but as sinful man, "Take not thy Holy Spirit from me." As before he had ventured to ask for the joy of forgiveness, so now he pleads once more for "the joy of thy salvation." which comes from cleansing, from conscious fellowshipwhich he had so long and deeply felt, which for so many months had been hid from him by the mists of his own sin. The psalmist's natural buoyancy, the gladness which was an inseparable part of his religion, and had rung from his harp in many an hour of peril, the bold width of his desires. grounded on the clear breadth of his faith in God's perfect forgiveness, are all expressed in such a prayer from such lips at such a time, and may well be pondered and imitated by us.

The other psalm of the penitent (xxxii.) has been already referred to in connection with the autobiographical materials which it contains. It is evidently of a later period than the fifty-first. There is no struggle in it; the prayer has been heard, and this is the beginning of the fulfilment of the vow to show forth God's praise. In the earlier he had said, "Then I will teach transgressors the way;" here he says, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go." Therehe began with the plaintive cry for mercy; here with

a burst of praise celebrating the happiness of the pardoned penitent. There we heard the sobs of a man in the very agony of abasement; here we have the story of their blessed issue. There we had multiplied synonyms for sin, and for the forgiveness which was desired; here it is the many-sided preciousness of forgiveness possessed which runs over in various yet equivalent phrases. There the highest point to which he could climb was the assurance that a bruised heart was accepted, and the bones broken might still rejoice. Here the very first word is of blessedness, and the close summons the righteous to exuberant joy. The one is a psalm of wailing; the other, to use its own words, a "song of deliverance."

What glad consciousness that he himself is the happy man whom he describes rings in the melodious variations of the one thought of forgiveness in the opening words! How gratefully he draws on the treasures of that recent experience, while he sets it forth as being the "taking away" of sin, as if it were the removal of a solid something, or the lifting of a burden off his back; and as the "covering" of sin, as if it were the wrapping of its ugliness in thick folds that hide it for ever even from the all-seeing Eye; and as the "nonreckoning" of sin, as if it were the discharge of a debt! What vivid memory of past misery in the awful portrait of his impenitent self, already referred to-on which the mind dwells in silence, while the musical accompaniment (as directed by the "selah") touches some plaintive minor or grating discord! How noble and eloquent the brief words (echo of the historical narrative) that tell the full and swift forgiveness that followed simple confession-and how effectively the music again comes in, prolonging the thought and rejoicing in the pardon! How sure he is that his experience is of priceless value to the world for all time, when he sees in his absolution a motive that will draw all the godly nearer to their Helper in heaven! How full his heart is of praise, that he cannot but go back again to his own story, and rejoice in God his hiding-place—whose past wondrous love assures him that in the future songs of deliverance will ring him round. and all his path be encompassed with music of praise.

So ends the more personal part of the psalm. A more didactic portion follows, the generalization of that. Possibly

the voice which now speaks is a higher than David's. "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go. I will guide thee with mine eye," scarcely sounds like words meant to be understood as spoken by him. They are the promise from heaven of a gentle teaching to the pardoned man, which will instruct by no severity, but by patient schooling; which will direct by no harsh authority, but by that loving glance that is enough for those who love, and is all too subtle and delicate to be perceived by any other. gracious direction is not for the psalmist alone, but it needs a spirit in harmony with God to understand it. For others there can be nothing higher than mere force, the discipline of sorrow, the bridle in the hard mouth, the whip for the stiff back. The choice for all men is through penitence and forgiveness to rise to the true position of men, capable of receiving and obeying a spiritual guidance, which appeals to the heart, and gently subdues the will, or by stubborn impenitence to fall to the level of brutes, that can only be held in by a halter and driven by a lash. And because this is the alternative, therefore "Many sorrows shall be to the wicked; but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about."

And then the psalm ends with a great cry of gladness, three times reiterated, like the voice of a herald on some festal day of a nation: "Rejoice in Jehovah! and leap for joy, O ye righteous! and gladly shout, all ye upright in heart!"

Such is the end of the sobs of the penitent.—Alexander Maclaren, D.D.

THE RESURRECTION A REVELATION.

The resurrection is a revelation, so far as such a revelation is possible, of the spiritual world and of our own connection with it. But it has also another aspect as a fact in the common history of the world. Its essentially objective character is not less important than its Divine message. For we may notice that every religion which is to move the world must be based on a history. A religion drawn solely from the individual consciousness of man can only reflect a particular form of intellectual development. Its influence is limited by the mould in which it is cast. Its applicability is confined to

those who have attained to a special culture. Even to the last it is essentially of the mind and not of the heart or of the life. This is obvious equally from the record of the speculations on Natural Theology, and from the history of all those religions which have had any power in the world. A subjective religion brings with it no element of progress and cannot lift man out of himself. A historical revelation alone can present God as an object of personal leve. The external world answering to human instinct suggests the conception of His eternal power, but offers nothing which justifies in us the confidence of 'sons.' Man is but one of the many elements of creation, and cannot arrogate to himself any special relationship with his Maker. Pure Theism is unable to form a living religion. Mahommedanism lost all religious power in a few generations. Judaism survived for fifteen centuries every form of assault in virtue of the records of a past deliverance on which it was based, and the hope of a future Deliverer which it included.

Briefly the gospel of the resurrection harmonizes in itself the objective and subjective elements of religion. On the one hand, it reposes on a fact which, however unique, yet claims to belong to the circle of human experience. On the other hand, the fact is such that its personal appropriation offers the widest scope for the energies of spiritual life. The resurrection is sufficiently definite to take religion out of the domain of caprice and rest its hopes upon a foundation external to the believer; and it is so far-reaching in its ultimate significance as to present itself to every age and every soul with a fresh power. It gives faith a firm standing ground in history, and at the same time opens a boundless vision of the future development of our present powers. It brings down dogma to earth and then vindicates the infinitude of the issues of temporal existence. By the definiteness of its actual occurrence it gives dignity to all human action: by the universality of its import it lifts the thoughts of the believer from the man to the race and to the world. It stands, so to speak, midway between the seen and the unseen: it belongs equally to the spiritual and to the material order, and it reconciles both: it gives immediate reality to the one by the manifestation of a human type; it ennobles the other by the revelation of a Divine presence. In

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both respects its teaching is essential to Christianity. Exactly in proportion as it is lost sight of in the popular Creed, doctrine is divorced from life, and the broad promises of Divine hope are lost in an individual struggle after good.—Canon Westcott.

TRUE CHRISTIAN UNITY.

History has, in fact, sanctioned divisions in the Christian Church, whatever we may think of the events which first led to them, or of the actors by whom they were made. However deeply we may deplore the loss of that outward fellowship which would, if it could have been preserved, have increased a thousandfold the power of the Church upon the world; yet it is impossible not to feel that God has revealed His purposes and furthered His work not only in spite of, but even through, the separate societies which have severally appropriated this or that part of the whole truth as the characteristic object of their devout study. And even without regarding the lessons of the past it is hard to see how the fulness of Christianity could have been manifested among men otherwise than by antagonism and conflict. Antagonism is in our present imperfect condition the preliminary to our apprehension of anything which is not itself absolutely bounded by our finite powers. Every spiritual truth can be followed out to a final antithesis; and this antithesis finds its most complete expression in societies rather than in individuals. .

The same law which holds in all other fields of human activity holds also in the noblest. The condition of advance in the comprehension of the whole gospel is the special mastery of its parts in life. Progress implies a separate development of powers. The tendency to division grows as knowledge widens. There was a time when all nature seemed to lie within the range of one mind. Deeper inquiry has shown that each fragment includes phenomena which may occupy a lifetime. And so it is in religion. The complexity of modern society, which is in part a creation of Christianity, lays before us endless problems of right and duty, and opens countless avenues for the entrance of truth into the manifold life of men which could not have been presented under similar conditions of existence. As a necessary consequence of this,

each nation, each association, each man has, in proportion to the distinctness of character, a tendency to do one thing; and the tendency to do it springs (as a general rule and upon a large scale) from the fitness for doing it. There is thus, in virtue of the universality of Christianity, a constant approximation towards the complete manifestation of its power. And when each age and race and individual has fulfilled its proper function—and so far as it fulfils it—a glorious harmony must result, which is true Catholicity.

The recognition of some such historic development of Christianity, varying according to the wants of particular ages or races, as belonging to its present form, restores to the divided Churches a true unity. One of the earliest images under which the unity of Christendom was described was that of many streams flowing from one source. The longer the streams flow, the greater will be their divergence; but the divergence is due to progress, and does not in any way destroy the original unity of the waters which pass along the various courses. But the streams will not always be divided. They start from one source and they end in one ocean. They have been united outwardly, and they will again be united. Meanwhile the fashion of their currents is moulded by the country through which they pass, and this in turn furnishes the peculiar elements which they bear down to their common resting-place to form the foundations of a world to come.—Canon Westcott.

READINGS FOR THE CHILDREN.

WHAT CONSEQUENCE?

How could we spare Sadie? We had not realized how much use she was till we thought of her going.

Chryssie and I felt sober when we watched her pack, the night before she went. "I wish that trunk were being unpacked instead of packed up," sighed Chryssie.

"I shall be gone only a month," Sadie answered consolingly. "But who'll attend to everything you do all that while?"

Chryssie asked.

"Well, pussies, why not yourselves?" demanded Sadie, briskly.

"Oh!" we cried, "you do grown-up work; what consequence should we be?"

"Girls," replied Sadie, "you don't appreciate yourselves. I've thought so this long time. You don't begin to realize your importance, how much difference you make in this house, what power you have to cause happiness or discomfort. In the first place, people who are together all the time affect each other; can't help it. In the next place, the more people love you the more power you have over them; besides you can be of actual use."

We knelt down by Sadie and pretended to help sort her ribbons and said: "Honest Sadie, what can we do in particular? We can't cook, make button-holes, and help like you. We're only twin no-consequences yet."

"But you can give real help, great help, every day you live."

"How?" we wondered.

"Lift the last straws."

"Sadie, you funny girl!" cried Chryssie.

"Oh, pussies," Sadie said earnestly, "you don't know what it is to be, as mother is, captain of a crew like us. She is busy all day, often awake all night, and she carries such a load of care that sometimes it is the least things, the 'last straws,' that seem unbearable. Those 'straws' are the things you are large enough to lift. Save steps; do errands; the smallest aid to one overworked is unspeakable relief. 'Little sometimes weighs more than much,' the poet says."

"But we are at school all day," hesitated Chryssie.

"True," assented Sadie; "but suppose you each promise to be on guard for one hour every day while I'm gone. Suppose for her beat Chryssie takes the hour before school-time in the morning, and Prissy the hour before tea. Just watch your chance to relieve mother in that hour. Will you, to please me, dearies?"

She had saved out some of her prettiest ribbons for us; we liked to please her; it would be a short time only; we promised.

Then mother called, "Sadie, isn't it bedtime?" and we went.

But next morning Sadie said, "Girls, I depend on you about

that promise. And here are two blank books. I thought it might make this seem more like real business if you, Chryssie, keep in this book some account of the helpful things you both find to do in the hour's watch. And you will understand better the need of your efforts, if Prissy in her book notes what mother herself finds to do in merely an hour."

Here is my book. Sadie wrote on its first page: Mother's Work. Respect the Burden.

On our way home from school one day I showed Chryssie my first entry. I had watched mother through Chryssie's hour. I'd never thought to before.

My book said: "Baked puffs for breakfast, because papa relishes them; helped the children to dress; showed Bridget how to wet up bread; made a turnover for our school lunch, and put lunch up; mended Bob's jacket; sent Ted for his new shoes; braided my hair; tried on Chryssie's sacque; heard Bob's spelling lesson; found lost primer; sewed on buttons; looped our overskirts; tended baby."

Chryssie said, "Whew!" Then out came her book. That had for its title, What Consequence! and this motto: Lift the Last Straws.

Chryssie had begun: "First Watch. Buttoned Ted's shoes; amused baby; looked out Ted's definitions; watered plants; dusted; went on errand."

When we reached home I saw that mamma looked tired. I asked her if her head ached. She said, smiling all the same, that baby had been fretful, and she had hurried to finish Chryssie's sacque.

"It's time to go and help Bridget about supper now," she said, "though I did want to overcast the seams and get the basting threads out."

"I'll do it," said I.

I must say it mortified me, mamma looked so surprised. It rather opened my eyes, though.

This work, and then to put the sewing-room in order, took me all my watch, but I knew I had truly helped.

It wasn't always easy. With school, music, and good times among the girls we might have forgotten, but Sadie wrote often and tucked in private notes, reminding us we had promised, or quoting from mother's letter: "You don't know how much Chryssie and Prissy help me."

I thought Chryssie did famously. She learned to run the machine; helped the children; was quick to save mother. We found the little things did help. Even to remember where letters had been laid, to know just where twine could be found, to sort work-baskets and drawers, helped.

How proud we felt when mother said one day, "It seems to me my work is easier than it used to be."

At last the trunk came home. We helped unpack it. Then Sadie asked to see our record-books, and turned them over, looking so pleased. "Pussies," she said, "I'm proud of you. You are dear little of-consequences." She placed in our hands two boxes-that, we well knew, meant something uncommon—as she said these words. Under tissue paper and pink cotton lay two sets-scarf and cuff-pins, of pale blue enamel, with careless-looking straws against the enamel. Where could Sadie have found them? None of the girls had ever seen a similar design; they were quite wild over the beauties. But the girls never knew what made them so dear to Chryssie and me. They never knew about the two books, Sadie's kisses and glad looks over them, and how she said, "You've found out the right answer to that conundrum, 'What consequence?' There is one more part to it, though." And at the end of the book she held she wrote: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

It seemed to Chryssie and me a great and beautiful thing that we, just two girls, could be of such consequence as this, could "fulfil the law of Christ."—Boston Congregationalist.

CONTINENTAL RECORD.

The Sunday-question on the Continent.—In France, the law of 1814, forbidding work on Sundays and on religious festivals, has been repealed. In the debate which took place on the subject in the Senate, M. Chesneong, the champion of the clerical party, observed that nowhere is the Sunday so much prized as in Protestant countries; but the only Protestant who raised his voice in favour of securing the day for the benefit of the working classes was M. Chabaud-Latour, who mildly remarked that the question awakened very lively sympathy among Protestants. The law was intended to subserve the interests of the Romish Church, and for that reason the repeal may have been desirable; but the rejection of M. Chesneong's

amendments, which sought to limit the amount of work done in the great departments of the State—such as the railways, the post and telegraph offices—bodes ill for the future settlement of this vexed question.

In Berlin, since the first of April last, there has been but one distribution of letters on Sundays. Those which arrive after half-past six on Sunday morning not are sent out till the following morning. This concession in favour of one portion of the community is encouraging to the friends of Sunday-rest in Germany, and the more so as the country seems to be rapidly losing its sabbaths.

In Saxony only one-tenth of the population is in the habit of going to church. In Westphalia the state of things is also deplorable, owing very much to the large number of popular fêtes. In the province of Prussia the manufacturers are seeking to promote Sunday-labour. In Posen the farmers pay their labourers on Sunday morning, and thus prevent them from attending Divine service. In Pomerania the Sunday is employed by the buyers of cattle in going to the villages and farms to make their purchases; while the peasants, having laboured all the week for their masters, spend the Sunday in working for themselves. In Silesia matters are on the same footing as in Saxony.

Germany.—At the end of May, Berlin had its festival week, when a number of religious societies held their anniversaries. The report of the City Mission showed that twenty-four missionaries are now at work, and that Evangelical publications are being circulated in considerable numbers. The Berlin South African Mission also held its festival, which was very numerously attended. The report stated that more heathen had been baptized in 1879 than in the first thirty years of the society's operations; that 1,000 adults were waiting for baptism; and that 2,400 coloured children are being taught in the mission-schools. It was announced that a capital of £1,500 had been given for the benefit of sick missionaries, and of their widows and orphans. Pastoral conferences were also held, and various subjects discussed; among others the Jewish question, which is at present agitating the public mind of Germany.

At the beginning of May a Continental Mission Conference took place at Bremen. Dr. Fabri presided. The various foreign missionary societies of Germany were all represented, as also some of the Swiss, Swedish, and Dutch societies. Most of the discussions were carried on in private. The subject of "Missionary preaching" was introduced by Dr. Warneck; while Dr. Schreiber, from Barmen, discussed the question, "What may we learn as to the theory and practice of Missions from the English and Americans?" This was the fourth conference of the kind, and it was felt that this discussion in common of the whole work of missions to the heathen is likely to render great service to the several societies, and also to quicken the interest taken in missions.

The fourth general assembly of the Society for the Maintenance of Evangelical Elementary Schools met at Barmen on May 20. The society, which has 2,100 members, seeks to secure the formation of schools

in places where the public schools are confessionless. Funds are asked for the establishment of a school-agency to agitate the question throughout the country; but this appeal has hitherto met with little response.

Austria.—The number of Protestants of the Reformed and Lutheran Confessions in Cis-leithan, or Western Austria, is 371,312, showing an increase of 34,500 in ten years.

On May 30, the Protestants of *Komotau*, in Bohemia, had the happiness to witness the installation of their first minister. The event was the more joyful as, even at the twelfth hour, difficulties had arisen which made it doubtful whether their wishes would be realized.

"Baptists and Nazarenes," says the Oesterreichische Protestant—a paper opposed to Dissent and Evangelical religion—"are increasing in the country districts in Hungary, and in Buda-Pesth they are about to erect a house of prayer." We presume it is the Baptists who are about to take this step, as the Nazarenes have hitherto had neither chapels nor ministers. The Austrian paper adds, thus showing its animus, "It is to be regretted that, under the cloak of Bible colportage, they creep into families, with no small arrogance call themselves saints and elect persons, and are always getting fresh converts for their views, which, socially speaking, are harmful." To us it is a subject of rejoicing that amongst the rationalistic Protestants of Hungary some should be won over to a simple faith in God's Word, and to a life of consecration to His service.

SWITZERLAND.—The Synodal Elections in Bâle of last May resulted in the triumph in three parishes of the Liberal or Rationalistic party. This will make no very great change in the balance of parties in the Synod, but it is a sad indication of the course which events are taking. The really religious portion of the community are in favour of Evangelical truth; but the laws of the national Church are such as to give the right of voting in ecclesiastical affairs to all who choose to have their names inscribed on the parish registers, whether regular attendants at church or not. The Evangelical or positive party are establishing special services and special classes for the instruction of the children in religious truth in those parishes where the pulpits are in the hands of the Rationalists on Reformists, as they style themselves. The way is thus being prepared for the time when all godly people will be compelled to come out of the national Churches, which are rapidly becoming institutions for the spread of downright infidelity.

In Berne the annual meeting of the Swiss Society for Free Christianity was held on May 24 and 25. The chief subject discussed was the Bible, and the theses brought forward were such as to show very plainly what is the spirit that animates the Reformists of Switzerland. The Bible is too large and too difficult to be given in its entirety to the people. A knowledge of it is indispensable. Religious truth has received its classical expression in its pages. It offers the richest material for a humane settlement of social questions. And it will continue to serve as a basis for preaching and for the instruction of the young; but only cer-

tain portions of it should be put into the hands of the people—well translated and scientifically explained. In this way it must be shown to be a human work, and the idolatrous feelings with which it has been regarded must be destroyed!! Such is the self-appointed task of the Reformists.

In Geneva a measure for the separation of Church and State was recently prepared and carried by the council of state, but was rejected by a majority of 9,000 to 4,000 votes when presented to the people. Among the minority were the 2,500 Roman Catholic voters, and many members of the Evangelical party. The measure was therefore lost through the opposition of the Radicals, to whom Ultramontanism and Evangelicalism are about equally distasteful.

The Christian Catholic Church held its Synod in Geneva on May 20. Before celebrating mass, Bishop Herzog delivered a discourse, in which he saluted Geneva as the city which circulates the Holy Scriptures, and which serves as a refuge to all who desire to save their conscience. He spoke of the freedom which casts off a yoke, but is not a pure negation, because it is inspired with the spirit of Christ, the only Priest. Father Hyacinthe was present, and also the Bishop of Mexico, and an Irish bishop.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Germany: Present and Past. By S. Baring Gould, M.A. Two Vols. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) This is a work of considerable freshness and variety. It covers a very wide range of subject, and contains a large amount of information which the author has amassed with considerable care and industry. That it would be possible to detect some errors in his statements of fact is undeniable, but it is only what might be said in relation to any work of the kind. Had he been writing about his own country, Mr. Baring Gould would have been open to similar corrections, partly because it is impossible that any man can be equally well informed on all points, and partly because it is not very easy for him to give a perfectly colourless view of facts when he himself feels strongly, and when even the facts are apt to wear a very different aspect according to the spirit in which they are contemplated. Our author has very decided opinions, and we do not suppose that he has even endeavoured to shake himself free from their influence. But the marked signs of these prepossessions would themselves prevent us from accepting him as a guide on any matters affecting religion or ecclesiastical controversies. We read what he has to say and accept it as the testimony of one to whom Protestantism is little short of an abomination, and Erastianism, if possible, even worse. Regarded even in this light, such a view as that which Mr. Baring Gould presents is well worth studying. Whether he deals with the Kulturkampf, or the Old Catholics, or the Protestantism of Germany, he always writes as an advocate, but it is a clever advocate, and, what appears to us a decided advantage, one who never allows us to

forget the fact. If he had the semblance of the judicial character he would be more dangerous. As it is, the thoughtful reader is necessarily on the watch against one who takes no pains to conceal the strength of his prejudices, and who is continually coming across those who do not agree with him.

In the nineteen chapters of this book the author deals with every point of interest in connection with the country and the people, and after every deduction that can fairly be made it is the most useful and instructive book on Germany with which we are acquainted. It is easy to see how it might have been made better. The historical and antiquarian part might with advantage have been condensed in order to secure more space for the pictures of the present, and these certainly might have been executed with more fairness and impartiality. But the book might have lost much of its vivacity and attraction if it had been made more colourless. As it is, it has at all events this merit, it is never wearisome, and there is so much of sheer dulness in the world that we can judge very leniently any tendency to excessive smartness. Here are the opening sentences: "Herr Baron, thank you," said a waiter to a traveller, on receiving payment of the bill. "I am not a Baron, mein lieber," remarked the latter. "Oh, sir, we call every one Baron who tips with a ha'penny," answered the kellner, contemptuously protecting the five-pfenning piece." As is the commencement such is the book everywhere. It sparkles with cleverness. There is scarcely a point on which Mr. Baring Gould has not a story to tell, and many of them are so good that a professional talker might find a good deal here from which to replenish his store. No doubt all this fondness for illustration does unconsciously lower our confidence in the more solid merits of the book. Where the straining after effect is so evident, we fear lest accuracy should sometimes be sacrificed for the sake of a good point. Let it be said, however, that to get a thoroughly readable book on such a subject as Germany is no slight gain. There is so much that is very grave and serious in the curious and complicated arrangements of its aristocracy, in its methods of culture, in its elaborate military arrangements, and in its severe ecclesiastical laws, that if he can find anything to amuse and provoke laughter in the freaks of students, the eccentricities in the habits of the people, or in the incidents of social life, the reader may welcome so agreeable a relief.

It is not possible for us to do more than glance at some of the many subjects which Mr. Baring Gould has discussed. His comparison between middle-class education in Germany and in our own country is extremely suggestive, though the amusing account of English schools and of the scholastic agencies by which they are supplied with teachers is somewhat long, considering that Germany is the subject. The author, however, is extremely anxious to use Germany as our instructor; and in order to this, it seemed necessary to bring into sharp contrast the miserable hap-hazard system to which we trust for teachers in our secondary schools, and the careful organization which secures an education so superior for the corresponding class in Germany. Whether we should ever agree to the rigid supervision of the State by which the advantages of the latter system are secured is certainly open to doubt. But reform in that direction there must certainly be, and the clever and, we have reason to know, extremely

truthful sketch of the scholastic agent and his modes of dealing with the unfortunate candidates for situations who have to seek his help is a valuable contribution towards the creation of opinion in favour of such change. Our author, on the other hand, is wise and discriminating in his criticism of the German universities. We are greatly impressed with the eminence attained by German scholars, and the vast stores of learning which a German savant seems to possess on any particular subject of which he treats. But the achievement is not so wonderful as at first appears. The tendency of the universities is to make specialists, not true scholars. Mr. Baring Gould quotes Herr Lasker in support of the view that their "educational system is productive of one-sidedness, of narrowness, not of breadth." "The lecture-rooms lie side by side, the many schools are under one roof, the professors belong to one senate, the whole society is tied together by statutes and external organization, but the spiritual link is missing; personal avocations insulate particular studies, separate the students, and the university is nothing more than a congeries of schools for specialists." This is a serious defect, and it may help to reconcile us to the inferior position which Englishmen seem to occupy in many departments of research. "When Lord Dufferin went to Iceland, he found there a professor from Fatherland hunting moths. He was not in pursuit of moths generally, that subject was too wide, but of one suborder of moths, and to discover the variations in this sub-order he was ranging round the world." Of course, on that particular "sub-order" he would be the greatest authority in the world; but his intellectual development on all other points had been sacrificed in order to secure the distinction. It looks very much like waste, especially when this exaggerated specialism is viewed in connection with the wide range of the preliminary training. "After striving to stretch little minds to cover acres, they tie them down to a needle-point."

Our own view of the Kulturkampf does not differ materially from that of our author. He has a sympathetic feeling towards the Romish Church which we utterly repudiate, and which leads him into injustice to the Old Catholics and their leader; but we agree with him as to the false principle and mistaken policy of the Falk laws. We differ from his judgment of Dollinger, but we agree in that of Bismarck, especially as to his repressive warfare, whether against Ultramontanism or social Democracy. There is certainly great truth in this view of the Kulturkampf:

"The real purpose of the Kulturkampf has been, I conceive, centralization. It has not been waged against the Roman Church only, for the same process has been followed with the Protestant Churches. It was intolerable in a strong centralizing Government to have a Calvinist and a Lutheran Church side by side, and both to call themselves Protestant. It interfered with systematic and neat account-keeping of public expenditure for religious purposes. Consequently, in 1839 the King of Prussia suppressed Calvinism and Lutheranism, and established a new Evangelical Church on their ruins, with constitution and liturgy chiefly of his own drawing up. The Protestant Churches of Baden, Nassau, Hesse, and the Bavarian Palatine have also been fused and organized on the Prussian pattern. In Schleswig-Holstein and in Hanover existed pure Lutherans, but they, for uniformity's sake, have been also recently unified and melted into the Landeskirche of Prussia.

"A military government cannot tolerate any sort of double allegiance

in its subjects. Education and religion, medicine and jurisprudence, telegraphs and post-office, must be under the jurisdiction of the State. The Prussian mind, trained under a military system, cannot understand freedom as it is understood in England, least of all the idea of a free Church. In a military empire every man is a soldier, and everything concerning him is subjected to military supervision. The State looks after his mind, his bowels, and his soul; it must accredit the doctors or trainers for all three. The State so far bends to circumstances as to allow men to be Poles, Prussians, or Saxons by blood, and to be Catholics, Protestants, or Jews by profession, just as it acknowledges three armsinfantry, cavalry, and artillery. As every male infant is an embryo soldier, and every female babe a prospective mother of soldiers, they must be registered by State functionaries, educated by State functionaries, married by State functionaries, and shovelled out of the world by State functionaries. No man is a free agent, for every man is a soldier. He must be drilled by State corporals on week-days, and preached to by State chaplains on Sundays. The State takes charge of his digestion and conscience. He is forbidden green gooseberries at Whitsuntide, and fresh spiritual diet at any time.

"From the point of view of a military despotism, the May laws are reasonable and necessary. As Germany is a great camp, the clergy, Protestant and Catholic, must be military chaplains, amenable to the general in command. Military organization, military discipline, and military obedience are exacted and expected in every department. A soldier cannot escape a duty because it disagrees with his liver, nor can a parson shirk doing what the State imposes because it disturbs his conscience. I have no doubt whatever that this is the real explanation of the Kulturkampf, and that all other explanations are excuses and inventions. Prince Bismarck no doubt hates the Pope, not because the cares a straw about religious principles and doctrines, but because the Pope is a power interfering with Imperial absolutism and military dictatorship. The Catholics are welcome to their tinsel and bones and masses, just as the Bavarian contingent is allowed blue facings, and the Brunswickers black; but the Pope and bishops must exercise no more real authority over priests and people than the King of Hanover or the Duke of Bruns-

wick.

We wish we could believe that there was any great error in the representations of German Protestantism here given. They are unquestionably drawn by an unfriendly hand, and are one-sided and perhaps exaggerated. But we fear they approach too closely to the truth. "German Protestantism" (we are told here) " is so radically Erastian that the German mind is incapable of understanding the existence of a conscience which distinguishes between the things that be of God and of Cæsar." It is a very strong statement, probably too sweeping, but we fear it is impossible to deny its substantial accuracy. Erastianism is certainly dominant, and it is not too much to assert that Erastianism is one form of Antichrist. Wherever it rules it acts as a blight on all spiritual life. Its very aim is to benumb the conscience in relation to all matters of religious opinion. Here it is in perfect agreement with Ultramontanism. Both would repress free inquiry in matter of faith : one because the Church has decided them; the other because they are of such slight importance that they may be settled on geographical or ethnographical grounds—the State being supreme. In either case the result is intellectual submission, and moral torpor. That German Protestantism is honeycombed by Rationalism is too well-known. Mr. Baring Gould was startled by the

formality and absence of religionists even about the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and tells us of a case at Strassburg, where, "after communicating, a body of ladies and gentlemen walked straight out of the church one Sunday, when I was present, and amidst shouts of laughter began to scatter bonbons among the poor children in St. Peter's Platz for these to scramble for." This, it may be hoped, was a rare exception, but the clerical teacher whose performance is recorded in the following story is a

type of a class certainly not so numerous as we should desire.

"A clergyman, whom I knew, was appointed by the Government, Protestant instructor to the boys in the gymnasium. An English gentleman in the town married to a German lady sent his son to the school, and he attended the divinity lectures of the Evangelical pastor. One day, after having given the pupils an elaborate description of the way in which the world was evolved out of nebulous matter, he turned to the English boy, and said, 'Now, Wilson, how came the world into being?' The boy who—like most English lads—cared little for learned questions, had paid no attention, and answered simply, 'God made it.' 'You blockhead! (Dumnkodf')' exclaimed the pastor, catching him a rap on the cheek, 'how long will you and your compatriots cling to these old wives' tales (Mührchen)?'

"This pastor is now appointed to a fashionable watering-place."

There is a side of German Protestantism, as there is a side of Ultramontanism, which Mr. Baring Gould has not exhibited to us. We accept his representation as that of an earnest champion of authority, but we do neither believe in its completeness nor accept the inferences it is intended to suggest. Still it contains too much of truth to be passed over lightly. The story of the decline of German Protestantism may serve as a beacon for us, to warn us not of the perils of liberty, but rather of the danger of trifling with the supremacy of conscience, and investing the State which it is alike unfitted to exercise, and unwarranted in demanding. The whole subject, however, has too many bearings to be discussed here.

The Pulpit Commentary. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) This commentary is on an entirely new plan, and is designed to furnish real and valuable help to preachers. The best commendation of the work is to describe it. It requires only to be known to be at once appreciated. The editors of the whole are the Rev. Canon Spence, M.A., examining chaplain to the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, and the Rev. J. S. Exell, editor of The Homiletic Quarterly. So far arrangements have been completed for the Old Testament only. The method of the commentary may perhaps be best described by taking the example now lying upon our table. The volume just published contains Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther. One book will suffice for illustration—we take Ezra. The commentary consists—1. Of an introduction to the book, and thorough exegetical exposition. This is done for Ezra by the Rev. Canon Rawlinson. This department of the work is throughout the Old Testament committed as much as possible to those who have been engaged on the Old Testament Revision. To say that Canon Rawlinson has well done his work, is to say what everybody will take for granted. The text is divided carefully into sections. At the close of each section a new method of dealing with it is introduced. 2. The section is treated homiletically. This department in Ezra has been committed to the Rev. W. S. Lewis, M.A., Vicar of St. George's, Worthing.

No mere "skeletons"-skeletons in more senses than one-are here given; but admirably arranged thoughts, more or less adapted to pulpit use; intended not for the idle, but to stimulate the thoughtful and earnest. The saving of time is one main object, which the busy, who know what it is to waste time over acres of pages only to find here and there a thoughtjewel of some price, will greatly appreciate. 3. This might seem enough, but no! the commentary carries the homiletical treatment further by giving alternative homilies. On Ezra, these are by the Revs. J. A. Macdonald, W. Clarkson, B.A., A. Mackennal, B.A., and J. S. Exell himself. A great advance is made in this work by enlisting on its behalf the scholarship of all Evangelical Churches. We have often noted—of late, as well as aforetime—that there are still publishers and editors of Biblical works who go upon the assumption that in England at least scholarship is to be found only within one definite ecclesiastical line. It is not so in America, nor nearer home in Scotland. It is time that this arrogance was rebuked. It is so in this commentary; and we are not without the hope—nay, a sure confidence-that this very catholicity will commend it to Christians and ministers of the English-speaking race all over the world. Congregationalists particularly will find in the list of contributors many notable names of their own. 4. Each book is further followed by a homiletical index of great value. The titles of the subjects are of themselves suggestive, stimulating, and inspiring. Under the heading of the several chapters are given the subjects of the homilies based upon that chapter. Take an illustration, taken almost at random. Upon the fourth chapter in Ezra are sermons in outline on all these subjects :- The Work Endangered-The Work Checked-Peace and Purity-A Sinful Alliance Sought and Rejected-The Friendship of the World-Human Hatred-The Work Maligned—The World's Opposition to the Church—Three Thoughts from Old Documents-The Work Stopped-Man Hindering the Work of God-Hindrances-Spiritual Amendments. Without hesitation and without misgiving, we commend this commentary. There is nothing like it in the language, original or translated. It is intended, we repeat, not for the idle, but the busy. Here the real student will find iron ready to his hand; the forging thereof he may and will do himself. Does not John Foster say, somewhere, something to this effect: the genius may kindle its own fire, and provide also material for the flame? Here is material for thousands of hard workers, who do not profess genius; whence to obtain the fire, every earnest, devout minister knows right well. The comparatively slow publication of the successive volumes will place them within the reach of all.

With a Silken Thread, and other Stories. By E. LYNN LINTON. (Chatto and Windus.) Mrs. Lynn Linton is certainly entitled to a place among the foremost writers of fiction of our day. Not only has she great artistic skill, but there is in most of her stories a purpose which, though not obtruded at inopportune times and in offensive manner, runs through the tale and makes it something more than a mere vehicle of amusement. Take as an illustration "Todhunters at Loanin' Head," one of the stories in these volumes. It has charming pictures of wild moorland scenery and primitive life such as we may find it in Westmoreland or Cumber-

land, striking portraits of character marked by that rugged strength, that intense individualism trenching very closely on eccentricity, that simple quaintness and yet granite force which we associate with those regions on which our civilization has made but little impression, and a narrative full of excitement and interest. But we feel that the writer's design is not only to tell a tale but to inculcate a moral, which is all the more impressive because it is not set forth in direct form or enforced in homiletic style. Laura, the heroine, "with that bewitching little face of hers which nothing but a heart of stone could resist," is a perfect type of a class of young ladies who, it is to be hoped, are not too common. She is a mistress of all the arts of coquetry, or rather, coquetry has become so much part of her nature that there was no need of any art for her to secure the conquests on which she is so bent. So dear were conquests to her vain and frivolous little heart that when she found herself in the cottage by the moorside with no one on whom to exercise her powers but the uncultured cousin into whose society circumstances had thrown her, she set to work upon him, and soon succeeded in half maddening his simple brain by her blandishments. We will not attempt to tell the story, but give the closing words, which at once reveal the writer's power and show the earnestness of her purpose:

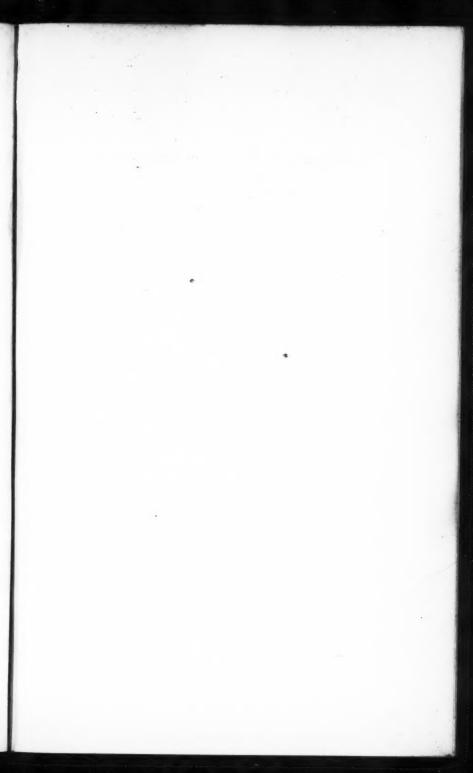
"The joy that the angels felt for the repentant sinner was repeated in this quiet Cumberland home, and Mark, married to Laura as she was—sinful, sorrowful, and with all the glory of her youthful beauty dimmed—was a happier man and with a nobler home-life than would have been had not her sin led her through sorrow to repentance and a truer knowledge of the real worth of human life. Fustian, farm-work, rude speech, and hands with the marks of toil never wholly washed away, were nothing compared to the love, the honesty, the noble truth, the infinite tenderness, the unselfish forgiveness of that loyal heart. And it was by Heaven's grace that she who, once shallow, vain, and worldly, had been unable to appraise any of these things at their true value, to whom life had been merely amusement, finery, and superficial gentility, was now brought to a knowledge of how far beyond the form is the spirit—how far

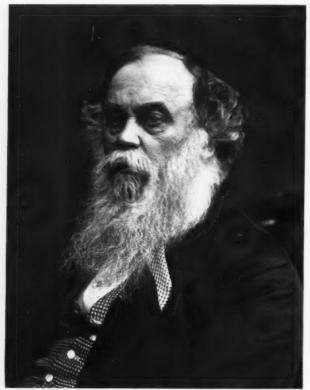
greater than society is the Man."

It is in these eloquent protests against the blighting influence of conventionalism, these noble assertions of the dignity and preciousness of true manhood, these withering rebukes of selfishness in its many forms, that the chief power of our authoress is revealed. There is something in all her books which awakens in us an interest in the writer. We have, alas! only too many evidences that she does not own allegiance to the gospel of Christ, and yet in her writings there is abundant proof of the extent to which that gospel has influenced her. Alas! there are not a few among us who would not hesitate to avow themselves enemies of Christianity, who nevertheless owe all that is noblest and best in themselves and their works to the faith which they have renounced. But whatever be Mrs Lynn Linton's exact relations to the gospel, the element of earnestness which is found in all her writings deeply interests us. These shorter stories show her characteristic qualities and power. They are full of life, freshness, and power.

Sussex Stories. By Mrs. Robert O'Reilly. (Strahan and Co.) In her own line Mrs. O'Reilly has not many, if any, rivals. She is not so

much a novelist as a writer of idylls-idylls which are not the less poetic . in spirit and character because they are written in prose. Her books have a similar charm. In the stories there is the absence of sensational or even exciting elements, and the incidents are so few, and so simply natural, that we cannot speak of a plot. And yet there are books into which are crowded all kinds of stirring events, which produce a less vivid impression, and are laid down with less regret than these records of rural life which Mrs. O'Reilly gives us. It requires great power, and power of a high order too, to weave such a web out of materials so slight and apparently unpromising. A poor old couple, forced into the workhouse in their declining days, furnish our authoress with all she needs. Her own true pathos, deep and real sympathy, singular capacity for entering into all the feelings of the poor, supply all the rest, and "Darby and Joan" not only live in the memory, but they touch the heart, and cause the reader henceforth to cherish a more kindly feeling for the poor in their difficulties and troubles. Or an old crone has been hoarding up a growing store of gold which she owes partly to the provision made by the parish, and partly to the liberality of the friends before whom she poses as a sufferer from extreme destitution, and out of her fears and the cupidity of a miserable youth in the village who had been led to suspect that she was not so poor as she seemed, Mrs. O'Reilly contrives to work out a story of singular suggestiveness. The sketches of the old woman and her interviews with the curate are inimitable, and exhibit that quiet humour which adds so much to the attraction of these tales. There is many a district visitor who might get valuable hints from the caustic style in which our authoress describes this kind of poor woman and her benevolent patrons. "After all," says the curate to one of these fussy ladies, "I expect it is a fair bargain between you." "How a bargain?" "Mrs. Trueby takes piety in hopes of soup and shillings, and you go to see her, not so much for her sake, as for the sake of scoring one visit to the poor in your account with heaven." "Other-worldliness," the curate continued, watching in an absent manner a little flock of school children, who were struggling along the lane towards him; "did you never fancy Mr. Worldlywise is seldom so odious as when he is otherworldlywise, and tries to make a bargain with heaven, and tries to enter it by-and-by clinging to poor folks' skirts?" The passage is fairly illustrative of Mrs. O'Reilly's style and power. She is keen and incisive when dealing with any sham, but tender and patient to all who suffer, or are striving after the right. There is a spirit of deep and genuine piety running through all her stories, but it is associated with an intense scorn for all cant. The book answers strictly to its title. Sussex is evidently a county with which our authoress is familiar. She has carefully studied the people and their habits, and her book is calculated to awaken in others the same interest which she feels in them herself. They are three charming volumes, as healthful in tone and influence as they are thoughtful in conception and interesting in style.





Appleton & Co., Photo., Bradford.

Unwin Brothers, London.

James ener Ether Salt

The Congregationalist.

SIR TITUS SALT.

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The Congregationalist.

SEPTEMBER, 1880.

SIR TITUS SALT.

THE great manufacturers who gave such an impetus to the trade of Lancashire and Yorkshire in the last generation were an independent, able, and sturdy race of men. The majority of them rose from the ranks, and yet not a few amassed colossal fortunes, and in doing so opened new channels for the capital, enterprize, and industry of their fellow-countrymen. It was impossible that such results could have been realized without great natural shrewdness, keenness of observation, and untiring perseverance. Few, if any, of them were men of high culture, but they had a native power which enabled them to fight the battle of life with an energy and success which culture could never have commanded. It is easy for the titled sons of fortune or literary dilettanti to sneer at them; but while they raised themselves they at the same time did real service to the nation. Sir Titus Salt, who was one of the most conspicuous among them, and to whose high worth his friends and neighbours paid more than once the most unmistakable tribute, was not only the architect of his own fortune, but he was the creator of an important trade, and one of the most powerful factors in promoting the extraordinary growth of Bradford. The place is not the most picturesque and attractive of our English towns; but, while it has multiplied the numbers of its population to an enormous extent, it has also improved in its architectural character, and the general intelligence of its people, at a rate which has not been surpassed by any of its competitors. Sir Titus Salt was one of the principal contributors both to its material pros-

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VOL. IX.

perity and its intellectual improvement. He was associated with others, whose names are held in honcur till this day; but of the little band who did so much to secure for Bradford the character and influence it has attained, there was not one more public-spirited, more munificent in his gifts, more sagacious in his views, or more unstinting in honourable service, than Titus Salt. It was a small matter that he won for himself the highest honours which his fellow-townsmen could give, as first magistrate of the borough, and its representative in Parliament, or even that his public worth was recognized in the well-earned baronetcy conferred upon him by the advice of a Minister peculiarly capable of appreciating such a character as his. What was of far higher value was that he won the respect and even attachment of the people who worked for him, the confidence of his rivals in trade, and the golden opinions of the community among whom his life had been passed. Yorkshiremen are not prone to indulge in flatteries, and they are reputed to have a special quickness in detecting all hollowness and unreality. When the men of Bradford, therefore, resolved to erect a marble statue of Sir Titus Salt in the most public place in their town, they gave the most convincing proof that where he was known best he was appreciated most.

Sir Titus Salt was born at Morley, in 1803. He received a superior education at a school in Wakefield, and his original desire was to be a doctor, but a slight circumstance which indicated a nervous constitution too sensitive to endure the painful incidents of that profession, turned him from his purpose. He then went into the woollen trade, in which he was destined to acquire both wealth and distinction. His life was not that simply of a successful manufacturer who, building upon the foundation which others have laid, goes on prospering and to prosper. He struck out a path of his own, and by the clearness of his perception and the energy of his purpose achieved an extraordinary result. The interesting town of Saltaire, with its gigantic manufactory, its model houses for workpeople, its handsome churches, its great mechanics' institution, and its varied provision for the wants and pleasures of its people, was his creation, and it is itself only the outward sign of the still greater work its founder did in the introduction of the trade in

which its busy workers are engaged. Some bales of wool, imported from Peru, had been lying in a Liverpool warehouse until the brokers, despairing of finding a purchaser, were about to re-ship them. Fortunately they caught the eye of Titus Salt, always on the outlook for anything likely to be of service to his trade. He took a sample home, examined and tested it, was convinced that it was capable of being turned to good account, and by the force of his own will accomplished his purpose. The difficulties in his way were great. Tradesmen of more conservative temper regarded him as a dreamer, and refused to countenance so wild a venture. The machinery in use was unsuitable to the new wool, and it was necessary to make a complete change. But every difficulty was surmounted by his perseverance; and the great alpaca manufacture was the fruit of his spirit and energy. It enriched him, and it has proved a source of wealth to the nation.

Had he lived for himself alone, it would not have been worth while to devote even this brief notice to his life. who do well unto themselves may have their reward, but there is as little necessity as there is inclination to preserve the memory of their prosperity. To young men, indeed, there is something suggestive in the career of the prosperous man of business. Looked at in this light alone, the unblemished probity, the fixed concentration of thought and effort on the work in which he was engaged, the careful economy of time and wise husbanding of every source at his command, and the sturdy perseverance by which Sir Titus Salt was always distinguished, are qualities which may well be commended to the imitation of all young men. But had these stood alone, he might have supplied only another illustration of the Psalmist's impressive teaching, "Be not thou afraid when one is made rich, when the glory of his house is increased; for when he dieth he shall carry nothing away: his glory shall not descend after him. Though while he lived he blessed his soul: and men will praise thee, when thou doest well to thyself. He shall go to the generation of his fathers." But it was not thus with Titus Salt. In his youthful days he formed the habit of giving, as a matter of principle; and as his riches increased, his acts of generosity multiplied and increased also. He set a noble example of liberality by his

public deeds, but he was equally noble in those private acts of kindness which never came to the light of the day except in the stories of the recipients. Of all institutions for the glory of God and the good of men, he was a munificent supporter. Churches and chapels, literary societies, philanthropic institutions, all shared in his active sympathy and generous gifts. He was a decided Nonconformist, but he did not restrict his help to any one Church, but was the friend and helper of all. As a Christian, he was a true, simple-hearted believer. anxious to let his faith be known by his works. As a politician, he was a decided and consistent Liberal, not hesitating to sink all personal feeling when it came into collision with his own sense of what was due to principle. His career in Parliament was short. He was elected in 1859, but the state of his health compelled him to resign before the Session of 1861. In 1869, Mr. Gladstone, in a letter accompanying the offer of a baronetcy, said: "Though we have not been so fortunate as to keep you within the precincts-perhaps I ought to say the troubled precincts-of Parliamentary life, you have not failed by your station, character, and services to establish an ample title to the honourable distinction which it is now my gratifying duty to place at your disposal." Bradford and Yorkshire endorsed the verdict, and not the less so because Sir Titus Salt, in the time of his greatest elevation, was not ashamed of the ladder by which he had risen, and preferred to be known as a tradesman, rather than to take his place among the landed aristocracy. It is by such men that the commercial greatness of England has been built up, and Nonconformity has done not a little in their training. His commercial genius, for it was nothing less, his keen sagacity and wise business habits, and his æsthetic tastes were Sir Titus Salt's own: but he would have been the first to confess that, for his loyalty to conscience, his sympathy with progress, and his benevolent liberality, he was largely indebted to the influence of Nonconformity.

PARLIAMENT IN AUGUST.

THE Parliamentary year has been marked by the same irregularities which have of late disturbed the ordinary course of the seasons and upset the calculations of the meteorologists. An electoral conflict of special severity, ending in a victory of * almost unexampled completeness, ought to have been followed by a period of calm; but instead of that we have had an excitement and a bitterness such as is expected only when parties are evenly balanced and victory inclines now to the one side and now to the other. The "fourth party" who have made themselves so prominent, and acquired such unenviable notoriety in the conflicts of the Session, could not have been more insolent, more defiantly scornful, more haughty in tone or arrogant in demand, had they been the leaders of an Opposition which, if not in a majority, had at all events a force so compact and powerful that the Ministry was compelled to study its wishes. The Session has consequently been one of storms, and August, which ought to have seen the quiet winding-up of business in preparation for a prorogation, has been the most busy, and in many respects the most eventful and exciting, month of the whole. If we may judge by present indications, it will be remembered as marking an important change, not impossibly a new departure in our political struggles.

The month began in anxiety and gloom. At the very moment when the country was agitated and depressed by the story of the fresh troubles in Afghanistan, and the Ministry were being thus painfully made to feel the burden of the damnosa hæreditas which had been bequeathed to them by their predecessors, the distinguished statesman in whose ability and patriotism the nation had shown such implicit confidence was suddenly struck down by an illness which for two or three days excited the gravest apprehensions. Never was his guiding hand more needed than at the time when his strength succumbed under the severe strain of the labours which he had accepted in his country's service. The universal demonstration of sympathy and anxiety which his illness elicited was not only gratifying as a testimony to his individual

worth, but was also a pleasant revelation of the kindly personal feeling which in this country underlies political differences, and is one of the best guarantees for public order. was all the more welcome because of the ferocity with which Mr. Gladstone has been assailed. There has been a malignity and virulence in the attacks on Mr. Gladstone which appeared to show that with him the Tory party did not think it necessary to observe the ordinary laws of public life. Had the unmannerly attacks upon him been confined to Lord Randolph Churchill or Sir Henry Wolff, or even Mr. Chaplin, they would have provoked no comment. These dashing and unscrupulous free lances are incapable of injuring any one but themselves, and were it not that they consume precious time, which is needed for business, might safely be left to exhaust their petty spite. Contemptuous silence is the only treatment that can meet the case of these noisy champions of Torvism, who mistake coarse insolence for sarcastic wit, fancy that a stroke from a bludgeon is as effective and artistic as a thrust from a rapier, and imagine that if they can coin a phrase à la Disraeli they may rival the achievements of that great master of Parliamentary fence. But unfortunately they have not been alone. The same extravagant licentiousness in speech and the same bitterness of sentiment have been seen in the attacks of men of a higher calibre and with more responsibility; and to such an extent had this gone that there seemed reason to fear that party passion had made many insensible both to the brilliancy of his intellectual qualities and the loftiness of moral principle and purpose which is his peculiar distinction as a statesman. The sudden illness which for a time deprived the House of Commons of his services has dispelled any such feeling. From men of all classes and parties, from his keen political opponents as well as from his enthusiastic friends, came the same expressions of sympathy in his hour of weakness, of congratulation in the time of convalescence.

There was one exception too marked and too discreditable to be passed over. It seems as if *The Times* could not forgive Mr. Gladstone. We can hardly wonder, for antagonism could not be more complete than that which separates the high-minded statesman who is governed only by principle and the

time-serving journal for which expediency is the highest law. Still it might have been hoped that when the great Minister lay prostrated by a sickness, the issue of which it was not possible at the moment to foresee, the feeling would have been so far softened as to forbid the utterance of any hostile criticism. The Times was, indeed, constrained to bear testimony to the "common concern" which filled all members of the House at the "sudden illness of the chief ornament of the assembly," and to recognize the marvellous power which he has shown during this stormy session.

It was only last week that newly-elected members were privileged to hear a speech distinguished by all the grace of diction and fervour of persuasive effect in which Mr. Gladstone outstrips all competitors. A day or two earlier they were charmed with the pleasant and friendly banter of his reply to Mr. Hubbard's proposals for re-arranging the income-tax. His mastery of the details of the Budget Bill brought into prominence another aspect of his Parliamentary superiority.

No tribute could be more appropriate and just. The reputation of Mr. Gladstone has grown during the Session. Never was his eloquence more varied or more powerful. The impression produced even on those who were most familiar with his gifts has been extraordinary, and to new members his eloquence has been a kind of revelation. It is a pity The Times could not be content with this graceful expression of admiration. But it is so accustomed to trim on all questions that it could not, even at such a time of anxiety, give expression to a feeling of admiration without taking care to qualify it by ungracious comment. At the moment when Mr. Gladstone was in the grasp of a fever whose course no medical skill could predict, The Times had the taste to write in the following style:

No man has been the object of more hearty political animosity. No man has been so dreaded and denounced. The impetuosity of his temperament has so often hurried him to unexpected conclusions that persons of more restrained intellectual movement have been led to feel that they do not know with what they may be next startled. And the eagerness of his nature has made him as strenuous in the advocacy of his most recent proposals as if they had been part of his policy throughout his career. An individuality thus excitable and intense could not but awake sentiments of suspicion and alarm, and the emotional side of Mr. Gladstone's character has undoubtedly alienated from him the support of large

sections even of the Liberal party, who were bred in the older school of measured and strictly rational development. On the other hand, there were for long years obstacles, that have not even yet been wholly removed, to the acceptance of his leadership by the members of the popular party. Democrats felt some doubt whether he would be always with them, while those opposed to change did not know in what quarter they would next be open to his attack. But in the hour of sickness and anxiety all these feelings of antipathy and distrust disappeared.

A man of right feeling would have suppressed any indications of "antipathy and distrust" under such circumstances. There must have been not merely "hearty political antagonism," but utter callousness, in one who could thus deliberately rake up all the unkindly suggestions that have been thrown out against a sick man for the purpose of saying that, for the time, they have all been forgotten. We have heard a story of a rough Lancashire collier who was supposed to be in extremis, and whose friends were very anxious that he should receive the sacrament before he died. But the man was a guarrelsome being, and had always a number of petty strifes on hand, and it was some time before the clergyman could persuade him to promise that he would forgive his enemies and bring his mind into that state of peace with all men in the absence of which the sacred rite could not be administered. At length the obstinacy of the sick man was overcome, the sacrament administered, and the clergyman about to depart, when suddenly the reconciled patient cried out, "You understand, if I get better, all that forgiving goes for nowt." Here it is the candid friend who is so determined to make it clear that if the invalid gets better all his "forgiving goes for nowt" that he thinks it necessary to expatiate beforehand on the enormity of the offences over which in a season of trial he is prepared to draw the veil of charity. We are not sure whether the evil wishes of a violent and outspoken Orangeman at a meeting in the North were not more tolerable than this wretched manifestation of coldblooded and unsympathetic criticism under circumstances when any criticism was out of place. It is due to The Standard to say that, decided opponent of the Government as it is, and less fair since the Liberal victory than it was before, it wrote in a far more generous tone. But then it does not belong to the "older school of measured and strictly rational

development." In other words, it is not a Whig, and it has always been characteristic of the Whigs that they are without bowels. Tories and Radicals understand one another better because, keen as their differences are, there is underneath them a human nature common to both. The "persons of more restrained intellectual movement" are hard, and, if The Times be a true representative of them, their tender mercies are cruel. The marvel is that there should be any (we believe they are hardly to be found outside the metropolis) who still pin their faith to a journal which has lately rushed madly on from one blunder to another, and which seems now to have lost even that instinct which might save it from those gross faults of taste which are more likely to lower it even than

mistakes in policy.

The enforced absence of Mr. Gladstone has been useful in more ways than one. It has proved that the fierceness of Tory opposition was not provoked by any idiosyncrasy of his, but by the Liberalism of which he was the most conspicuous and able exponent. As no one of his colleagues can rival or approach him in grasp of intellect or power of persuasion, so no one so constantly drew down upon himself the terrible explosions of Tory wrath; but when he was laid aside, that wrath expended its fury on some other object. First it was Sir William Harcourt, then it was Mr. Bright, then it tried the Marquis of Hartington. But his lordship has shown a remarkable capacity for meeting these attacks which has discouraged their renewal. Mr. Gladstone has, during the present Session, more than once discovered an unsuspected power of humour which has stood him in good stead, but he is, for the most part, accustomed to bestow too much care on these assailants and to treat them with too elaborate a courtesy or too serious a refutation. Sir William Harcourt is too bitterly sarcastic for a Minister, and Mr. Bright's glowing and passionate eloquence, while it produces powerful impression in the country, only exasperates the furious opponents to whom it is addressed. But the Marquis is coolly contemptuous or neatly epigrammatic. There is nothing to suggest that a single feather has been ruffled, and the impossibility of provoking him is an unspeakable annoyance to his assailant. He must be a clever man or must have a very

good cause indeed who does not come off second best in an encounter with one who is himself so impassive, and whose ready wit avails for the sharp retort which is so useful under such circumstances. There have been no signs that the Tory Opposition would have been at all more considerate of his lordship than of Mr. Gladstone, but we can easily understand that after one or two trials even Lord Randolph Churchill or Mr. Gorst will be more unwilling to provoke the caustic and quiet humour of the one than to brave the eloquent replies of the other. Mr. Gladstone overwhelms them with logic and oratory, the Marquis simply crushes them by covert sarcasm. The one demonstrates their folly, the other takes it for granted and snubs them accordingly. With such adversaries this is the right, and it will in all probability prove the most effective, course. It is impossible that even the pachydermatous individuals who are continually thrusting themselves forward with their questions can long defy the ridicule which the Secretary for India so quietly directs against them. Mr. Gorst fancied he would score a point when he asked if the Government would delay the prorogation until decisive tidings had been received as to the result of Sir Frederick Roberts' expedition. But he must have felt himself checkmated when the Marquis coolly intimated that the Ministry had no such intention, but that, if Mr. Gorst and his friends desired it, they no doubt had it in their power to effect this delay. To turn the laugh upon these obstructionists is to win the battle. It is by sheer impudence that they have attained the foremost position they have taken this Session. and impudence is inaccessible to anything but ridicule. It may be that if the Marquis was more in earnest he could not meet these attacks with so much equanimity and repel them with so much nonchalance. For the present, however, his aristocratic qualities are invaluable, and his whole bearing has inspired a confidence in the future leader of the party which is an important element of strength for Liberalism.

Lord Hartington, indeed, is deserving of all praise for the magnanimity as well as the statesmanlike wisdom which he has shown during the last four months. No effort has been spared to sow the seeds of jealousy in his mind, but he has exh ibited a noble superiority to these malign suggestions. His

loyalty to Mr. Gladstone has been as conspicuous as it has been unselfish. The complaint urged by some who professed to speak as his friends, but whose friendship implied a reflection on his Liberalism which he himself would have resented as an insult, that Mr. Gladstone was entering into his labours and reaping where he had sown, was so specious that it could hardly have been thought surprising if he had been influenced by the feeling on which it was based. But there has not been a trace of such a sentiment in any part of his conduct. He has accepted the position of second in command with perfect readiness, and filled it with equal dignity and strength. Amid the flutterings which have recently disturbed the Whig dovecotes there was naturally some anxiety as to the action of the real leader of the Whigs, representing in the Commons the most powerful of their old families. The firmness which the Marquis displayed and the courage with which he spoke in defence of a measure so obnoxious to his class, showed his mettle and justified the highest hopes as to his future career.

Lord Hartington's course is of much more importance to the true interests of the country than seems to be generally understood. We appear to be on the eve of a schism in the Liberal party in consequence of the more decided and democratic spirit which is at work in its counsels and which in the temper of the constituencies is sure to be strengthened from without. Liberalism is gaining in the counties and is sure to derive a considerable accession of strength there in consequence of the policy of the present Session. But the farmers will be decided and even advanced in opinions on the very questions where Whig aristocrats are most jealous, and, so far from electing members likely to moderate the democratic views of the large boroughs, are quite as likely to choose those who on all subjects connected with the land will be extreme men. "Moderate Liberals," as they call themselves, will gravitate more and more to Conservatism, but their transfer of allegiance will not greatly reduce the strength of the one party or increase that of the other, while it will remove the check they at present exercise upon the onward movements of Liberalism. Now, while welcoming ourselves the prospect of getting rid of a good deal of the conventionalism

and tradition which have often hampered the action of the party, we should deeply regret to see it deprived of those aristocratic allies who have hitherto done it good service. It would not be a good thing for the nation, and it would certainly be a most disastrous one for their own order, were all the peers and great landowners banded together in a great confederacy for the purpose of resisting all progress. A man like the Marquis of Hartington may do much to avert what would be a real calamity. Hitherto our political struggles have not enlisted one class against another. There have been peers on the side of progress, and working-men who have accepted a certain kind of Conservatism. Should all this be changed and the lines of social cleavage become those also of political separation, the result must be evil. A leader with so much tact, such a fund of good sense, and such a capacity of rising above mere class prejudices as Lord Hartington may at least postpone such a misfortune, and possibly exercise such a moderating influence on both sides as to save us from it altogether. He is not only a better Liberal, but also a wiser friend of his class than his younger brother, Lord Edward Cavendish, who seems to have been carried away by the alarms which have been prevalent among those Liberals who talk of the sacred right of freedom of contract and appear really to mean by it the Divine right of the landlord to do what he will with his own. As that will too often is to deprive the tenant of what he has already purchased by preserving the game that prev on his crops, this is a somewhat unfortunate as well as unrighteous theory, and one certainly which will never be accepted in a Parliament which is really representative of the people.

It is clear, however, that the Lords regard even the most extreme assertions of the right with favour. Their rejection of Mr. Forster's little Bill to restrain unwise and oppressive landlords from an exercise of their legal power, which would trample on the spirit of the law while observing its letter, affords a melancholy illustration of the spirit by which the Upper House is animated. Such a vote is without parallel in the present century. Of course Liberal Ministers have often had to encounter adverse majorities in the Lords; but so contemptuous and absolute a rejection of a measure, declared

by the Ministers of the Crown to be necessary for the maintenance of civil order, is unexampled. Every possible effort was made to accentuate the decision of their Lordships. Though the fate of the Bill could not be doubtful, yet a special whip was issued, signed by Whig and Tory peers alike, with the turbulent Duke of Somerset at their hand, who, since his failure as a Liberal Minister, has occupied himself with attacks on the Bible, and endeavours to arrest the progress of Liberal principles. Peers were summoned from all parts of the country and almost of the world, and rushed to town with eager haste to form part of the grand majority which was to crush Mr. Gladstone. Whigs were even more zealous than Tories in the work, and old party differences were obliterated by the overmastering influence of a common panic and, we fear we must add, a common hate. The Bill had two great faults. It was the work of a Gladstone Government, and it proposed an interference with the prerogatives of landlords. It is true that Mr. Forster was its author, and it was suspected that in his noble and eloquent advocacy of it Mr. Gladstone was influenced by his characteristic chivalry rather than by any decided sympathy with the measure. But the Premier had, of course, the largest measure of responsibility, and the defeat of the Bill would, it was hoped, damage the Government and, perhaps, put a stop on some of its wild projects. As for Mr. Forster, he must have learned before this the value of the compliments which were so lavishly bestowed upon his moderation. He has come across the path of the aristocrats, and they treat him with as little respect as they would have shown to the most uncompromising Radical who refused to listen to any modifications of his plans, but put down his foot, and kept it where it was fixed.

We are inclined to think that if Mr. Forster had shown more of this spirit in the management of the Bill, he would have had less difficulty in the Commons; and, though we do not suppose that he would have conquered the opposition of the Lords, he would, at all events, have increased the numbers of the minority. It must be confessed that the history of the Bill is a story of misfortunes, if not of mistakes. It was introduced hastily, and in its original form was so crude as to furnish temptation for amendments, which were

suggested in abundance on both sides. It would be rash to say that it was unnecessary, and especially now that the excitement caused by its rejection is producing such serious consequences in Ireland. It must be remembered also that Mr. O'Connor Power had a more stringent and sweeping measure of his own on which the Government were compelled to take some action, and that it was their inability to deny that he had a case which led them to propose their more moderate scheme. Still, after all such allowances have been made to the utmost extent, the fact remains that the Bill was introduced without sufficient preliminary consideration. No evil would have accrued from its postponement for two or three weeks, and in the meantime progress might have been made with some of the Bills the Ministry were determined to press. The delay would have furnished opportunity for the careful examination of statistics, and a more dispassionate estimate of the evil to be dealt with, and would, at the same time, have allowed of more care in the preparation of the clauses. As it was, the frequent changes produced an impression of uncertainty and of crudeness which was most injurious to the Bill and its promoters also. Mr. Forster was eager to listen to suggestions, and to make any fair concessions, and the result was a widespread feeling that he had not mastered the details of the subject, and hardly knew his own mind. The conduct of Mr. Gladstone and himself was. indeed, calculated to prepossess impartial and intelligent men in their favour. They were manifestly not wedded to any particular theory which they were bent on carrying out at all costs, but were intent on doing justice in a matter in relation to which a decision had been suddenly and unexpectedly forced upon them, and, to secure this, were willing to consider whatever could be urged on either side. But in a state of fierce party excitement such a spirit is not appreciated. What is really due to a desire to be fair is attributed to weakness, of which advantage is continually taken. All this ought to have been foreseen. The Government were sure to receive little consideration from the representatives of those whom they were seeking to benefit; while the Opposition, exasperated as well as surprised by their recent defeat, would certainly lose no chance to annoy, even where they might be

unable to wound. The only hope of perfect success lay in adequate preparation; and, unfortunately, this seems to have been neglected. Hence the many changes through which the Bill passed, the concessions hastily made to be as suddenly withdrawn or materially modified, the oscillations now to the side of Mr. Parnell, and now to that of the landlords-all tending to perplex simple minds, to give obstructives an opportunity and an excuse for the exercise of their particular art, and to irritate both sections of opponents. Honesty of intention is not the sole quality of statesmanship. We should prefer it, with any blunders it may commit, to an elaborate finesse, which is able to adapt itself to the exigencies of the situation, and to yield so skilfully that only practical eyes are able to detect the changes which have been made, and which, nevertheless, are vital. But we prefer the honesty without the blunders; and though in the case under review the novelty of the conditions and the inexperience of the Minister who had to deal with them, so far as the particular field of statesmanship was concerned, would suggest some excuse for mistakes, we cannot but feel that they were largely due to unwise precipitancy and a failure to estimate fully the bearings of the proposal, and the bitterness of the antagonism it was sure to awaken.

All this may explain, but it does not wholly excuse, still less does it justify, the action of the House of Lords. If the Ministry were somewhat hasty, the Peers were rash and violent. If the one failed in the first instance to look at the problem all round and grasp all the facts, the others did not take the trouble to examine at all, and could take in only the one thought, that the vested rights of landlords were in danger. Mr. Forster may have been too ready to take counsel with all kinds of objectors, but the House of Lords resolved to give heed neither to argument nor to appeal, but to listen only to self-interest and fear. The misfortune of the Irish peasant, as it has been well said, was the golden opportunity of the Irish landlord, and landlords in the Upper House, from the Marquis of Lansdowne and Earl Grey down to the most stolid patron of all exclusiveness, were determined that he should not be deprived of it. A more wretched exhibition of unmitigated selfishness has not often been presented. Granted that the Home Rulers are extremely unreasonable;

that, so far from showing any gratitude for the Bill, they had hindered its progress, and poured scorn upon it as a petty instalment of their just demands; that they had voted for it under protest, and laughed at the idea of its serving as an instrument of conciliation, there were still other questions which as patriots and statesmen they ought to have considered. The justice and necessity of the measure were points of far more importance than the spirit in which the Home Rulers were likely to receive it. It was advocated as an exceptional meature; were the circumstances such as to require exceptional legislation? Was there a probability that a number of landlords would take advantage of the difficulty in which the unpropitious season had involved their tenants to filch from them the compensation to which they would otherwise have have been entitled? Did the Bill go further than to prohibit such injustice, and had those who were determined to let events take their own course, considered the possible consequences of its rejection among a people sensitive to every act of oppression, and already prejudiced against their landlords? These were the points which needed thought and discussion. But they were all brushed aside, and through every speech of the hostile Peers ran the one cry of "Proputty! proputty! proputty!"

The Lords may presume too far upon the patience of the English people. It is true that a servile feeling towards the aristocracy is one of the strongest sentiments in our society, but that feeling is really a source of danger rather than of confidence. Toadvism has always in it an element of envy, which readily passes into fierce hatred should opportunity foster its growth and allow of its gratification. The humblest worshippers of the Lords would not be their staunchest defenders in a time of actual peril. At such a time they would have to rely upon the independent support of intelligent men, who feel the importance of the element which they supply in our Constitutional arrangements. This is the class which they have been disgusting by their recent procedure, and the full consequences of such folly are not all at once apparent. Earl Grey, sending his missives from Hawick Hall, seems to forget that the people have both rights and powers, and to listen to him would only be to precipitate a struggle which

all patriots would desire to postpone.

OUT ALL NIGHT AT THE RISE OF THE DUDDON.

It was never in my thoughts to pass a night at the head of the Duddon. I respected that river greatly, as every one will who reads Wordsworth's "Sonnets on the River Duddon." But not even the influence of that great poet, who "whether he discoursed on man or nature, failed not to lift up the heart to holy things," had made me wish to pass a night, unpillowed and unbedded, among the rocky cisterns of the stream. I had walked in the dark from Lancaster the morning before. My train arrived there about three in the morning, and I started on foot for Coniston—the first stage in a walk of three hundred miles. I shall not soon forget passing Lancaster Castle just before dawn. At that hour London itself, with its "mighty heart lying still," wears an air of spiritual mystery. But Lancaster seemed almost a suburb of the spirit world. Its steep, pebbled streets, echoing the footsteps of their only traveller; its quaintly winding thoroughfares and houses of olden shape, its ancient castle, just starting in ghostly outline from the twilight, cast an awesome spell upon the soul. famous stronghold looked like something built by invisible masons in the night to astonish their mundane fellow-craftsmen of the trowel. The Gothic gateway yawned like the portal of a land of shadows. The great keep spoke of things as intangible and vanished as the Roman times from which it dates. Who could have wondered, there in the dead of night, if Edward's soldiers had suddenly peered over the battlements and John o'Gaunt had started from the label ermine of his shield below?

Passing through the city I exchanged "a fine morning" with an unhappy-looking being who was on his way to call a butcher to "slaughtering." I was soon in the country, with the roofs and river of Lancaster lessening behind me. Two miles out, I came upon three tramps asleep—the most weary-looking creatures I ever saw. Not the first time by many, I said to myself as I looked at them, you have put up at this cheap hostelry—weeds and stones, the morning dew and the lofty sky, given you without charge. I admired their strategy in choice of ground. They were huddled together under a tree,

sheltered by a bit of north-west wall. One had filled his handkerchief with grass and placed it on a heap of stones for a pillow. I wondered how long they had walked before they dropped down there; whether they had ever had a smoother couch or warmer curtains round them; what trouble or fault had driven them from homes of comfort. There was no answer. The stones of the wall were not more fast asleep than they; neither my footsteps nor the click of mowing-machines beginning to work in fields hard by reached their senses. Not far from them were several cottages hung with roses—pictures of beauty and peace which one could not help contrasting with the recess of the roadside wall—the temporary home of the wanderers. From Carnforth I took the train to Grange over the gleaming shallows of Morecambe Bay. The railway here actually creates such charming views of sea and land that the great Coniston philosopher himself could scarcely complain of its inroads in this instance.

From Grange to the shores of Windermere, and beyond to Coniston, the beauty of the road might detain us at every turn. It is only a *road*, but if any one doubts its rich loveliness, let him know that

He who feels contempt for any living thing Hath faculties which he has never used.

Every now and then some haunt of beauty too little heeded exposes its wealth to the eye. Here a brook, parched and silent, is veiled under banks of ferns, still kept fresh and beautiful by the exhalations of its death. Here, hedge-nooks of boughs and flowers, and self-woven garlands fit for queens, without even a milkmaid to wear them or a lace-designer from Nottingham to copy their fantastic symmetry. Everywhere beauty would blush unseen did not the creative Spirit Himself preside at the altars which He decked for man. Here is what is called a stone wall. It is a botanical microcosm. The stones are placed loosely and slantwise, leaving many chinks and hatchet-like edges. But these are bathed in a tide of moss as waters bathe a sea-bank: while out of the moss spring ferns and ivy tendrils, lacing and pluming the verdure. It is less like a dead wall than the bannered line of a festal procession. Again and again these animated walls, overarched with trees, make the public highway—tramped by the pedlar and the labour-yard of the stone-breaker—more glorious than the parks they shut off from view. With such gracious bounty does He who owns all provide for those who own nothing, save eyes to see and souls to worship.

Passing many lovely spots and many fine gleams of Windermere and Esthwaite lakes, I came to Hawkshead—the school town of the Wordsworths. Here I stayed the night, and not until the afternoon of next day reached Coniston. O Coniston Water! the first sight of thy glassy breadth, clear for ever, save when for a moment dimmed by clouds that faint over thy beauty—to see thee makes one

Stand still to gaze, and gazing bless the scene!

But the road into Coniston winds through dark plantations, and the vision of beauty is for a time lost under the feathered luxuriance of fir and pine.

My plan was to climb the mountain called the Old Man, overlooking Coniston Lake and a glorious largess of English beauty, and from its summit to pass three miles along the ridge of the Coniston Fell range to where it subsides at a high valley path at the Three Shire Stones, where the three counties meet. The Old Man is the highest peak of the Coniston Fell range, and is moreover the extreme mountain outpost to the south-west of the hill country. I anticipated therefore with joy a three miles' walk along the mountains from that point. But how to pass over that distance, and get down right at last! I was advised to consult a certain Coniston shoemaker, intimate with the mountains. He rose from his seat, led me into the middle of the road, and bade me follow his finger as he pointed out the horse-shoeshaped line of mountains. "Ye want to know which way ye can gang aff 't Ole Man," said he. "I do," I replied. "I want to keep along over the mountains and descend at the right place." He then gave me a very simple direction, which was to keep on the mountains till I came to the road. but on no account to descend on either side into the deep vallev.

I was soon going up the mountain, and after a hot and thirsty climb reached the highest lead working, just below the

summit. Here I was refreshed by a draught of water from a miner's can, and gained the top at half-past five. The view need not be beggared by description. There was little time for a long survey. If I had the best fortune I could not, I knew, reach the hotel at Dungeon Ghyll until an hour after pitch dark. So the cup of delight, ever brimming on the Old Man for those who will buy with labour the right to quaff it, was eagerly drained. I looked down the vale of Coniston and along the hazy edge of Morecambe Bay. The silver length of Windermere lay among the mountains like a great sword dropped by some god from heavenly battle-fields. In the opposite direction Birker Fell, Harter Fell, and Hard Knot looked down upon Duddon-watered Seathwaite. Away northeast the mountains open to let the pass from Grasmere to Ullswater thread their masses. Fairfield is seen, and around it the billowy scene of mountains Arnold loved to gaze on from his home by the Rotha. Further off the wild masses of Scawfell, Langdale Pikes, and Bow Fell seem to buttress cloudland.

And not only distant objects, but those near were beautiful. The gentle windings of Coniston lake shore, the boats going through the water with the noiseless rush of wings, the dotted silent villages, the verdurous drapery of the valleys, held the eye. The ear, too, had its banquet—slight, dying sounds of voice and wave and flock from far away, and, nearer, the crack and strain of winds wrestling on the mountains, followed by awful silence between the gasps of their agony.

But I must not linger. The sun is wheeling down to the Bay, and I have a long and pathless journey to the Wrynose. I struck out over the hills—miles of mountain terrace stretching north-eastward without a break. It was soon half-past six, and I tried to hurry. But much time was lost in the admiration which makes the admirer stand still. Now the joy was silent, and now it would be vented in snatches from the Hebrew Psalms—the offspring of faith and mountains. What could one say in such a temple of the Highest, before its sunlit altars, but "Oh come, let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker; for he is the Lord our God, and we are the people of his pasture and the sheep of his hand"?

The flat stretch of Seathwaite on the left, and the wedgeshaped hollow of Tilberthwaite on the right, were in shadow surprisingly soon. It is very solemn and wonderful to walk on mountains in sunshine and look down upon leagues of dusk in the valleys below. Evening was growing on. The cry of the sheep feeding on the slopes to the left began to have the peculiar pathos which coming nightfall lends it. It was now a quarter to eight, and I felt I had come a long way. As each new rise was gained I looked for some depression in the mountains which would bring me to the head of the vale of Duddon. I forgot how slow my progress over such ground must have been. I looked in vain, but saw that the wide flats of Seathwaite had disappeared behind a great spur, and Coniston Fell range began to bend north-eastward and form a deep narrow valley in its placea sort of neck if Seathwaite were the bottle. In this upper valley a thin path appeared, following the bend of the mountains. Surely, I thought, where the mountains end I shall come to the highest reaches of this path. I hastened on; but so did the night. The tops of the hills began to go into mourning for the day. I seemed as far as ever from the place of my quest, and began to doubt the wisdom of remaining at such a height with the danger of being lost in the darkness before I could reach the road. The sight of that faint streak of path down there on the left - my one gleam of certainty-tempted me to make for it. Half an hour seemed long enough to do it. I began to descend. I went down fast, but soon felt that the distance would be greater than it first appeared. It was the old story—a steep side making the bottom of the valley seem near. The mountain now bulged out in wide grassy shelves terminating in precipices which a tedious détour was needed to avoid. In places one could only descend on one's back, by a primitive sort of self-propulsion. My satchel got in the way. so I hurled the thing before me down the mountain to lessen friction—a plan which answered very well until the strap broke and littered my stationery among the stones. Time was spent in recovery and repairs, and when I reached the last slushy dip into the valley it was pitch dark.

Troubles now set in. The road I came to was as good as

no road at all. I tried it upwards; but it seemed to lead nowhere and lose all character of a road. I feared it was taking me into a wilderness, and turned back to see what the other direction might yield. For some way nothing but a torrent; but at length a rude little bridge spanned the water, and, to my delight, a house appeared on the bank. Groping in the dark for the gate, I found it locked, but got over and made up to the door. All was silent. It was only ten o'clock, but there was not the light of a glowworm or the sound of a mouse about the place. The one sound was that of the torrent, which, in the mountains, just serves to make silence audible. I knocked at the door with my umbrella. No answer. I shouted. No answer. I looked into the windows, but beyond a few ornaments all was vacancy. I knocked again, louder, and this time with effect, for a terrible growl and bark came from the back of the house. Evidently a dog was at home. I was not enamoured of the situation, and got over the gate again to await the development of events. The only thing that developed was the barking. Nobody was aroused in the house. I was not sure whether the dog was chained or at large, and, not caring to pursue the subject farther, made good my retreat to the other side of the river. I now felt sure the house was deserted. I had heard of several houses on that side of the mountains standing tenantless for seasons past, and concluded this was one of them. Perhaps the dog was left chained to guard some little furniture; or it might be a. shepherd-dog left in the back vard to be called for when next the shepherd counted his sheep on Coniston Fell.

The predicament was hopeless. I knew that if I followed the Duddon southward I should have to walk till daybreak before reaching an inhabited house. It was a cloudy night. There would be no moon till four in the morning. It was so dark I could not see my own boots. If I went up the little valley, it would be only to repeat the disheartening result already described. So, not being able to master, I resolved to enjoy, the situation. I had for years cherished a desire to spend a night alone on the mountains. I had heard of people sleeping all night on Snowdon, but that is not sleeping on the mountains. They sleep there in a little hotel built of

tarred planks. They have hot frizzles for supper. They are awoke at four in the morning by a celestial chamberman. The proprietors claim the sole right to exhibit the sunrise during the summer months. This was not quite what I had dreamed of. I wanted to experience for once the utter loneliness of the mountains at midnight and the hours before dawn. On the present occasion I had not sought it, but it being now within my reach, and almost the only thing I could do, I closed with the opportunity.

I proceeded to choose a camping-ground, and smiled to think how soon the lot of the poor tramps I had passed outside Lancaster had become my own. I found a gueer sort of a place on the hillside on the north side of the Duddon. There was a tall thorn-bush in the angle of a piece of old sheep-wall. Several big stones lay round the bush, and one of them rested against it like a sort of a rough substitute for a gaol "plankbed." At the head of the stone I placed my satchel for a pillow, and then, by the aid of the tactile sense alone, put on dry socks. This was very necessary, for the wet mountain moss had filled my boots with water. So far, good. The next item was bed-linen - what about that? Then there was another requisite of a good night's rest, namely, supper. Unfortunately each was wanting. One of my coats was a sort of tissue-paper alpaca, about as thick as the new postage-stamp of the late Administration. I had another coat—a black glazed waterproof, as cold to the touch as a cod-fish. But, apologies for bedding as they were, I wrapped them around me. Diving into my satchel for any lurking morsel of nutriment, I found a piece of dry bread caught between a guide-book and an upset box of "J" pens. I could find nothing more. My supper was a trifle dry after a seven hours' fast and seven hours of mountain exercise. Nor had I so much as a draught of water to help it down. Many a spring had run into my shoes, but it was now too dark to see springs or to go down the bank of the Duddon for refreshments.

I now stretched myself on the stone to go to sleep. But it was not so easy. As soon as I lay motionless, the real desolation of my sleeping-place declared itself. I listened for any sound. There were only two, and they sounds that always seem to deepen rather than break great silences. The wind rushed down the hillside with noisy wings, and the Duddon rolled moaning through the dark pools of Seathwaite. The first effect upon the imagination was one of dread; the next was to crowd it with contrasted images. I thought of Oxford Street and Cheapside, and the eternal din of men and hoofs and wheels and engine screams about King's Cross. It was only a moment. There was no escape from the black void around me. I must sleep there, or not at all. Whether, after all, to use the beautiful words of Clare—

as hushed I sank to sleep 'Mid the wild wind's lulling sound,

I cannot say. But I must have slipped on the nightcap once or twice, for I remember that several times my ideas of where I was underwent a very sudden change. first I did not feel cold - exercise had heated the natural furnace, and it only slowly cooled, but now it seemed to cool all at once. The only thing I could do was to open my umbrella, and spread it out to windward. It made a wonderful tent, and I was settling into a doze when the bark of a dog was heard. I started up, fearing that the animal at the deserted house had slipped his collar and was coming to cultivate my further acquaintance. In that event, I doubted the defensive value of the knob-end of my umbrella, and I knew I could not bribe him with dainty victuals. I waited, but the only thing that happened was that another dog began to bark miles away. The two then kept at it in unison for half an hour, and then left off. I have no doubt that the quick-scented creatures detected the presence of a human being on the mountains, and wanted to investigate. I thank them for restraining a natural curiosity.

The bark brought no bite, but the teeth of the wind were very sharp, and I soon felt as cold as the stone I lay upon. I determined to walk about, and came down the mountain to find the path, which I reached after getting ankle-deep in bogwater. I now started up the Duddon, almost feeling my way. My feelings were scarcely so ardent as Wordsworth's, when he sang of the same spot:

I seek the birthplace of a native stream. All hail, ye mountains! hail, thou morning light! Better to breathe at large on this clear height Than toil in heedless sleep from dream to dream. Pure flow the verse, pure, vigorous, free, and bright, For Duddon, long-loved Duddon, is my theme!

I should have been glad of the "morning light," and I had had too little supper to get into raptures about the Duddon. Beautiful that "child of the clouds" no doubt was, if I could have seen it. Crossing the little bridge again, I found a snug, semicircular nook in the rocks left by an old "blasting." I crept into it, and again unfurled my umbrella. Fortunately the night was not bitterly cold, and the sky was clouded, or I should have been chilled to the bone, and could have sung to the Duddon with its great poet:

Thy handmaid Frost with spangled tissue quaint My cradle decks.

In spite of cold and hunger I must have gone to sleep here. It was an easier couch than the first, and had a touch of home about it. "Desolation is thy patron-saint," says Wordsworth of the Duddon, and with much truth. But in the cleft of the rock where I now stretched myself the haggard face of the river-spirit seemed less near. The dogs, too, had gone to sleep, and I joined them. For how long, I have no idea. Non-smoker as I was, I would have given a good sum for some matches when I woke to enable me to see my watch. But I might just as well have tried to read the small edition of Wordsworth in my satchel. It was probably about one in the morning.

The good sleep I got here cleared my senses the better to appreciate the surroundings. Fear was out of the question. It dies out under the conviction that you are absolutely alone. The most timid woman might, if health permitted, pass a night in those solitudes. The human race seems to be extinct save in your own person. Not even the sight of a poacher or grave-robber comes to cheer you. The question of ground game has no place; for if there are landlords, there are no tenants; and if there were tenants, there are no rabbits. Wordsworth asks, and I repeat the inquiry with much interest:

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What aspect bore the man who roved or fled, First of his tribe, to this dark dell?

I have some impression that at the end of my second sleep I must have borne no faint resemblance to that aboriginal fugitive.

I now walked further up the stream, the darkness becoming denser than ever from the closing in of the hills at that spot. The nearest objects were invisible and inscrutable. But as I regained warmth I felt more at ease than ever. The voice of the river became more friendly, and I was not sorry to have exchanged Oxford Street for once for a night out at the Wrynose. For if ever our heated lives are to slip into a bath of quiet; if ever we are to learn the fatuity of the bigot's clamours and the vain man's shows; if ever our petted, arrogant senses are to know how unconditional a surrender they must make at death, we must betake ourselves for a few hours of darkness and awe to the neglected oracles of the mountains, and there put our questions, while the curtains of the summer dawn are parting behind the hill-tops.

But while I was glad to be there, I was also glad I had brought no one else with me. I wished no "benignant minister of air" to bear any one of those "for whom my heart shall ever beat" to such a place at such an hour. The poet, when he was alone by the Duddon, felt "a lurking consciousness of wrong" for not having brought his beloved one with him. But he was in the soft valley further down, where there are flowers to languish, and "vocal charms" and "sparklings" to please.

I suppose that walking about in blind darkness brings on sleepiness, for I soon found myself nodding, horse-fashion, while standing engaged in an effort to see something where nothing was; in fact, to paint shape upon invisibility. Many thoughts passed through the mind. When would day break? Was breakfast a tenable hypothesis? Who last slept in this unroofed hotel? What story might these rocks tell of times when

The turf drank purple from the veins Of heroes, fallen, or struggling to advance?

But many thoughts wear out attention, and I soon sought a third couch of stones, and running up my one-poled tent, fell fast asleep. Fast asleep I must have fallen, for when I opened my eyes I saw the rocks just showing in the twilight. I believe I gave a shout, and then taking out my watch found it was 3 a.m.

It was a minute or two before I had thoroughly roused myself and shaken the chill out of my bones, and then I set out along the path abandoned the night before. I kept on, and, to my delight, in twenty minutes came to the long-sought "Three Shire Stones." The Coniston shoemaker was quite right—the Stone stood just where the mountains lower their shoulder to the valley. It bears the date 1816, and looks like a monument to the old shepherds who used to fold their sheep on the slopes hard by. With poetic fitness, a beautiful spring flows on the boundary mark of the three shires, as if consecrating them to the use of the devout traveller. Here I sat for very delight, while the vale of Duddon became brighter every moment, and behind me the iron-grev east broke into golden bars. It was a moment ever to be remembered, in which, after a night of hunger, cold, and darkness, I greeted a re-appearing world. Home and peace seemed written over everything, and though the steep, stony road into Little Langdale showed neither cottage nor farm, yet the mountains seemed to behold many a sweet dwelling-place from their peaks and send down the news in voices of their own.

> How beautiful this dome of sky; And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed At Thy command, how awful! Shall the soul, Human and rational, report of Thee Even less than these? Be mute who will, who can, Yet I will praise Thee with impassioned voice: My lips, that may forget Thee in the crowd, Cannot forget Thee here; where Thou hast built For Thy own glory, in the wilderness! Thou who didst wrap the cloud Of infancy around us, that Thyself, Therein, with our simplicity awhile Mightst hold, on earth, communion undisturbed Who, from the anarchy of dreaming sleep, Or from its death-like void, with punctual care, And touch as gentle as the morning light,

Restor'st us, daily, to the powers of sense And reason's steadfast rule—Thou, Thou alone Art everlasting, and the blessed spirits, Which Thou includest, as the sea her waves.

I now struck down the road towards Langdale. A sad road it is, bruising and tripping your feet at every step with its littered stones! But the pains of the way were welcome because I knew it dipped into valleys whose beauty I had long wished to see. The first house I came to was so situated that the road lay through the farmyard. Here I observed two stolid hinds milking in the cow-house, and two more grotesque samples of human odds and ends-myself at that moment not excepted-I never saw. Each bent over his pail as if pail and man were growing together into a wooden compromise. I thought I should surely get some milk here, and was dving for something. I went up to the doorway and shouted, "Can I have some milk, please?" But neither of the two living beings under the cows lifted their head or made a sound. I saw the new milk rising like sea foam in the pails, and could sympathize with Esau's desire for pottage. I hungered exceedingly, and I shouted again. The effect was immediate but slight. The men evidently heard some sound, for they slowly wiped their fingers on the knees of their leather leggings, and after a time looked up with a stare and a wide mouth. But a stare and the mouth aforesaid was all I got from them. I at first thought they were deaf mutes -made so probably by lack of human society and by hearing every morning, for numberless years, the same sound of the cows' milk hissing in the same dairy pails. But after looking at me in silence and incredulity, as if I had been a phantom and no man, they suddenly seemed to hear me. "Can you sell me some milk?" "Ask 'em next door," was the reply of one of the monumental pair, and then they resumed their work with a drowsy doggedness quite aggravating. Interpreting "'em next door" to mean the farmer and his family, I knocked at the front door, but nobody was up. It was useless. Shenstone's words are sometimes true-

> Whoe'er has trod life's weary round, Whate'er its stages may have been, Will sigh to think that he has found His warmest welcome at an inn.

I must trudge on to the hotel.

Sunrise bathed the rocky amphitheatre around me as I came out on the public road from Ambleside and turned to the left. A beautiful river, "thridding with sinuous lapse the rushes," flowed at my feet. With slow, weary steps of admiration I went on, the body gladly fasting while the soul was feasting.

It is a vista of Paradise you get at the head of Great Langdale, as you descend into it by the road I took from Blea Tarn. Great Britain shows nothing lovelier. I reached the hotel at seven in the morning, and was received-though the good people there are used to taking in woe-begone and haggard strays at all hours—with great kindness. I need not tell with what solemn determination I sat down to breakfast. Before I had done, several Oxford men entered the room, evidently in bad health, for they began to cast dyspeptic reflections on Mr. Gladstone and his post-cards. At other times I should have been angry and have said something savouring more of the cruet-stand than of Lake gentleness. But I was then too benevolent to bear malice. I knew further that acridity is native to the academic temperament, and that they did not understand how near post-cards are to State papers. They learned shortly afterwards, in the morning papers, of one happy day-happy for England and the world.

A long sleep into the afternoon, preceded by a warm bath, made me feel quite strong, and transferred my last night's misadventure from the rank of tribulations to the class of amusing memories. Next day, having learned to love the hills in darkness, I loved them still more in the light which broke over me on the path over Rosset Ghyll to the craggy glories of Scafell.

I will not say a last farewell to the Duddon and to the solitudes where its cradle hangs; for I long to stand again by its waters and there remember with a smile that bygone night when it soothed the traveller with its lullaby. But whether I ever see it again or not—with the eyes that grow old with seeing—I shall, while life lasts, hold its stones and waters among the pictured treasures of the mind.

For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes, I see what was, and is, and will abide; Still glides the stream, and shall for ever glide; The form remains, the function never dies. Enough, if something from our hands have power To live, and act, and serve the future hour; And if, as toward the silent tomb we go, Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower, We feel that we are greater than we know.

J. HIRST HOLLOWELL.

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

There are various questions connected with the Prayer-meeting which are seriously exercising the minds of many of our most earnest and devout pastors. It would be all but universally admitted that a Church ought to have its gatherings for united prayer, but whether these should be held at stated times or only as occasions arise is a point on which the agreement would not be so complete, and the same difference of opinion would be sure to arise as to the best mode of conducting them. There are still, no doubt, a number of people to whom the weekly prayer-meeting is as much a necessity and a duty as the public worship of the Sunday. They would not claim for it Divine authority, but they hold that it has the sanction both of reason and venerable precedent, and they consider that a Church which should dispense with it would certainly give evidence of serious spiritual declension, if not of incipient apostasy. Such views are not unfrequently expressed by some who are never found at a prayer-meeting themselves, unless it be of a special and exceptional character. The opinion is, perhaps, hardly so prevalent as it was, and it is subjected now to a more severe and searching examination than it would once have received. It is no longer conceded that the Christian who is unable to maintain a regular attendance at the prayer-meeting, or who distinctly says that he does not find edification in it, is necessarily a less earnest man, or that the attendance at this meeting is an infallible barometer of the spiritual condition of the Church. hasty logic which having laid down the undoubted premisses that prayer is a mighty power, and that the Lord has given a promise of special blessing to the united supplications of His people, rushes to the conclusion that every Church ought

to assemble for prayer once in the week, and that it is the duty of every one of its members to be present, except when unavoidable circumstances prevent, is sure to be challenged, and when challenged, it does not find it easy to defend its position. If the institution is to be maintained it must be sustained by an appeal to considerations of expediency, not of authority. The question is not one of principle but of detail, and is to be settled on practical grounds.

If, indeed, it were asserted that a service of public prayer was no part of a Church's duty, a very grave point of principle would have to be discussed. But no idea of this kind has been suggested in Congregational Churches. We have our united prayers in the services of the Sunday, and the only question that arises is whether to these ought to be added the more informal exercises of a meeting, at which various individuals may lead the devotions of their brethren. It would seem, at first sight, as though the answer must depend chiefly on the possibility of collecting a sufficient number of the members together, and of finding men gifted with the special qualities necessary to make such a service a source of profit. That there is any virtue in keeping up a meeting in which there is no vitality or spirit, or that a formal attendance where there is no deep interest and no true enjoyment is to be regarded as a sign of spirituality, is what few would be prepared to assert. It is not easy, indeed, to have much sympathy with those who assume that they are independent of the ordinary helps to the religious life, and that their attendance at public worship is for the sake of others, not for their own edification. They are not the most robust, or devoted, or even the most thoughtful and intelligent Christians, who adopt such a tone. Men of true spiritual susceptibilities are those who are most keenly sensitive to their need of the stimulus and quickening which contact with other Christians can impart, and are most willing to acknowledge the help that they receive from others of inferior intellectual endowments, but of eminent spiritual gifts. Intellectual superciliousness, or mere æsthetical fastidiousness, is assuredly no sign of advanced spiritual attainment, and it is not out of any consideration for either of these feelings that I deprecate the idea of attempting to make attendance on a praver-meeting obligatory, even though there

be nothing in its exercises to awaken devotion, to kindle feeling, or to inspire a more intense purpose of self-consecration.

It is not by any means necessary - perhaps, not even desirable—that a prayer-meeting should satisfy the demands of an exigant taste. What is wanted in it is not so much elegance as force; not perfection in form, but intensity in power; not beauty of expression, but depth of feeling; not correctness, but life. Where these high qualities exist, there is sure to be attractiveness for spiritual men. But where there is little or no fervour, and where the deficiency is due, not to the absence of religious earnestness, but to the lack of men capable of leading the devotions, even of a small assembly so as to kindle the sacred fire, and where, consequently, there is coldness and formalism of mere routine, ought the meeting still to be maintained, in deference to an established precedent, and without regard to apparent results? I have purposely put the question in a bald and somewhat extreme form, and even so the answer must be that it would be nothing short of a calamity for a Church if it felt itself compelled, on any such grounds, to abandon its prayer-meeting. Still it is certain that a meeting of this kind would become as small in numbers as it is feeble in tone. A thorough reform is essential not only to efficiency, but even to continued existence. If a prayer-meeting ceases to be enjoyed because it ceases to be a real power, it can be of but slight importance whether or not it continues to drag on a slow and lingering existence. There is a proper reluctance to give up what has become an institution, and this will for a time secure its continuance. But we live in an age when institutions which have ceased to fulfil their purpose have in themselves the sentence of death, and it is only a question of time when it shall be executed.

The general conclusion from these observations is that there ought to be prayer-meetings, but that in order to that success which is an essential condition of their existence, there is need of reform, and, as antecedent to reform, a revision of many current notions relative to them. First, the idea of many that every devout Christian is competent to conduct them is one that must be abandoned. It has spoiled many a meeting, and disturbed many a true and earnest heart.

Capacity for such service depends not merely on the state of a man's spiritual feelings, but also on his nervous condition. on his power of self-control, on his freedom of thought and facility of expression. There are men who are hesitating in all their utterances even in common conversation, and to expect that such men should be able, under the circumstances most calculated to flutter their nerves, and produce faltering and uncertainty, to speak in such a way as shall tend to edify others, is to outrage common sense and give the reins to mere fanaticism. We have no right to anticipate miracles, much less to act upon a presumption so unreasonable and so unsustained by experience. I have, however, known some who have taken this view and enforced it, often to the serious distress of individuals whom they disquieted by the suggestion that their inability to meet a demand, which was in truth utterly irrational, must be due to some lack of faith or absence of spiritual earnestness. It is quite true that there are some who could contribute to the good of the Church in this way, who are restrained by an excessive fastidiousness, and that this is the case especially with more educated men. Their culture has, in truth, made them more sensitive. When this is so, it is well that the tendency should be combated, as much for the sake of the individuals themselves as for that of the Church. Fluency is not the quality most to be desired either in speeches or prayers. Of it we have enough and to spare, and it would be a pity if we were deprived of the services of those who have other and far nobler gifts-devout sentiment, broad sympathy, freshness of thought, and depth of spiritual insight—simply because their educated taste may at times make them hesitating in speech. Any one who visits some of the watering-places at which an Evangelization Society has its agents who, during the summer months, declaim for two or three hours a day, as though their resources could never be exhausted, may reasonably fear lest we should be overwhelmed with a flood of talk, and feel a special respect for those who still believe in the virtue of silence. But the feeling may be carried too far. We need speakers, and it certainly is to be desired that they should be of those who are most competent to speak. Christianity itself suffers from the notion that every sincere and good man is fitted to take a leading part in public service. The injury would be doubled if those who have the endowments necessary to this kind of work were deterred from using them by disgust at the exuberance of others.

The point, however, which I am especially desirous to urge here is, that there are devout men who are incapable of leading the devotions of others, and that to press them into a service from which they shrink is to lay a needless burden on them and to distress those whom they seek to benefit. Few things are more painful than to hear one of this order endeavouring to occupy a few minutes in a service which ought to be a joy to himself and an inspiration to others, but through which he stumbles with nervous hesitation which shows how thoroughly uncomfortable he is, and which is effectual in making his hearers uncomfortable also. Possibly if frequent experiments have made him less timid, there is not so much stammering, but there is a precision or a formalism which is only a degree less painful. He has a few stereotyped phrases or familiar passages of Scripture which come up in their appointed place on every occasion, but they are introduced without any special fitness, and fall flat and unimpressive on the ear of those so accustomed to them, that they can anticipate their arrival. It is hard to tell which is most painful, the embarrassment of the neophyte, or the hard and cold stiffness of the older man, to whom practice has given a certain amount of composure without giving any real freedom or force. But in neither is there a trace of fervour or earnestness, and that, not because the qualities themselves are wanting, but because there is no facility of expression. The blame rests upon those who have forced the unhappy individuals into a false position, one which they did not seek, and which they have very reluctantly accepted in obedience to the mistaken views of duty which have been so urgently pressed upon them. They are the victims of a fallacy which ought to be exploded, not on their account alone, but for the good of the prayer-meetings which this kind of service has done so much to bring into disrepute.

It is impossible that meetings conducted on such a principle should be popular. Where the first dictates of common sense

are disregarded there can be no rational prospect of success: and if there has grown up a wide-spread indifference to the prayer-meeting, the Churches are in many cases only reading as they have sown. Even where constraint has not been laid upon those who were reluctant to lead, it has been supposed that every one who desires the office should be allowed to assume it, and he in his turn has been encouraged to believe that he may undertake the discharge of its duties without previous thought or preparation. Hence prayers with little point or definiteness, and dealing with vague generalities, filled with high-sounding quotations from Old Testament Scripture with little or no relevance, lengthened out by vain repetitions, and marked by a formality which looks very like heartlessness. The necessary consequence follows. The attendance indicates the want of interest which such neglect of the first conditions of efficiency is sure to induce, and the tendency is to continuous decline. If nothing succeeds like success, assuredly nothing so certainly fails as failure. An illustration of a feeling which, it is to be feared, is only too widely extended, is furnished in the following letter which I have received from an excellent member of a country Church where Puritan traditions still prevail, and where the existence of the spirit indicated was least to be anticipated:

Before the list of articles in The Congregationalist on our Church officials is closed, may we hope for one of your sensible practical papers on our prayer-leaders? Much has been urged in our magazines or congregational singing; what shall be said of congregational prayers? Half of them do not express the needs of the people, or their confessions, or their thanksgivings, and are taken up with "beseeching and intreating" while the so-called leader is looking inside for an idea which he might have thought over on his way to the meeting. Why should not the prayers be prepared as much as Sunday-school lessons? Who can wonder at the "young and rising race" who get so much prayed at preferring cricket or tennis, or a walk in the fields to the "throne and footstool" supplications? I shall look for an article on this subject with great interest, and will lend it to all the "leading men" of the neighbourhood.

Now whether we absolutely endorse all that is here said or not, it must be admitted that it contains enough of truth to entitle it to serious reflection. Who will undertake to deny that for the pictures here drawn plenty of originals may be found? How often have we all listened to prayers in which the constant interjection of addresses to the Deity serves to eke out the length, or, as the writer suggests, to allow the speaker time to search for what he is to say next. I am very far from saying that the remedy for this is the preparation of the prayer. Preparation there certainly should be, but it should be the preparation of the heart, or the collecting of the thoughts, and their concentration on some particular point rather than anything approaching to a formal preparation of the prayer itself. If, indeed, a man wishes to lead others in prayer in such manner as to promote the general profit, let him above all things eschew the formal or written prayer carefully committed to memory. The first essential in a prayer-meeting is spontaneity. In order to that there must be a spiritual preparation in the tone of thinking and feeling, and where there is that, a man with self-command and power of expression will be pretty sure to pray with that freedom and life which never fails to awaken like sentiments in others.

It is, as many would tell us, the difficulty of getting this kind of preparation which is their trouble, and which often leads them to abstain from the prayer-meeting lest they should be asked to pray when they are in a state of mind which disqualifies them for the engagement. They have been immersed in business throughout the day; perhaps there have been many circumstances conspiring to annoy and irritate them; they have been fretted with the cares of the world or hurried along by its excitements. They need spiritual refreshment, and feel utterly incapable of administering it. It would certainly seem to be a wiser and happier expedient for those who are in such circumstances to make it known to the pastor, or whoever may be presiding at the meeting, rather than to create another vacancy in an assembly pretty sure to be small enough. But the anxiety to avoid the engagement is natural, and ought to be respected. It is necessary, also, to recognize the influence which it exerts in reducing the numbers in attendance, and if possible to provide against it by some well-considered plan. Mere mechanism is greatly to be dreaded in connection with meetings for devotional purposes, and yet it does seem desirable that those who are to take a principal part ought to have some previous knowledge of the fact, and should seek that best of all possible preparations, communion with their own hearts and their God.

It must be felt, however, that any one who undertakes the solemn responsibility of public prayer ought to have some previous thought as to the petitions which he is about to offer. It is quite true that all intellectual display is altogether out of place, and would be abhorrent to a devout mind; but it is necessary that there should be a clear and intelligent conception of the requests which are to be made known to God, and that these should be expressed in plain and simple language. Original thought is not necessary, and fine words. even though they be scriptural quotations, are an offence. The essential condition of success as a leader in a prayermeeting is a devout spirit. My own thoughts go back to a man who, I think, had more of the power to lift up a whole meeting by the fervour of his supplications than any one with whom I ever met. Perhaps the impression made upon my young mind is exaggerated to memory, and possibly it might not be ratified by the judgment of to-day. But I do know how he used then to touch the hearts of men, and of those who were his superiors in culture and station. I recollect, for example, how high the estimate which Dr. Raffles, to whom he was personally known, expressed of the man and of his prayers. He was a worker in a coalpit, but in him a kind of spiritual genius supplied the lack of education. Religion bad refined his spirit, quickened his thought, and unloosed his lips. I do not remember to have heard him attempt a speech, nor do I suppose he had any special faculty either for platform or pulpit. But his prayers linger in my mind, though I was only a lad when I listened to him. They had all the eloquence of simple faith, spiritual desire, glowing fervour. He seemed to rise to heaven himself and to lift others there also. The secret was that he lived a devout life-walked with God-and his prayers were the outcome of the habit of his soul.

It is men of his stamp we want for our prayer-meetings, and if we had them, I believe those meetings would be more really a joy and a power. Let me say, however, that we shall never get them until we break loose from conventional restraints, which at present seriously hamper many good men, who think more of correctness than of earnestness, or who are so desirous to conform to the orthodox idea of what a

prayer ought to be, that they lose spontaneity and fervour. Sometimes we listen to prayers which are nothing better than devout meditations on God and His character or the Saviour and His work-very spiritual and true, but sadly lacking in the first elements of prayer. At other times we have prayers that traverse the whole field of human sin and suffering. sorrow and need; asking for everything in general and nothing in particular. Or we have a number of Scripture phrases strung together, often without any actual idea of their real meaning. The "oil that goeth from vessel to vessel," the "unthinking horse that rusheth into the battle," the "coming up with thy servant," the "mouth, matter, and wisdom" asked on his behalf are among the stereotyped expressions passed down from generation to generation, and used with a strange want of discrimination and sometimes even of common sense. I heard of one of the most distinguished ministers of our day saying to his congregation on one occasion, "Nothing surprises me more than the expressions which some of you introduce into your prayers. There is one of you, for example, who asked that we, our children, and our friends might all reach heaven at last, and not a hoof be left behind, as though we, our families, and our friends were all a lot of asses together." Such unfortunate mistakes, of course, excite the ridicule of those who are disposed to laugh; and, indeed, where there is the faintest sense of humour, they disturb the devotion. But the worst feature in them is that they give an idea of unreality which is destructive of all good. The impression left is that a form has been observed, not that the soul has breathed out its longings after God. Such prayers are more fitted to kill devotion than to quicken it.

We must get to a more simple, natural, and real style of praying if we are to derive real pleasure from our devotional meetings. One of the first steps towards this is to get rid of the idea that prayer must be of a certain length. Many a man can pray, not only with interest, but with real power for five minutes who would become wearisome, prosy, and dull if he attempted to go on for ten. The fact is, and it would be well that it should be learned by all who have to pray in prayer-meetings, and still more in Sunday-schools, that long prayers

defeat their own end. Even if a man feels his own soul so stirred that he desires to give vent to his intense emotion. he will act more wisely if he practise self-restraint. He is not in his closet, but in the public assembly, and it is important that he should remember that he has to carry his brethren along with him. No doubt there are times when the feeling is so deep and general that the sense of time is lost, and no one objects to the length of a prayer by which all have been moved. But it must frankly be said that these are the ex-In general, where the emotion is strongest it expresses itself in short, ardent petitions rather than in long prayers. The worst feature of these long prayers is that they are, for the most part, thin, cold, and formal. Would that all who have to pray in public would remember that there is no need for long prefaces, still less for professions of orthodox belief, or for extending his prayer to a particular length. Let a man utter what is in him, do it as plainly and fervently as he can, and stop when he is done. Of course, it might be necessary to shorten the meeting, or to introduce a greater number to take part, or perhaps to do both. I wish I could say that it would be well also to throw the meeting open, and leave those to pray who were moved by the Spirit to do it. It seems to me the true method, but certainly there are difficulties attending it. I once made the experiment, but was compelled to discontinue it because of the persistency of an individual who would pray at every meeting and whose prayers brought the whole service into ridicule and contempt. Still, it is possible that safeguards might be provided against the occurrence of such an evil, and this being done, the freedom of such a plan is most in harmony with the true idea of a prayer-meeting.

I am not disposed to ascribe the feeble and languishing condition in which the devotional services are so often found solely, or even chiefly, to a decay of the devotional spirit. I believe quite as much is due, as I have said, to the change of circumstances and to the unwise perpetuation of old traditions and precedents. A revolution in method would, I feel assured, in not a few cases go far to effect the change so earnestly to be desired and give the meeting a new life. Let us not be afraid to shorten the meetings, and certainly let us take care that the prayers are numerous, brief, and pointed.

Let us be more anxious about the spirit of a meeting than about the numbers. Numbers do not always mean spirit; but where the right spirit is, sooner or later the numbers will be gathered. Above everything, let us beware of formalism and routine. Let prayer-meetings be of different types, sometimes with, but sometimes also without, an address, sometimes partaking more of the character of praise, at others devoted to supplication for particular objects, always with a distinct end in view. Even here, in the most spiritual services, there is room for the exercise of a "sound mind"—that is, of common sense—and I believe God will bless the faithful and diligent use of this most valuable faculty for His own glory.

J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

LIFE IS WORTH LIVING.

II.

WE will suppose, then, a person about to study physiology (and this subject is chosen advisedly, since on its study as a means to health depends the whole argument of this paper). The student first would probably ask, whether in the far past the ancients had any clear ideas about the part the body plays in life. Did they believe it to be no more than a covering to the soul; a substance to serve its purpose here, and then decay and be no more seen; the immortal dwelling in the mortal?

Well, he would find that they were not the merely pastoral or semi-comatose races we are apt sometimes to fancy. "Moses was learned in all the learning of the Egyptians;" and recent archæological investigations among the ruins of buried cities show that there is scarcely a refinement or sanatorial appliance that had not been in use in pre-historic times; while the Jews, that "heaven-taught race," were possessed of a code of laws so perfect in their physical, moral, and social aspect, that from their constant observance, even up to these times, and in spite of their defiance of minor ones as to cleanliness or diet, their race attains a greater longevity than any other. These ancient peoples were evidently, then, aware of the great fact that, while ethical laws ensure the health of the body, so do true physiological laws

ensure the well-being of the soul, and that one part of man's nature was not meant to be exalted at the expense of the other.

What light does the Greek throw on the subject? As a race they bestowed great, almost exclusive, care on the body. Their gymnasiums, games, and athletic sports showed an intimate acquaintance with anatomical science, and a belief in their use to develop muscular strength and beauty of outline; while the baths of that time, a necessity to health as well as a luxury, were of so magnificent a size that the innumerable volumes of the Alexandrian library, when blazing in flames in its great fire of A.D. 642, formed scarcely sufficient fuel for the 4,000 baths of the city. Neither did this excessive attention to the body lead these early races to ignore the soul, though they evidently considered it as a separate entity. Their philosophers, however, recognized an intimate connection between the two, and may almost be called the founders of the "muscular" school of religion. Character formed through the action of circumstance, soul moulded by matter, was an idea bound up in their teaching. And one is apt to wonder whether anything new in ethics has been thought out since. Zeno, with marvellous wisdom, taught "that man was not made for speculation, but to be and to do:" Epicurus, that "actions to be virtuous or vicious depended on man's knowing and willing; " Plato, that "any soul placing itself in the train of the beautiful, the wise, and the good remains for ever uninjured, but if weighed down by vice, falls to earth, and enters some body;" and with prophetic vision, anticipating the follies of modern suburban residents, and * with a dash of humour, says that "the very existence of physicians proves the vice of that people that relies on them." *

And so the world went on, dimly feeling its way towards truth, when Christ, the incarnation of a Divine soul in a human form, came to dwell with men. Now do we find Him teaching that the true life of the soul consisted in the death of the body and the elimination of its natural instincts? If He taught anything, He most assuredly never taught that. Were not His miracles cures of disease and pain, restoration to life, creation of food for the hungry, and wine for the wedding

^{*} G. H. Lewes's " History of Philosophy."

feast? Did He not weep when His friend Lazarus died? and why, if death is the inauguration of a blessed and eternal life? And though in the Gospels more stress appears to be laid upon His spiritual than His physical teaching, that may arise from the crisis of time in which Christ appeared; when philosophy, art, and culture had done their utmost for human nature and the world remained utterly corrupt; while some of its greatest men were tainted with crimes that would blackball any member of modern society. Besides, our own vision is possibly warped by conventional religious prejudice. We read between the lines, and forget that thirty years of His life were spent in hard physical toil, that the Son of man came eating and drinking, and that the whole teaching of His life went to prove that the true life of soul and body must be through the development of both.

But, unfortunately, man will not progress in a straight line. He pursues a zig-zag course towards truth; and progress by antagonism is the road he walks. Hence, instead of Christianity, we find the morbid distortions of it, in asceticism, celibacy, Puritanism, &c.; or, in other words, escape at any cost from a "vile body."

Fifteen hundred years after Christ the world received another great impulse in the teaching of Lord Bacon. Christian kings and priests had been ruling the world, and science with them was a heresy; and heretics being obstinately intrusive with their discoveries, the ancient and conclusive practice of making them quiet by putting them to death was adopted, and science seemed likely to be driven from the earth. But Lord Bacon came with discoveries of ploughs, ships, shoes—anything to lessen pain and prevent misery; "for it is of consequence," he said, "what we eat, and how we live, because our souls live in our bodies, and can be enervated, dulled, killed by them."

This point, then, has been reached: that man is a compound of body and soul. But so are animals; and wherein is our life better worth the living than theirs? The chasm that used to separate us from the brute has been bridged over by modern discovery. The old distinctive human rights of "speech," "laughter," "reason" are claimed now by them; while the last to which man clings, reverence for rank, has

been torn from his grasp by the innocent bee, who never leaves the presence of his queen with back turned, but with the reverential attitude of man when leaving his monarch's throne. Chemical analysis also tells us that all protoplasmic cells are alike, and that the beginnings of all created forms are in no way distinguishable.

But yet we are not brutes. We know we are men. "We wish to pierce the seen, and look beyond to God; we know we have a self apart from nature; we can overcome natural force by skill, while our social feelings imply the sacredness of humanity. In short, we do not pretend to have a soul; we say, 'I am a soul." And though Huxley may say, "What consciousness is we know not, nor how it can come from irritating nervous tissue," yet there it is!

Soul and body are not, then, compound; they are one and the same. They permeate at every point, though, like chemical combinations, they may assume different appearances. Indeed, who can tell us where body ends and soul begins? "Every thought and feeling," says Tyndall, "has its mechanical correlative, and is accompanied by a certain breaking-up and remarshalling of the atoms of the brain. Everything, from a star to a thought, could be gauged by a scientific instrument; while the intensity of our faith, sorrow, doubt, or love could be represented by some sort of diagram." "Awful!" says the pious mind; "you have driven away conscience, responsibility, God, a future state; and life is not worth living now."

But this seems to the writer the only satisfactory solution of our question. Matter is no longer the slave of spirit. It has changed its place. It assumes the reins of government, and says, "I am king." Soul no longer rules me. I evolve soul. In each tiny protoplasmic cell lies the God-like power of evolving a character for good or evil. For what are we, but masses of cells? and though Huxley says "man can only ascertain the order of 'nature, and that his volition counts for something in the course of events," that is surely a large enough allowance of power. For man is not God!

And see what man can do! By certain courses he can deteriorate, madden, kill himself; while, on the other hand, he can so master circumstance as to destroy all its force. Out

^{*} J. A. Picton's "New Theories and Old Faith."

of pain, deformity, stupidity, come the real character of a man. What is character, but the way in which the molecules of which we are made have used life? It is this work, given to all of us to do, that makes life so eternal and glorious. Everything acting upon character. Hereditary proclivities even, born, as we say, in our very blood. Temperament, climate, government, poverty, high birth, disease, beauty, all the thousand differences in circumstance, are all so many means of evolving character. Each tiny mass of nucleated protoplasm contains within it a power that makes the gaze grow dim with awe; for here surely is God Himself made manifest in matter! Here is the true explanation of the mystery of life! We are no longer automatons, nor living medianisms, nor souls shut up in matter, nor agents of an enlightened selfishness; but we are portions of universal substance which we call "myself," with an intellect to study circumstance, and a volition to choose out of it some distinct couse of action. The moment any one cell, or any number of cells, of protoplasm awakes to this conception of life, from that moment have duty, responsibility, and conscience assumed their true force. And in every human being this conception does awake, and according to the use that each one makes of these two characteristics of human protoplasm, reason and will, so will he be judged. But to use reason and will aright, his vision must be enlarged by knowledge and experience. The manifestations of force are all he knows now, but the secret of it may one day be revealed to him. The worth of life he already grasps; and while he knows that the attrition of circumstance working upon temperament may develop high and noble character, it is in his power to let them develop the

But it may be objected here, all this may apply during life, but what becomes at death of the individual soul or "character," as you call it? Has that diffused itself in the universal soul? If so, this is only Pantheism. My answer is, Trace life as you may to its beginnings; analyse its constituents; see its evolvement out of apparently lifeless matter; but all the while life escapes you altogether, while death has no meaning with this class of phenomena. The life or character (for the words are synonymous) of any one man can never be re-col-

lected in the same personality again; for it has become by the influences of birth, parentage, inherited tendencies &c., and will, a responsible being, with a knowledge of right and wrong, and an eternal destiny. With this view of life every act becomes ennobled, and every thought charged with power. We can mould and fashion this subtle, pliant protoplasm just as we will, and either fall like Lucifer from heaven, or realize our high ideal as beings made in the image of God. "Sin" will not then be a mere theological phrase, or a mistaken movement of muscle or nerve, but a deliberate choice of soul and body; never to die out, but to stamp itself for good or evil, not only on our own living molecules, but on those of our descendants, and on to all eternity. With this meaning of "life" infused into Mr. Malloch's closing words, they attain a new significance, and we cannot do better than quote them in conclusion:

Are we moral and spiritual beings, or are we not? The battle must be fought here. If it be given to us to say Yes, then there will be little more to fear. From this belief in ourselves, we shall pass on to belief in God, as its only rational basis and emotional completion. But the trial is a hard one, and while we doubt and hesitate, the universal silence of the physical world disheartens us. Who are we, in the midst of this unheeding universe, that we can claim for ourselves so complete a heritage, that we can dream of breaking through the laws that seem all-pervading, into a something else beyond. And yet it may be that faith will conquer sight. It may be that man will again learn to say, "I believe;" although I can never comprehend. Once let him say this, his path will grow clear. He will see all that is high and holy taking a helping form for him. His love of virtue will be no longer a mere taste of his own, it will be the discernment and taking to himself of the eternal strength. Such is the conception of himself, and of his place in existence, that always implicit in man, has at last developed. He has at last conceived his race as the bride of God. Life, truth, force, like an electric current pass into the frame. It lives; it breathes; the Divine and the Eternal is indeed dwelling among us. And thus, though mature knowledge may seem, as it widens, to deepen the night around us; though the universe grow wider on all sides of us, in vaster depths, in more unfathomable, soulless gulfs; though the roar of the loom of time grow more audible and deafening in our ears; yet through the night and through the darkness the Divine light of our lives will not only burn the clearer, and this speck of a world, as it moves through the blank immensity, will bear the light of all the world upon its bosom.

E. N. SHEFFIELD.

HALF-HOURS WITH CHRISTIAN CLASSICS.

PERSONAL TRUST IN CHRIST.

LET us, however, observe that the immediate effect of this revelation of God in Christ, and of our relation to Him, is to give the utmost conceivable intensity to the consciousness of moral good and evil. We are all conscious of the powerful influence exerted by our personal relations to one another, and by the mutual judgments passed by man on man in awakening and deepening the moral sensitiveness. There is a school which would seek in such social influences the ultimate source of morality, and would rely solely upon them for its development. But how vast a moral power does such a school of philosophy disregard when it puts out of sight this revelation of the Divine society into which our Lord introduces us! How infinitely is this social influence elevated and intensified when we are led, by this proclamation of the Divine name, to recognize that our inmost souls are in the constant presence of the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ! St. John has described the result with his characteristic simplicity and force. "That," he says, "which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the word of life, that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you . . . this then is the message which we have heard of him and declare unto you, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie and do not the truth; but if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Under this blaze of moral light a profound consciousness of sin is aroused, and the soul is compelled to seek for cleansing in the atoning blood of the Saviour.

But it will further be seen what momentous weight is thus added to the testimony of Christ, and to His claim upon our belief. We contemplate Him delivering His message, working His miracles, imparting His gracious promises, under

what may perhaps be described as the most tremendous sense of responsibility ever realized. In a degree not approached by any prophet or apostle, He calls God to witness, at every moment, to His truth; and He utters every word with the eye of His soul fixed upon His Father and our Father, the Father whom He reveals as all light, and in whom is no darkness at all. Just stress has been laid on the immense import of our Lord's self-assertion, and the consideration appears to acquire great additional force in proportion as we realize the manner in which our Lord appeals to His Father in advancing such assertions, constantly declaring that they are made in absolute submission to Him.

It is thus that our Saviour expressly supports the most conspicuous of those claims: "If I bear witness of myself, my witness is not true; . . . the works which the Father hath given me to finish, the same works that I do, bear witness of me that the Father hath sent me; and the Father himself, which hath sent me, hath borne witness of me. I am one that bear witness of myself, and the Father that sent me beareth witness of me."

Such, then, are the foundations on which Christ's appeal for faith was based. He begins by convincing men of their moral evil and weakness. He brings them into the presence of His Father, the God of all light and truth, and there, in the full glory of that awful presence, He declares Himself to them as their Lord and Saviour, and bids them trust themselves to Him for forgiveness, and for all spiritual life. It is a matter of trust, and not of proof. It is to His word and promise that the soul has to commit itself for time and for eternity. But when that word is heard in the very presence of God, and is felt to penetrate to the inmost depths of the conscience, it becomes impossible to refuse it credence.

Such, as was shown in a previous lecture, has been, in substance, the ground on which all testimony to Divine revelation has rested; though in no other instance is the foundation of that testimony so deeply and firmly established as in the witness of our Lord. Such, accordingly, will always be the surest course of Christian evidence. It must start from profound convictions of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. It must proceed by the apprehension of God as the Father of all light

and truth, as revealed in Jesus Christ, and faith is then capable of appreciating the witness which the Son gives to the Father, and which the Father gives to the Son.—Wace, Bampton Lecture, 1879.

SPIRITUAL RESULTS OF THE EVANGELICAL MOVEMENT.

But the chief triumph of a religious movement is not to be found in its action upon large classes of the community, or within the noisy arena of politics. It is to be found rather in those spheres and moments of life which, beyond all others, are secluded from the eye of history. Every religion which is worthy of the name must provide some method of consoling men in the first agonies of bereavement; some support in the extremes of pain and sickness; above all, some stay in the hour of death. It must operate, not merely or mainly upon the strong and healthy reason, but also in the twilight of the understanding; in the half-lucid intervals that precede death, when the imagination is enfeebled and discoloured by disease. when all the faculties are confused and dislocated, when all the buoyancy and hopefulness of nature are crushed. At such a time it is not sufficient for most men to rest upon the review of a well-spent life. Such a retrospect to all of us is too full of saddening and humiliating memories. It is an effort too great for the jaded mind. It can at best afford but a cold and languid satisfaction amid the bitterness of death. It is at this moment that priestly influence is most felt. The Catholic priest, asserting with emphatic confidence a Divine power of absolving the sinner, arresting and overawing the wandering imagination by imposing rites, demanding only complete submission at a time when, beyond all others, the mind is least disposed to resist, and professing, on the condition of that submission, to conduct the dving man into an eternity of happiness, can provide a stay upon which sinking nature can rest in that gloomy hour. The immense consolation which has been thus infused into innumerable minds, at the time when consolation is most needed, can be hardly overstated. To secure the efficacy of this last absolution upon the imagination of the dying, has been a main end of all the teaching, and of all the ceremonies of the Church.

For the sake of this, men have endured all the calamities which priestcraft has brought upon the world, have bartered the independence of their mind, and shut their eyes to the light of truth. By connecting this absolution indissolubly with complete submission to their sacerdotal claims, the Catholic priests framed the most formidable engine of religious tyranny that has ever been employed to disturb or subjugate the world. It is the glory of Protestantism, whenever it remains faithful to the spirit of its founders, that it has destroyed this engine. The Evangelical teacher emphatically declares that the intervention of no human being, and of no human rite, is necessary in the hour of death. Yet he can exercise a soothing influence not less powerful than that of the Catholic priest. The doctrine of justification by faith, which diverts the wandering mind from all painful and perplexing retrospect, concentrates the imagination on one sacred figure, and persuades the sinner that the sins of a life have in a moment been effaced, has enabled thousands to encounter death with perfect calm, or even with vivid joy, and has consoled innumerable mourners at a time when all the commonplaces of philosophy would appear the idlest of sounds. This doctrine had fallen almost wholly into abeyance in England, and had scarcely any place among realized convictions when it was revived by the Evangelical party. It is impossible to say how largely it has contributed to mitigate some of the most acute forms of human misery. Historians, and even ecclesiastical historians, are too apt to regard men simply in classes or communities, or corporations, and to forget that the keenest of our sufferings as well as the deepest of our joys take place in those periods when we are most isolated from the movements of society. Whatever may be thought of the truth of the doctrine, no candid man will question its power in the house of mourning, and in the house of death. "The world," wrote Wesley, "may not like our Methodist and Evangelical people, but the world cannot deny that they die well."-Lecky.

THE HEAVENLY TREASURE.

Think for a moment what a treasure the Bible contains for as many as will receive it. Is there a God? Science cannot be

sure. On the whole, and in its present mood, rather thinks not. But the Bible has no doubt, and it will not suffer you to doubt if only you will listen to it. Is He good? Again science cannot tell; but on the whole, and in its present mood, questions whether a perfect goodness would tolerate so many wrongs and miseries as are in the world. But again the Bible has no doubt, and will not let us doubt. Over against our tremulous question, "What is God?" it writes for answer, "God is Love," and shows that all the wrongs and miseries of time, since they are necessary to the training of man or of the race, are but proofs of His love and goodwill. What is the duty and what the chief end of man? To live for self or for others? for the senses or for the spirit? for truth, righteousness, charity, or for gain, pleasure, self-advancement? Man's great duty, replies the Bible with one voice, in strong contrast to the divided and opposed voices of human wisdom, is to love God with all his heart and his neighbours as himself; and his chief end is to glorify God by becoming like Him, and enjoying Him for ever. Is this the end? or is there a life beyond the borders of the grave in which all the wrongs of time shall be redressed, and men shall rise to their true ideal and perfection? Men say, "Yes," and men say, "No," even the wisest of them and the best; but the Bible has only one answer to the question, and that the only answer which solves the mysteries of the human lot. Is that life attainable by men who have sinned? nay, have men sinned? or is this deep sense of sin by which the purest heart is haunted only the bastard fear cherished by tradition and superstitious fancies? "Yes, men have sinned," replies the Bible, and falling short of their own proper glory, have also fallen short of the glory of God. But they have not fallen to rise no more. God Himself has wrought out redemption for them. And in history and parable, above all in the great history and parable of the life, death, and rising of Christ Jesus our Lord, the Bible shows us how we are to die in order that we may live, how we may find our life by losing it. Now have not those who have found these truths, and such as these, in the Bible found a veritable and priceless treasure, even a heavenly? And does it greatly matter that this treasure has come to us historically, as an inheritance from our fathers who enjoyed it before us, and

therefore in forms adapted to their capacity and conditions as well as ours? Need any sincere and reflective man fail to distinguish the treasure from the vessels that contain it, or to fling it away because he can discover in the vessels that hold it this slight flaw or that? Will any of you be so foolish as to reject this Divine treasure because it is offered to you in vessels which, after all that can be said against them, are the most perfect and lovely ever moulded of earth?—Rev. S. Cox.

WHAT HINDERS THE RITUALISTS FROM BECOMING ROMAN CATHOLICS?

Four articles which appeared a few months ago in the "Contemporary Review," under the above title, two by the Abbé Martin, a very able French priest, one by Mr. Gladstone, and one by Dr. Littledale, together with two articles which appeared last May in the same Review, the one by Mr. Thomas Arnold, and the other a reply by Dr. Littledale, suggest conclusions much in advance of any that seem to have occurred to the remarkable men who took part in the controversy. I wish to indicate in a rough-and-ready way some of the points that were made, and their bearings on the broader questions at issue between Catholicism, whether Roman or Anglican, and Protestantism strictly so called.

And first of all it is suggestive and somewhat reassuring to us Protestants that the question which formed the peg for the discussion should have to be asked at all. So untiring have been the efforts, and so loud the boastings, of the Roman Propaganda in England for the last thirty or forty years, that one is astonished there should be anybody left to convert. It appears, however, that when all illusions, whether bred by the hopes of the one party or by the fears of the other, are stripped away, the hard fact remains that not only is the great body of the English nation untouched but even the Ritualists, all whose sympathies are Roman, show a decided reluctance to join the Church of Rome—a reluctance so decided that it defies both heart and head, both sympathy and logic, to over-

come, and excites, as it well may, the puzzled curiosity of men like the Abbé Martin, as an abnormal phenomenon which challenges investigation. That there should be such a question to ask at this time of day is not, then, as the Abbé seems to think, merely suggestive of a queer state of mind in the Ritualists. It is a tacit confession that the Roman mission in England has been, and is, a grotesque failure. And all the facts tell the same tale. Hear Mr. Gladstone. The italics are mine.

The fraction of Roman Catholics in the population of this country has for a generation past been between five and four per cent,; and out of this small portion by far the larger part, probably not less than five-sixths, are of Irish birth. The slight variation observable has been rather downwards than upwards. The fraction itself, which approached five per cent in 1854, now rises little above four. There is, in short, no sign that an impression has been made on the mass of the British nation. This is especially remarkable on two grounds: first, that a new lodgment has been made in the body of the aristocracy. Now, high station is in this country a capital element of attractive power. . . . But, secondly, these years have beyond all question effected an enormous augmentation in the arguing and teaching capacity of the Anglo-Roman body. . . . It is probable that the secessions have multiplied at least fivefold the stock of educated ability and learning available for all its purposes. . . . The zeal of the seceders has been even more conspicuous than their talents. Yet this great afflux of missionary energy has entirely failed to mark the work of propagandism either by an increase of relative members, or, as every observer must admit, by an augmentation of civil, political, or social

So Dr. Littledale. After mentioning the great secessions of 1844 and 1851 and the enthusiasm and zeal which those men threw into the English mission, he goes on—†

But how has this operated in the interest of proselytism? Thus, that since 1857 scarcely one clergyman of intellectual distinction enough to cause so much as a passing ripple on the surface of Church life by his secession, has quitted the communion of England for that of Rome. It is not merely that the seceders have been numerically much fewer than in the earlier period, but that they have been personally and collectively insignificant and unrequited.

Mr. Thomas Arnold, the other Ultramontane champion, himself acknowledges "that the temper of mutability (which leads to the rejection of Anglicanism) drives ten in the direction of Dissent for one that it impels towards Rome.":

All this is very satisfactory, and yet one shares the puzzlement of the Abbé Martin, for, clearly, according to "Catholic principles," Dr. Littledale and his friends ought to have gone over to Rome, "bag and baggage," long ago. On this part of the field the Abbé seems to an outsider like myself to sweep all before him. In his second paper he begins by showing that—

The Ritualists accept all the beliefs and all the practices of the Roman Catholic Church, with very rare exceptions. They acknowledge the Church as a Divine institution: they would easily be brought to declare it infallible, though this is not quite in accordance with Article XXI.... With regard to prayers for the dead, the adoration of the saints, of the Virgin, &c., the Ritualists have long cast away, and taught others to cast away, their Protestant prejudices.

Nor is this all. The Ritualists to a man scout the Reformation and scurrilously abuse the Reformers. Dr. Littledale himself is quoted as saying—

The Reformers were such utterly unredeemed villains, for the most part, that the only parallel I know for the way in which half-educated people speak of them amongst us is the appearance of Pontius Pilate amongst the saints of the Abyssinian Calendar. †

As to the Reformation, we have the authority of the "Church Times" that "it was simply a hypocritical pretence to veil an insurrection of lust and avarice against religion." When men believe and act and speak thus, it does seem a little out of order, to say the least, that they should still be found in the Church so reformed.

But the main force of the Abbé's attack upon the Ritualists is directed against their flagrant violation of their own principles; and here he seems to me to be irresistible. I cannot in my limited space do anything like justice to the whole argument, and therefore I confine myself to its two chief points. The keystone of the sacerdotal system, which both Anglican and Roman Catholics hold, is the validity of the orders of the ministry. If the minister be a priest with power to "bind and loose," if he alone have the right to administer the sacraments, and those sacraments be essential to salvation, it follows that there must not be the shadow of a shade

" "Contemporary Review," Dec. 1878, p. 81.

[†] A string of similar quotations from the Doctor is given by Mr. Thomas Arnold.—"Contemporary Review," May, 1880, p. 768.

of doubt as to the validity of the commission upon which he acts. Hence the capital importance of the apostolical succession in the eyes alike of Romanist and Ritualist. Now all "Catholics" agree that the succession is unassailable in the Roman Church and the Greek Church. But what shall we say of the Anglican Church? Hear the Abbé Martin.*

It must be owned that the Anglican Orders, condemned by many from the first as null, and regarded practically for more than a century as merely ceremonial, have become in our day still more dubious from the laxity with which, for a long time, the ordinance of baptism has been administered. . . . Even if he allowed that Parker's Consecration was valid—a point much in dispute—it remains none the less doubtful whether the orders received by the Anglicans of to-day are valid. This fact is, indeed, so patent that for the last two years we have heard often of Anglican priests who have sought ordination elsewhere.

In other words, "Catholics" in the Anglican Church are involved in this difficulty: that all their hopes of salvation, if their theory be true, rest upon a foundation which, in all

probability, is as unsubstantial as the air.

Another main beam of the "Catholic" edifice is the place assigned to the visible Church. The Church is "the one fold of the one Shepherd," in which alone is salvation. Church alone possesses the sacraments; she is the sole conservator and teacher of revealed truth. On these principles, by none more zealously taught than by the Ritualists, salvation depends on our having a place within the fold of the true Church. Now, is the Anglican Church the true Church? Is she even a branch of the true Church? One of the great principles of the Anglican Church is comprehension. Can the Ritualist who believes that heresy is a sin, and the toleration of heresy connivance at sin, admit that a body which does this on principle, and welcomes into its fold all forms of belief, and no belief ranging up to Deism, is the true Church of Christ? Then, again, all the capital doctrines of the "Catholic" system have been "contested, denied, and repudiated by a large proportion, if not by the great body, of the Anglican Church." How, then, can the Anglican be the true Church? "for what is the true Church if not the guardian of the truth of revelation? and what becomes of its character as

^{* &}quot;Contemporary Review," Dec., 1878, p. 87.

the true Church when it has seattered to the four winds of heaven the treasure committed to it?" The true Church has also a commission to teach which it received from Christ, and conveys to its ministers. As to the Anglican Church, "who gave Parker his commission? Elizabeth. Who in the present day gives the bishops their jurisdiction? The Queen, or the Prime Minister." Then, finally, the true Church is a holy Church. But hear what Ritualists themselves say of the Anglican Church, "even after forty years of effort and triumph on the part of the Ritualists."

The numerous awful scandals which make our unhappy Church almost "a hold for every unclean beast, and a cage for every unclean bird "—to wit, the "marriage" of "divorced" persons by priests of our Church; the "marriage" in our churches, by our priests, of Christians (so called) with Jews, infidels, and heretics; the incessantly recurring burials, with our burial office, and by our priests, of suicides, upon the mere strength of the transparent verdict, "while of unsound mind," many of them dying simply because mad with drink; burials of open infidels and known evildoers of all sorts; the utter want of any legal questioning by the priest in baptism, in marriage, in confirmation, in Eucharist, or in burial . . . the utter want of any real discipline, rule, or order throughout the whole Anglican Church, wherein literally every man doeth that which is right in his own eyes (save and except those who really strain only to obey the Church too much, and to be too reverent); &c., &c.—Church Review, Aug. 10, 1878.

This may be overdrawn, but even a caricature must be founded on resemblance. It is hard, therefore, to see how the most fond partiality can mistake a body of which such things can be said for the true Church "not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing." On this part of the field the onset of the Abbé inflicts not a defeat only but an irretrievable rout.

But the victory is for the Abbé himself almost too complete. The very greatness of his triumph makes one ask the more what it can be that compels these men to hold a position so illogical and untenable. Why should they cling to a Church which can be deemed Catholic only by such "thinking hard" as the little marchioness bestowed on the water and orangepeel when she made herself believe she was drinking champagne? Why should they shrink so violently from a Church where the champagne, however frothy, is at least not water and orange-peel? It cannot be "the loaves and fishes," for

the Ritualists have shown themselves for the most part earnest men, and possessing the courage of their convictions. Nor will many be satisfied with the ingenious psychological explanations given by the Abbé Martin in his former paper. Dr. Littledale has no difficulty in dissolving these into thin air. The true explanation is to be found in their conviction that the Roman Church, however fairly she meets the requirements of the "Catholic" theory, fails altogether to satisfy that more primitive test, "the tree is known by its fruit." It is to this principle that Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Littledale appeal, without, however, realizing apparently how much such an appeal involves, especially if it be successful. Without going further in this direction just now, it may be said that Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Littledale are as successful in this part of the field as the Abbé Martin was in the other.

The Roman Church is the bulwark against infidelity; Protestantism is its prolific parent. This has been the burden of Cardinal Manning's ery for many a long year. But is it true? And is it true that Rome is the peaceful haven where souls may find refuge from the storms of doubt that rage in the open main? Hear Dr. Littledale—*

Clearly the value of Roman Catholicism as a remedy for the spiritual ailments of our time must be tested, not by the mere handful of proselyte's who declare themselves to have found their cure there, and who as often as not really mean no more than this, that they have given up thinking about the problems which once occupied their attention, and are content to sit in the dark without any longer calling for candles, but by the power it exercises in checking the generation of doubt amongst its own children. And the broad fact is that the Latin area of absolute infidelity contains at least twice as many millions as are to be found under the banners of Protestant scepticism. Not to go farther than France itself, it is speaking within the bounds to say that the Abbé will find three disbelievers in Christianity amongst his own fellow-countrymen for every one he could discover in England. . . . The alienation from Christianity is most intense in those countries where the Roman Church has exercised undisputed monopoly . . . and it is, therefore, wholly misleading to assure us that if we desire to escape the advance of Rationalism, there is a safe refuge to be found in the Latin obedience.

Mr. Gladstone goes farther, and shows that the paganism of the Renaissance obtained a lodgment in the very citadel

^{* &}quot;Contemporary Review," Nov. 1878, pp. 793, 794.

of the Roman Church, and has since more than held its ground.* It is also significant that Rome has hardly made a single contribution of first-rate excellence to apologetic literature.

But if the Church of Rome fail at this vital point, what evidence has she to show the Ritualists that her genuine sacerdotalism works better than their pinchbeck sacerdotalism? Is it her "blood and iron" despotism? Is it Cardinal Bonnechose's boast in the French Senate, "My clergy are a regiment, and when I say, March, they march"? Is it a Newman left to pine at Edgbaston while a Manning was raised to the purple? Is it the Inquisition, or the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or the false Decretals? The hypocritical mask of superior sanctity Dr. Littledale tears from the face of the "Holy" Roman Church with unpitying hand.

But what of her work here and now? "She troubleth the nations, but the heathen at home and abroad she leaves untouched." What is her success as a moral educator? Let Irish agrarian crimes answer. What is the moral and spiritual gain to those who have deserted the English Church and entered her pale? Dr. Littledale has had a wide acquaintance with such, and this is his testimony.

Our general experience is that conversion to Rome involves, in a large majority of instances, sudden serious and permanent intellectual and moral deterioration, especially as to the quality of truthfulness. . . . I had the moral beauty of conversion brought home to me not very large ago by learning that an educated professional man of my acquaintance, on the evening of the very day when he was received, with all a neophyte's tender graces still freshly clinging round him, was locked up for getting drunk and assaulting the police; a thing which had never happened in his Anglican days.

He also gives an instance of two-thirds of a sisterhood who were enticed to go over in a body, and who, "under very high Roman authority and counsel indeed," not only took with them "the whole of the furniture, bedding, linen, plate, glass, books, &c., except a few English Bibles," but left the quarter's bills, just then due, unpaid. As to the intellectual condition of converts, "the very first thing that most converts do is to

* "Contemporary Review," Oct. p. 440.
† Ibid. Nov. 1878, p. 819.

sell off all their books. This I have noticed scores of times; as also that most lay male converts sink into cold religious indifference scarcely distinguishable from scepticism."

The Doctor thus shows good and sufficient reasons why the Ritualists should not become Roman Catholics—or anybody else for that matter.

But here, as before, is the victory of the Doctor and his allies not almost too complete? It seems to me that his own cherished Catholic principles have rather a hard time of it in this controversy. For, first, if a Church whose "Catholicity" requires a good deal of bolstering up, to say the least of it, do better work in the world for God and Christ and bear a clearer testimony than a Church whose "Catholicity" no man gainsays, does it not follow a fortiori that these "Catholic principles" are of very much less consequence than either Dr. Littledale or the Abbé Martin would allow? And, secondly, is it not abundantly clear from the whole controversy that no existing Church even remotely resembles the universal Church of the New Testament-the Bride of Christ-"not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing "? Then, again, can Dr. Littledale realize that the cui bono argument, which he uses so effectively, must have a far wider scope if it be used at all? What does the so-called Catholic theory amount to? Simply this, that the true Church is some one visible community which is the sole channel for the ordinary grace of God. Now, if Divine grace be thus confined to one Church, ought it not to demonstrate its presence in that Church by results wholly different from, and in every way superior to, what are attained in other Churches? The true Church on this theory would indeed be "a garden walled around," and its members ought to differ from the members of other Churches as the fruit and flowers of a cultivated garden differ from the wild produce of a barren heath. Will Dr. Littledale abide by the practical test applied to his "Catholic principles" under the light of this consideration?

Let us try it. If it be asserted that God's saints are only to be found in one Church, the assertion is as easily verified as would be the assertion that oak trees are only found in one forest, if anybody were mad enough to make such an assertion. Let any man look round among his neighbours and pick out the most devout and holy people he knows. Does he discover that they all belong to one Church? Does he find that the members of any one Church are so obviously better than those of other Churches as to demonstrate that it is the sole channel of Divine grace? He will find, on the contrary, that the good and the wise and the holy are distributed among all the Churches alike—Anglican, Methodist, Independent. So wonderfully does the bounty of God set at nought the barriers drawn by the intolerance of men.

But the facts of Church life present another remarkable phenomenon. While the good are scattered over all Churches, they nevertheless resemble one another. They are found in many folds, but they are all of one kind, just as oak trees are found in many forests, and yet they all belong to one species. Christians may have their own little personal idiosyncrasies. Our Methodist friends have one set of likings, our Church friends another, but yet in essentials they are all one. They all have the same joys, the same sorrows; the same hopes, the same fears; the same spiritual enemies, the same great Defender, Lord, and Master.

Does this phenomenon not point to the true Church and the true Catholicity? I, too, believe in the one Catholic Church as strongly as Dr. Littledale, but that Church is not a visible community, but the universal spiritual fold of Jesus Christ, as broad as the earth, as tolerant as the mercy of God, embracing all that multitude which no man can number drawn out of every Church, and kindred, and tribe, and nation. And God has His own way of marking the members. of that Church, and that is by the silent forces that work within every man's breast. Just as a man is recognized as a member of the human family, not because he happens to dwell within the borders of some one particular country, but because the living energies pent up within his system have wrought upon him the human form Divine; so the true members of Christ's universal Church are found in all nations. and are distinguished by those spiritual lineaments which the Holy Ghost impresses on the humblest Primitive Methodist as well as on the member of the most imposing Church in Christendom. When the mind of Christendom once consents to quit its a priori theories of the Church, and looks the facts

of the spiritual life fairly in the face, the world will soon be rid of that Catholic imposture, the fruitful parent of strife and division in the Christian family, no less than of false doctrine and depraved morals.

THOMAS ROBINSON.

LAW AND GOSPEL.

MATTHEW v. 17; ROMANS iii, 31.

I put these two sentences side by side. One is from the Sermon on the Mount, wherein Jesus Christ expounds and enforces the ways of practical godliness, and foretells a difficulty which might arise in the mind of a listener; a cavil which would assuredly be uttered by an unbelieving Jew. The other sentence is from the pen of Paul. The apostle in this letter expounds the great doctrine of justification by faith, the doctrine, Luther declared, by which the Church would stand or fall. He writes to Jews chiefly, and sets out upon a difficult task. The truth he seeks to tell and maintain puts all men upon the level of a common need, opens before all men the glories of a common deliverance, offers to all men the gift of growth into a splendid, perfect, and enduring righteousness. Everything upon which a Jew had come to vaunt himself was challenged and threatened by such argument as this. All that he held most sacred was in danger of profanation. And more than this. If, as Paul seemed to declare, all good works were unavailing, and obedience at the best must be charged with inadequacy and imperfection; if a simple act of faith accomplished that which the strivings of a lifetime could not do-what becomes of the standards of morality, the safeguards of conduct-nay, virtue and goodness itself? The law is voided and outraged and destroyed. "No," Paul says; "God forbid. We establish the law." Now this distinct teaching of the Saviour and of the apostle concerning law and gospel is deeply significant and suggestive. In practice, the law is fulfilled by a righteousness exhibited in the words and deeds of Jesus, so many of both of which appeared to challenge its overthrow: in doctrine, the law established by a system of living faith,

which seemed to defy its authority and annul its sentence. We have frequently had before us, in one form or another, points of comparison and contrast between the Old Testament revelation and the New, between Sinai and Calvary, between the law and the gospel. I cannot help feeling sometimes that overmuch attention has been claimed for one aspect of such contrast, and that another aspect has perhaps to some readers and hearers never presented itself at all. My purpose is to make some suggestions with regard to this, feeling that side-lights will also be cast upon the meaning and reality of ancient convictions and ancient deeds which to some may bear a look of difficulty. Let us, then, take up the matter of the authority, then of the regulations, then of the sanctions of what is generally understood by the terms "law" and "gospel: " terms to my mind rather misleading, because gospel is in all Divine law, and law is in all true gospel. The conviction to which it seems to me we shall be led is that severity increases as revelation clears; and, so far from the gospel proclamation being in this sense an easement of weary restrictions, a withholding of thunderbolts of judgment, an unveiling of a more easily satisfied Lord, it is in every way more tremendous and awful and crushing.

First, then, as to the authority: that which made it binding; the means by which men judged that it was God's Word and they must obey it. The earlier law asserted itself by declared marvel. It came to a people of a low moral feeling and undeveloped, uneducated spiritual susceptibilities. It came for their rescue and for their training. It must make itself supreme and commanding. It must speak a language they could understand. It must graduate itself in stature and requirements to the possibilities of the people. It must leave much of the full-orbed truth for the present unrevealed; much of the perfect and absolute best as yet untold and unclaimed. It is something only to check the fatal vigour of a disease, even if this be but an imperfect and preliminary process towards the task of a complete recovery to health; and during the earlier stage the patient is not permitted to try to take the kind of food which is the eager requirement of his hunger afterwards. Now it is not difficult for us to understand that under such circumstances the only and fit tone which Divine

command could take would be that of an absolutism which to us is very marked. Command, is terse, stern, unexplained as that which rings along the line of men ready for the battle. Military law is sometimes a necessity. Authority, a bullet through your brain if you falter in obedience. Right; the fact that I am your general officer and my hand holds a pistol. You may, if you think, find illustrations of the need and fact of such training very much closer to our own day and closer to our own selves than some folks imagine perhaps. I am not sure that most of us have not passed through something like it and found it very much to our advantage. "Because God says it: and you may know that God says it by witnessing these tremendous marvels sealing and certifying the utterance of the Almighty Jehovah"—that was nearly all the expression of authority by which the law asserted itself. And this kind of assertion continued on down to the time of Jesus Christ-nay, it is still extant.

It was this authority with which the scribes and Pharisees clothed themselves, and familiarity with which made the teachings of the Saviour break like a new voice upon the ears of men. "He taught as one having authority, and not as the scribes." What was the authority of the gospel law? How were men to be made conscious that they must obey it? Listen. "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments. If any man be wishful, willing to do God's will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God. My judgment is just, because I seek not my own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me. If I say the truth, why do ye not believe me? This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." The authority is that of the truth itself, and the sanctity of its appeal to man's heart and conscience. No circling halo gleamed about the brow of Jesus. overwhelming stress urged obedience to His word. He refused to gratify the demand for more signs. His feet trod the level ground of all humanity. He moved as one among the crowd of men. Before He began His work it could be said of Him, "There standeth one among you whom ye know not." So there was nothing to constrain the irreverent and unwilling, for we find that the Pharisees could depart from the place

where they had confronted the most stupendous miracle that is recorded, and plot against the life of Jesus, and also against that of Lazarus, whom He had raised from the dead, because some others had been led, by what they saw, into adhesion to Christ.

Men were, then, thrown back upon the dictates of a free conscience. The word "ought" acquired its true and nobler significance. The beauty of holiness was an open vision; there was power in men to behold it, and to recognize its charm; the unbeliever and disobedient was not only recreant to God's claim, but, by the same token, untrue to himself.

Now if we ponder the contrast thus hastily outlined we shall see surely how immeasurably more awful and tremendous is the authority of Christian than Mosaic law. The failure of the one and the awful certainty of the other may be found aptly illustrated in the quick and easy swerve of the Israelites into idolatry under the very shadow of Sinai; and in the maddened rush of the traitor Judas out into solitude and death. For think; imagine vourself confronted and withstood by a command which blocked the way of your inclination, and which rested solely upon external authority, however solemn and awful that may have been. How easily in a thousand ways could the force of such authority be broken. Doubt builds a sufficient rampart to defy its power. "Did God say exactly this? Has it come to me in correct form? Does it possess the seal of manifested authority? Has ever anybody been punished for failure in obedience? Can God see and know? Does God care? Is it not likely to be all untrue? May I not do this once as I like?" An authority which is truly arbitrary and external, which has no help from appreciative judgment and earnest, enduring conviction, can very easily be set aside. The Mosaic law, though framed with terrible surroundings, and speaking in tones of imperial majesty, was openly set at nought, and as the generations passed, the guilty cunning of men was in no way alarmed from exercising itself in finding ways to escape disagreeable duty and legal obligationkeeping the letter of the law, and evading its meaning and spirit. On the other hand, in wonderful contrast, stands the power and authority of a law, the truth and justice of which a man's reason has acknowledged, to which, though it condemn him, his conscience has given its unhesitating assent. Surroundings and accompaniments are nothing. Everything calculated to strike the senses or impress the imagination may be wanting. No cloud-presence, with frowning darkness or fiery glow, no mighty voice, no splendidly robed and bejewelled and mitred priest, no weird, vision-rapt ire-kindled prophet. The truth may come lisped from the lips of a little child, and a still small voice; but the man whom nothing merely external could control, whom nothing else could move, is stirred by this, ruled by this, and bows before the presence of an unseen but acknowledged majesty, which he cannot but obey.

But I must not pause longer on this if I am to accomplish my full purpose. Pass on, then, to consider the regulations of law and gospel: the kind of regulations and the sphere of them. Some of you, perhaps, never read through the Book of Leviticus, perhaps not even Numbers or Deuteronomy. If I were to try to put before you the regulations of the ancient law, I should have to quote a great part of those Books, and it would be more instructive than interesting. But the special feature which has been often emphasized concerning them is their all-encompassing thoroughness, their detailed references. The life of an Israelite from dawn to dark, from one week and to another, from Sabbatic year to Sabbatic year, from Jubilee to Jubilee, was touched and ordered at every point by law. His every motion was so far and in such fashion as the law provided. His food and raiment, his methods of agriculture and other occupations, his forms of worship were defined and ranged about by law. Every failure, every omission, every tiny disobedience had its special penalty; every man's circumstances were taken into account in the requirements of his approach to God. Could anything be more complete, and, in one aspect of it, more terrible than this? Is it not good to live in a later day, to have come into that "liberty wherewith He maketh His people free "? Now our life is bound with no such chains. Such laws as then burdened and limited human nature are now history, curious history. It may be interesting to read about such regulations having been in force, and it is very pleasant to feel that they are in force no longer. I demur to this. My conviction is that the sweep of gospel law is vaster far, and, to a man who is inclined to disobey, immeasurably more thorough, stern, and unrelenting. Any law is easy to the law-abiding. We may pass our whole life in blissful ignorance of most of the statute laws of this realm, because we never are inclined to do what they forbid. Gospel law is impossible of evasion; its sphere is the whole nature of the man. It encompasses not only action and utterance, it penetrates to thought and feeling, intention and desire.

It not only forbids evil-doing, it demands active and Christly righteousness. It claims unselfish consecration. It says to a man, "It is much more important for you to be right yourself than to have your rights from others." It tells us that we must be like our Father, prepared to suffer in order that we may redeem. God has never required of a man that he should run before he has learned to walk; and ancient law, professedly imperfect as it was, was none the less Divine on that account. It was good as far as it went. But the idea I am opposing is that in itself, as compared with the rule of the Christian life, it was stern and awful. The truth appears to me to lie the other way. The men in the days of Jesus, against whom no legal charge could be made, were tried by Him in the balances and found wanting. He said to the rigorously religious men of the time, "The publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of heaven before you." Faith, saving faith, is no mere flimsy, emotional, transitory experience; it is the thankful, trustful acceptance of pardon, and a thorough, whole-hearted consecration of the life to righteousness, a discipleship which is royal.

But again I must pass on. Think of the sanctions of the law and gospel. By this I mean the action and result in good or evil, blessing or cursing. I do not, of course, profess to have any solution of the great dark problem of the presence and origin of evil. No answer has ever been returned out of its awful depths to any human inquiry; but the Deists of generations ago, who ventured to assert that God, the good, merciful, almighty God, could not have done or commanded this or that thing because to them it appeared revengeful, cruel, wrong, were answered in an argument which admits of no reply by Bishop Butler in his "Analogy." If a man believes that what he calls the world of nature came from God, and is under His government, the same mystery in aggravated form is there. In cyclone, in hurricane, in pestilence, in disease, in death, the

less guilty suffer with the more guilty, and in these there is no declared march of righteous judgment, no interpretation of manifested moral purpose to cast even the faintest ray of light into the profound abyss. Such arguments as Deism offers only increase the difficulty: such logic should land man no step short of denial of God altogether. I believe in the Fatherhood of God. I preach my faith without reserve. I turn with my whole heart's longing and find the satisfaction of my soul's desire and my hope for the wide world's good in the grace and glory which sums itself in the face of Jesus Christ. I see no opposition there, but rather further revelation, emphasis, enforcement of the truth of the inviolate righteousness of God. The words He spake, the deeds He did were the fulfilment and establishment of the law. I find in His utterance a tone more terrible, a judgment more awful, than rolled forth in pronouncement from Sinai; threat of punishment more severe than the destruction of Sodom by that rain of fire, or of the Canaanites by the sword of Joshua. How can a name be hallowed which puny mortals are permitted to defy? What hope can there be? The world of sin may sit in its high places and never be cast down. Judgment upon sin, punishment of sin, is no thing of the past. It may have changed its form. It has changed its form, and not for a weaker or more endurable expression. It was an awful thing to suffer death or pecuniary loss, to fall into slavery and banishment; but all the physical loss and physical pain of which the world could tell is not to be compared to the agony of heart, the enduring gnawing of the worm of remorse, the burning of the quenchless, purifying fire, quenchless so long as there is any dross to consume, enduring as long as repentance is delayed.

I have to tell men that they have to repent of sin and turn from sin; that to delay is to pile up suffering on suffering. No more thrilling and awful sentence can be pronounced than that they shall be pursued by the appeals and claims of God, surrounded by His persistent presence, from which there is no escape. I have seen agony from which death in any shape would be release. Many of us know what repentance costs, and the cost increases with delay. The wrath of all wrath is surely the "wrath of the Lamb that was slain." The fulfilment and establishment of the law is surely in that unceasing demand

which meets the sinner at every turn and searches him through and through, and gives him no rest until he forsake his sin and pray for pardon to Him who is ever ready to forgive.

My main purpose in this paper has been to apply the argument of Butler's "Analogy" to the revelations contained in the Old and New Testaments. To the statement concerning any recorded event, "It is unworthy, and therefore not a fact," it may sometimes be sufficient to oppose the statement, "It is a fact, and therefore not unworthy;" this, resting upon an ordinary scientific induction as to authenticity and authority, into which inquiry believers in the Bible hold themselves at all times prepared candidly and thoroughly to enter.

D. JONES HAMER.

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

THE leaders of Wesleyan Methodism deserve all credit for the frank manliness and honesty with which they have publicly admitted that serious decline in the number of their members which has now been going on for three years. It is perfectly true that they have a good deal to set upon the opposite side. They could never point to a larger number of adherents, to greater activity in the building of churches and schools, or to more gratifying signs of the extension of their agencies, or of the influence which they exert. Their Thanksgiving Fund is a marvellous development of liberality, a striking evidence of the devotion of the people to their principles, an unquestionable evidence of great social power. The Church, we are told by Dr. Pope and others, was never so powerful, but the society declines. Put into other words, their chapels multiply, their congregations are kept up, the communicants are more numerous, but the class-meetings are neglected, and consequently the roll of actual membership in the society declines. Now we cannot but feel that it required some courage to make this statement to a world in which there are so many ready to turn it to the disadvantage of the system-adherents of rival churches eager to quote it in support of their own views; enemies of all churches who will gladly point to it as a sign that spiritual religion is on the decline; advocates of advanced views who will seize upon it as evidence that the exclusive ideas of orthodoxy are breaking down in the very place where they were supposed to be strongest. The Methodists have boldly faced all the injurious comments they were sure to provoke, and if they have not yet accepted all the conclusions to which the fact seems to point, have at all events confronted the fact itself, and placed it before the world in all its baldness. It is one of great suggestiveness, and that not to Methodists alone, but to all sections of the Church.

Let us say, at the outset, that if other churches were to hold an equally free conference as to the state of the work of God amongst them, and were there to be a similar unburdening of soul, there might be in other quarters confessions quite as sad and distressing. If, indeed, this apparent decline, whatever it may mean, were confined to the Wesleyan community, that would itself afford sufficient reason for anxious thought among all earnest Christians. Methodism is so powerful a factor in the religious life of England that any decline in its vital energy would be a common calamity in which all churches must more or less share. There are among usthough we trust they are confined to the High Church party -those who still believe that one church may flourish at the expense of others, and who would welcome proselytes from another Christian society as eagerly as they would hail converts from the world. Such men are to be pitied for their blindness as much as they are to be condemned for their exclusiveness. Bigotry is as impolitic as it is anti-Christian. The world outside registers the criticisms which champions of various churches pass upon each other and uses them to the injury of both. However sincere their convictions and earnest their purpose, it is certain that the men who are labouring only for the success of an "ism," and in order to secure it are always whispering evil suggestions, or uttering angry denunciations in relation to some rival, are doing the work only of the common foe. In the variety of human character and culture there is room for all of us, or there is room for none. Were we, therefore, so narrow and provincial in our ecclesiastical sympathies as to care only for the interests of Congregationalism, we should still find nothing over which to rejoice in the decline of Methodism. We all have our own strong opinions, perhaps prejudices, and we are not likely to abandon them. But however we may at times magnify these differences, there still remains the fact that we are members of the one body, and that if one suffer all suffer with it. This is what we believe to be the case at the present time. So far as Methodism is suffering, it is only feeling the effect of influences which are telling more or less upon the whole Christian world. They affect different churches in different ways according to the special characteristics of each, but none are wholly exempt. Could there be everywhere the same careful introspection and the same exact register of results, there are others who might have even a more depressing record than that which led to such anxious talk at the Conference.

Too much importance may undoubtedly be attached to the decline of the numbers in class, but it is quite as possible unwisely to minimize its significance. If it were a question merely of some internal reform in the arrangements of the society we should scarcely feel ourselves entitled to discuss it. It is perfectly true that with the advance of education there grows up even in devout minds a repugnance to the selfrevelations which used to be the special features of the classmeeting, and it may be that the decline in the numbers attending these meetings may only indicate that Methodism is getting more hold upon a cultured class, or that the class among whom it has done such noble service is itself advancing in culture, and therefore in reserve. But it is also true that the class-meeting may be, and we believe often is, adapted to these changed conditions, and that still it is weak and languishing. We have had occasion, in these pages, to speak of the decline in the numbers at the week-evening services among Congregationalists, and the two facts are certainly parallel to each other and may possibly be traced to the same causes. Among these, as we have maintained, are some that are merely incidental, the result of social circumstances. We would we could believe that there are not others which go nearer to the vitality of our spiritual life. The subject, at all events, is one that deserves dispassionate and thoughtful consideration.

There were one or two points in the proceedings of the Conference we noticed with some regret. Dr. Osborne belongs to a past generation, and with all the respect which his

abilities and his high services command he is hardly to be regarded as a representative of the state of opinion among the younger members and in the denomination generally. We may fairly, therefore, dismiss his jeremiads over the political action of Wesleyans, and even of many of their ministers at the last election, as the wail of an old man who sees that the new generation has gone away from him, and that the strong breath of the Zeit-geist is sweeping away the barriers against innovation which he had laboured so zealously to construct. We wish, however, we could believe that the Conference had wholly cast off the influence of that morbid conception of the Christian life which has its complete embodiment in the Plymouth Brethren, which would hinder religious men from entering into the stirring conflicts of the day, and making their power felt on behalf of truth and righteousness everywhere. Of course there would be great diversity of opinion as to the way in which the sacred cause of righteousness can best be advanced, and as to the men who are to be regarded as its true champions. We do not expect all men to agree in our view; but if they judge all subjects on a Christian standard, we are desirous to have their view asserted and maintained, albeit it may cross and thwart our aims. What we deprecate is the withdrawal of Christian influence from the discussion and settlement of political questions. Were the duty of Christians in relation to these controversies more fully recognized, there would be as the natural result a more anxious care to discharge it conscientiously and wisely, without a servile deference to party, and with a wise consideration of the great principles and interests at stake.

The Wesleyans, in particular, might and ought to exercise a most potent and beneficial influence on a large section of the class which is rapidly gaining a preponderating influence in our politics. Their power is mainly among the democracy, and that section of the democracy which, because of its religious principles, its moral worth, and its general intelligence, must affect the mass. We have no desire on that account to see the Wesleyan Conference plunge into the hot strife of party politics, but we are certainly anxious that, instead of regarding a struggle for right as lying outside the Christian life because it is connected with politics, it should insist that

political integrity is as necessary a virtue as Christian honesty, that religion no more exempts a man from the discharge of his duties as a citizen than as a father, and that in the judgment of all public questions he should be governed by the law to do unto others as he would that others should do unto him. The future of our country and of the Church in it depends, to no small extent, upon the influence which religious men can exert upon the people. To the more intelligent of the working men there is no subject more interesting than politics, and they scrutinize the political conduct of religious men very closely. If they see them arraying themselves on behalf of class interests, afraid of liberty, eager to resist any invasion of their own rights, but not unwilling to accept the aid of law for the promotion of their own religious views, they lose their confidence in them, and it is well if they do not come to distrust their religion. The action of the Wesleyans, not in their corporate capacity but as individuals, on behalf of those great principles of national righteousness which were at issue in the last election, has, we believe, materially increased their moral power, and we cannot think that Dr. Osborne's lugubrious utterances will induce them to repent of their conduct or to take any retrograde step. Strong Liberals must not expect the Conference to take political position, for it would be contrary to the genius and traditions of the system and to the conscientious convictions of many of its members. All that can be asked or expected is that it should not in any way, directly or indirectly, seek to fetter the action of individual members. If left free, the force of Weslevanism must, in the long run, tell on behalf of liberty and progress. The advance in this direction during the last few years has been very remarkable; and though there are some points on which Weslevan feeling and opinion may be in opposition to that of Nonconformists generally, we cannot doubt that the tendency of events is to produce a more vital sympathy between them than has hitherto existed.

This cordial understanding will be best promoted by the cultivation of a generous and trustful spirit on all sides. Wesleyans and Congregationalists are alike attached to the Evangelical faith, and in this should find a bond of unity, notwithstanding many varieties in their modes of thought and

action. It is possible that they may, for the most part, incline to opposite wings of the Evangelical school, but this ought never to disturb the friendly relations of those who are contending for the same essential principles. The welcome accorded to Mr. Spurgeon by the Conference was a gratifying sign of the times, and indicates that both parties recognized the broad ground of agreement which underlies the distinction between Calvinist and Arminian. But there are others who must be included in the same true fellowship, though perhaps they may not be in perfect accord with either one or the other. The same tendencies which brought together the representatives of opinions so opposite and so extreme are at work to unite others also. There was a sentence in Mr. Spurgeon's address which certainly jarred upon our feelings: "I think if any two bodies have a firm grip of the truth believe something-they are the Baptists and the Wesleyans. It is their business simply to receive God's thoughts and give them out." But why restrict this to them? Surely Evangelical truth is not shut up within the narrow confines of these two Churches. We have no objection to words of pleasant compliment, and if this was all that was intended by the observation it might pass with a regret that others were not included in this kindly utterance. But there is in it a ring that is less satisfactory. It suggests that elsewhere there is uncertainty, if not absolute falling away from the truth. We shall be very glad if we are mistaken, but the idea suggested to our minds affords us the opportunity of expressing our own conviction of the need for greater breadth of view as to doctrinal differences. The action of the Conference relative to Mr. Olver, for example, may indicate a "firm grip of the truth," but it appears to us as contrary to the teaching of the gospel as it is to the spirit of the times. We admit at once the necessity for extreme vigilance in the appointments to theological chairs, and we should certainly not be surprised if the Conference had refused to elect a divine who denied, or even doubted, the eternity of future punishments, as a professor of divinity. But Mr. Olver does nothing of the kind. All that he has ever done, so far as we know, is to express doubts as to physical torment. His position is thus stated by himself: "As touching the spiritual condition

of the wicked after the day of doom, the Book of God teaches me that it will consist in hopeless conscious eternal misery. As touching the bodily condition of the wicked, I can affirm nothing, for I find nothing affirmed." Because he takes this attitude of suspense on a point on which he finds nothing positive in the Word of God, Mr. Olver failed to obtain a chair, for which his distinguished abilities marked him out as specially qualified. We regret the decision, and yet we rejoice that so many votes were recorded in his favour. It is a clear sign of advance towards a more perfect tolerance on points which do not affect the vital truths of Christianity. Our strong conviction is that the Church which is able most consistently to work out the grand principle that on necessary truths only must unity be enforced will be the Church of the future. There is a central truth of Christianity—the "gospel of the grace of God"-about which there can be no compromise, but around it is a fringe of other doctrines which may or may not be true, but which at all events do not affect a man's personal relation to Christ, or the reality of the Divine life in his soul. About these latter there should be charity. It is our joy to believe that loyalty to the great truth -that is, loyalty to Christ Himself-may be found where there is great uncertainty, or even, as we may think, serious error, on some of these subordinate dogmas, which may be parts of a consistent scheme of theology, but an acceptance of which is not essential to faith in the Saviour. But this is a lesson which has not yet been fully learned by any Church, and so strong are the opposing influences that it is necessary to have "line upon line" upon it. We must say, however, that to us it seems there could be no more fatal policy than to suggest that those only who hold fast by some rigid orthodox theory have a "firm grip of the truth," instead of thankfully recognizing the sincere and loving devotion to the Lord, in which alone is true religion, of many who cannot accept our shibboleths and doubt as to some articles in our creed. The proceedings at the Conference showed that this was the view of its most eminent members. If the majority were more tenacious on lesser points, it can hardly be thought surprising, especially when we look at the present state of opinion in the country.

The introduction of Mr. Booth, the leader of the "Salvation Army," to the Conference must be regarded as an indication of the desire to encourage all Evangelistic effort, rather than an approval of the plans adopted by this extraordinary society. Of the "army" and its proceedings, we pronounce no opinion here, feeling that the subject demands a much more full and claborate discussion. Suffice it to say that there is quite enough of the doubtful in many of its proceedings to cause a body like the Conference to hesitate long before giving it any sanction. As we understand the affair, Mr. Booth was only admitted for the purpose of giving information. Whether it was wise to go even thus far may be open to question, and we say this without impugning the sincerity of the leaders of this "army," or even denying the genuineness of some of the work which it has done. Possibly there is a class to be reached by such instrumentality that could be reached by no other. But even if it be so, that is no reason why those who doubt the wisdom of the methods should treat them with favour, still less that they should imitate them. Though they be good for those who have faith in them, they are not, therefore, necessarily good for others who consider them as developments of wild and unreasonable fanaticism. We should deeply regret if the Weslevan Conference should accept the idea of some unwise friends that this "Salvation Army" is doing the same work to-day as the first Wesleyans did in their time, and should attempt to utilize this kind of force for Methodist purposes. If the "army" does good, it is in spite of its excesses, extravagances, and daring outrages on propriety, not because of them, and the only excuse for them lies in their spontaneity. It would be a very different matter were any imitation to be attempted. But there is no fear of this. The courtesy extended to Mr. Booth was only a sign of the intense desire of our Wesleyan brethren to recover the lost masses. The evil is so great that even if there were an excess of zeal in the endeavours to remedy it, it might easily be condoned. The Wesleyans have done noble service in this field in past times, and we trust it may be surpassed by still grander achievements of a like kind in the future. The proceedings of the Conference prove that Methodism is a mighty power, and it will be the prayer of every sincere follower of Christ that that power may continue and be multiplied a hundredfold.

CHILDREN'S PORTION.

HOW NELLY LEARNED WHAT "HONEST" MEANS.

"There are a good many hickory nuts under the big tree over on the side-hill, near the corn-field where I am at work," said Mr. Gladden, as he came in for a lunch about ten o'clock of a breezy autumn morning. "As I came past there just now the white nuts were rattling down, making lively music, and a whole family of squirrels were skipping about as if they meant to be sure of their share before the children heard the good news."

"Nelly must go back with you and pick up a few to send to her grandpa this afternoon; he is so fond of green hickory nuts," said mamma Gladden. But Nelly said, complainingly:

"I don't want to go unless you go with me, mamma. I shall be lonely."

"Do you want me to go and leave grandma and aunt Polly to get their own dinner?" asked mamma, laughing. "That wouldn't be treating company very respectfully, would it, dear?"

"I don't think it would be showing them much attention for me to go off and leave them, either," said Nelly, solemnly. But when grandma said that grandpa would be pleased to receive some hickory nuts that his own little Nelly girl had gathered for him, the child tied on her little blue hood and walked away, with her little blue pail in her hand, while her father carried a basket in which to bring home the nuts which she should have picked when the dinner-bell rang.

"You will not be lonesome," said papa, "for I shall be right here near by; and this afternoon you shall be dressed up and go to ride in the carriage with mamma when she goes to drive grandma and auntie to the station."

That was a pleasant prospect, but still Nelly felt out of sorts; she did not laugh and skip along, as she usually did when out to walk with her father, and she thought the wood pigeons in the hedge kept saying:

Too bad! Too bad! What a shame—shame! Papa to blame—blame !

Then the winds sighed, she was sure:

Poor child! Poor child!
Out in the wild—wild—wild!
All alone!

And the squirrels chatted, saying:

We wouldn't pick up one were we you!

Grandpa might buy them at the store—that's true!

"I wish the leaves and the shell-barks were nuts. I could then fill my basket pretty quick," said Nelly to herself, as her papa turned away and picked up his sickle.

"Dear me! I know what I will do." And down she sat on the short pasture turf, under the tall old tree, and crammed her little pail full of leaves, and over the top spread a layer of nice white nuts.

Much pleased with the success of her experiment, she skipped towards the basket, saying to her father, who came along with a bundle of brown, rustling corn-stalks just then, "Just see. Wasn't I spry?"

Papa smiled and nodded, and Nelly was sure the birds sang, the wind moaned, and the squirrels chattered, "It's a lie—lie—lie!"

"What if it is? Nobody will know it," said Nelly, impatiently, as she turned to fill her little pail again in the same way.

The little girl fancied now that the squirrels said, "Look in the basket—that will show it!" So when she emptied her pail she did look, and, sure enough, there was not a hickory nut in sight.

"I don't see into it," said Nelly, for she was a very little girl. "I put the nuts on top; why don't they stay on top? I will try it again."

So once more she filled her little pail, and once more emptied it very carefully into the basket; but when she looked there were only leaves to be seen, and the birds, the squirrels, and the breezes all made such an ado that Nelly almost believed they were scolding her.

Just then her papa came along again, and seeing the puzzled look on his little girl's face, and noticing the leaves in the basket, he took in the situation at a glance, and said:

"Would you have been pleased had grandpa sent you a box of stones with a few sugar-plums scattered on top?"

Nelly shook her head, looking very much ashamed.

"Would you like to have grandma go home and tell all the naughty things she can remember about you, and none of the good ones?"

Again Nelly shook her head, saying, "No, papa; but I thought there wouldn't anybody know. I put the nuts on top every time, but they wouldn't stay top."

"No," said papa; "the good won't stay top unless we are good clear through. Go now and pick a good honest pailful and see how they will look after they are poured in the basket."

Nelly obeyed, and took so much pleasure in it that she really thought that the wind, the birds, and the breeze laughed for joy.

When Nelly went home she ran in crying, gayly, "Oh I say, I know what 'honest' means. It means good ones clear through, and nothing bad about 'em."

Nelly is a young lady now. The other day she told this story to her Sunday-school class, and added: "Ever since that autumn day, whenever I have been tempted to be deceitful in word or deed, or to do an unkind act under cover of a smile, I would think of the leaves that covered the nuts, and resolve that I would be honest clear through."—Christian at Work.

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.

If you're told to do a thing, And mean to do it really, Never let it be by halves; Do it fully, freely.

Do not make a poor excuse, Waiting, weak, unsteady; All obedience worth the name Must be prompt and ready.

If you're told to learn a task, And you should begin it, Do not tell your teacher: "Yes, I'm coming in a minute."

Waste not moments nor your words
In telling what you could do
Some other time; the present is
For doing what you should do.

Don't do right unwillingly
And stop to plan and measure:
'Tis working with the heart and soul
That makes our duty pleasure.

Boston Congregationalist.

GOD KNOWS.

In the times of toil and trouble
When the way was hard to find,
And with tears from the heart so weary
My eyes were often blind,
I have always found a comfort
For all my bitterest woes
In the thought that whatever befalls me
My loving Father knows.

Our feet may miss the pathways
That lead to the happier lands;
Our backs may be bowed with burdens,
And cares fill our heart and hands:
But when the way is thorny,
And the wind of sorrow blows,
We've a friend that will never fail us,
For the good God sees and knows.

So in the shadow and sunshine
That checkers this lower land,
God always seems close beside me;
I can reach and touch His hand.
Deep is the peace and lasting,
That the comforting thought bestows,
There never shall come a trouble
But the dear God sees and knows.

Chicago Advance.

CONGREGATIONAL RECORD.

On Saturday, August 14, Rev. A. Hannay sailed for the United States in the Cunard steamer Batavia. He goes to represent the Congregational Union of England and Wales at the great Convention of American Congregationalists to be held at St. Louis, Missouri, in November next. During the interval he will travel in the States, and, while enjoying opportunities of friendly intercourse with their Churches, will, it is hoped, be able also to obtain that much-needed rest and recreation which his

anxious labours necessitate, and to which they have fully entitled him. The absence of Mr. Hannay from the country enables us to speak more freely than we would otherwise have done of the debt which our Congregationalism owes to him. He is so strong and conscientious a Congregationalist that he is intensely anxious to see the Churches which he loves so well doing their full share in the Christian work of the nation; and as he feels that this can only be accomplished by means of united effort, he has laboured with equal earnestness and ability to effect a consolidation of their strength. It would be impossible here to enter into a vindication of his views. Suffice it to say that there is not a man amongst us who is more loyal to the fundamental principle of Congregationalism, or who would resist any attempt to invade the independence of the Churches with more determination or with more convincing force. But internal independence is one thing, union for external work is another. As individuals unite in a Church, so Churches may unite in a County Union, and county associations in a national union, and the conditions which govern these several cases are essentially the same. In each the individual retains freedom of action; but in matters affecting the community, the will of the majority must prevail. No doubt there may be those who see danger in any organization, and they have a perfect right to maintain their isolation; and this applies alike to Churches and to men. But those who take this view have no just ground of complaint against their brethren who see no danger in united action, nor are they entitled to expect the advantages of that union which they on principle repudiate. Union and isolation must be taken for better or worse, and they who choose the one are extremely unreasonable if they repine because they cannot enjoy the blessings of the other. Mr. Hannay has formed decided opinions as to the benefits to be secured by a wise union of English Congregationalism, and he has given himself heart and soul to effect it. Possibly he may have been too sanguine in his hopes and too eager in his advocacy, but these are not grievous faults, and they are certainly the faults of a generous and noble nature. From the sin which is supposed specially to beset officials Mr. Hannay is singularly free. He is no diplomatist, and there is not a trace of mean selfishness or subtle intrigue to be detected in his conduct. He is generous to a fault, full of kindly sympathies and noble impulses, of stainless integrity, and of a lofty purpose which lifts him far above those small personal considerations which are too readily attributed to men in such a position as his. We feel bound to speak thus, because we feel that there is hardly an office among us which is so unenviable as that of the Secretary. He is a target at which all kinds of assault are aimed. Sometimes we even find it quietly assumed that a secretary must have some sinister aims, and opposition to his ideas and plans is almost regarded as a virtue. We do not claim infallibility for our Secretary. All we ask is that he should be dealt with on the same principles which are applied to other men, and that the judgment of his schemes and conduct should not be approached with a hostile prejudice. The Churches owe much to a thoroughly efficient and self-sacrificing Secretary; they certainly owe very much to Mr. Hannay. They are all the more bound to recognize their obligation as his office necessarily deprives him of the thousand-and-one

refreshing influences which cheer a pastor who lives in the affections of his people. We rejoice in Mr. Hannay's visit to the United States, because it will give him relief from the arduous and anxious work in which he has been engaged and which has so visibly told upon him, and because his visit to the American Convention may help to establish closer relations between ourselves and the sister Churches of that great continent. We ought to know each other better, and we hope that this visit of Mr. Hannay will be returned in the jubilee year of our own Union, and that next May we may welcome some distinguished Americans to our assembly. Our American friends may be assured that we could not have sent them a more trusted and honoured representative. Mr. Hannay will be followed by the fervent prayers of his brethren that he may return greatly invigorated after a tour which shall have greatly contributed to his own pleasure as well as to the profit of others.

Rev. Paxton Hood, in assenting to the request of his friends in Manchester that he would remain in their midst and become the pastor of a new church in the city, announced that the object of the movement, of which he accepted the lead, was to "liberate Christ from prison." This is to us a new and very grave aspect of the dissensions which have issued in the resignation of the pastorate of Cavendish Street Chapel by Mr. Paxton Hood, dissensions which have been deeply regretted alike by those who admire the genius of the man, or are interested in the prosperity of a Church which has had so high a position amongst us. Of the merits of that controversy we are unable to form any opinion, inasmuch as we have had no statement of the case of Mr. Hood's opponents. The silence which, so far as we know, they have observed, tells against themselves; but it is hard to believe that a Congregational Church would lend itself to the evil designs of a few "Jingoes," and withdraw its confidence from a pastor who was faithfully discharging his duty and promoting the spiritual interests of the Church, solely because he preached some sermons against Lord Beaconsfield and that unrighteous policy which Nonconformists, all over the country, were doing their utmost to defeat. It was some satisfaction to us, in reading Mr. Paxton Hood's own statement, to find that the man of whom he complains most seriously, and of whom he seems to have ample reason to complain, was rather a follower of his own than a strong adherent of Congregationalism. It was the familiar friend, at whose house he was a favoured guest, and whose interest in Cavendish Street Chapel appears to have been a personal admiration for the minister, who intrigued against him as soon as he discovered that he was an earnest Liberal. It is, however, of Tory treachery that Mr. Hood has to complain, not of Congregational policy. How the angry Jingoes were able to influence the Church so far as to make the minister's position uncomfortable is what we cannot understand. The deacons of Cavendish Street Chapel owe it, not only to themselves, but to the cause of Congregationalism, to give some explanation on this point, if explanation there is. In justice to themselves they ought not to allow judgment to go by default if they have anything to say. It is not pleasant to have it continually reiterated that Mr. Paxton Hood has been driven from his pulpit because (as Dr. Pankhurst asserted at the late

meeting) "he had pronounced from that pulpit three political sermons, because he had dared to proclaim the great principles of right and wrong in politics, to denounce political wrong in high places, and to declare that the principles of justice, liberty, and peace should direct the councils of the British Empire." If it be true, the Church is of an exceptional character. Even so it has a right to exercise its own judgment and act accordingly. Its action may be very unwise; but if it be in harmony with the will of the majority, there is no other court of appeal, except to the public opinion of the denomination. But if there has been such an abuse of power, it is to be hoped that it will there meet with the condemnation it deserves. A body free from external control is all the more bound to govern its proceedings by the law of Christian liberty, and if, on the contrary, it sets up a petty tyranny, must expect severe censure.

But what has all this to do with "liberating Christ from prison" and forming a "Church for their own comfort at once Evangelical but broad"? We are firm believers in a broad Evangelicalism; but this is precisely what we find within Congregationalism. But whether this be so or not it opens up an entirely new question. It would seem as if there had been some theological difference, whereas the impression given was that it was of a purely political character. There is, indeed, a good deal that puzzles us in the whole affair. Mr. Hood asked "if the system was not largely defective which could permit such an outrage on liberty as he had suffered. In the formation of that Free Church they had entered their protest; a personal persecution had become a public protest by which they affirmed that the limits of Congregationalism, as ordinarily understood, were too narrow." Now, Congregationalism means the rule of the Church. If it is not the Church which has taken the action of which Mr. Hood complains, Congregationalism is not to blame, for the system has been outraged. If it be the Church which has thus erred, we should be glad to be instructed as to the way in which this defect of the system is to be remedied. We know not what can be broader than popular rule. But it is liable to mistakes, like every other form of government. Even the new society, which is to be on improved principles, may come to differ with the minister, and then the old question will arise again. Is it that the new breadth is to be secured for Congregationalism by some extension of pastoral power? The reference to the Church established by George Dawson at Birmingham would seem to point in that direction. If there be a number of people of Manchester who like this development of individualism, there is no reason why they should not gratify their desire; and if there be room for a new church in the district, we wish them God speed. But there is no need for them to begin their operations with an attack on Congregationalism, even though some of its adherents may have abused their power.

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

Evil has brought forth good, but good in turn Brings evil forth; and painfully we learn The rich resulting harmony of life: Triumphal glories, that most brightly burn, Last not the longest; for the worth of strife Consists not in the crown the victors earn. The man who truly strives can never fail;

For though at set of sun
The battle is not won,
And he is left, despairing and alone,
Yet through the gloom, when flesh and spirit quail,
New radiance flashes, e'en to hope unknown.
He that can walk in darkness will not slip,

Although some bright surprise
At first may blind his eyes;
The ancient glow comes back to heart and lip,
But tears remembered make his laughter wise.
Fresh love and joy, not seeking, he shall find,
While Truth at last her promised garland weaves;
Not of gay roses or green laurels twined,
But bright with scarlet berries, amber leaves.
In some fair glade he seems awhile to rest,
All Dead Sea fruits forgot;

Wild songsters chant, wild breezes blow;
His path is overgrown, his brow caressed,
By blossoms that he did not sow,
And foliage that he tended not.
And what though once, in vain yet noble quest,
With burning feet and eyeballs dim,
He strove to scale volcanic heights of power,
Since on the fertile terrace grew for him,

Wisdom and love, rich fruit and glorious flower,

CONSTANCE C. W. NADEN.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Household Library of Exposition.—I. Life of David, by A. Maclaren, D.D.; II. Adam, Noah, and Abraham: Expository Readings on Genesis, by Joseph Parker, D.D. (Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.) The publishers who have projected this series have hit upon a happy idea, and in the selection of the subjects and writers for the opening volumes have shown capacity for working it out successfully. Prophets of evil

who are so ready to prophesy that Christianity is doomed, and that the Bible will soon take its place by the side of the other sacred books of the world, possibly admitted to be one of the most precious and instructive of the whole, but with its special claims to Divine authority set aside, must sometimes be sorely puzzled by the evidences of the hold which it retains upon the intellect and heart of the most cultured as well as of the unlearned. Everywhere we find men eager to learn the exact teaching of Scripture, and ready to welcome any light, come whence it may, which will help them in their search. We happened recently to be present at what was called a "Bible reading." The name was not very appropriate, except on the lucus a non lucendo principle, for the reading of the Bible was very limited in extent, and bore a very small proportion to the amount of comment interspersed. Nor could it be said for the comments that they were lucid, or striking, or suggestive. They were, on the contrary, crude remarks which did not indicate an extensive acquaintance with the Bible, or the possession of the qualities necessary for a wise interpreter; and yet men listened. Evidently the mere fact that the speaker professed to be illustrating and explaining Scripture secured him attention. Preachers may be assured that the more their pulpit ministrations partake of this teaching and exposition, the more certain are they to interest their hearers. We could not desire a better proof than that which is furnished by the volumes before us. They proceed from two of the most successful preachers of the day, and they are sufficient to show that both of them derive much of their popularity and power from the presence of this element. Differing as the books do in almost every point, they alike exhibit a remarkable skill in evolving from Sacred Writ the great moral and spiritual truths it has to teach. In Dr. Maclaren's volume we have more of connected exegesis, while Dr. Parker impresses us more by vivid and original observations on special phases of character or incidents in the history; but both succeed in clothing the old pages with fresh life and interest. This is, we believe, what a large number of readers desiderate. Theological treatises appeal to the few and, in many cases it must be said, only a very select few, expository readings done with real ability, and showing a true insight into the spirit of the sacred record, by large numbers of earnest Christians. It is for this class that Messrs. Macniven and Wallace propose to cater; and if they continue their work as well as it has been begun, they cannot fail to achieve, as they will assuredly deserve, a considerable success. Small volumes, convenient in size and reasonable in price, in which are embodied the matured thoughts and the results of the careful reading of some of our most eminent preachers, will, we cannot but think, be hailed by numbers of Christian families as meeting a distinct want. They are practical and devotional—not critical—and are admirably adapted for quiet reading, perhaps especially for those who may be detained from public worship. But there is no reason why their sphere of usefulness should thus be limited. They are companions which the devout man may enjoy anywhere; they are suited for the closet, and they will be useful also for family reading. If it were not too much to suggest, we would say that readings from them would be much more acceptable and edifying to village congregations than some of the crude sermons to which they are too often treated by lay

preachers. We write feelingly, for we have lately passed through a course of such addresses, and it would certainly have been an immense relief if there could have been substituted for them words of wisdom and power from such books as those before us.

Dr. Maclaren has essayed a very important, if somewhat difficult, task in using the Psalms to reflect the life and character of the Psalmist. It is the true way of reading the Old Testament Scripture to profit; but for the proper execution of such a work, it is necessary that there should be not only critical acumen, but spiritual insight. This is what the author possesses in a very high degree. An extract which we gave in our last number, entitled, "David's Sobs of Penitence," was sufficiently illustrative of his style and mode of treatment. He has studied the man, and he has studied his writings, and the result of the careful contemplation of both, in which the one is used for the better understanding of the other, is this charming little volume, which cannot fail to kindle a deeper sympathy with the man, and to invest these Psalms, in which the deepest feelings of his heart are expressed, and by which the course of his spiritual experience is best illustrated, with a freshness and life they had not before. The introduction, if it stood alone, would prove the author's qualifications for the work, so admirably does he condense the principal features of interest in the story of the Psalmist, and so truly does he estimate his spirit.

"Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the life of David is its romantic variety of circumstances. What a many-coloured career that was, begun amidst the pastoral solitudes of Bethlehem, and ended in the chamber whence the dying ear heard the blare of the trumpets that announced the accession of Bathsheba's son! None of the great men of Scripture pass through such a course of so many changes. None of them touched life at so many points. None of them were so polished and tempered by swift alternations of heat and cold, by such heavy blows, and the friction of such rapid revolutions. Like the great Son and Lord, though in a lower sense, he too must be in all points tempted 'like as we are 'that his work may be fitted for the strength and solace of the whole world. Poets learn in suffering what they teach in song! These quick transitions of fortune and this wide experience are the many-coloured threads from which the rich web of his Psalm is woven. And while the life is singularly varied, the character is also full and versatile. In this respect, too, he is most unlike the other leading figures of the Old Testament history. Contrast him, for example, with the stern majesty of Moses, austere and simple as the tables of stone; or with the unvarying tone in the gaunt strength of Elijah. These and the other mighty men in Israel are like the ruder instruments of music-the trumpet of Sinai with its one prolonged note. David is like his own harp, of many chords, through which the breath of God murmured, drawing forth wailing and rejoicing, the clear ring of triumphant trust, the low plaint of penitence, the blended harmonies of all devout emotions."

This passage gives a true idea of the spirit and power with which the book is written, its freedom of thought, its richness of illustration, its breadth of sympathy, and its rare felicity of style. Dr. Parker's readings from Genesis are equally characteristic of the writer. Vivid sketches of character, racy and pointed observations, suggestive lessons for the work and struggle of to-day, drawn from the story of these ancient worthies, all of them in the author's best style, make the volume a most valuable guide in the study of Genesis. Dr. Parker is never dull. Sometimes we may think there is exaggeration in his portraits, or in the lessons he deduces from them, but there is always sparkle and brilliancy. Occasionally, the great power seems to us to be thrown away on matters which do not deserve the force and indignation wasted upon them, as in the passage about the unfortunate men who, we are told, "will give up the most inspiring ministry in the world for ten feet more garden, or a paddock to feed an ass in;" or, "who will take away six children into a moral desert for the sake of a garden to play in; will leave Paul or Apollos for six feet of greenhouse." Very smart and epigrammatic is the censure, but it is open to doubt whether it is all deserved, and still more whether Paul or Apollos would have employed satire of this kind. We regret this the more, because when Dr. Parker is at his best, as he certainly is in the greater part of this volume, he is very able. We had marked some passages for extract, and one in particular, in which he insists that, however God's ways may transcend our thoughts, "our moral instincts must be respected;" but we must content ourselves with one which shows a wise discrimination in the judgment of different types of character not often met with.

"Let me point out to you the difference between a contemplative and an active life. It is clear from the very form of expression that Enoch was a retiring and meditative character. He loved the quiet nook in the hill. You find him away under the whispering trees, with eyes now fixed on the ground and presently lifted towards heaven in tender and expectant prayer. Let me ask now, what has Enoch done for the human race? What dangers has he braved, what battles has he fought, what heroisms has he displayed? Compare the position of Adam with the position of Enoch! Compare the valour of Abraham with the peaceful disposition of Enoch. This, I contend, is the just and honourable course of criticism. When men return from the battle-field far away. I shall stand upon the shore and watch their debarkation. The artist who has drawn the pictures shall pass in cordial silence; the literary correspondent, who has given graphic accounts of the bloody fray shall have friendly salute: the ornamental soldier who returns, without scratch or stain, shall have a look of suspecting wonder; but the grand old general who led the fight, who has come home with battered helmet and dinted shield, maimed, torn, half the man he was when he went out, whose old likeness we have to search for through scars and seams that tell of heroic suffering, when he steps forth, every war mark shall make him dear to us, and as his brave old limbs limp under him we shall hail him as a patriot, a soldier, and a friend."

The Christian Preacher. Yale Lectures for 1879-1880. By Howard Crosby. (London: R. D. Dickinson.) If ministers of the gospel do not fully understand their duties it will certainly not be for lack of instructors. Every year gives us now a new volume from Yale, and yet no one would undertake to say that there is any one of them which does not contain

something fresh, some new view of work or difficulty, some suggestion drawn from the lecturer's own experience, that has thus a distinctive value of its own. Mr. Crosby is eminently practical, and his little book may be read both with interest and advantage. It is shrewd in its observations, racy in its illustrations, and sagacious in its advice. We do not endorse all the author's opinions, but they are always so put as to compel attention. Some of his cautions are scarcely required on this side of the Atlantic, at all events not among Nonconformist ministers. "Identification with the world's gaieties and fashion must always defile a minister's garments. The fast horse, the pleasure yacht, the dashing dog-cart, conspicuous jewelry, attendance at ball, opera, or theater (we give the American spelling)—these are unfailing marks of a minister low-toned in his piety, or eccentric unto uselessness in the service of that God the love of whom is put in excluding contrast with the love of the world." On the other hand, there may be some, if not among ministers, among those who would set up a standard of ministerial correctness, who may profit by the observation-"Let it be clearly understood by all, that a preacher, though never to be a worldly man, is always to be a public man; and let no coward enter the ministerial ranks. The notion that a minister is a male woman has grown out of the remissness of ministers in this very matter." Mr. Crosby is sometimes a little severe, and some would say narrow, certainly rather old-fashioned, and occasionally a trifle dogmatic. But he is earnest, practicable, and forcible.

The Human Body and its Functions. By H. Sinclair Paterson, M.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.) This little volume contains a series of lectures addressed to young men. They deserve very high praise for the power of condensation which they show, the popular style in which they are written, and the large amount of useful information. The moderation of the writer's views strikes us as much as the extent of his knowledge. The lectures furnish an admirable example of the way in which a wise man can so use large stores of information as to promote the intellectual improvement of others, whose acquaintance with his subject may be of the slightest.

The Son of a Genius. By Mrs. Hofland. (Griffith and Farran.) This is a volume in a capital little series called—and, so far as we can judge, properly called—the "Favourite Library." This, like other works of the same writer, was a favourite with us in our childhood, and we fancy it is just as likely to please children now.

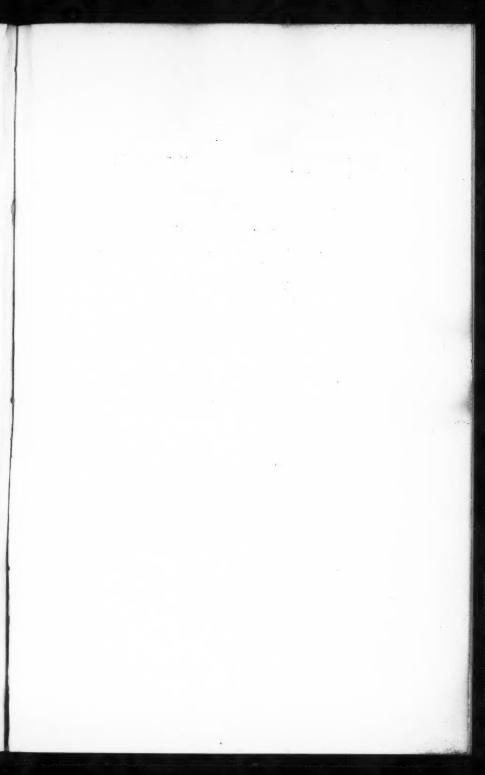
Hours with the Mystics: a Contribution to the History of Religious Opinion. By Robert Alfred Vaughan, B.A. Third Edition. Two Vols. (Strahan and Co.) We, as Nonconformists, are indebted to the publishers, who have given us this new edition of a work of great intrinsic merit, and having for us peculiar interest, because of its gifted young author, whose promising career was so early closed, that this book is nearly the sole memorial of his genius. We have never been able to

understand how it is that both the Vaughans seem to have so largely passed out of the memory of this generation. No doubt there are numbers who remember them with affectionate reverence, but they certainly have no record at all commensurate with their worth. Take him all in all, Robert Vaughan was the foremost Nonconformist of his day. There were more popular preachers, more successful pastors, more learned scholars; but there was not one who combined so many varied excellences, who had so much of the spirit of a statesman, who had formed a grander conception of the mission and work of Congregationalism, or who did more towards the realization of his high ideal. Yet we have no biography of a leader who, in all respects, was a really remarkable man. His son had not the same qualities for leading, but he had others which would have given him, in another sphere, a reputation as high as that of his father. The book before us was his magnum opus-indeed, with the exception of essays and reviews, his only important work-though, had he lived, it would in all probability have been only the precursor of a number of others. Very heartily do we rejoice that a third edition has been issued. The interest of it is enhanced by the preface, which comes from one who seems to maintain in a third generation the honour of a name which must always be held in high esteem by those who had any knowledge of those who bore it. To us, who look back to days "long, long ago," when the gifted father was our classmate and friend, there is much that is specially touching in this short introductory notice, of which it is gracefully said, "Let these few lines of the author's son be an offering to the glory of God, to the memory of his father, to the self-devotion of his mother." Of the book around which such associations cluster it is not necessary to speak at length. "Mysticism" (as Mr. Wycliffe Vaughan tells us), "though a favourite study of the author, was not then, and can scarcely be said to be now, a popular subject." Yet the book is here in a third edition. Need there be other evidence of its high character? The amount of curious information which the author has collected is very remarkable; while the richness and beauty of the style in which he has clothed the narrative are very striking. We do not suggest that it is likely to have a very wide circle of readers; but the thoughtful who are able to appreciate the importance of such careful research, and the bearing of these strange phases of opinion and life upon the course of religious thought, will give the work a very high place. We only hope that the enterprize of the publishers will meet with the reward it deserves.

The Seamy Side. By Walter Besant and James Rice. (Chatto and Windus.) The idea of a joint authorship in a novel does not at the first blush appear very promising, but in the case of the two writers to whom we owe the tale before us, as well as some previous stories, it has certainly proved very successful. There are no awkward joinings, and if there be critics who are able to tell how the labour has been divided, and to assign to each worker his proper part, we are not of the number. All that we can say is, that we have got a clever and original story, with vivid sketches of modern life, a plot the interest of which is well sustained throughout, and the influence of which is, on the whole,

healthy. The idea on which the story is based is certainly original, and though the object of the writers is to give some views of the "Seamy Side" of life, they take care to present in strong contrast the opposite side also. Mr. Anthony Hamblin is a fine example of unselfish nobleness; and while the portrait is drawn with great artistic skill, the incidents by which the character is developed are eleverly conceived. The story is doubtless open to the objection that few, if any, men are capable of acting as Mr. Hamblin did; but unless a novelist be allowed to give some play to his imagination, how is it possible to construct a story at all? We do not want stories as tame and commonplace as the record of some uneventful, though respectable, life passed in a cottage at New Cross, or a back street in Hackney.

Stepping Stones. By SARAH DOUDNEY. Strangers Yet. By SARAH DOUDNEY. (William Isbister and Co., Limited.) Miss Doudney writes pleasantly, with a good deal of life and interest, and, what many of her readers will greatly value, with considerable power of condensation. Either of these tales, and especially the latter one, might easily have been expanded into a three-volume novel, and we are very thankful that the authoress has been content to confine them within more modest limits. She has satisfied herself with giving the leading facts of the story, without worrying her readers with all sorts of unnecessary details, and, what is even more commendable, she has abstained from giving us herideas de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis. We know not whether her home is near a cathedral, but the scene of both these stories is in one of these venerable cities, and in the latter we have some glimpses of cathedral life. By the way, we scarcely see the advantage of calling a city Fairminster, when there are so many unmistakable indications which identify it with Ely. Both the stories are well told, and healthful in their moral and spiritual influence, but "Strangers Yet" is marked by most ability. We are at a loss, however, to see why the author should think it necessary to give such a caricature of Dissent. Emily Brown is one of the least attractive characters in the story, and she is drawn as a strict Nonconformist. We do not at all object to this. If it be the idea of writers that Dissenters are all sour, severe, overbearing, and extremely vulgar, and if it pleases them to give such representations to the world, we must submit as pleasantly as may be. But it would be as well if, before they drew their pictures, they would get some familiarity with Dissenting life. They might then get hold of some cant phrases which are actually in use among Nonconformists, and not provoke laughter by making their Nonconformists talk as no one amongst us does talk. We acquit Miss Doudney of any desire to hold Dissenters up to ridicule, for the young Dissenting minister who is introduced is a very respectable character. She has simply fallen into a very common error, and expressed it in some of the scenes she introduces. This does not, however, materially affect the value of her stories, which for simplicity of character and purpose, purity of feeling, and vividness of principle, as well as for their general attractiveness, deserve high praise.





Elliott & Fry, Photo.

Unwin Brothers, London

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The Congregationalist.

OCTOBER, 1880.

MR. HUGH MASON, M.P.

Ashton-under-Lyne. It was won by no unworthy device, for Mr. Mason scorned as heartily the vulgar arts by which popularity is often won as those corrupt practices which discredited the Liberal triumph in too many places. What he effected was accomplished by sheer ability, force of character,



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The Congregationalist.

OCTOBER, 1880.

MR. HUGH MASON, M.P.

The selection of the new member for Ashton-under-Lyne to second the Address at the opening of the present Parliament was not only a graceful tribute to Lancashire and to Nonconformity, but was also a recognition, not more complimentary than just, of the high character of the man, and of the eminent service he has rendered to the Liberal party. the successful Liberals who crowded the Ministerial benches. and overflowed into the body of the House on that memorable evening, there was not one whose victory was more striking or more suggestive than that which Mr. Mason had achieved at Ashton-under-Lyne. It was won by no unworthy device, for Mr. Mason scorned as heartily the yulgar arts by which popularity is often won as those corrupt practices which discredited the Liberal triumph in too many places. What he effected was accomplished by sheer ability, force of character, and fidelity to principle. With most of the movements which are assumed to be unpopular he is intimately identified. He is a prominent member of the Liberation Society, an active liberal supporter of the United Kingdom Alliance, and he has never shrunk from the public advocacy of these and of other points in the Radical programme. In the eves of all trimmers. and of not a few mild men, who cannot fairly be so described. this seemed to militate against him. There have never been wanting "candid friends" ready to criticize his decided utterances, and to suggest that his uncompromising Radicalism was ruining his chances in public life. On this point, however, Mr. Mason has always shown himself remarkably care-VOL. IX. 56

less. His great aim has always been to maintain principle, leaving his popularity to take care of itself. The event has proved that truth, like wisdom, is justified of her children. Mr. Mason has had times of difficulty when it seemed as though he had exiled himself from Parliamentary life, and lessened the influence which ought fairly to have been his by the severity with which he maintained what seemed to him to be right. But his consistency has ultimately told. Seldom, if ever, has the public feeling of a party been so strongly shown as in the extraordinary manifestation of the Ashton Liberals, by which Mr. Mason was literally forced into a candidature from which he had shrunk, and had more than once refused. A meeting had been convened for the purpose of hearing a political address from another gentleman, who would unquestionably have been an honourable representative had he been elected. But after the lecture had been delivered. and the usual courtesies paid, the assembly took the business out of the hands of the Chairman, and, by a spontaneous and unanimous vote, insisted that he, and he only, should be the member for Ashton. The incident was one of the most singular in the course of the late elections. The whole story of the conflict which it opened ought to teach Liberal candidates for popular constituencies that the days of the trimmers are over, at all events, in these great boroughs, and that if success is to be won, it must be by loyalty to principle. and not by that diplomatic finesse in which so many have been accustomed to put their trust. Enthusiasm is a mighty force with the democracy, and the man who would inspire it must prove himself worthy.

Mr. Hugh Mason is a native of Ashton-under-Lyne, where, working on the foundations laid by his father—a man of great sagacity and foresight—he has built up one of the most successful businesses in connection with the trade. The prosperity which he has realized is due mainly to high qualities which have been abundantly recognized even by his competitors on the Manchester Exchange. He has been the Chairman of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, and is now one of its most active and influential members. There is, indeed, no man in the cotton trade whose opinions are looked up to with more respect. But while thus taking

an active and intelligent part in all movements bearing on the material interests of the trade, and contributing largely to its successful development, he has been specially anxious that the intellectual, moral, and religious improvement of the working-man should at all events keep pace with the increasing prosperity of the capitalist. His own large establishment at Oxford Mills, Ashton, is a remarkable illustration of what a single individual, guided by high principle, and wielding resources both of brain and money, can accomplish. In the factory itself are to be found all the latest appliances of mechanical art; while round it are grouped houses for the workpeople, in which every provision is made necessary to their comfort. In the centre of the little colony stands a handsome and commodious building, designed for their instruction and recreation, to which their employer ministers with no niggard hand. Every year lectures, concerts, and elevating entertainments are provided by his unstinted liberality from week to week during the winter season. generosity is fully appreciated by those on whose behalf it is exercised. They value the opportunity of seeing and hearing some of the well-known men of the day; and those evenings have that educating and refining influence which Mr. Mason is so desirous to promote everywhere. What he is at home he is in the town and the county—the steady and liberal supporter of everything which is calculated to advance the highest interests of society. He has contributed largely both of money and personal influence to make the Ashton Mechanics' Institution a power, and the Infirmary of the town has had no more faithful friend. His name has thus been associated in the most honourable manner with the progress of his native town; while at the same time he has done still more important service in the great philanthropic and literary works of the county. During the terrible pressure to which Lancashire was subjected during the Cotton Famine, he was one of the prominent members of the Central Relief Committee, of which Lord Derby was chairman, and the administrative ability which he exhibited in that most difficult work won for him the praises of men of all parties. More recently, in the latest Lancashire movement-the establishment of the new University—he, as an old supporter of Owens

College, has taken a prominent position. But, in truth, it would be hard to name any public work from which he has stood aloof. He is too pronounced in his opinions, and too outspoken in the advocacy of them, not to have many critics and opponents; but those who are keenest in their antagonism, and the most severe in their censure of some of his utterances, are the first to recognize his eminent public worth, his unsullied consistency, his untiring zeal, his proved

ability, and his open-handed generosity.

Mr. Mason is a decided and earnest Congregationalist. This does not mean that his sympathies are confined within the limits of his own community, for there is not one of the Free Churches in Ashton which has not often had practical evidence of his good feeling and liberality. But he is not one of those whose catholicity of sentiment prevents any concentration either of attachment or effort. There is something that seems very specious in that disavowal of denominationalism, in which it is the fashion of some at present to indulge; but the practical result is eminently unsatisfactory. Mere denominationalism betrays a narrow heart, if not also a very one-sided intellect; but it is possible to escape from this without rushing into a weak, sentimental charity, which has such affectionate regard for all parties, combined with so keen a sense of the defects of that to which its subject nominally belongs, as to prevent all earnest effort for the cause to which he has given his allegiance. Mr. Mason is not of this order. He is a firm but not a bigoted Congregationalist. Of his own Church there is no more steady supporter; but he is ready for every good work. He is not ashamed to hold fast by Puritan principles, and in these the true secret of his strength is to be found. For many years he has been a deacon of the Church at Albion Chapel, Ashton, and has ever been a leader in every movement for chapel and school extension. school buildings in connection with the Church are, perhaps, the most extensive and commodious in the country; and, while Mr. Mason was only one among a noble band of workers, to whom they owe their existence, his energetic spirit and his munificent liberality contributed materially to their success. As with this great undertaking, so with other works which the Church has accomplished. He is always intent on progress, and no one does more to secure it.

Mr. Mason is conspicuous as a political Dissenter; but he is one of the many who practically refute the unworthy suggestion that Nonconformists who struggle for religious equality are lacking in religious earnestness. He is a man who strives to govern his life by Christian principle, and he applies this to his politics as well as to his business. That he is not impracticable was shown by his speech at the late Conference of the Liberation Society—a speech whose practical wisdom exposed him to some ungenerous criticisms from too eager Radicals, who neither understood the man nor the sacrifices he has made for their common cause. He loves his principles too well to imperil their success by rashness or impatience. He is never likely to fail in fidelity to his convictions; but he has so laid to heart the bitter lessons of the last six years, that he will not join in any unreasonable cry against his leaders. even if they do not advance as rapidly as he might desire. Having helped to gather a Liberal majority, he is not disposed to undo his own work, because that majority cannot immediately secure all the reforms on which his heart is set. Altogether Nonconformity has every reason to congratulate itself on having Mr. Mason among its representatives in the House of Commons.

If it be said that this sketch exhibits the partiality of friend-ship, the writer is not careful to rebut the accusation. He can easily endure any reproaches on that score if he has succeeded in giving his readers any adequate idea of the real worth of one who is doing most valuable service to our common Congregationalism, alike in the extension of its religious influence and in the maintenance of its political principles and its civil rights. Nonconformity greatly needs such men. It has devout Christian workers and robust Liberal politicians. The union of the two characters in the same individual is not so common, but where it is found there is a masculine type of piety worthy of all honour.

THE DEACONESS.

Two apparently trivial and unconnected incidents have recently set my mind thinking with special interest and earnestness on the work of women in our churches. Walking through the streets of one of our watering-places, my eye was caught by staring placards, on which it was announced that a lady would give addresses on successive days of the week in a large public hall, some of them being specially intended for children, while others were designed for their nurses, and others, if I remember rightly, were to be of a more general character. The whole affair struck me as a novelty, and not one to which I was prepared to give an unqualified approval. A lady would certainly seem to be, of all others, best fitted to attract and interest children: but a seaside resort, to which the little ones had been taken for holiday and recreation, hardly appeared to me the best place for a mission of the kind. Besides, if it was desirable, the work was being done In the town in question, as well as in other places on the coast, there were regular services for children once or twice a day, by gentlemen who have given themselves especially to this work. It may be, indeed, that the lady could do it better; and certainly, if I was to judge by addresses to which I listened myself from some gentlemen who undertook to be children's missionaries, though not at this particular place, she could not easily have done it worse. Still, it did seem remarkable that it should be thought necessary to have this number of services for the benefit of children, the great majority of whom may be assumed to have the benefit of religious teaching in their homes and in the churches or chapels which they are accustomed to attend. It may at all events be said that there are uncultivated fields in which such work is more urgently necessary. To my own mind it was simply shocking to hear that at one of these seaside gatherings for children (not one of those held by the lady of whom I am speaking) two rough donkey-boys, who had strayed into the "cathedral" which the children had built up of the stones on the beach for the purposes of the service, were distinctly told that it was not the place for them, and that the services were meant only for the children of visitors. Farbe it from me to insinuate that these more favoured children do not need special care; but if the object was to gather in the wandering sheep, surely some thought might have been given to these poor waifs and strays also. It is not, however, with the wisdom of this movement and its special methods that I am concerned here. Whether all the evangelizing energy thus employed be well regulated or not may be open to question; but I refer to it, and especially to the part which a lady was taking in it, as an evidence of the growing desire for Christian work which is abroad, and which has affected both sexes. It is one of the cheering facts of the time. There may be extravagances and eccentricities in the manifestation of this spirit which need to be corrected, and, as in all human work, selfish ambitions which have to be repressed; but it is a sign for good that there are an increasing number of Christians who feel that they must be workers. and are eagerly asking, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do ? "

The other circumstance to which I referred occurred in a small country churchyard in one of the loveliest villages of Devonshire. As I was strolling among its tombstones, my attention was called to a simple monument over one of the graves, with the inscription, "Sacred to the memory of ----, novice of the order of St. Mary Virgin, Wantage." This record told in another way the same story as I had read in the placard—a story of the breaking down of our old conventional ideas, of the desire which is stirring so many female hearts, and making them long for a more noble and useful life than that which numbers of their sex are leading; of the increasing dissatisfaction with the vanity, the frivolity, or the easy indulgence to which society has too long doomed women; and of the determination to assert a higher purpose and work out a nobler destiny for the sex. The lady-preacher and the quiet novice were removed far enough from each other in their ideal of Christian life and their rôle of Christian duty. but the same sentiment was at work in both, and both are types of very large classes. There are many who will regard both with equal disapproval; but the question suggested by incidents of this kind, which are every day coming under our notice, is not to be thus easily dismissed. We may think it extremely undesirable, on many grounds, that women should become public characters, and assuredly there are not many who would desire to see a multiplication of orders, societies, and sisterhoods; but, after settling the negative point and saying what we do not wish women to be or do, there remains the positive side of the subject to be dealt with. It is at least as important that we should have clear ideas of what the proper sphere of woman is; and in truth, in the absence of such definite conceptions, there will be little disposition to give heed to any objections which may be urged against existing methods, however eccentric they may sometimes seem.

A marked change is being gradually wrought in the position of woman, and any community, ecclesiastical or civil, which does not endeavour to adapt its plans to the new state of things must in the long run suffer materially. Here and there cynics like Mr. Beresford Hope may offend good taste by exercising their small wit in order that they may hold up to ridicule women who feel themselves moved to speak words of faith and hope to their erring or sorrowing brothers and sisters as shrieking "meenads;" but this sardonic laughter of ecclesiastical bigotry falls very flat and powerless on the ears of a generation in which there is little disposition to respect the worn-out traditions of priestcraft, or to walk within the narrow limits which its routine prescribes. What women prove themselves able to do effectively, and without neglecting their own special duties or violating the becoming modesty of their sex, the age will allow their right to do. They have their place on School Boards and take their part in discussion as well as in management, they have established their right to academic honours, they have found admittance to the medical profession, and altogether they occupy a position to-day which even ten years ago would have been pronounced unattainable. Very possibly there may be evils connected with the movement. There are aspirations cherished by some women which I cannot desire to see realised, and which, if realised, would, I believe, be a serious injury to the sex. There may be in some quarters a disposition to forget that nature itself has established a distinction between the sexes and given to each its appropriate

sphere and duties, and to cultivate those masculine qualities which are very beautiful in their own place and for their own work, but which any woman would purchase at too high a cost if for the sake of them she renounced those feminine graces which are at least as attractive and quite as necessary. The cant about women's rights is often very offensive, and the airs which some "strong-minded" women put on quite sufficient to make us sigh for the days when women had tender hearts and gracious manners, though they never thought of solving a problem in Euclid, were unversed in the principles of political economy, and would have shrunk from the suggestion of canvassing for a seat on a School Board. But the eccentricities which offend us are only passing phases, or the foibles of individuals, due often to the uncertainty attending the new position which women have taken, and certain to be diminished as soon as the change which is going on has been

completed and is fully recognized.

The one certain point is that women cannot be relegated to the position which was at one time supposed to be their natural and proper one. It is curious to note how ladies. themselves of retiring spirit, who would shrink from any approach to publicity, and who love to do their own work in the shade, do, nevertheless, express high admiration for those of their sisters who feel that they have a different vocation, and resent any harsh criticism upon their conduct. spirit of the times is in favour of a freer development of female talent, and the Church, instead of setting itself against the tendency, should rather set about its wise regulation. If women can fill their places with credit on School Boards, or engage in professional pursuits, they are certainly capable o rendering efficient service in the Church. Whether they should become preachers may be open to doubt, but the question cannot be summarily settled by appeal to authority or precedent. If there are women who can justify their occupation of the pulpit by the power they are able to exert there, any prohibition of their labours is not likely to be of much avail, nor is it easy to see on what grounds it could be justified. It can hardly be said that Scripture speaks decisively on the subject, for undue stress is laid on a single sentence of the Apostle Paul's, containing a specific direction

to an individual Church, when it is treated as a positive law of universal application. The silence of women in the churches might be very expedient in an age and country where the sex was kept in such strict privacy and any public appearance of women was sure to be misunderstood, but it by no means follows that it should be enforced in all ages and under every variety of circumstances. There is a feeling against the public ministry of women, but it is not easy how much of it is purely conventional, and how much is the result of a true and sound instinct, which ought not to be overridden. It would be difficult for any one who has read Miss Ellice Hopkins' account of her work among working men to pronounce dogmatically against female preachers, and yet it can scarcely be denied that the qualifications of voice, of nerve, and of physical constitution necessary for the work of the pulpit are not often to be found among women. Perhaps the practical conclusion would be that no absolute rule can be laid down; that the cases in which this public service is desirable or would prove useful are comparatively rare; that no difficulty should be thrown in the way of those who prove their capacity for the work by the effects which they produce; but that for the vast majority of women the proper field of labour lies in a more private but not less important sphere, and that at all events they should specially be urged not to neglect these less-noticed duties in order to devote themselves to those of a more showy character. That a woman, especially if she be a mother, should first take thought for her own household, cela va sans dire. But it is permissible to go even further, and to say that there is a kind of work for which she is specially suited in the ministry of consolation or in the department of private instruction and social influence, and that only the possession of exceptional qualities (of which others rather than herself should be judges) would justify her in undertaking the more public work of preaching which might be better done by men, utterly unfitted for the other and more delicate service which makes such demands upon that sympathy and tact which is never wanting in the true woman.

It is not my intention so much to enlarge upon the kind of work which a woman should do as to insist upon the necessity of the Church giving to that work a recognized and, in a

sense, an official position. Why should we not have deaconesses, even as the primitive Churches appear to have had them? Phœbe was a deaconess of the Church at Cenchreathat is, she had a distinct work entrusted to her by the Church. It may have been nothing more than a special message to the Apostle Paul, or it may have been that this mission may only have been part of a more extended ministry for which she had been set apart. At all events she is described as one of the ministers of the Church—that is, a deaconess. It is not, therefore, to be hastily assumed that there were in these early Churches a number of women elected to office and invested with definite functions and duties. But it may fairly be inferred that the Churches in Apostolic times did not hesitate to intrust certain work to some of their female members, and that so long as that commission was held they were This is the kind of institution which might probably be revived with great benefit to a Church which should thus enlist talent that is now lying unused, and itself undertake work that is now too often left to mere haphazard, to the individual workers who found themselves upheld and strengthened by the sympathy and direct sanction of the community, and to those for whose good this labour of love is carried on.

The deacon's wife, be it remembered, is no substitute for the deaconess. A Church in the election of deacons will undoubtedly do well to have regard to the character of the wives of those whom it calls to this repsonsible office. A deacon's wife may do very much to mar or to improve the work of her husband. She may check his liberality, she may by want of geniality interfere with his happy relations to the people, she may be more anxious to insist on the dignity of his office than to promote its usefulness, she may gossip about the affairs of the Church instead of seeking to maintain its unity and increase its prosperity. Or she may heartily identify herself with the Church and all its labours, be the ready helper of all its members, the friend alike of rich and poor, cheering many a heart by her sunny smile, and gladdening many a home by her gracious presence; a leader in every good work and a succourer of many. The difference to the Church between the deacon who has a wife of the former class and one who is blessed with such a helpmeet as the latter would prove herself cannot easily be exaggerated. One has heard of deacons who were specially valuable to the Church because of their wives, and of others who were perpetually hampered and restrained by partners who were out of harmony with their work, and who not unfrequently pulled down that which their husbands were labouring to build up. Still, even where the deacons' wives are of the best there is no reason why there should not be deaconesses. If a deacon's wife be qualified for the office, by all means let her be appointed to it; but if there are others who are fitted for it also, let them also be urged to take part in its duties.

By a deaconess, then, I understand one to whom the Church commits a service for which women, either from constitution or circumstance, have a peculiar fitness. Women have both more leisure and more adaptation to the work of visitation, whether among the suffering or those who have drifted into habits of religious indifference. Granted that this kind of service is in some cases overdone, and in others very badly That may be due principally to the unsystematic style in which it has been attempted, and to the want of judgment in the selection of agents. It has been too readily assumed that any one who was willing to undertake the work was fit for it; whereas to visit the homes of the poor and neglected, so as to produce any beneficial effect, demands no small amount of judgment. The remarks which are sometimes heard from the intelligent artizan about the "district ladies" and their work are not always of the most flattering kind. Some forget that the home of the poor man should be entered with as much courtesy and respect as that of his richer neighbour. Some offend by their condescending airs, others by their bigotry and exclusiveness, others by their tendency to lecture on points in relation to which their advice has not been sought and is not welcomed. Were some of them to hear thecriticisms passed upon them they would think them very unfair, not to say ungrateful. They on their part mean well, and it seems hard that their good intentions should not be appreciated. But if good is to be done we must have wisdom as well as right purpose. This is too commonly forgotten, and hence one of the most delicate and difficult of duties is left in the hands of those who have not given evidence of any qualifications for wisely discharging it, except a zeal which has not always been according to knowledge. But the work needs to be done, and when it is well done—done as women of true hearts, sympathetic natures, ready tact, self-forgetting devotion, and feminine tenderness can do it—it yields an abundant reward. The Church should look out women of this type and set them apart to the service, just as much as it seeks for men fitted for the office of the pastor or the missionary.

Miss Ellice Hopkins maintains that women have a special talent for dealing with working men, and there are a great many facts which corroborate an opinion which has certainly a great deal of primâ facie argument in its own favour. earnestness with which a delicate and educated lady enters upon a work that is rough, and at first seems unpromising, creates an impression in her favour. The contrast between her gentleness and refinement and the roughness of those to whose good she had devoted herself told for not a little, and her plain but earnest words of good sense, spoken in accents which could not fail to win their way to the heart, completed the effect. The result was undoubted; and there is no reason why it may not be attained, to some extent at least, by others who have the same feminine qualities, though in them they may not be associated with the genius which Miss Hopkins possesses. It is not necessary that the work should be carried on on the same scale, or, in truth, that there should be public work at all. Rather may it be said that the element of notoriety is likely to impair its character and mar its usefulness. To exchange the simplicity and comparative quiet of the classroom-where the talk is more familiar, the interchange of thought more free, and the individual interest more directfor the excitement and sensationalism of the public-hall, is to alter the whole character of the work, and not always to improve or extend it. Far be it from me to say that there are never circumstances which would justify the transformation: but it is well to understand that it is a transformation; that teaching a class, however large, and addressing a promiscuous audience are not the same thing, and that the talents which avail for success in the one may not be equally efficient in the other. It is in the class, where the element of personal sympathy and influence tells for so much, that the power of the Christian woman would be singularly appropriate and telling.

But there is work amongst her own sex which only the Christian woman can with propriety undertake. Of the mothers' meeting she must be the head, and the amount of good which she may accomplish by the service is almost incalculable. No doubt the work will make large demands on her patience, her tact, her ready wit, her power of entering into the feelings and circumstances of those whom she is endeavouring to help. If there is condescension in her tone which makes them feel that she is coming down from her own high station in order to meet them; or if there is any suspicion of severity in her judgment of their errors and foibles; or if she betrays vexation and disappointment when they do not at once respond to her efforts on their behalf, she will defeat her own purpose. But kindly feeling and sympathetic wisdom seldom fail to secure their own reward. To train mothers, numbers of whom have entered on the responsibilities of married life without even a thought about their meaning, in habits of industry, household management, and thrift, and while doing this to lead their minds up to still higher thoughts and more sacred duties, is one of the most valuable services which can be rendered to society and to the Church. An improvement of the home would be one of the most effectual correctives of intemperance, and it can be effected only by agencies such as I have indicated.

What is to be said of the numbers of young girls who are to be found in large houses of business, who have come up to London or some of our great towns from quiet country homes, who are desolate and friendless, and whose circumstances place them in a position of imminent peril? The Church certainly ought to care for them; but how to do it is not so manifest. The work should be undertaken by some of their own sex, and some who are possessed of special fitness for the delicate task. Let any pastor of a Church in a large town or suburb cast his eye round him, and he must at once see the extent of the field which is at present all but uncultivated. Young Men's Associations are everywhere; but how few are there for young women! Who knows anything about the young ladies in large shops, the female clerks in post-

offices, the teachers who are away from their homes in cheerless lodgings? They have probably come up from the country, where they were in habits of attendance on public worship; but they have gradually drifted into indifference The old associations were broken, and others and neglect. have not been formed in their place; they have felt the want of that personal sympathy and guidance which might have led them on in the religious life; they have been brought into close contact with companions who cared nothing for religion themselves, and have taught them to care as little. Surely the Church has a solemn responsibility in relation to these neglected ones which it cannot escape. How can it be better discharged than by appointing deaconesses to whom this special service shall be assigned?

It is this for which I specially plead, that the Church should recognize its obligation to discharge these various kinds of service, and should make provision accordingly. A good deal of very sincere and useful work is practically wasted, because of the lack of the system and organization, which can only be fully carried out when the Church is faithful to its trust. Every Church ought to be a great agency for elevating, improving, and blessing the district in which it is placed, and in order to this it must certainly have a large body of female workers. Too often it is assumed that women make excellent collectors. are admirable in Dorcas Societies, do good service as distributors of tracts or visitors of the sick, but that more than this should not be expected from them, and that even this they should be left to do according to their own individual fancy, and in irregular fashion rather than as recognized officials of the Church. The more I have thought of the subject the more has the conviction grown that it would be an immense advantage to return to a primitive practice, and give woman a distinct trust—whether as a visitor of the sick or the anxious, an instructor of the ignorant, or a messenger to the neglected. Every such worker would fulfil my idea of a deaconess. J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

A VISIT TO THE MONASTERY OF ST. LAZARUS AT VENICE.

STANDING on the marble pavement of the piazzetta of Venice, between the far-famed columns of St. Theodore and the winged lions, the visitor to that enchanted city can see two islands about a quarter of a league distant to the south-west. lying in the horizon of the Lagoon. As one looks in that direction on a fair spring morning, when the early sea-mists have melted away and the far-spread waters are overarched by an azure sky, the prospect is so tempting as to inspire a wish for crossing the intervening space and landing on those neighbouring shores. But, beyond the pleasantness of the view, the buildings on the furthest of the little islands possess an attractive appearance and an interesting history, which will well repay two or three hours' cruise in a gondola to examine the far-famed spot. The nearest island is that of St. Servola, which for awhile hides it neighbour, St. Lazarus. It is the latter only that is worthy of a visit. It takes its name from having been originally an asylum for lepers, placed by the superstition of the middle ages under the patronage of St. Lazarus-a character introduced in our Lord's parable as "full of sores" being regarded as a real personage, and his translation by angels to Abraham's bosom being considered to entitle him to rank in the calendar. There are curious effects produced as the gondola glides towards its destination. The tints on the surface of the lake-like expanse vary according to the depth or shallowness of the waters: figures with dredging-nets are seen mysteriously pacing to and fro as if walking on the sea, because where they are it is not more than ankle-deep; the Lido and other islands, in strips of rich green, contrast with the varied hues of the Lagoon; the brown sails of boats scudding here and there further diversify the prospect; and, as Venice gradually recedes, it expands into a grand panorama of ships, and palaces, and churches.

When leprosy disappeared, and there remained no longer need for the old lazar-house in the island, a few poor fishermen of the Adriatic there built their huts under the trees, until, in 1715, twelve Armenian monks, under a famous leader named Mekhithar, which means consoler, a very saintly man, came over to Venice, after a variety of missionary adventures, seeking the hospitality of the Republic, and desiring a shelter under the wings of St. Mark's lion. This island of St. Lazarus was assigned to them as a resting-place, and there they began to construct buildings, which in time grew into the importance and beauty which they now present to the eye of the traveller. So great is the advancement the monks have made, and so far-famed are the works they have achieved, that the convent is enthusiastically called "the intellectual centre of a nation, the guiding-star of old Armenia, leading its people into the paths of civilization."

The boatman stops at some marble stairs on the bank of the island, and on landing, a few steps conduct to a pretty little garden full of roses and other bright flowers, amidst which the monks have placed large gilt and silvery globes, after a fashion much admired on the continent, but which to most Englishmen appear rather "cockneyfied." * After pausing to look at the plants and shrubs growing in sweet profusion under the careful husbandry of the owners, we approach a church with a tall red campanile, and exhibiting on each side of the entrance-door inscriptions commemorative of the visit of Pius VII. in 1800. Having been courteously accosted by one of the brethren, who inquired respecting our nationality, we were committed to the ciceroneship of a monk, who spoke English exceedingly well, and afforded us a great variety of information relative to the establishment. He took us into the church, furnished with five altars and containing the tomb of the founder, Mekhithar, whose memory is held in high veneration. The sacristy has in it vestments, vases, and other ornaments; and in the choir the services of the Armenian rite are celebrated with punctilious precision. Mass is performed in rather a different manner from that which obtains in the Western Church. though the Armenians here are in communion with the

^{*} The luxuriant vines growing around are said to yield very luscious grapes; and in a retired corner is a small vineyard which supplies a white wine, used for sacramental purposes, and called "the Wine of Ararat."

They have their own liturgy and ritual Bishop of Rome. book, their own directory or calendar, their own breviary and book of hymns. They draw curtains before the sanctuary, which conceal at certain parts of the worship the altar, the priests, and the deacons; and the service on fête days is said to be very imposing, when the archbishop, the priests, the deacons, and the Levites are clad in robes of various colours. embroidered with silks and pearls, incense filling the edifice, the monotonous chants in Oriental use murmuring round the walls, whilst at the elevation of the host the curtain falls, to indicate the mystery of the Real Presence. Transubstantiation enters into the Armenian creed, and other beliefs are included like those of Roman Catholics, such as priestly absolution, the intercession of saints, the duty of worshipping the Virgin, and honouring relics. "The Sacred Rites and Ceremonies of the Armenian Church," by the Rev. Dr. James Issaverdenz, is a book sold in the monastery, from the perusal of which we gather that there is no lack of what Protestants understand by Ritualism in the services of these Eastern Christians.

We were conducted to the refectory, where the monks take their meals (it contains a picture of the Last Supper by a Venetian artist), and the preparations for the noontide repast at the time we were there betokened the extreme cleanliness and the neat arrangements which mark the habits of the whole fraternity.

But nothing we saw interested us so much as the library, the cabinet of MSS., and the printing establishment. One of the first things produced was an album, in which all visitors are requested to sign their names. Lord Byron's autograph is one of the first to be noticed, then follow those of emperors and empresses, and princes of divers ranks, with an array of still more illustrious names. You find the signatures of Thiers, Guizot, Lamartine, Thorwalsden, Malibran; and amongst the latest was that of W. E. Gladstone, whose visit last autumn made a great impression on the brotherhood, and who appended to his signature an expression of interest in the Armenian community. Presently afterwards occurs the well-known handwriting of "A. P. Stanley, Dean of Westminster," whose literary reputation, our cicerone lamented, was not

known by him at the time of the dean's visit. The largest apartment of the library contains 30,000 volumes, and is well lighted by windows opening into the gardens. The ceiling is ornamented by medallions, one representing the martyrdom of St. Catherine, and others celebrated divines of the Roman Armenian communion. On the shelves may be found Biblical and patristic works, Walton's Polyglott, and the Lexicon of Castellio, Greek and Latin Fathers, Aldine editions of Cicero, and other classics. The MSS, include a Persian Bible, an Armenian Gospel a thousand years old, treasures from Mount Sinai, the Samaritan Scriptures, and a superb papyrus written in Oriental characters. The Armenian collection is the most valuable in Europe, though said to be inferior to that of Etchmiadzin in Armenia proper. All the works are bound, and carefully arranged in glass cabinets, and a catalogue of the whole has been provided for the use of students. Our guide manifested great pleasure in showing the Armenian Scriptures, to which he said the members of his communion attached the highest value; devoutly studying the sacred contents, and learnedly commenting upon their signification. Though in fellowship with Rome, he seemed to be aware that in the East the reading of Scripture was more encouraged than in the West, and it appeared manifest from what he said that he desired to awaken Protestant sympathies in reference to the welfare of his own Church.

In this library we were reminded that Lord Byron carried on his Armenian studies, whilst for a time residing within the monastic walls, and a long table in the middle of the room was pointed out as that which he used, and on which, if we remember right, he wrote part of his "Childe Harold." The poet's connection with the place was much talked of by our intelligent friend and instructor; and he directed our attention to a portrait of this distinguished English author, which adorns one of the convent apartments. In connection with the library, it ought to be noticed that one part is devoted to Armenian works published abroad, as well as those printed on the island, and of the latter there are a considerable number. The printing office is well worthy of a visit. It is kept constantly at work under the supervision of one of the order, and the books produced are despatched to Turkey,

Russia, Persia, and even the Indies. It may be mentioned that the printers of St. Lazarus won premiums from the Commissioners at the Great Exhibitions of Paris, London, Florence, and Vienna. A few English books are executed for the use of visitors and others, in order to convey information respecting the convent and the history of the Armenian Church; whilst some of them are very creditably executed, in others there not wanting curious specimens of English style, such as distinguish foreign works printed in our language. It is not surprising to find in the eulogistic notices of Armenian literature a high place assigned to the labours of the community; and it is worth while to give the following extract from a work entitled "The Armenian Monastery," relative to a subject but little known amongst us:

A literature as rich as that of Armenia, comprising, as it does, a list of forty historians, exclusive of scientific, theological, and grammatical works, could not fail to attract the attention of European savants. The valuable information that historians have imparted to us, not only respecting Armenia, but the neighbouring nations, has naturally interested the Western people, and during the present century the Armenian language has been studied considerably in Europe. Even prior to this epoch Western savants had translated religious works, and compiled dictionaries and grammars of the Armenian tongue. The first Armenian scholar who merits consideration is Barthélemy, of Bologna, who lived in the fourteenth century. After him came Francis Rivola, of Milan, in the seventeenth. Then Clement Galanus (who composed the "Conciliatio Ecclesiæ Armenæ cum Romana"), James Villotte (a Frenchman), Andreas Accolouth (Prussian), Aug. Pfeiffer (Saxon), Mathurin de la Croze and Villafroy, Abbot of Blamont (both Frenchmen), Schröder (German). The Brothers Whiston (English), first translators of Moses of Chorene, and of late years Wahl, Bellaud, St. Martin, and the illustrious Lord Byron.

The savant who has probably given the greatest impulse to Armenian literature in Europe is St. Martin, a member of the French Institute or Academy, and the author of works on Armenian history and geography, that are justly considered masterpieces of their kind. Unfortunately for Oriental literature, the premature death of St. Martin prevented the accomplishment of his designs. Among the most celebrated Orientalists of the present day who are ardently devoted to the study of Armenian literature we may mention the State Councillor M. Brosset (a Member of the Academy of Science in Russia), Boettlicher, Boré, the Abbot Cappelletti, Goshe, Neumann, and Dulaurier.

The attention of Europe has been particularly attracted to Armenia and its inhabitants by the exploration and narratives of scientists and travellers in the Orient. In addition to the interesting account given by Chardin de

Tournefort, De Jaubert, and Klaproth, other travellers have brought to public notice the heretofore unknown regions where the race of Haig first established itself. Dubois de Montperreux is the first European who visited in detail and accurately described the region of Great Armenia. After him Messrs. Texier, Brosset, Abich, Wagner, Khanikoff, and the Fathers Nerses and Stephen of St. Lazarus, traversed the regions of the Caucasus and Upper Armenia, the localities formerly under the sway of the Arsacidæ, the Bagratidæ and Roupenians. These travellers published extremely interesting accounts of their journeys. At present some courageous explorers are visiting the least frequented parts of Armenia, and others are studying the topography of the regions formerly traversed by the Armenian emigrants who settled in Cylicia, and were the first Christians whom the Crusaders met when they entered Asia to wrest the tomb of Christ from the infidels.

Amongst the books issued from the press of St. Lazarus is "A History of the Armenian Church," by the Rev. James Issaverdenz. It is a curious production, without the slightest attempt at historical criticism, repeating old traditions after the manner of the middle ages, and indeed it is such a collection of annals as might have proceeded from a Benedictine monk of the fourteenth century. Not only do we find in it the story of the miraculous handkerchief with a likeness of our Lord, and of the letter He is said to have written to Abgarus of Edessa; but there turns up in the sixth century an appendix to the earlier legend. The Bishop of Edessa, during a siege, took the sacred effigy from a niche, where it had been walled up, and therewith performed many miracles, and also saved the city; for the besiegers after this were compelled to The staple of the history consists of miraculous wonders, details of rites and ceremonies, the keeping of Easter, the succession of Armenian pontiffs, divisions in their jurisdiction, illegal elections, the assembling of councils and synods, the publication of creels and canons, disputes between the Armenians and the Greeks, also between the Armenians and the Latins, and in particular the proceedings on the one hand of those called Unionists, who aimed at a complete incorporation of the Armenian and the Roman Church, and the proceedings on the other of the ancient community, who adhered thoroughly to their own traditions. The controversies which are recorded as having arisen out of attempts at such union, and the resistance made to them, must have been as violent and fierce as any related in Church history, and it puzzles one to understand how, after mutual excommunications in former times, some Armenians and Romanists should be found in such close fellowship as exists between them at the present day. Romanists and others once accused Armenians as heretics, particularly on the subject of our Lord's personality, branding them with the accusation of a heterodox confusion of His divinity and humanity; but the historian in this case defends the Armenian faith as free from the alleged taint of Eutychianism, i.e., the blending of the two natures together. And it may be noticed, in passing, as a curious fact, that the Armenians down to the fifth century did not possess a written language of their own, but used Greek, Syriac, or Persian letters, to which they gave their own pronunciation. The Scriptures read in the Greek or Syriac tongues at that time were unintelligible to the people, but a certain person called St. Mesrob then arose, who invented the Armenian characters and translated the Word of God into the vernacular of the country. That period is styled "the golden age of Armenian literature." From the latter part of Issaverdenz's history we discover that there are three divisions at least amongst the Armenians of the present day: first, the old national party; secondly, the Roman Catholic party; and thirdly, what may be called the Protestant party, consisting of those who have adopted the teaching of modern missionaries of Reformed communions. The Roman Catholic party seem to be completely Latinized, and to be in intimate fellowship with the Bishop of Rome, whilst between them and those brethren who adhere to the earlier constitution there exists the strongest antagonism. Roth despise the Protestants, and between the Latinists and what may be called the Nationalists come the brethren of St. Lazarus, who wish to promote union, love, and peace. But they are, to all intents and purposes, Romanists, adopting the Western creed, and submitting to the Western papacy. They are monks of the Benedictine order. archbishop is dependent on the Latin pontiff. The ritual employed is the same essentially as that of Rome, though the order of the ministry, the details of worship, and the vestments worn by the priesthood somewhat vary.

After the conquest of Italy by Napoleon I., the Mekhitharists, as the brethren of St. Lazarus are called after the name of

their founder, established a national academy, the members being the monks of this community. Novices come from all countries inhabited by Armenians, and every year the fraternity confers the title of "Vartabed," or "Doctor," on candidates who pass through a successful examination. There are three terms or courses of study: the classical, the scientific, and the theological; and after the last, and the act of ordination as priests. the monks are called "Fathers." The island possesses a representative and central character from its connection with Armenians all over the globe, from the national spirit cultivated by the brethren, from the endeavours made to promote knowledge and civilization amongst their co-religionists, and from the sentimental feeling cultivated with regard to its pleasant shores. It is touching to read the following sentence: "Behind the choir of the chapel one finds a grove of cypress trees and a few simple tombs; these are the graves of some unfortunate pilgrims from the Orient, who, despairing of ever again beholding their native land, begged to be laid beneath the shadow of the vineyard of Ararat."

ON MILTON'S BLINDNESS.

"How dark it grows!" a seer once stood and cried Close by the gate of God; "Lord, pity me!"
"I know thee who thou art," the Lord replied,
"Come in, for I will sup this night with thee."

Then passed the seer within the sacred portal,
And in the Light of lights re-bathed his eyes,
And fared Divinely on those feasts immortal
Whereof if man doth eat he never dies.

Outside the palace gates all things were dark,
And thro' the window panes he peer'd in vain;
He only heard the sweetly-soaring lark,
And caught the perfume only from the plain.

Alas! the faces of familiar friends
Stand like forbidden ghosts beyond the walls;
The noise of human strife that never ends
Upon his ear in far-off echoes falls.

"Content thee with the inner world instead,"
Said He whose glory fills the unseen shrine;
And the seer lifted up his face and said,
"My Light, my Lord, Thy will be done, not mine."

Whereat the King, with his own royal hands, Within the ample hall a veil withdrew, And lo! on verge of Paradise he stands, And sees the awful drama played anew.

Who would not give the flowers outside the gate
For those that bloomed in Eden's dewy sod?
Who would not turn his eyes from mortals' hate
When heaven conspires against the throne of God?

What reck'd it then to that far-sighted seer Whether some earthly tyrant rose or fell, When Satan shook on high his dreadful spear, And awe-struck Nature groaned in birth of hell?

Or when the meek Emmanuel, strong to save,
The banner of His mighty love unfurled—
Vanquished proud hell, unclosed the gloomy grave,
And with His blood redeemed the ruined world?

"And hast thou mark'd it well?" inquired the King;
"For this must pass from man to man for ever;
Good minstrel, what thou seest thou must sing,
And let thy numbers roll like God's own river."

And the blind minstrel wrought his task so well
That all the raptured ages heard the strain;
How blissful was the Eden whence they fell,
What better bliss in that they hoped to gain.

The seer sang on until the time was late,
And felt the sleep of sleeps upon his brow;
His song Divine, and his reward as great,
"Into my rest," the Lord said, "enter thou."

So Nature to the astonished soul reveals

Her fairest charms when daylight leaves the eye;
A new heaven opens which the sun conceals,

And troops of hidden glories deck the sky.

THOMAS DUNLOP.

THE BROAD CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.*

II.

It has recently been announced that Rev. Stopford Brooke has seceded from the Anglican Church. This sacrifice to principle is specially worthy of admiration because of the many indications we meet of the indifference to the claims which he has thus honourably acknowledged. Mr. Stopford Brooke is a man of whose character and ability any Church might reasonably be proud. It was tolerably clear that he might continue to hold his position as a clergyman without fear of being challenged. But he has paid a fitting homage to conscience by retiring from the ministry of a Church with whose doctrines he finds himself no longer in accord. Personally we regret that he should have formed the opinions which have led him to adopt this course; but as he has formed them, it would have been matter for still deeper regret if he had sought to evade the obligations he had contracted and clung to a position which in foro conscientice would have been declared forfeited by every law of righteousness and honour. We remember hearing that high-minded man Rev. John Gordon, so long an honoured Unitarian minister, insist that the section of the clergy with whom he had least sympathy were those who professed opinions in agreement with his own. For, he contended, those opinions certainly were not in harmony with the formularies of the Establishment, and if those who had adopted them could still retain office in a Church which proclaims the Athanasian creed and requires all its clergy to recite it, it was not only a discredit to themselves, but, what touched him more deeply, a slur on the doctrines which they held. Such a conception of duty, however, often entails heavy sacrifices upon those who adopt it, as, in fact, it had done upon the true-hearted man who expressed it. A scrupulous conscience always has its difficulties, and it is not surprising that it should be sought as far as possible to restrict its dominion. We are the more bound, therefore, to honour one who, like Mr. Stopford Brooke, obeys its call when

^{* &}quot;Scotch Sermons." Macmillan and Co.

it requires him to forsake much that must be pleasant and enjoyable. He might have pleaded that there were departures from the teachings of the Church in other directions quite as serious as his own; but a true man must feel that, however such reasonings may condemn the system, they cannot avail to acquit him if he is unfaithful to his own convictions. He might have urged that to abandon his position was to sacrifice a vantage-ground for truth and freedom, but it was a nobler instinct which taught him that the first condition of faithful service to the truth was that the servant be true himself. He may have stripped himself of visible and outward means of influence, but he has greatly increased that moral influence which is a far more important factor in his work.

We have singled out this example of loyalty to conscience because it is recent and because all the surroundings give it a special value. It is a practical repudiation, by a man whose eminent ability and high position give him weight, of the notion which, whether distinctly present to the mind as a principle, is certainly carried out in practice, that there is no feeling of honour which should lead a minister to resign his office in a Church whose doctrines he has conscientiously forsaken. The question of morality comes before that of orthodoxy, and in discussing with the clergy of any Church doctrines contrary to the conditions of office which have been accepted by themselves we are warranted in first challenging them to show the consistency of their new views with the position they hold. The point must be pressed, for its bearings are many and varied, and not the least important is its relation to public morality. Now, as we observed in our last article. a clergyman of the Scotch Church is much more deeply committed to a particular scheme of doctrine than his Anglican brother. The rigid Calvinism of the Confession of Faith has at least the merit of freedom from ambiguity. These "Scotch sermons" ought doubtless to be proved by some other test than their agreement with the "Confession of Faith;" but we are bound to say that if they directly contradict that they ought not to be preached in the pulpits of the Scotch Church. The Confession may condemn and yet the gospel may justify them; but even so, the preacher is not justified so long as

he remains pledged to the doctrines of the "Confession." It is not enough for him to say that he means to demonstrate the failure of the "Confession" and, if possible, to effect a reform; for, not to urge that he himself is bound by the "Confession" as it is, not as it will be when he has secured its revision, his conduct stands in the way of the very reform which he professes to desire. For why should there be a change at all, if those who have renounced its errors may still hold their offices? Wherefore create a popular prejudice by attempting to remove that which it is possible to evade? A wise general always prefers to turn a strong position of the enemy rather than take it in front, and no one will care to encounter opposition and personal reproach by undertaking a reform of creeds if this very convenient mode of escaping from their pressure be accepted as right.

Taking these sermons and comparing them with the "Confession," we feel that we are moving in an entirely different circle of ideas. It is not that here and there discrepancy may be detected, but the difficulty is to find a principle common to both. It would hardly be too much to say that if the book had been distinctly intended to present to the Scotch people a conception of religion in direct opposition to that set forth by the Westminster Assembly, and to make them tacitly understand that the teaching of the latter was superstition, it could not have done the work more effectually. It is not against any extreme form of Calvinism, or against some of the extreme doctrines of the Church of Scotland, that the book is directed, but against the entire scheme of theology which is associated with the name of the great divine whose principles are embodied in the confession of faith which the Church of Scotland requires alike from ministers and elders. Take one of the root ideas of the system—the depravity of man in consequence of Adam's sin. The language of the Confession of Faith on this point is sufficiently startling even to numbers who hold the Evangelical doctrine of to-day.

^{1.} Our first parents being seduced by the subtilty and temptation of Satan, sinned in eating the forbidden fruit. This their God was pleased, according to His wise and holy counsel, to permit, having purposed to order it to His own glory. 2. By this sin they fell from their original righteousness and communion with God, and so became dead in sin and

wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of soul and body. 3. They being the root of all mankind, the guilt of this sin was imputed, and the same death in sin and corrupted nature conveyed to all their posterity, descending from them by ordinary generation. From this original corruption, whereby we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil, do proceed all actual transgressions. . . . 6. Every sin, both original and actual, being a transgression of the righteous law of God, and contrary thereunto, doth in its own nature bring guilt upon the sinner, whereby he is bound over to the wrath of God and curse of the law, and so made subject to death, with all miseries spiritual, temporal, and eternal.

No doubt many, on reading this, will at once say that such teaching involves a representation of God which is little short of blasphemous, and a conception of man and his relation to the Divine government and the scheme of redemption which reduces him to a mere piece of mechanism. Still, whatever it be, it is the doctrine of the school by which the formularies of the Church of Scotland were framed and to which that Church has given the full sanction of its authority. Nor can any one who is acquainted with the writings of the divines by whom this declaration was framed suppose that there is in it anything of mere verbiage. Whether they realized the full bearings and consequences of their own doctrines is open to doubt, but certain it is they had reasoned themselves into the belief of them, and regarded any opposition to them as a rebellion against the gospel. If it be that the Church has outgrown them, by all means let these solemn statements be altered, for the relief of the consciences of those who are bound by them, for the vindication of the truth of God from the reproach to which representations of this kind expose it, but above all for the deliverance of the Church and of religion itself from the conviction deep-rooted in many minds, and which the volume under review will abundantly confirm. that the clergy do not believe what they have publicly and solemnly accepted. Mr. M'Farlan, speaking of "an increasing number of intelligent persons," says-

It seems to them, in the second place, that all investigations into the condition of man during these millenniums—many more than six—throughout which the human race has occupied the earth and left vestiges of its occupancy, prove that the path trodden by mankind has been one upwards and not downwards—disprove, in other words, the doctrine that the race has lapsed from a state of paradisaic innocence, of primeval wisdom and

integrity, such as Jewish rabbis, and after them the doctors of the primitive Church, mediaval schoolmen, Puritan divines, have imagined. Independently, however, of all scientific conjectures as to the origin of the human race, as to the condition of pre-historic man, as to the progress of mankind through successive ages of intellectual and moral growth, the old theological doctrine of the fall of man and the consequent death in sin of all his posterity, seem, in these days, to many men and women of cultivated intelligence, untenable (p. 222).

Mr. M Farlan does not categorically declare himself on the side of these people of "cultivated intelligence," but the impression conveyed by the discourse certainly is that he shares their views. The method of teaching adopted might perhaps place at great disadvantage any who were desirous to convict him of heresy in a Church court, for these opinions, stated with so much clearness and force, are always put forth as those of the more thoughtful of the day, including among them "many of the religious teachers in all the Churches." The school stands between those who regard the opposition of science to the old theologies as "the wanton attacks of the wicked upon the religion of Christ," and those who hail them as agencies by which it will be destroyed and reduced to the level of an old superstition, and the preacher certainly undertakes to represent their views, distinctly saying—

They admit, I may venture to reply for them, that in so far as these beliefs were embodied in the dogmas of scholastic theology, they must be abandoned or greatly modified. The sections of that theology which treat of sin and salvation they regard as specially untenable.

With such a statement, which covers the whole, there does not seem any unfairness in identifying him personally with these views; but that is no business of ours. We have no wish to fix an imputation on any individual, and are concerned only to point out the general character and tendency of the principles held by the school of whom and in whose name Mr. M'Farlan is speaking. It is only necessary to put the statement just quoted by the side of the explicit teachings of the "Confession of Faith" in order to see how utterly irreconcilable is the one with the other. It is easy to discredit certain opinions by calling them dogmas of the scholastic theology, but, unfortunately for a minister of the Church of Scotland, they are also the doctrines of his own Church,

and he is pledged to maintain them by the obligations of honour as well as of law.

We have no hesitation in admitting that the theory of human depravity which is expressed in the Confession of Faith finds now but few to adopt it, and the milder and more moderate view which now prevails—a view which would reject the element of imputed guilt and of judgment coming upon the sinner of to-day because of Adam's transgression-does not interfere with the fidelity of multitudes to the Evangelical creed. They do not make void the grace of God in redemption, they do not insist less earnestly upon the reality of the Redeemer's sacrifice, they do not teach with less distinctness that only through faith in Him can the sinner be pardoned and accepted, because they are not prepared to adopt the extreme representations of human depravity which the scholastic divines have given us. To many of them the statement of Mr. M'Farlan, that there is "hereditary transmission from generation to generation, and habits, aptitudes for good or evil qualities, intellectual and moral no less than physical," would be satisfactory, at least if it were qualified with the further admission that in every man there is a germ of evil which, unless expelled by Divine grace, is sure to develop into ever-increasing alienation from God. It is here, however, that the divergence would take place between them and the more advanced school from which this volume emanates, and it must not be concealed that the difference is vital. If there is anywhere in man a power of spiritual renewal, by which his redemption may be accomplished, it is not to be supposed that the Son of God would have come into the world and died for man's sin. His death, indeed, may be regarded as one of the forces in the great process of spiritual evolutionperhaps the greatest of all-by means of which the race whose "moral progress from age to age" has, we are told, been secured, shall at last be purified from all evil. But if that be all He is not the Saviour in whom we have believed and whom we preach. Our view of sin undoubtedly determines the view of the Atonement. If the disease be not universal, then it is not too much to assume that it is something from which men. or at least some men, can deliver themselves, and the need for the Divine Physician and His sovereign cure has ceased.

While, therefore, we deprecate representations of depravity so extreme and exaggerated as almost to destroy human responsibility, we feel, on the other hand, that the denial of depravity leads on to the rejection of all that is distinctive in the doctrine of the Atonement.

Mr. M'Farlan speaks of the "spread of what may be named humaner conceptions in regard to the Divine character and the method of the Divine government of the world," which "have rendered the dogmas of scholastic theology concerning the nature and the origin of human sin incredible to many minds." In no point is the difference between the old and new schools more marked than in this. In the former the sovereignty of God was the ruling idea. We remember well a sermon which we heard in our own boyhood that fully expressed its spirit. It was preached by a divine of great ability and deep spiritual feeling, and one who certainly did not hold extreme views. The impression of awe and terror which it produced is vividly present to the memory even now. The text was, "That every mouth should be stopped and the whole world become guilty before God." The logic with which every plea that the sinner could urge was proved to be unavailing was terrible in its force, and one came away crushed and humbled and almost despondent. Looking back on it now, we feel that the one element which had been left out of account was the recoil of the human heart from the view of God which had been presented. The word was powerful in its well-woven logic, but it did not commend itself to heart and conscience. There has been a strong reaction. Apart altogether from scientific discoveries, which have undoubtedly exercised a modifying influence on theological beliefs, there has been a tendency to look at a side of the Divine character to which the fathers failed to give its due place. It has been remembered that the Father has a heart, even if the King of kings have to maintain the authority of universal rule; and it has been seen that only as the reality and beauty of the Divine Fatherhood is set before man will there be true conviction for sin or anxious desire for reconciliation. The danger of the present day is that the reaction should be extreme. The Apostle exclaims, in words pregnant with meaning, "Oh the goodness and the severity of God."

If the old divines obscured the goodness by the very prominence which they gave to the severity, there is assuredly reason to fear that now there may be so exclusive an exhibition of goodness as to lead men to forget that even perfect goodness is compatible with severity against sin.

Passing on from the doctrine relative to sin to that which has to do with salvation, we are told that the dissent from the "old scholastic dogmas" is as great in one case as in the other. In logical consistency it could not be otherwise. As we said above, they hang together, and any serious weakening or modification of our theory of sin must affect also the other. Hence we are told that these thoughtful theologians believe in the "omnipotence of repentance." So, we suppose, does the most decided Calvinist; at all events so does the most intense Evangelical. That is, he believes that God never denies the prayer of the penitent, or refuses to restore him to His favour. It is inconceivable that a man should hate sin, should humbly confess it and ask forgiveness, should earnestly strive to depart from it and ask God for help in the struggle, and should not be accepted. But then comes the prior question, how is the penitence produced, and what is it which gives it this omnipotence? On these points Mr. M'Farlan says of the school on whose behalf he is speaking-

They hold that, while the evil consequences of a man's evil deeds dog his footsteps to his dying day, there are yet ever open to the greatest sinner the possibilities of entrance on a new and nobler life. They assert with Paul that the goodness of God is leading the sinner to repentance. They use language of his still more evangelical in its ring, and maintain that "God is in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing unto men their trespasses;" not making, that is, the sins that are past obstacles to His mercy, but causing His grace to superabound over many offences. But while the modern theologians whose views I am endeavouring to expound thus use evangelical language and recognize a certain amount of truth in those scholastic dogmas concerning redemption, which are popularly known as the gospel, they reject those dogmas when they are presented to them in scientific form and systematic completeness, as constituting what is called the "scheme of salvation." They decline to believe that there is unveracity in the Divine dealings with man, or that God can "count men righteous on any other ground than that of the sincerity of their repentance and the reality of their endeavours after the new obedience. Christ, they hold, has died that men might thus die with Him and live again. The scholastic notion, however, that His sufferings constitute the exact arithmetical equivalent of the penalties incurred by the elect for their sins they reject as formal, unreal, unverifiable. The whole of that latest development of theological scholasticism, the Dutch covenant theology, with its solemn bargainings between God and Adam and between God the Father and God the Son, they regard as a fashion as quaint and artificial as the Dutch landscape gardening which, along with it, came into vogue in the British islands" (p. 225).

This is one of those theological statements which need the exercise of special discrimination. There is here much that is specious; much that is fitted to conciliate believers in a theology which, though liberal and catholic, is thoroughly Evangelical: much that would indicate that the development of this modern school has been strictly within the lines which would be recognized as orthodox by all except a small body who are bound by the severest traditions of the past. "Dutch theology," with its bargainings, finds but little favour even with the most Evangelical divines of our own Churches. A minister of the Church of Scotland who sets forth the broader view has indeed to reconcile it as best he can with the statements of his Confession of Faith, which distinctly speak of "the elect for whom Christ hath purchased redemption." But, leaving that for Mr. M'Farlan himself to settle, we may say that there is nothing to startle us in the repudiation of the commercial view of the Atonement. We doubt whether it is taught in half a dozen of our pulpits.

What we are concerned about is the teaching which is to be substituted for it. Not that we hold it of vital importance that there should be a theory of the Atonement clear and consistent throughout. We are much more anxious to have a distinct recognition of the fact that Christ Jesus died for our sins, than to have a theory which undertakes minutely to explain the exact relation of the Saviour's death to the Divine government, and to define how the sinner is affected by it. It is not to be denied, however, that the fact and theory cannot be absolutely dissociated. It is not the mere circumstance of the death of the Lord upon the cross that is of paramount importance, but the further point that He died for our sins. Each thinker puts his own interpretation upon it, and that interpretation is a theory. But there arises a preliminary question as to the court of appeal. Our appeal is to the New Testament, and especially to the epistles of Paul, in which these subjects are most fully treated. But

here we find ourselves at once in antagonism to these advanced thinkers. They admit that Paul may and does give some countenance to those ideas of substitution and imputation which they repudiate. But, says Mr. M'Farlan, "from Paul rabbinizing, they appeal to Paul speaking out of the depths of his profound spiritual insight." A more short and easy method of getting rid of Paul's authority could not have been devised. If his teaching accord with the ideas of these modern theologians, the apostle is true to his better self, and shows "profound spiritual insight;" if they seem to support the theology of the "Confession of Faith," he rabbinizes. The authority of these modern thinkers is thus quietly substituted for that of Paul. The process is simple, but not very satisfactory to those who, like ourselves, regard the apostle as a more reliable interpreter of the gospel—even than the divines who have had the inestimable benefit of instruction in the new scientific ideas.

ANENT TESTIMONIALS.

"A TESTIMONIAL was presented to, &c.," is a sentence frequently meeting the eye in the columns of the secular and religious press. The frequent phrase may be some indication of the existence of a considerable amount of kindliness. In all ages it has been the practice to bestow gifts and offer that which should be a testimony to the esteem in which the recipient was held. Sometimes such testimonials have expressed a sense of obligation for some service rendered or benefit conferred. The custom shows no sign of decadence. And there is no need to sneer at it as vanity, for there are right and wrong accompaniments to testimonials. How many labourers for Christ have been cheered by the gift of some small article which has expressed the affection of fellowlabourers! Ministers, deacons, teachers, superintendents, and choir leaders, and secretaries of various grades have been among those chiefly selected in the Church as recipients: while in the army and in business circles, officials and "heads of departments" have shared such favours. A few volumes, a desk, clock, portfolio, épergne, sewing machine, silver salver, tea and coffee service, purse of sovereigns, a picture, or a portrait have been among the articles usually selected for presentation. At times a cheque for a large amount has been given; but in such case it has generally been understood as a graceful way of recouping some willing and able defender of certain principles a great outlay for their advancement. This is only right. Noble men who would have been crushed by financial difficulties—not of their own seeking—have been relieved from the strain by the generous help of numbers.

But, like all other good practices, this is open to abuse. The most flagrant and disgraceful form of abuse is when presentations are promoted by those who are to be the recipients. A parish official was on certain accounts relinquishing, unwillingly, a post he had held for many years. No one cared enough about him to get up a testimonial. He mentioned to a friend that he wondered his merits were so overlooked. The friend sympathized with him and said he was ready to do his share. "Then why don't you take it up and work it for me? I ought to have not less than two hundred pounds." The friend used his best endeavours, raised about eighty, came back to the official, told him of his regret that he could not obtain more, and asked what he was to do. The official was not to be disappointed, but himself filled up a cheque for a hundred and twenty pounds; it was entered as from "anonymous friends." The presentation was made, and a flaring account appeared in the public press.

Hardly less to be condemned is a dishonest presentation. Sometimes the object aimed at is one directly opposite to that professed. For instance, there was a minister of an influential Church in a large midland town who in some way or other had allowed the work to slacken. The numbers attending the Church very much decreased; a change of ministry was greatly desired; hints were given but were unheeded; subscriptions were withheld, but it was useless. An endowment enabled the Rev. Stand-his-ground to defy that sort of pressure. At length he gave some token of leaving, and intimated that he thought he should have to resign. He even went so far as to tender an informal resignation, but fixed no date for its taking effect. To bring it to a point the deacons

promoted a testimonial, to be presented on his leaving. They raised-considering the weakened state of the Church-a considerable amount. An evening was fixed upon for the presentation. It was expected that the minister would then state definitely the time of his intended departure. people gathered. A public tea was provided. Many who loved the place, although caring little for the preacher, and who had left for a time, rallied to the meeting. They intended thus to remove from the mind of the Rev. Mr. Standhis-ground any soreness he might have felt at their removal to another ministry. The faithful adherents were all prepared to give the friendly farewell grasp. The chairman and deacons made speeches of an appreciative character. gentleman who made the presentation of the purse of two hundred sovereigns spoke in high terms of the character of the rev. gentleman who was so soon to leave them. At last the minister rose to thank them. He said: "For the last two or three years I have been much troubled at the chilliness of the Church and the evident lack of interest in my ministry. I have several times contemplated retirement, wishing that abler hands might guide the Church. I knew that it only needed that minister and people should be perfectly united and earnestly desirous of working together to initiate a new style of things. We really have to-night that union and warmth I have so long desired. The display of kindness on your part has been to me overpowering. On every hand there has been the expression of such warm interest in me that it has put new life into me. I had no idea you cared so much for me. It would be wrong on my part to sever a connection so pleasurable to myself and profitable to you. I am glad that my resignation was very informal, and that I have not pained you by fixing a date for its taking effect. I will therefore at once most readily withdraw even the informal resignation, and continue with you for your furtherance in faith and patience. Let us sing 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." The great assembly, completely taken by surprise, found it for once very difficult to join in that doxology.

Again: the grace of a presentation is often spoiled by the fuss made about it. Some testimonials are not worth the parade and publicity given to them. If a copy of "Barnes'

Notes," a pencil-case, a pair of spectacles, a butter knife, a pulpit cushion, or hymn book, or writing case is presented to a minister, a superintendent, or a teacher, surely it is not worth while to send a paragraph to the denominational paper, to advertize so small an affair far and wide.

In laying foundation stones of a new church or schools how much is oftentimes spent uselessly for a trowel to be presented to the one who performs the ceremony. Some gentlemen who have had much of this sort of work have "barrow-loads of trowels." They would doubtless readily lend an ornate trowel or mallet for use a second time if only applied to. Thus the expense might be saved, and the amount otherwise squandered put to the credit of the building fund. This would be a greater satisfaction to the gentlemen who perform such services. They don't want to reduce their contributions by levying a tax to pay for a present to themselves.

And if a man by some means has obtained from one of the three hundred colleges in America, professing to confer degrees, a diploma of some kind, is it well to bruit the fact abroad. We knew of one—a man who was an influential official—who caused the announcement of his elevation to the rank of D.D. to be made in a leading periodical. The editor, who must have been a bit of a wag, added these words: "We congratulate the Rev. J. Portly on his new dignity, and can guarantee to the public the respectability of the college which has conferred the degree."

On the other side the Atlantic it is the custom at times to make presentations at "surprise parties." The way in which such affairs are arranged is sometimes very considerate. The writer was once present at a gathering of the kind, and it was a very pleasant sight. It was on the occasion of the departure, from a Canadian city, of a gentleman and his wife who had been very useful in the choir. A few friends soon obtained sufficient subscriptions to make a handsome present. It was ascertained, incidentally, by one of the number subscribing, on what evening the couple would be at home. At the hour of eight, laden with the testimonial, and with baskets containing all kinds of confectionary, ices, and fruit, together with plates, knives, spoons, and table-cloths, all those who had desired to take part in the presentation went down to the

house of the young couple. They entered one by one, crowding the largest room and hall. Then one was spokesman for the rest. He first surprised the couple with the gift, and then asked leave to spread the supper on the tables, and to eat together ere parting. It was a very well arranged affair.

I have been told by pastors who have had such surprise parties that the outcome, which had been supposed sufficient to make up for a deficient salary, had ofttimes been a greater loss than profit. The amount of cake and fruit consumed by those who came in large numbers and contributed little caused the loss. Sometimes poor pastors in the backwoods fare like the German Rabbi, whose congregation determined to fill up his wine butt. Each one brought a bottle and emptied it quickly into the butt. When the Rabbi went to draw from the vinous gift he found that his butt was full of water. Each one contributing had supposed that his meanness would be hidden under the generosity of the rest.

Where testimonials are given to ministers on leaving a place, it is supposed that the sign of appreciation on the part of the Church he is leaving would help somewhat towards his success in his new sphere. There is no doubt but that this is both a kindly and useful practice, but it can be run to seed. A man can be over-testimonialized, like one who once came to the writer with such a bundle of testimonials to his character that he made him strongly suspicious of his trustworthiness. Alas! the suspicions turned out to be too well founded.

Sometimes testimonials are promoted by partizans for political purposes. They may be the outcome of genuine admiration for the men to whom presentations are made, whether in the form of addresses richly illuminated, or stars and garters, or caskets and coronets, or golden laurel-shaped crowns, subscribed for by the pence of the million. The bearing of these things on political projects is well understood in certain quarters, and wire-pulling is an easy process. Not every statesman is so independent as was Earl Granville, who, when an Eastern potentate presented him with his cabinet portrait in a frame richly ornate with gold and diamonds, took the portrait quietly from behind the glass and gracefully handed back the valuable frame, saying that "it would not

become one of the Ministers of Her Majesty the Queen of England to take that which in any sense might be interpreted as a reward for duty performed." It was sufficient for the Earl to know that his services and attention had been appreciated.

After all, the approval of conscience and the favour of God is the best testimonial. Every man can have this who is sincere and faithful in the sphere in which he has been placed. An Enoch had a Divine testimonial, "that he pleased God." Our Saviour could say with respect to His Father's approval, "I do always those things which please Him." Paul was so indifferent to human testimonials that he spoke contemptuously of them: "Need we, as some others, letters of commendation to you, or letters of commendation from you?" He was not troubled as to how he pleased men so long as he pleased God. With what energy he exclaims to the Galatians, "Do we now persuade men, or God?" "Do we yet seek to please men?" "If I pleased men I should not be the servant of Christ." He could not bear to come down so low as to be a mere man-pleaser and testimonial seeker. Conscious rectitude and successful spiritual work were sufficient for him. He lived with the thought of the judgment bar ever present, and that made him care for no testimonial but that which would bear the searching light of that day. FREDERICK HASTINGS.

THE LAW OF THE HEART.*

"Thou shalt love."-MATTHEW XXII. 37.

In that ever-memorable summary of the law which Christ laid down as the supreme rule of the moral life, I have chosen for our present meditation only the three words, "Thou shalt love." I isolate these from their connection, for the purpose (as you will have divined) of fixing your attention upon the essential idea which they contain. That idea is this: love can be commanded; love is the subject of law.

* From the French of M. Bersier, translated by Mrs. Harwood Holmden.

Before we turn to the question whom it is we ought to love, this epitome of the law affirms that we ought to love. To show that to love is a command; to show that the heart of man, like everything else in nature, has a law which it is bound to obey—this is the subject to which, with the help of God, I would now direct your thoughts.

One of the things on which the science of our day legitimately congratulates itself, is the fact that it has affirmed and demonstrated with ever-increasing exactness, the universality of law. In that vast region which ignorance was wont to assign as the domain of chance, and to abandon to the caprice of gods and men, science shows, as elsewhere, a hidden order, a chain of direct causation. It shows the operation of law no less in the domain of that which we regard as infinitesimal, than in spheres which bewilder us by their vastness. It demonstrates that the blade of grass and the grain of sand are as much under the reign of law as those brilliant points of light which we call fixed stars, and each of which, if it could be measured, would be found to contain vastly more matter than the whole of our earth.

Science aims to discover law in phenomena which appear to us the most fortuitous and erratic, and just as it has long ago solved the secret of eclipses, so that it can foretell centuries in advance the recurrence of these appearances, which to the ancients seemed omens of death to some royal personage; so it is already learning to fix the track of the winds, the order of cyclones and storms, the very point in the heavens, as it were, from which the lightnings will flash upon our startled eves.

Perhaps there is scarcely conceivable a purer and intenser joy than that which is afforded to a thoughtful mind by the discovery of some new law, or by the verification of an old law, through some phenomenon which at first seemed to discredit it. When the intellect discovers beneath the seeming confusion of things, the regular operation of clearly determined natural forces; when it recognises the reasonable cause and connection of facts which appeared casual and accidental; or when the conscience perceives beneath the so-called fatality of events, the operation of the law of eternal right-eousness, our whole being thrills with a sublime enthusiasm.

We feel that here is truth, because here is order; and, like the antiquary who deciphers upon some broken stone lines which show it to be the fragment of a famous edifice, so we, as we trace the detailed operation of these great laws, recognize in them links of that golden chain which "every way binds the whole earth around the feet of God."

Have we any reason, as Christians, to dread this affirmation of the universal sovereignty of law? Assuredly we should have, if there were nothing behind this law and above it; if this harmony was only the splendid expression of a pitiless necessity; if it indicated no power but that of material force; nothing but the play of a vast machine, which had been at work from all eternity, without any indication of an informing soul, a great first cause. But emphatically no, if above the law there is a lawgiver; above the material order the directing spirit; above the holy law, the holy God; above the law of sympathy, the God who is Love.

Now this is the spectacle which the Bible presents: this is the twofold affirmation which we read on every page. On the one hand it asserts the existence of a living God everywhere present, shining through all His works, intervening in all our destinies, feeding the birds of the air, clothing the lilies of the field. On the other hand (and this is not sufficiently noted), there is another word which, next to the name of God, is repeated oftener in Scripture than any other. What is it, think you? It is law. Law runs through the whole Bible; from that marvellous account of the creation, in which God is represented as appointing everything in its own order, in due sequence, and after its own kind; from those marvellous passages in the Book of Job, in which the Lord appears giving laws to the light, to the wind, to the tempest; down to the setting apart of the nation of Israel, to whom emphatically the law was committed, and whose special calling was to be among their fellows, the exponents and guardians of the law of God. What is the central and most impressive point in the whole history of Israel? What is the initial scene, the most momentous event of its life as a nation? Is it not the giving of the law? This took place upon the lofty peaks of Sinai, as though to indicate its exalted origin, and in the sombre solitudes of the

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desert, so that no human voices might break the solemnity of the scene. It was preceded by thunders and lightnings; as though to show that the very powers of nature were moved at the coming of the Lawgiver, and formed His retinue of terror and glory. Can we find in the annals of any people in the whole world a scene comparable to this, in which we see all might, all majesty, everything that man is wont to reverence and admire, bowing down before that holy thing which is called law? Has any other god ever so limited and defined himself, affirming that the revealed law is the true eternal expression of his character and will? What are the prophets of Israel but witnesses of the law. bringing to mind that which had been forgotten, touching into new light the obscured or obliterated, casting upon the page of history the searching candle of the law? It has been truly said, other nations had diviners and augurs; Israel alone had prophets—that is, men who showed in history the fulfilment of a providential plan, the triumph of eternal laws.

If we turn to the Psalms, what is the subject which rises most frequently on the lips of the sweet singer of Israel? It is the law. The statutes, ordinances, commands of Jehovah -that is to say, the Divine law under various names-this is the theme which David celebrates with a holy monotony. And when he has poured forth his admiration of the splendours of nature, in the sublime pean: "The heavens declare the glory of God," he makes nature itself a pedestal on which to exalt the Divine law. "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple; the statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes." (Ps. xix. 7, 8.) Some of the Psalms, the hundred and nineteenth for example, set before them simply this one object-to magnify the law of God-and every one of its numerous strophes comes back to this point. Can we call to mind any other nation which thus magnifies its law in the songs of its people? With what enthusiasm have scholars often quoted that beautiful passage in which the great Greek tragedian Sophocles celebrates "the unwritten laws, the enduring work of the gods, which are neither of to-day, nor of yesterday, but are always living, and the origin of which no man knows." This same thought, which occurs but a few times in the writings of pagan philosophers, permeates the whole of the Old Testament.

I have spoken chiefly of the Old Testament, because it is comparatively little known, and much misconceived among us; because the current idea of Jehovah is that of an arbitrary despotic, omnipotent Being. This misconception arises from the habit of studying the character of Jehovah as it is reflected in the turbid, troubled depths of the history of Israel, instead of reading it in the law where it shines forth in splendour unalloyed. Need I insist on the fact that the gospel shows us the moral law everywhere in operation, and recognised always as supreme? Who is it who makes this law of love the charter of religion? Jesus Christ. Before He came, this summary of the law had been given, but it lay embedded in the Book of Deuteronomy, of little more practical value than a lifeless mummy, carefully preserved by a nation of formalists and legalists. Christ gave it new life. He made the love of God and of a man's neighbour the double pole of the moral world. Not only did He proclaim this law, but He made it possible to keep it. The proclamation to the whole world of the law of love dates from the cross of Christ.

I know well what objection will be raised here. We shall be told that the supernatural element which so largely pervades the Bible, and especially the Gospels, is the negation of the reign of law, because the supernatural implies that which is arbitrary, capricious, and contrary to the fixed and universal harmony of nature. Such is, I admit, the idea entertained of the supernatural in our day. Sceptics have thought that on this side Christianity was peculiarly open to attack; that it would be easy to effect a breach in this direction; and it is upon this point, therefore, that scepticism has concentrated its fire. But it happens that the attack is directed against an imaginary foe. The supernatural element in Christianity, so far from being the negation, or even the invalidation of law, is, on the contrary, the emphatic affirmation of higher and Divine laws, which are called into operation by the necessities of our corrupt and fallen nature. We all allow that human

volition can to some extent suspend or modify the laws that we call natural. Christianity affirms that holiness, moral perfection, will possess this power in the highest degree. It gives us a living example of this in Jesus, the Conqueror of matter, of suffering, of sin, of death. Is this any violation of natural laws? Does the engineer or the physician violate the laws of nature, the one by bringing under control its brute forces, the other by contending victoriously with disease? And if the Son of God, the perfect Man, triumphs over sickness and death, does He therefore run counter to the laws of nature? On the contrary, He only affirms a law that is vet higher. If I find in some inhabited island a stream which has been turned out of its original channel by means of a weir: if I find there also fruit trees which have been grafted and bear new kinds of fruit, shall I say that in that island the laws of nature have been belied? No, I shall simply conclude that these facts bear witness to the presence in that island of man with his intelligence, with his peculiar powers, powers superior to those of unaided nature, powers which I may therefore call in this sense, supernatural. And if in the history of mankind I come across a series of moral facts, of acts and events which are obviously such as Nature could not have accomplished by her own powers, I conclude, not that the laws of nature are abrogated, but that there are other laws, higher than those with which experience makes us familiar, laws which in relation to us are supernatural, and which I may call Divine.

It is not true, then, that the idea of the supernatural element in Christianity at all invalidates the idea of law. On the contrary, the very idea of a God who is absolute Master of all that exists, of a God who is a Spirit, and infinitely wise, confirms my conviction that law must certainly regulate all His works, even where we fail as yet to discern its methods. Law rules in the physical world with fatal sanctions; death is the penalty of its violation. Law reigns in the intellectual world under the form of axioms, and he who violates it falls into error, absurdity, folly. Law reigns in the moral world, where it claims to be freely accepted by moral beings; and he who violates it runs into evil. Thus I find law everywhere, and everywhere supreme; and as I contemplate it ruling thus

with calm, mighty, majestic sway, I am tempted to apply to it the sublime word of the Psalmist "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me." (Psa. cxxxix. 7-11.) Nowhere, therefore, in God's universe do we find confusion or arbitrary fatalism: everywhere there is law. Such is the sublime idea which the Bible gives us of the world and of mankind.

Now in the passage before us, law is presented as the sovereign principle also of our human affections. The heart is to be in subjection to law no less than the intellect. "Thou shalt love." It has not been sufficiently noted how bold, strange, original is this command, which is to be found only in revealed religion; the religion of nature alone would never have risen so high. This is the point I wish specially to impress upon you.

Love is a law. This law ought to bring all mankind into harmonious relations with each other. For those who ignore this law, or who are persistently refractory under its demands,

there is an inevitable outlook of suffering and death.

We all know the physical phenomenon which we call attraction—that is, the as yet unexplained cause by which the molecules of matter tend towards each other. Science tells us that this is a general property of matter, that it exists in all bodies, whether in repose or in motion, and whatever be their nature; that it operates at any distance, and through any medium. When regarded in its influence on the stars, it is called universal gravitation; when we observe its effect on objects on the earth's surface, we call it weight. All who have observed nature from the earliest times have been aware of its influence. Newton was the first to express this law in the formula which we now learn by heart in our youth, and find confirmed by all subsequent scientific observations. Now this law of Newton's is itself a sublime analogy of the law of love, which in the moral world ought to draw together all thinking beings. Just as there is no single atom of matter exempt from the law of physical attraction, so no moral being can rightfully claim exemption from the law of love. "Thou shalt love." How ardently have scientific men expressed their admiration of the universal harmony and order which reason recognises under the Newtonian system. All worlds are comprehended in the one scientific formula, and in the whole material universe nothing is left to chance. But my soul glows with an emotion far deeper and more intense, when on one page of our holy books, written forty centuries ago, I find the summary of the law which fixes for ever in a few brief lines, the relation of God to man, and of men to each other.

But attraction in the material world, if it was not regulated, if it was a blind force, would soon produce nothing but death; and in like manner love, that sublime and irresistible force, needs no less to be guided and governed of God. We do not readily accept this idea. We are not willing to allow that love can be thus ruled by law. It seems to us to belie its nature. Love is, in truth, primarily an impulse of flesh and blood. The newborn child nestles naturally to its mother's breast; a wonderful instinct teaches it that its life is there. All our first impressions are of this order, and when by-and-by passions awake, they are blind. They are impatient of question or restraint. Everything which opposes, irritates and angers them; and in the name of an overmastering necessity they plead for free exercise.

Love is free! This is one of the theories of which this age is enamoured, and more than one novelist has vindicated it in glowing pages of romance. A celebrated French school, that of Saint Simon, thought to embody it in a system. They looked upon this as the panacea for some of the worst woes that afflict humanity; they longed to break down the cruel restrictions which Christianity has laid upon social life. Love is free! How often has a man whispered this to himself in the hour of temptation! How often has he dreamed that could he but realise this he would be happy! How often, in an access of passionate madness, has he trampled on the sacred limits of legitimate affection, on the sweet authority of the family, the divinely appointed order for the heart! To be no longer weighed down by these ponderous obligations; to shake off these antiquated restraints; to breathe no more the ex-

hausted atmosphere of respectable family life; to persuade oneself that all these things are the conventionalites of society, by which the finer spirit of our age ought no longer to submit to be duped; to allow the heart to yield to every fair enticement; to drink every cup held flatteringly to the lips by the world; to yield to the intoxication of those passions which steep the soul in the enchantment of mystery—what a dream is this for a young and ardent imagination, and what a spell it weaves!

Look at the young man thus haunted by guilty passion. Everything in his demeanour, his language, his look, protests against the restraint of pure affections; these are wearisome and annoying to him. The tenderness of mother or sister rather exasperates than allays this sense of irritation. He almost tries to persuade himself not to believe in such affection as genuine at all. He, the son of a pure and holy mother, takes on his lips the language of those who sneer at the virtue of women. He says bitter things to silence the reproaches of his conscience; he becomes sceptical, and invents a theory which may justify his conduct; he bewilders himself with miserable sophistries, which an hour's reflection would put to silence; and when he has broken with what he calls the conventionalisms of society, when he has cast aside all rule except the caprice of the moment, he imagines that he is free, and looks with contempt upon all whom their religious faith still binds to the shore and shrine of lawful love.

Rejoice, O young man, if you will, in this pride of youthful pleasure. But the dream will have an awaking, sorrowful, awful, full of bitterness and shame. Do you know, my brethren, what is the inevitable punishment of this license of love? It is the death of love itself. And when I say this, I am not using any mere rhetorical expression; I simply affirm a fact of daily observation. You were not willing to watch over your heart; you were not willing to submit it to the Divine laws; you were not willing to deny it forbidden affections, and to strengthen it in the exercise of those which are pure and of Divine appointment. Then, believe me, that heart will become more and more incapable of love. You will find that you have spent its strength in fickle fancies; its raptures will become less frequent and less intense; its deepest springs

are dried up. Those visions of love of which you fondly dreamed have given place to mere fleshly appetites, ardent perhaps, but transient, and which leave in their wake only remorse and self-contempt.

Thus it has ever been. When St. Paul summed up the moral condition of the heathen of his day in that terrible description, "without natural affection," he spoke to a generation which had indulged in all license. And if we look around us in our own day do we not find on all hands dark and degrading illustrations of the truth that inordinate affection is the worst enemy of true love? This, then, is the doom of the heart that despises the law of God. Let us now see the bright reversewhat a height of dignity and power this law confers where it is obeyed. And, first of all, let us boldly face the objection which is brought against us. It is denied that the heart can be controlled by law; we are told that it is the special characteristic of affection that it refuses to be commanded. Is this true? There is in every man a sphere in which nature asserts its supremacy. We are, to a large extent, the creatures of natural temperament, of inherited constitutional habit; of the impulses of flesh and blood. Materialists affirm that man is nothing more than this; that moral freedom is altogether an illusion. It is evident, however, that man can be raised by education; and what is the end of education? Is it not to raise man above the sway of mere instincts and animal passions, by developing the higher laws of reason and volition?

This is obviously the case in the intellectual sphere. Our senses show us the sun sinking below the horizon; science steps in and tells us that our senses deceive us, that the sun is stationary, that it is we ourselves who are travelling eastward. When we have received an injury, instinct says "Avenge yourself; but the higher principle on which society is based, steps in and arrests the uplifted arm, checks upon the lips the words of hatred and menace, and teaches us to have recourse to the protection of the law. Instinct impels us to satisfy our natural desires. Reflection steps in, and shows us that if this were the law of life, society would become a mere arena of conflicting lusts and passions, and man's very pre-eminence as an intellectual being would only aggravate the evil. For motives of self-interest, therefore, if for nothing

higher, the restraints of morality are accepted in society. It is, then, beyond dispute that the heart can be educated to obey some higher law than its intuitive instincts. It is certain that it is susceptible of other influences than those which are simply natural. The heart may, to a certain extent, be guided and governed by the will. Those who say, "A man must love those whom he can love," do injustice to the boundless resources of human nature; they judge it superficially and unworthily.

Christianity gives us altogether another view of human possibilities. With sublime courage it commands man to love. Does some one ask, How is this possible? I will reply to this presently. For the moment I simply note the fact that Christianity does command affections such as nature never prompted, and the testimony of history is that it has obtained that which it thus seeks. See at the gates of Jerusalem, a Jew, a son of that indomitable race which Tacitus has described in one cutting word as the haters of the human race. This man is dying a death of agony. The executioners close round him and harass him like a pack of pitiless hounds. His face is streaming blood, but as he lifts it to heaven it beams with a Divine peace, and with his dying lips he prays for those who are stoning him. God has commanded him to love his enemies; and he loves. See Saul of Tarsus, a Pharisee, and the son of a Pharisee. By the law of natural selection, all the prejudice, animosity, narrowness, hatred of his race and of his school ought to be centred in him and to reach their culminating point. Yet this is the man who writes the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians—the sublimest ode to charity ever uttered in human language. God had commanded him to love; and he loves. When a Christian lady, brought up among all the refinements and elegance of a luxurious home, goes to shut herself up in a school or a hospital, there to encounter sickness, suffering, vulgarity, coarseness, all that is repugnant to the taste, the feelings, the natural love of ease, how is it that such an one generally has a face beaming with a peace of which worldlings know nothing? God has commanded her to love; and she loves. A missionary exiles himself to the frozen regions of Labrador, to live under a sky which is one great grey shroud, in wretched huts into which the free breath of heaven can never enter. He lives as the natives live, and after years of heroic toil succeeds in teaching the rude savages to read and sing the praises of God in their own tongue. Whence did he derive the inspiration to such a life of unflagging self-sacrifice? God has commanded him to love; and he loves. And when among ourselves, a Christian wife and mother is compelled, as is too often the case, to submit to ridicule, misrepresentation, wrong, for Christ's sake, in her own home, and when she bears it all with a gentleness and courage which nothing can disturb; when she knows how to be dignified without sullenness, calm without weakness; when she keeps a cheerful face even with a sinking heart; when she teaches her children to respect the name of their mother which her unworthy husband fouls in his drunken bouts; when she nurses that worthless husband at last with a wife's unfailing tenderness on his dying bed, on which he owns, too late, how he has wronged her: do you think that in such a case—a case more common than we may at first suppose—the mere promptings of nature are enough? No, indeed; there is something above nature. God has commanded this woman to love; and she loves.

It must be admitted, then, that we can learn to love, that the heart can be trained to obey a higher than the merely natural law. Love is not confined within a certain charmed circle: boundless possibilities are open to it, not in the direction of lawless license, but in that higher sphere which Divine love reyeals, and in which the heart can embrace even those for whom by nature it would feel only repugnance and disgust. This, then, is the ideal of Christian life, an ideal which, lofty as it is, is not delusive, and need not drive us to despair. It may be attained, it has been attained; it is still attained daily by men of mortal mould like ourselves. Does it alarm and discourage you? Do you ask despairingly how this love can be begotten in a heart that would but cannot love, that would but cannot feel, and which, when it has been now and again moved to a brief rapture of enthusiasm, soon falls back, crushed by the weight of its own indifference, indolence and inertia? Who can heal such a diseased heart? Who can restore life to this dead soul? I reply without hesitation, God alone can do it. It needs an inspiration which nature cannot afford. In order that our

heart may love, it must first be transfused by the love of God. Grasp, then, this love of God, as it has been revealed to you in its fulness in Jesus Christ. It is not the mere doctrine or theory of love which Christ brings; it is love itself.

God has loved you in His Son; loved you as you are, with all those sins and stains upon you which would naturally have separated you from Him for ever. He has loved you even unto death, the death of the cross. Turn again and again to this central mystery of the gospel; it is full of inexhaustible depths. Look at that cross as the centre of all the Divine dispensations, the end to which all prophecy has been tending, the source from which every renovating stream has flowed in the new world which has grown up around it. Remember the sorrowful way which led to the cross. Do not attempt to sum. up in any incomplete formula that great fact of redemption, the grandeur of which the heart itself cannot conceive. Asyou meditate on the sacrifice of Calvary, on the reconciliation of guilty man with God, trace in it day by day your own history, for all this is for you. Pascal only expresses the feeling of every Christian, when he says, "Christ thought of thee in His agony; He shed those drops of blood for thee." Let this marvellous compassion, this holy, ineffable love, penetrate your whole being. Think of it in all its aspects; realize that the tenderest of earthly loves is but its dim and distant image. Try with the apostle to sound the breadth and length, and depth and height of the love which God has shown you in Jesus Christ; try to know that love which passeth knowledge. Thus only will you find the inspiration that you lack. Love begets. love. The more you believe in Him whom God has revealed in Jesus Christ, the more you will feel springing up within you that fountain of living water, which even eternity will not It has watered thousands of hearts even moreexhaust. arid and barren than yours, and made them to blossom as the rose. It has produced love and self-devotion where egoism reigned unchecked. It has been the parent of all that has been most beautiful in human life. When this love, the offspring of faith, has been born in your hearts, you will find it possible to love mankind, not only with a general sort of philanthropy, but with that special love which looks upon every human being as one created in the image of God, redeemed by the blood of Christ, and destined to eternal life.

My brethren, before we can love humanity, we must believe in humanity. If man seems to you nothing more than a parrenu animal, I defy you to love him long. If you look upon him as a being whom some fatality of birth predestines to a low and abject lot, your enthusiasm will soon give place to the misanthropy of the pessimist. But look at him from the Christian standpoint; and beneath the most wretched and repellent exterior, beneath all the superficial vulgarities and defilements which estrange you, you will discern the soul which any day may be born again of the Spirit of God. You will learn to see in him not that from which you shrink, but the elements of possible goodness, nobility, and truth. In the most darkened souls there remains some spark Divine; in the most melancholy moral ruins, we can trace some outlines of the original Divine design.

Beware, most of all, of those unfair prejudices, those crude antipathies, which blind us to the true character of those with whom we come in contact. They do not think as we think. or believe exactly with us. We are offended by some opinion, disposition, habit of thought, very unimportant it may be, but uncongenial to us, and this is sufficient reason for our refusing to take any interest in them. We excuse ourselves by saying that we are not sympathetic, and this one word is supposed to cover all. Coldness, distance, the haughty look, the cutting word, all appear to us legitimate towards such, while they whom we thus treat are, perhaps, quite unconscious what it is in them that has so strangely displeased and alienated us. When shall we learn to look on men as God looks on them? When shall we learn to discover all that remains in them of the God-likeness, and to recognise, too, how much of hidden sorrow and suffering may lie beneath their assumed indifference or stolidity?

Once again, and in conclusion, I say, "Love that you may learn to love." This is no paradox; or the paradox, if such it is, is very truth. Here emphatically do the words of Christ apply: "To him that hath shall be given." It is in this sphere that he who is faithful in that which is least, sees the circle widen in which he may use the talent of loving. Fight against the indolence which keeps you by your own fireside; against the coldness which freezes on your lips the kindly

word; against the first tendency which you discover in yourself to take a dislike to people; and you will find that loving will become easy, and the very victory over yourself will bring a strange sweetness with it. Have you not noticed a thousand times, that nothing strengthens love like the sacrifices which we make for it; that nothing fires us with greater zeal for any cause than to suffer for it? If lawless passions can gain such a mighty power over men, if they drag down with ever-growing momentum, the souls that yield to them, do you think the converse shall not be as true of the noblest. highest, best affections? Is there no enthusiasm of Divine love which can so possess the soul that it desires no other life, that all else seems cold and dull beside it? Those holy souls which reproduce upon earth something of the life of Christ, which send throbbing through the world the strong palpitations of their ardent charity; these hearts were once indifferent and cold as yours. They felt the same discouragements, the same repugnance to humanity under many of its phases, of which you complain. But they gave themselves first to God and then to man. They learned to love, and love has now become their ruling passion; something of heaven has begun for them here below. Henceforward every lower aim appears to such souls barren and unattractive. They have begun already, they shall soon possess in all its fulness, that eternal life of which the law is love.

THE BURIALS BILL.

On Monday, 7th September, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and eighty, a minister of one of the Methodist societies conducted a funeral service in consecrated ground! A fact so extraordinary deserves to be chronicled. If we are to give heed to the representations of the Bishop of Lincoln and the clergy who agree with him, such an occurrence could have been little better than the "abomination of desclation in the holy place." How often have we been assured that the admission of the Dissenting minister into "God's acre"

was nothing less than a desecration, the very suggestion of which was enough to call down the judgments of Heaven upon the guilty land. Why the quiet resting-places of the dead should be regarded as in some special sense God's acre. seeing that the "earth is his and the fulness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein," and that we are distinctly taught that He is "not the God of the dead, but of the living," is not very obvious. But it is at least as clear as the other premiss in this extraordinary argument—that to celebrate any service save that of the Anglican Church within that hallowed enclosure is a sacrilege. The doctrine, however, had been so often laid down and so strongly accentuated that it must be assumed that there are those who believe in it, and to all such there must have been something portentous in the announcement that this evil deed had been consummated. But what was most extraordinary in this particular case was that this new development was due, not to the action of the law, but to the kindness of the clergyman. If Mr. John Ashworth, of Rochdale, had been forced to keep within the limits of the statute, the funeral must have been deferred: but the clergyman, with a true perception of what was most becoming his Christian character, refused to stand upon his right, and gave as a matter of grace and courtesy what might on the morrow have been claimed as a legal privilege. Such a procedure was a happy omen of the possible results of Mr. Osborne Morgan's measure. The wrangling which has preceded it has been long and sometimes very bitter and angry; but now that the issue has been decided it may be hoped that the result may, as the Primate hopes, be the growth of a more harmonious feeling between the contending parties.

It must be confessed that there has been little in the history of the struggle, down even to the closing scene, to encourage any confident hope that the clergy will accept the change with equanimity. The arguments they have persistently reiterated throughout the controversy have been an insult to the understandings of their hearers as well as an injustice to those whom they so grievously misrepresented. Mr. Anthony Trollope, in one of his recent novels, giving a characteristic sketch of a Cornish election, says with much point and cleverness in describing the speech of the vicar—

He addressed himself chiefly to that bane of the whole country, as he he conceived them, the godless Dissenters. . . . It was necessary that Mr. Williams should liberate his own mind, and therefore he persevered with the godless Dissenters at great length; not explaining, however, how a man who thought enough about his religion to be a Dissenter could be godless, or how a godless man could care enough about his religion to be a Dissenter.

The spirit hit off thus felicitously has been dominant among the opponents of the Bill. Put in few words, their contention has been that the religious Dissenters preferred for the most part to have their friends interred with the burial rites of the Anglican Church, and that the political Dissenters who wished a change were intent on the humiliation of the clergy, and, if they succeeded, would use funerals as grand opportunities for Nonconformist demonstrations. Up to the last there has been no apparent sign of any desire to take a more favourable view or to make any concession. The Primate has done his utmost to facilitate an arrangement, and he has been soundly abused for his Christian charity and wisdom. A clergyman quoted by Mr. Beresford Hope in the House of Commons expressed the prevalent sentiment of his class when he said, "It is a matter of little surprise that Liberal bishops should vote in favour of the Bill, since, however eminent they may be, they are practically ignorant of parochial matters." Distinguished bishops like the Archbishop himself, the Bishop of Manchester, who is doing so much to extend the influence of the Anglican Church that even the follies of these bigoted priests are not able wholly to neutralize it, or the Bishop of Oxford, who has proved that he has both the courage and the ability to fight a gallant battle for his Church when the circumstances seem to demand it, are thus treated as mere amateurs in ecclesiastical policy, and may be thankful if they are not branded as traitors as well. There are a number of clergymen who have shown a very different temper, but unfortunately they are a comparatively small minority. The Dean of Westminster was sure to be in that little company. No man believes more firmly in the principle of an Establishment, but no man would be more fair and honourable in the treatment of opponents. He has supplied the best corrective to the excited fears of the clergy and clerical laymen by reminding them of the common humanity, to say nothing of the common Christianity, which belongs to Churchmen and Dissenters. His admirable words, quoted by Mr. Osborne Morgan on the second reading of the Bill, ought to have prevented the repetition of the shameless caricatures of Dissenting procedure which have been so largely employed in the discussion.

These occasions—the most solemn in human life—are exactly the occasions on which the common principles of belief and the common principles of humanity come most visibly to the front, and the common principles of religious belief and the common principles of humanity are most fully vindicated on the most solemn and serious occasions of our life—

"Tears waken tears and honour honour brings, And human hearts are touched by human things."

But the Dean has in this, as in many other cases, been as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, so far as any effect upon the clergy has been concerned. And as the clergy, so have been their supporters in the House of Commons. The change of circumstances in the present Parliament has produced no effect on the spirit of those who may be regarded as, par excellence, the representatives and champions of the Church. A few of the more intelligent Tories, and some who are not remarkable for intelligence, but are very remarkable as representatives of Scotch constituencies, either remained neutral or voted for the Bill: but even of these some would have kept it in the mutilated form in which it came down from the Lords. But the Tory party as a whole are the same in temper in the present Parliament as in the former one; the only difference is, they were a majority then, and they are a minority now. As a majority they "rushed" through the House by tactics, as discreditable as happily they have proved useless, that miserable Bill of the rejected of Cambridge, which contemptuously flung a stone to the Dissenters clamouring for bread; as a minority they fought clause after clause, clung to every rag of privilege which there was a chance of retaining, and yielded only to the force of superior numbers. Sir Richard Cross could not have laid down the law with more authority and dogmatism; Mr. Balfour could not have shown more contempt for the judgment of all reasonable men, including even a majority of the Lords; Mr. Talbot could not have prosed with more pomposity and assumption: Earl Percy could not have displayed more of that supercilious arrogance which is supposed to suit the house of Vere de Vere: Mr. Newdegate could not have exhibited a profounder consciousness of the solemnity of his mission as a prophet sent to warn the world of the wickedness of Radicals, had they been supported by the same resistless phalanx which in the last Parliament laughed all idea of concession to scorn. Worst of all was Mr. Beresford Hope. There is an apparent good humour and a tone of banter in his speeches which at times half disarms those who are most provoked by some of his sarcasms. But withal there is the ring of cynicism and bigotry which reminds one of the worst articles in The Saturday Review. It might almost seem as though it were his aim to be an incarnation of the Review, and he so far succeeds as to show how possible it is to be so possessed by the spirit of Churchism as to lose the spirit of Christianity altogether. Part of his speech should be preserved as a curiosity. It may show in after years how far ecclesiastical bigotry, in the year 1880 could carry a man of culture and refinement, the representative of one of our Universities, and the chosen champion of the High Church party:

And how would the clergyman of the parish like the first funeral service which was held under this Bill when he found that all the people crowded to it as they would crowd to a fair? ("Oh!") It was all very well to say "Oh!" but he did not understand this very great squeamishness which had come over the House that night. Why should not people go to hear a popular preacher as they would to see Wombwell? (Renewed cries of "Oh!") Hon. gentlemen might cry "Oh!" but no doubt his right hon. friend would be glad to see such an audience attend his autumnal speeches as attended Wombwell's exhibitions, and when he was himself a borough member such were his feelings. The clergyman would see his parishioners gathering to the churchyard to hear the eloquent words of some famous minister of the Primitive Methodists, or of one of those sects who still held the doctrine of Calvin in all its grim severity.

There is certainly reason to hope that when these miserable forecasts are falsified by experience there will be a reaction in the minds of many of the clergy who have been opponents of the Bill. If that confidence is less assured than it would otherwise have been it is because the compromise which has been attempted in the measure prepares the way for misunderstanding and controversy. The restrictions on the liberty of your ix.

burial which still remain may have been necessary in order to secure the passing of the Bill, but if the clergy had been wise they would rather have desired their removal. Especially is this the case as to the reservation to the clergyman of the right to forbid Sunday funerals. Despite Mr. Osborne Morgan's extraordinary statements it is certain that Sunday funerals are common-many say, with great reason, too common-among working people, and the establishment of any distinction between Churchmen and Dissenters in relation to them will be regarded as a grievance, and is sure to produce uncomfortable friction. Wherever this occurs the clergyman will have to bear the brunt of all the trouble and irritation that will certainly arise. The very first Sunday after the passing of the Act furnished an illustration of this in what was described as the "first burial scandal under the new Act." According to the report in the newspapers, the rector, in this case, must have been singularly unwise, since he first gave his consent and then withdrew it on a plea so frivolous as to be simply contemptible. Reading between the lines we should say that there is a hot-headed curate who first refused the Dissenting minister permission to conduct the service, and when his vicar, with sounder judgment and more Christian feeling, granted what he had refused. persuaded him to withdraw his assent. A man who could stand by the grave and prohibit the Dissenting minister in the name of the vicar, in the name of the bishop, and in the name of the Queen, must have a more than ordinary degree of stupidity and passion. But there are such men; they are to be found even among the clergy, and the new law gives them a power by which they may turn this healing measure into a fresh cause of contention. The last thing which ought to have been done was to throw on the clergy the responsibility of the decision. It is hard on the Dissenters, but in reality it is still worse for the clergyman. Perhaps he is one who conscientiously feels that he can in no way make himself a party to the admission of Dissenters into his graveyard. If the law compels he submits, but here the law does not compel, and he objects. The result is discord and strife, with one inevitable issue.

It would be a sheer waste of time to argue as to the wisdom

of the clause which provides that the service shall be "Christian and orderly." The Tory party supported it as they would have supported anything which seemed to impair the completeness of the measure, but the speech of the Bishop of Peterborough must have satisfied them how worthless and unsatisfactory so vague a limitation was. Mr. Osborne Morgan seems to be perfectly satisfied with it, inasmuch as it excludes only "a handful of Secularists:" Lord Selborne regards it with complacent approval, and the Primate values it probably as helping to soothe the minds of the clergy. But beyond this little circle, we know not where its friends are to be found. There is not a section of the Liberal party by which it is not condemned. Mr. Henry Fowler supported it, but with the admission that logically it was defensible. What that means is easily understood. Logic in this connection is an interchangeable word with justice, and that argument tacitly confesses that the limitation is unjust, but its acceptance is expedient. The expediency in this case was simply a matter of sheer necessity. More was unattainable, and therefore it was better to take this instalment of right than to perpetuate the wrong. Now whether this be true or not, the injustice remains, and it is not less unjust because it is inevitable, or because those affected by it are a very limited section of the people. Perhaps the saddest feature of the whole is the difficulty of inducing even sincere friends of religious liberty and equality to look at the question in this light only. Yet it is the one determining consideration which alone Nonconformists can acknowledge, and hence they feel as strongly this denial of the rights of others as they would an invasion of their own. They have struggled for the Roman Catholic and the Jew, to earn but scant gratitude. The same loyalty to right constrains them now to espouse the cause of the unbeliever. They are not satisfied to purchase the redress of their own wrongs by acquiescence in injustice, even to those from whom, in all religious opinions and sympathies, they are as wide as the poles asunder.

It has been suggested that the urgency of Nonconformists on behalf of those who scorn the name of "Christian," and yet desire to have some words of consolation and sympathy spoken at the graves of their friends, indicates either a desire to annoy the clergy, or an indifference to religion itself. In relation to the first point, it must be remembered that henceforth the clergy cannot be regarded as having any special rights in the graveyard, except those arising from the fact that they have the official control over it, and that any offence arising out of the celebration of a Positivist or Secularist service within it will be as keenly felt by religious Nonconformists as by any Churchmen. That there should be those who have no faith in "the resurrection and the life," and who in their hours of bereavement and sorrow do not seek their help in the living God, or the gracious consolations of His gospel, is a cause of distress to the one as much as to the other. If the clergy are insulted by a public avowal of this unbelief, so are pious Dissenters.

Even those who do not take our view of the rights of the case may at least give us credit for sincerity, and believe that in pleading for liberty for non-Christians we are seeking only to apply the law of our Master, and to deal with them as we should wish them to deal with us. If there be any who believe, as we have sometimes been told, that we hate the Anglican Church more than we love religion, and are content to afford a triumph to unbelief, provided we can thereby humiliate the clergy, we can but suffer the injustice with silence. Argument would be useless with those who can harbour so uncharitable a suspicion. It is only possible to reiterate that opposition to the Establishment is not hostility to the Church, still less to its bishops and clergy.

Mr. Osborne Morgan has carried his Bill, has won his position as a Minister, possibly has secured the approval of the Lord Chancellor; but he has compromised his own reputation to an extent which he seems unable to appreciate. His conduct in the House was extremely unwise, but his speech at Wrexham was far worse. His answer to Mr. Jesse Collings, given in the de haut en bas style, was intensely official, and coming from one who has so recently attained the position somewhat offensive also. His defence of the clauses, assailed by his quondam allies, was singularly weak, and seemed as if intended to intimate his separation from the views of the Liberation Society. That Society at all events has never done or said anything which could justify that narrow and

restricted idea of the scope of the measure which he so dogmatically set forth. Yet to it Mr. Osborne Morgan owed that motive power which had given the Bill such a position that it had become a necessity that the Liberal Government should pass it. If the Society should think it desirable again to commit a case to a politican who is not identified with it, it is to be hoped that it will find one who has fully grasped the principle for which it is contending, and will not, under some pressure of supposed necessity, throw it overboard altogether. Mr. Morgan's talk about Sunday funerals, both in Committee and on the report, was simple nonsense. If he really believed that these funerals were a matter of no importance, he only proved that he did not understand some of the elementary facts in the problem he had undertaken to solve. But if the Nonconformist members were irritated, as they certainly had good reason to be, by this endeavour to force upon them a compromise which they might have acquiesced in under protest, if they had been told in a conciliatory spirit that its acceptance was inevitable, they had their revenge when the so-called "Convocation" clauses came up for consideration, and the Ministerial guide of the Committee, acting at the instigation of Mr. H. Fowler, blundered so discreditably. The retribution was so complete that if Mr. Osborne Morgan had taken another tone afterwards he might have been left to chew the cud of his own reflections, or at least dismissed with mild censure, tempered by the recollection of the good service he did at an earlier period.

But the Wrexham speech was a more serious offence, for in it he seeks to implicate Nonconformists in his strange sacrifice of principle. His words are:

In the present state of feeling upon the subject, to talk of passing a Bill authorising anti-Christian or non-Christian services in the churchyards was simply idle, and was it reasonable to keep four millions of Nonconformists knocking at the churchyard gate for years because a handful of Secularists wanted to enter with them? He feared he had incurred the wrath of the everything or nothing school of politicians, who would sacrifice £100 rather than accept £99 19s. 6d. The battle had been fought by the Nonconformists alone, whose practical grievance it was, and now he would only express a confident hope that those who had known so well how to fight the battle with spirit would know also how to use that victory with moderation and forbearance.

Now we do not say that it would have been possible to pass a complete and righteous Bill through the House of Lords, nor do we maintain that it would have been better to wait a year rather than carry the measure which has been passed. Nonconformists could have waited, but the Government had to think of their own prestige, and were not likely to take the same view of the importance of the restrictions as Nonconformists did. But when Mr. Morgan scorns the "everything or nothing school of politicians," we ask who they are. The answer is - Nonconformists: Mr. Illingworth, Mr. Henry Richard, and a host of others like them, the men who were foremost in the struggle. What Nonconformists like these complain of is not that they have been mulcted of sixpence in every hundred pounds, but that Secularists and others who are citizens like themselves, and have precisely the same social rights, have hardly got even the solitary sixpence. Let Mr. Morgan justify himself as best he can, but let him not misrepresent Nonconformists, who he confesses have fought the battle, by the implied suggestion that they have been labouring to get rid of a grievance and need not now trouble themselves about "a handful of Secularists who wanted to enter with them." They have never sought to extort some privilege for themselves as Nonconformists, but only to obtain their rights as citizens, and they desired that Secularists should be treated on the same principles. They cannot approve the new distinction that has been instituted, any more than the old one which has been abolished, and they have little doubt that before long the clergy themselves will regret that it was left to be an occasion for new controversy.

FOR THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

Ir there be one among you, boy or girl, I don't care which, who likes to read a fairy tale better than I do, I should be glad to make his acquaintance. The first question he would have to answer would be, "Do you believe in the fairies?" If I did not believe in the fairies I should not care half so much about reading of their doings; and some of the things that are said

about them I am sure are not true. Long, long ago folks used to call them "the good people," not because they thought them good, for they didn't, but as a kind of compliment which would perhaps incline them to be well disposed. Now the fairies that I believe in and like to read about and think about are really good. They dart here and there, wherever a helping hand or a cheery word is wanted, and are always just exactly in the right place at the right time. You may read something about them in the Bible, though they are not called "fairies" there, but "angels." Still, it doesn't matter what they are called so long as the name is true and worthy. Good fairies, or God's angels, are always busy helping in every good way they can. Men used to see them now and then in all their shining beauty, but I am sure they are as busy as ever though they keep out of our sight.

There was a little friend of mine named Rolf, and he believed in the fairies, as all good boys should. He told me that once he saw one, he was quite sure he did, and had a long talk with the angel-fairy. About what, do you think? It was about the way the wings grew; and as nearly as I can remember from what Rolf told me it happened somehow thus:

Rolf slept in a room which caught the first sunbeams every morning, and he used to wake rather early. He lay and amused himself in watching the shining places on the wall move and grow. One morning he opened his eyes very early, and there were no great shining places, but only long thin lines of light here and there, and one of these struck the brass knob at the foot of his bed, so that it glowed like a little sun. And there, flying along that line of light and settling down presently on his bed, right in the middle of the golden gleam, Rolf says he saw an angel-fairy. It had just the beautiful kind bright eyes, and pretty wings, and flowing hair and dress which he fancied must belong to heaven. Rolf clapped his hands with joy, and said with his first breath, "How do angels grow their wings?"

The sweet voice answered, "Directly we begin to want to use them they begin to grow."

Then Rolf said, "But suppose you didn't want to use them?"

And the angel smiled as he replied, "If that could be, perhaps wings wouldn't come; only you would have to hang such a thick veil between heaven and earth that neither angels' eyes nor God's eyes could see through it."

" Why?"

"Because we could not see you in need of help as you are without wanting to fly to help you. And what we cannot see the King sees and tells us, and then it is all the same. So the wings must grow."

"Are you always wanting to fly to help boys and people?"

"Yes: that's what our name means, pretty much; messengers, 'sent forth to minister.'"

"But suppose there were an angel-fairy who didn't care, and wanted to fly his own way and have a game all to himself?"

Then the angel laughed like silver bells, and said, "Rolf, my boy, you might as well say, 'Suppose a sun all dark.' But if it *could* be, I think one wing would fall away, and the silly, selfish fairy would just turn round and round in a little circle, and that would be no game, I'm sure."

"Why do you think it would be so?"

"Oh, because I see that the new angels, who haven't learnt yet to see far off and to want to fly far down into the chill sad shadow, have not such long splendid wings as some others have; so it seems as if the power to do kind things came very much with the desire to do them, and would vanish if that vanished.

Then Rolf put the question he wanted to put—"Why haven't I got wings?"

"Because you are here where your loving kindly work is to be done. You are close to it, and meet it at every step. It was one of the things I had to learn, that angels' wings are sent that we may be able to fly down and far. We don't need them to lift us up."

And Rolf could not tell me another word. Are you not sorry he forgot the rest? Perhaps some time he will remember.

D. J. H.

VILLAGE PREACHERS AND VILLAGE PREACHING.

THE body of lay preachers in connection with the various churches may be appropriately styled the "Great Unpaid" ministry. Among the different Methodist bodies they are known as "local preachers," among our Congregational and Baptist friends they are styled "village preachers," while yet other bodies call them "lay preachers." But by whatever distinctive name they may be known, it is easy for everybody to recognize them as the preachers at village stations and outlying hamlets, being indeed that portion of the rank and file of the ministerial army who preach to cottage congregations and outdoor audiences on each recurring Lord's Day. Outdoor preaching cannot be followed except in summer-time, but small audiences can be gathered together on Sunday afternoons and evenings, in roomy farm-kitchens, in humble old-fashioned cottages, in roadside chapels, in quaint barns, and in other "preaching places," which are anything but ecclesiastical in style. but which attract the humble, unlettered peasant, and often become to him very "Bethels." It would be a grand mistake to imagine that all the congregations belonging to our Congregational body were collected Sabbath by Sabbath into properly recognized and licensed chapels - or churches, as modern Congregationalists are wont to style their sanctuaries. If we look at the "Year Book" we shall find that the proportion of village stations to our churches and chapels is very large. Indeed, in some counties which are purely agricultural, or nearly so, as Suffolk and Somerset, the village stations equal in number the properly recognized churches, while in other counties they appear in large proportions. These little roadside and village congregations are ministered to by the lay preachers sent out by the neighbouring churches, and a flourishing, prosperous, spiritually-lively church will contain members "apt to speak" in sufficient numbers to carry on the village ministry, beside providing for its Sabbath-school and tract service. These preachers, be it said to their honour, are mostly taken from the working classes. In nine cases out of ten the village preachers have to labour hard during six days of the week for the meat which perisheth, for themselves and families, and then on the day of rest they take their full turn of work for the Master of Assemblies, finding only in change of employment, or in the delight of their occupation, the needful rest to the weary body. Then when Monday morning dawns they must resume the tool, or the pen, or the plough, regardless of any "Mondayishness" which may cling to them. All honour to such men! The village ministry of our land has been one of its best agencies for evangelization. One does not look for eloquence, learning, or scholarly research, among these preachers; but often one finds that the native eloquence is of the truest type, and that the common sense is of the most vigorous description, while the faith, and Christianity, are of he highest order.

We will grant that village preachers are deficient in training, and are often illiterate. It cannot be otherwise, because they come frequently from the most uneducated ranks, and are dependent upon their own unaided efforts for whatever progress they may make in the acquisition of knowledge. We will also grant that they are omnivorous readers of sermons, and that occasionally they may reproduce at second-hand some great man's discourse; but is it not well that the outlying sheep of the one great fold should get some flashes of the eloquence which thrills city congregations? and further, is it not better. at all events, that they should get occasionally borrowed sense, to the exclusion of what might have been original nonsense? Moreover, the sin of plagiarism is not confined to village preachers, so that it would not be very wise to cast many stones at them on this account. On some occasions, and in certain instances, the blunders made by these " uninstructed scribes" have been both amusing and serious. The good brother who informed his audience, while preaching on the parable of the Ten Virgins, that "The five wise virgins were girls, but the five foolish ones were boys," lived in the West of England, but has now been gathered to his fathers. Another cottage preacher is still remembered most distinctly by the writer as having discoursed one Christmas night "of the babby born in a stable," who was "wrapped, not in fine, pretty babby-clothes, but in old rags, all tattered and torn," amidst the titterings of the hearers. But a quarter of a century has passed by since then, and it would be hard to find any parallel to these assertions now, although in a recent publication of the Primitive Methodist Book Room, several very amusing instances are given. On one occasion we are told that a local preacher was descanting on the union which prevailed among the apostles, and wound up his fancy picture with these words: "No doubt they often had a quiet cup of tea together." On another occasion a respected local brother announced his text as being taken from "The third chapter of Malachi, commonly called the first book of Moses." But these blunders and mistakes are fast becoming things of the past, and not a few village preachers are to be found who can edify and instruct large congregations. At any rate, it must be granted that the village folk to whom they usually minister, are, as a rule, unfitted to criticize or correct them. The ignorance of the older inhabitants of outlying hamlets is sometimes startling, and the simpler the statement of gospel truth made by the preacher, the more readily it is understood and received. Indeed, if delivered in the broad, provincial dialect to which the agricultural labourers are accustomed, it is often the more acceptable, seeing that the ignorance in respect to the meaning of religious words and phrases, which are to us perfectly intelligible, goes far to militate against the use of what may be termed the conventional language of religious speakers. A recent novelist makes one of his characters, who is a peasant, say in relation to the regular church services, "I haint been here these years, for I am so dead sleepy of a Sunday; and when you do get there 'tis such a mortal poor chance that you'll be chose for up above, when so many baint, that I bide at home and don't go at all." It is to such people as these-poor, dull, stinted in intellectual gifts-that the simple message of the local preacher comes with power. In a dim, uncertain kind of way, the poor hearer realizes that heaven may be his, that salvation is for him, and by-and-by this seed, though small as the mustard seed, expands into the goodly tree of a fair, simple, honest profession. Is not this work a very blessed one?

It must, however, be acknowledged that persecution falls to their lot sometimes; and even when not actively ill-treated, we find that these humble village preachers do not always get entertained so hospitably as they should be at first, although it will generally be found that long acquaintance with the people produces friendliness. One of these men, in a town not far from the writer's residence, was a capital preacher, with homely eloquence, apposite illustrations, and strong forcible language. He had also a deliberate, impressive way of speaking which made its full impression upon his audience.

He was especially noted for his directness in address. It was impossible to mistake his meaning, whether he discoursed on secular subjects or sacred. Neither was he daunted by opposition and persecution, although as an outdoor preacher he experienced his full share of both, especially in the earlier days of his ministry. On one occasion he made his way into a village in which no itinerant minister had ever been known to enter, and, taking his stand upon the village green, he commenced an extempore service by singing a hymn. During this performance a crowd of roughs, headed and encouraged by a big burly farmer, gathered around him, and commenced pelting him with stones, rubbish, mud, and rotten eggs. He recited rather than read a portion of Scripture, and intimated his intention of preaching, in spite of the evil treatment he was receiving. At this the farmer, highly incensed, strode up to the good man, saving-

"You dare to preach, will you? I tell you that you shall

not preach here to-day!"

"I shall, I tell you! My Master has sent me here with a message, and I am bound to deliver it, come what will," said the good old man, in slow, solemn, deliberate fashion.

"Take yourself off, I tell you! We'll have no ranter preaching here. If you don't stop, my men'll make you sorry for it."

"You can annoy and insult me, I admit, but you cannot shut my mouth. I tell you I shall preach, and here, to-day."

"And pray what is your text to be? If he wants a text, we'll give him one, eh, boys?" sneered the farmer, looking round and winking at his men, who responded with a brutal, dismal howl. The persecuted preacher drew himself up, and solemnly and deliberately replied—

"I have got a text, and I shall preach from it to you: 'The

wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." As he spoke, he looked his enemy steadily in his face.

The farmer fell back under the frown of the preacher and the rebuke of the text, while our good brother proceeded to expound the solemn words. He was permitted to do this in silence; and as he finished, the audience separated amid mingled expressions of regret and bravado. In this last the farmer joined, and threatened the preacher with increased violence should he attempt to put in an appearance at that place again. Nothing daunted, however, the good man went again and again, with the result that a little church was gathered out of this very unlikely spot. And, most pleasing to relate, this farmer was so far humbled by the Word preached as to come to the man he had once persecuted, begging his pardon, with the most friendly assurances of peace and good-will for the future. Succeeding village preachers ministering at that station found their path quite a path of roses compared with that of our pioneer preacher.

In ability to treat of common things pertaining to their every-day life, village preachers are much more at home than the majority of the ordained ministry. For instance, what ploughman-preacher would have represented the lark as building its nest in the top of the lofty elm, when every country boy knows that it builds among the growing corn? Akin to this was the blunder of the clergyman at the cottage service, who, preaching about the Prodigal Son, said, "My friends, we may well suppose that the fatted calf had been petted and fondled by that family for years." His hearers could not suppress a titter as they contemplated the pro-

longed calfhood of this extraordinary animal.

As sets-off to this mode of dealing with poor hamlet and village folk, we may mention one or two instances of stupendous stupidity on the parts of the hearers. An elderly woman, having gone to hear a sermon, returned home enthusiastic in her praises of the discourse. On being asked, however, where the text might be found, she said that it was in the twenty-ninth chapter of February, and the thirtieth verse. Another aged woman, on being asked by her clergyman how many commandments there were, replied, "Six." On his

pressing her to name them, she replied, "Good Friday, Easter Sunday, Whit-Sunday, Christmas Day, Shrove Tuesday, and Ash Wednesday, all in one week." Other ignorant rustics have sought confirmation as a panacea for rheumatism and various bodily ills.

Now, then, it will be seen at a glance that scholarly, refined. fastidious preachers, accustomed to the use of "dictionary words," would not suit these rustic hearers. Half their sermons would be thrown away altogether, as being wholly unintelligible; while the other half would confuse more than edify. When the weary, down-trodden, much-enduring labourer, or his equally long-suffering wife, comes into the little cottage-meeting, it is to hear plainly how plain men and women can be saved. The gate is already "straight" enough, and the way "narrow" enough, for them, made so by the cobwebs of our ecclesiastical commentaries and machinery; and the preacher who, in their own terse, plain Saxon tongue, will open up to them, as to little children, the great mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, will accomplish the largest amount of good, and win most souls for the Lord.

Still, it must not for one moment be imagined that these village or local preachers can supersede the regular ministry in country towns. Let us not be misunderstood. must be churches, properly sustained and ministered to, in the small country towns, to rear these village preachers. Beside, the regular ministry has its weekly duties, which cannot be delegated to the lay preachers. In visiting, in keeping up a supervision of the outlying hamlets, with their members of Christian Churches, in occasional ministrations at the village stations, in the service of song, in conducting the week-night services these brethren are imperatively needed. They are set apart for the regular work of the ministry, as distinguished from the occasional work of the lay brethren. The Church needs both classes of labourers: indeed, the times call loudly for the hands of both to be sustained and held up by the Church collectively. And with all these efforts, however constantly or however earnestly put forth, it is daily seen that ignorance, ungodliness, infidelity. Sabbath-breaking, and dishonesty still rage rampant in our midst. But then we must consider again what it might have been without the witness of these and other labourers in the Church! Truly, if it were not for the righteousness and faith which are in our midst, and which are kept alive in great part by the ministrations of God's messengers, we should have become ere this as Sodom, and like unto Gomorrah.

ESCOTT'S ENGLAND.*

Mr. Escort has done a service for which he deserves special thanks, because its usefulness to others will be out of all proportion to the reputation which it will bring himself. He has brought together a large amount of information which is not always accessible, has sifted it with considerable care and judgment, and has here presented it to us in a very interesting form. There is no attempt at brilliancy; but Mr. Escott's style is easy, flowing, and sustained, and well adapted to his theme, which requires lucidity rather than more showy qualities. There is a great variety of interest, for the book ranges over every department of English life—treats of politics and commerce, of social changes and official habits, of literature and religion, of the Houses of Parliament and the courts of law, of philosophy and Imperialism, of our industries and our amusements, of the Crown and of the mob. It is only necessary to name these subjects to show how much delicacy of handling was required if the author was to write with that tone of impartiality which is necessary to his object. For Mr. Escott's aim was to produce a book which should be acceptable and useful to all, not one which should simply answer the purposes of a party, and in this he has achieved very considerable success. He has been more anxious to collect facts than to advocate a set of opinions, to present fairly the conditions of great problems, rather than to decide between conflicting views as to the best modes of solution; in short, he is more desirous to furnish his readers with materials

^{*} England: Its People, Polity, and Pursuits. By T. S. Escott. Two Vols. (Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.)

on which to form a judgment than to lay down with an air of authority a view of his own.

Taken altogether, these two large and handsome volumes give what they profess to do: a picture of England as it is. For a large number of people, much of the information will be thought unnecessary, and yet it is extraordinary how many, even among intelligent men, there are who are often glad of a book to which they can refer themselves, or to which they may refer others, for facts which may appear so elementary in their nature as to make the record quite superfluous. It is not every educated Englishman, still less every educated Englishwoman, who knows all about the formalities of Parliament, and there are still fewer who have any exact knowledge of the mysteries of the services. Possibly it is a still more limited number, who have even that modicum of acquaintance with the habits and customs of Congregationalists, which these volumes supply. We advise, therefore, even those who may imagine that they have nothing more to learn about England, not too hastily to dismiss this book. We shall be surprised if they do not soon find something that is new as well as interesting and instructive. It occupies so wide a field and its topics are so diversified that it was not to be expected that all would be treated with equal success; but Mr. Escott has manifestly taken great pains to get at the best information in every case, and in some departments he has enlisted the services of writers who had special familiarity with them. The chapter on "Criminal England" is supplied by one of the inspectors of prisons, and that on the "Law Courts" by a barrister, familiar with all their forms of procedure. One of the most interesting parts of this work is the sketch of "Modern Philosophical Thought," which has been contributed by Mr. Courtney.

While we have thus a compendium of information, it would be doing gross injustice to Mr. Escott were we to give the impression that he has given us only a compilation which is hardly relieved from the dulness of the "Blue Book," and which, of course, is not clothed with its authority. He is a careful observer, fully alive to the changes which are passing over the country, those silent and gradual revolutions in social life, which are quite as important as those political reforms which are the result of controversy, and consequently attract more attention. The nineteenth century has been an era of revolution, and England has felt it as deeply as other countries where the struggle has been more violent and the results achieved more manifest. This is a point which Mr. Escott is desirous to make clear, and some of his observations in relation to it are as striking as they are true. It is patent to all that the force of the democracy among us has greatly increased during the century, but it is but few who mark the change which is from year to year passing over the people in their relations to other peoples. It is these less noticed developments of which Mr. Escott reminds us. "The English character," he tells us, "is gradually losing the insularity that has long been the moral heritage of our geographical situation, and is divesting itself of the tastes, habits, and prejudices which have been regarded as inseparable from the race." This is really a change as important in many respects as any transfer of political supremacy from one class to another. Of course it must be gradual, and therefore only the thoughtful observer notes it at all. Mr. Escott certainly produces a good many facts to justify his view, though he would be the first to admit that it will be a long time before this enlargement of our insular sympathies has its perfect work. His view of the socalled Imperialist tendencies which have asserted themselves so strongly is equally just, and certainly affords matter for very grave reflection. To him it is but the natural outcome of the great material prosperity which the nation has enjoyed, and of the aggressive temper which is characteristic of the age.

If the Englishman wants some more definite and tangible guarantee of foreign empire than a vague boast that the sun never sets upon the British flag; if instead of a personal devotion to fatherland, the old-fashioned belief that England, and England alone, was abundantly sufficient for all his wants, he would fain bestride the world like a Colossus, it is to be remembered that there is much in the infectious spirit of the age to explain such a sentiment. Is not the present the epoch of immense transactions and colossal speculations? Have we not imported the idea of vastness from the other side of the Atlantic? and are we not attempting its realization here? Everywhere small establishments have been swallowed up in large. The private firm is absorbed in the limited liability company the private bank in the joint-stock. The tradesman no sooner finds himself doing well than he is seized with the desire to extend his premises; and

if matters prosper he will presently buy up the section of a street. Above all things it is the era of material triumphs. The miraculous feats of our engineers, the immense development of machinery, the mastery which on every hand we are acquiring over nature, have brought with them to Englishmen a sense of boundless power—a conviction that they have to command of resource, and the fertility of invention, which mark them out as all creation's heirs. Amid the ceaseless clang of hammers and the everlasting roar of human industry, the Englishman unconsciously apprehends some echo of the far-off Infinite. Carlyle is welcomed as a great teacher because he appeals to the inarticulate feeling, and without his readers being precisely aware of it, shapes it into ruggedly eloquent utterance. Is it an idle fancy to see, in the vague popular desire for an indefinite extension of the dominions and the responsibilities of England, an enlarged reflection of the insatiate that is generated by the social conditions under which we live? (Vol. i. 7, 8.)

So far from being an "idle fancy," we hold it to be a true diagnosis of one of the most threatening diseases in our body politic. When it is added that exposed to this atmosphere is an enormously developed middle-class crying out for "more occupation," and that of a dignified or gentleman-like kind, and that the number is continually being augmented by those who are being educated in a style which indisposes them for that hard manual work which the prevailing sentiment amongst us relegates to so low and inferior a position, it becomes clear that the danger is not a slight one. This is the class to which Lord Beaconsfield appealed, and this the spirit which he and his followers did their utmost to foster. It would be folly to suppose that it is dead. The snake is scotched, but it is not killed. Nor, in truth, is this evil passion likely to be cast out, except by the old method of wise teaching, patient discipline, and earnest Christian influence. There was something very impressive in the simple answer of Lord Hartington to the deputation who waited upon him to urge the retention of Candahar-that is, to commit a public robbery for the sake of supposed gain to Great Britain. His Lordship reminded them that there was one point which they had left out of consideration. They had insisted upon the military and commercial benefits which would accrue to this country, but there was a prior question with which they had not attempted to deal. Would the annexation be right? When our statesmen take this ground they help to counteract the powerful forces that are working in the opposite direction, and which, if they are allowed to prevail, will ultimately hurry the country to disaster if not to absolute ruin.

The true Conservatism would be that influence which should hold this spirit in check. Unfortunately, Conservatism, both in Church and State, has done its utmost to foster it. Bishops have thrown over it the sanction of religion; interpreters of prophecy have seen in its development the fulfilment of Sacred Writ; and on the other hand, politicians who should have husbanded the resources of the nation have muddled its finance, and wasted its strength in the attempt to work out these vain dreams of ambition. There is one aspect of the case to which Liberals, who desire a different national development, should specially direct their attention, and that is the capacity Conservatism has shown for cultivating the goodwill of the democracy.

Modern Conservatism is successful precisely in proportion as it is an alliance between the aristocratic and democratic elements. The attitude of mind and bearing favourable for the perpetuation of this alliance has long been cultivated among the Conservatives to a degree that was scarcely possible among the Liberals. The typical Tory has been a large landowner, and if not a master of fox-hounds a tolerably assiduous votary of the hunting-field. Circumstances have made it his part to ingratiate himself with his inferiors, and unconsciously he has learned to study, and exhibit in his own person, that air of frank, unsupercilious patronage which answers so well with Englishmen in the bulk.

These are not the only arts by which the strange union of aristocrat and democrat is cemented. The influence thus secured is legitimate enough, and it is useless to fret against it. We refer to it only to note how unable many Whig Peers are to cultivate the same affability, and how among Liberals who are not aristocrats there is too often a tendency to self-assertion, or to the protection of their own dignity, which tells very injuriously against their influence. We regret that such advantage should be thus thrown on to the side of Conservatives, whose social characteristics, so well sketched by Mr. Escott, are worthy of imitation by their opponents.

We had marked several other passages for extract and comment, but we must content ourselves with a brief reference to one which immediately concerns Congregationalists. Mr. Escott has evidently sought to understand, and fairly understand us, but on one or two points he requires correction.

The chapter on "Religious England" was no doubt extremely difficult to write, but so far as the account of the superficial aspects of our Church life goes the difficulty has been fairly overcome. We should have desiderated a much more searching treatment, but perhaps it was hardly to be expected. Mr. Escott says correctly enough that the "Congregational Union is a purely consultative and deliberative body," but he has got the idea that there is "some disposition to bestow more power" upon it, and that "its exercise may come as the results of its agency in connection with the management of the new sustentation fund." All we can say is that any attempt of the kind would be fatal to the Union, but there is not the slightest danger of its being made. We know not how Mr. Escott has got the impression that while there may be "strong supporters of Disestablishment both among the Wesleyans and the Baptists, neither body is associated with political purposes of this kind to the same degree as the Independents." This is true as regards the Weslevans, but it is not fair to the Baptists, who have always borne their full share, and sometimes more than their share, of the toil and peril of the great struggle for religious equality.

THE HUGUENOTS.*

Our first feeling in regard to these two volumes was one of surprise that any one should have thought it necessary to devote so much time and thought to a subject which has already been so often and ably treated. The story has often been told, and sometimes well told. But it required only the perusal of a small part of the first volume to satisfy us that all careful students of history, all sincere lovers of Protestantism and liberty, and all capable of appreciating true heroism, would feel glad that Professor Baird had taken up the theme, well-worn though it might seem to be, and would gratefully admit that his book is a fresh and most valuable contribution to the historic literature of the period. By whatever test it may be judged the work is one of a very high order.

^{*} History of the Rise of the Huguenots. Two Vols. By Henry M. Baird. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

For the extent of careful research which it displays, the judicial temper in which its estimates of character and events are formed, the sincere sympathy with liberty and progress which, nevertheless, is never allowed to warp the judgment, and for the broad and philosophic view of the special subject in its relation to the fortunes of the Reformation and of religious freedom, it may truly be said that it may challenge comparison with any of the previous histories of French Protestantism, though some of them have very considerable merit. We are doing no injustice to any of them when we say that, taken for all in all, Principal Baird's book is the most complete and dispassionate, the most judicial, and at the same time most interesting, of all that have been devoted to this thrilling story. It would have been comparatively easy to have secured either of these attributes separately. A cold, colourless record of events in which there should not have been a trace of sympathy with either party, or of any living interest in the issues of the struggle, might have been judicial, and at the same time only worthy to take its place in the numerous family of which Dr. Dryasdust is the parent. the other hand, there are materials enough here for a series of tableaux, vivid, striking, and impressive, full of strong contrasts and rich colouring. They would have been extremely interesting, but they would not have been judicial, and for the lack of accuracy and fairness there would have been but poor compensation in the brilliancy and general effect. In the combination of these apparently opposite characteristics is to be found the rare excellence of Professor Baird's work. for which we can express no better wish than the hope that its circulation may be equal to its merit.

Mr. Baird does not seek to rival the reputation of men like Macaulay or Froude, and his readers have abundant reason to be thankful that he does not. We are not of those who would depreciate the pictorial school. We greatly enjoy the life-like description, the skilful analysis of character, the artistic portraiture of men and their deeds which gives them a reality that they never possessed before. We feel also that those who are themselves incapable of anything but the most dull and prosaic narrative are very prone to underrate the qualities which they cannot approach, and with which, in truth,

they dare not enter into rivalry. We will go so far as to confess that not even the feeling that they are one-sided and highly coloured can prevent us from enjoying the historic pictures of the great masters of the art. But they do not inspire confidence, and it is assuredly desirable to have guides whom we can trust, and in reading whose narratives it is unnecessary continually to be applying some corrective and check. It is satisfactory to find a man like our author, who, if he has strong likes and dislikes, does not allow them to obtrude on every occasion, and to convert some of his characters into faultless heroes while others are unredeemed villains. If there be a prominent actor in history who has earned the latter distinction it is surely Catherine de Medici. But Mr. Baird is not betrayed into hysterics even about her. He nought extenuates, but nought sets down in malice. It is enough to tell the story. That is his course throughout, and the result is that the book carries with it a sense of weight and authority which is amply confirmed the more closely it is examined. The innumerable documents which throw light on the subject, and which have only of late years become accessible to students, have been diligently studied, and the result is honestly set before us in a narrative which never flags. For if there is little passion, there is much true feeling. The sentiment of the writer is not less deep or noble because he does not allow himself so to be carried away by it as to forget the sense of justice and even to relax in the scrupulous regard to truth. The reader is not continually invited to listen to the author's reflections, nor are his feelings excited into strong sympathy of approval or condemnation. But the story is told with earnestness and vigour, and about it there is all the glow of life and reality.

Dr. Baird's history ends with the death of the wicked king on whom rests the indelible infamy of the Bartholomew massacre. An exciting struggle with a good deal of dramatic incident in it was to follow, and it may be that in subsequent volumes Dr. Baird may bring the story of the conflict down to the accession of Henry IV., if not to the Edict of Nantes. But the period covered by the present work is full of tragic interest, and there is a great variety of subjects, which the author treats both with considerable freshness and marked

ability. The beginnings of the Reformation in France, the hindrances to its development arising out of the weakness of some of its first friends, such as Briconnet, the four successive wars by which the constancy of the Huguenots was tested, the web of political intrigue in which their fortunes were entangled, the gallantry with which their cause was espoused by some of the leading men in the nation, the action and reaction of political and ecclesiastical differences upon each other, the cruel persecutions culminating in the treacherous and barbarous massacre of St. Bartholomew, are all parts of that great drama the course of which is here traced. Each successive scene has its own special feature of interest, and the prominent characters have a force and individuality which make them live in the memory. There are lessons of permanent value suggested by every part of the story. Sometimes heroism is fired by the spectacles of lofty courage and endurance which are presented to us; at others, surprise is awakened by the strange unfaithfulness of those who were suffering persecution themselves to the great principles of right and liberty. Alas! it is much easier in our own day to find parallels to the latter than to the former. Then we are roused to indignation not merely by the cruelty, but by the diabolical treachery and falsehood of those who professed to be acting for the glory of God and the vindication of His

Such a narrative is specially valuable at the present time. After reading it, those who are so ready to administer their lectures to the French Republicans for their hatred of Rome may be disposed to admit that at all events the Anti-clericals have some show of reason on their side. The reign of terror had its horrors, but there was at least one feature of atrocity, which is seen in the treatment of the Huguenots, to which there is no parallel in the crimes of 1792. The massacres of the Revolution were a wild outburst of fiery passion on the part of a populace intoxicated with a sudden and unexpected possession of power, and goaded to frenzy by the recollection of centuries of wrong. This is not said by way of extenuation; but it ought to be borne in mind if a fair and honest judgment of the men is to be arrived it. The guilt of Robéspierre and the men who organized the massacres of Septem-

ber was great; but it is not to be compared with that of those who deliberately plotted the bloody deeds of St. Bartholomew; of the Queen-mother who was the heart and soul of the conspiracy; of the wretched youth who lent himself to be her tool and accomplice; of the nobles who sported amid these atrocious cruelties; of the priests who desecrated religion by giving its sanction to such falsehood and wickedness; and of the Pope who was not ashamed to honour the butcher who had made this Roman holiday. Rome could have interfered so as to avert the bloody deeds which shocked the nations at the time, which set Frenchmen an example of contempt of human life, the effect of which has been seen in the later struggles of the people, and which will ever remain a witness against the priestcraft, which was the inspiration of the whole. But Rome thought then, as she has ever thought, only of what would advance its own power. It was treacherous, it was heartless, it was diabolical in its policy. There are those who fancy that Rome has changed. But how? It preaches the same lessons of intolerance; it fosters the same unscrupulous temper; even in our own Protestant country it is not afraid to manifest the same desire to suppress error wherever it has the chance; it intrigues and plots wherever it has opportunity: it is restrained in its power, but there is not the faintest evidence of change in the Rome of 1880 from the Rome of 1572. Rome should bear the principal part of the blame, for Catherine and Charles were under its influence and doing its work. Alas! that any blame should attach to England in this matter. Of course Elizabeth could not foresee or dream even of the possibility of this hideous carnival of blood; but Elizabeth ought to have shown a bolder front to the Romanist power; and had she done so, the hand of the treacherous Queen might have been staved, and the future of French Protestantism altered. There is a truth in the following passage which makes Englishmen blush to read it:

Could Elizabeth at this moment have brought herself to a more noble course; could she for once have forgotten to deal underhand, and help secretly while in public she disavowed; could she, in short, have realized for a single instant her responsibility as a great Protestant princess, and been willing to expose even her own life to peril in order to secure to the Reformation a chance of fair play, it might not even now have been too

late. But what was she doing at this very moment? According to the admission of her own secretary, she was engaged in detaining volunteers from the Netherlands, on the pretext of "fearing too much disorder there through lack of some good head;" and "gently answering with a dilatory and doubtful answer" the Duke of Alva, when he demanded the revocation of the Queen's subjects in the Netherlands. Was she projecting anything still more dishonourable? The Spanish Envoy in England, Anton de Guaras, affirms it in a letter of the thirtieth of June to the Duke of Alva; and we have no means of disproving his assertions. In his account of a private audience granted him by Queen Elizabeth, the ambassador writes: "She told me that emissaries were coming every day from Flushing to her, proposing to place the town in her hands. If it was for the service of his Majesty, and if his Majesty approved, she said that she would accept their offer. With the English who were already there, and with others whom she would send over for the purpose, it would be easy for her to take entire possession of the place, and she would then make it over to the Duke of Alva or to any one whom the duke would appoint to receive it. Guaras can scarcely be suspected of misrepresenting the conversation upon so important a topic and in a confidential communication to the Spanish Governor of the Netherlands. The most charitable construction of Elizabeth's words seems to be that they were a clumsy attempt to propitiate the duke 'with a dilatory answer,' as Sir Thomas Smith somewhat euphemistically expresses it, and that she had no intention of making good her engagements. But it was a sad blunder on her part, and likely to be ruinous to her friends, the French Protestants. Alva was not slow in concluding that Elizabeth's offer was of greater value as documentary proof," remarks the historian to whom we are indebted for an acquaintance with the letter of Guaras, "that Alva communicated Elizabeth's offers to the Queen-mother and the King of France; but he was more foolish than he gave the world to believe him to be if he let such a weapon lie idle in his writing-desk. And so that inconstant, unprincipled Italian woman, on whose fickle purpose the fate of thousands was more completely dependent than even her contemporaries as yet knew, at last reached the definite persuasion that Elizabeth was preparing to play her false at the very moment when Coligny was hurrying her into a war with Spain. Even if France should prove victorious, Catherine's own influence would be thrown into perpetual eclipse by that of the admiral and his associates. This result the Queen-mother resolved promptly to forestall, and for that purpose fell back upon a scheme which had long been floating dimly in her mind. (Vol. ii. pp. 422, 423.)

We part reluctantly with this most interesting work, expressing the hope that our readers will peruse it for themselves. It has the fascination and excitement of a romance, and yet there are in it wise teachings both in philosophy and religion by which all may profit.

CONTINENTAL RECORD.

Spain.—Religious Liberty Endangered. Episcopacy Introduced.—The course of affairs in Spain is far from reassuring to the friends of religious liberty. Jesuits, Dominicans, Franciscans, and other Romish orders, both male and female, are establishing themselves in every part of the country, in defiance of the concordat which only permits three orders, viz., the societies of St. Vincent de Paul and St. Philip Neri, and one monkish order to exist. And the Government not only looks on as this invasion proceeds, but also seeks to promote it by granting the use of ex-convents and other public buildings. While the land is being overrun with this black militia, it can hardly surprise any one to hear that Protestants meet with increasing difficulty in obtaining those rights to which they are entitled according to the existing laws. The central authorities professedly support their just claims; but the provincial authorities pay so little attention to the orders and injunctions sent from head-quarters as to make one suspect that the Government is insincere in its professions, and that it does not look with disfavour on the indignities often heaped on Protestants by alcaldes and other functionaries.

And indeed there is reason to think that, should the present Government continue much longer in power, the old order of things will be established, and the Romish religion will be the only one which Spaniards will be allowed to profess. Already the text of a new code has been published, proposing that all exercise of religion other than that of Rome shall be punished with imprisonment. This would be going further than the infamous code of 1848, and we can hardly think that the Spanish people will stand by and permit such a return to old methods of legislation.

Meanwhile the work of evangelization proceeds. New districts are opened up, and many persons gladly listen to the Protestant preacher. The agent of the Evangelical Continental Society stationed in Bilbao, where, in the course of three or four years, he has gathered a church of fifty members, recently undertook a journey to Villasana, an important town in the province of Burgos. Great curiosity was felt by many in the town and the villages around to know what Protestant doctrine is, and many came to hear Señor M-. But the priests, annoyed at this invasion of their territory, concerted measures for the defeat of this heretical assault. They prevented several rooms from being used as places of meeting, and they influenced the authorities so far that at last all meetings were forbidden. The governor at Burgos was appealed to, and such unwarrantable interference with the liberty of action granted by the law was protested against, and telegrams were, it seems, sent to Villasana ordering that no obstructions should be put in the way of the meetings. But in face of these orders the local authorities persisted in their opposition, thus confirming the supposition expressed above that the Government is not sincere and loyal in its attitude in relation to religious

Unfortunately, just at this juncture, when union amongst the Protestants is of such importance, an Episcopalian movement has been set

on foot which bids fair to become an occasion of some discord. For several years past our Anglican friends have been labouring in Spain, and though their agents (Spanish) have not been men of any great power, yet they have worked on quietly, using a Spanish translation of the English Liturgy, and adorning themselves with the white surplice, but on the whole showing a friendly spirit towards their fellow-labourers connected with other societies. But within the last twelve months their ranks have received an addition in the person of Señor Cabrera, who for several years had been preaching in the Madera Baja Church in Madrid, of which the late lamented Señor Carrasco was for a long time the pastor. Señor Cabrera's conversion to Episcopalianism is the more remarkable because he it was who, by his translation of the Westminster Confession of Faith, and his ardent Presbyterianism, led many of the Protestant Churches of Spain to adopt this form of church government, with all its old beliefs and rigid discipline. And now we find him appointed by Bishop Ryley from Mexico as bishop of what they have seen fit to call the Spanish National Church. This of itself might be regarded as a harmless proceeding, especially as it is found that the new bishop cannot obtain consecration in this country—the ecclesiastical laws forbid such a proceeding -but must wait until he can get two bishops to go over to Spain and perform the ceremony. But this Spanish National Church having been formed-of a bishop and two clergymen, with their respective congregations-it is now thought necessary to try and induce other Spanish pastors and evangelists to join them by the promise of being free from very much of that foreign supervision which to the Spanish pride is so obnoxious. Trouble is thus being occasioned, and already the Evangelical Continental Society finds itself deprived of one of its most interesting stations-Monistrol, in Catalonia-the evangelist and people having, at the suggestion of Señor Cabrera, placed themselves under his episcopal supervision.

Happily the Episcopalianism thus introduced is of the Low Church type; but it is a pity that such an apple of discord should be thrown among the infant churches of Spain, and above all it is a pity that Spanish ministers and evangelists should be encouraged to think that they will attain a larger measure of prosperity if delivered from the immediate superintendance of foreign Christians. A solid Christian community will doubtless grow up in course of time, but thus far Spanish Christians have not given evidence of being anything better than "babes in Christ." They want to be supported by English gold, but are impatient of English counsel and control. Happily most of the churches have thus far remained steadfast in their allegiance to the societies to which they owe their existence. In May last the fifteen churches which now constitute the Spanish Christian Church (Presbyterian) held their annual synod, and were joined by representatives from the churches at Saragossa and Barcelona. The debates were marked by much brotherly feeling, all being under the conviction that, in presence of this newlyformed Spanish National Church, they must be more united in action and more intent on promoting the spiritual interests of the various communities throughout the country.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Diary of an Early Methodist. By the late RICHARD ROWE. (Strahan and Co.) A small and unpretending book like this, with a title that has in it nothing sensational or even specially attractive, stands no little chance of comparative neglect. The favourable notices of this little volume-some of which have come from unusually and certainly unprejudiced quarters-may do something to avert this injustice, but we doubt whether even now the remarkable character of the book has been fully recognized. To numbers the title will not promise much. "The Diary of an Early Methodist!" they will be ready to say; "what can there be in that to interest? It is but the story of some ranter, full of pious observations and cant, which may be very attractive to Methodists, but for which we certainly should not care." Such hasty judgment would do gross injustice to the simple pages in which we have so graphic a picture, not only of early Methodism, with all its difficulties and struggles, but also of the times in which the great spiritual revival took place, and of the influence which the stirring political events of the day had upon its development. The "early Methodist" was a country schoolmaster, who was driven out of his office because of his religious opinions, and who for a time was one of Wesley's preachers. In that character he visited different parts of the kingdom, and has much to tell us, not only of the diversity in their feelings in relation to Wesley and his teaching, but also of the excitement produced by the attempt of the Pretender in the rebellion of 1745, and of the endeavour to implicate the hated religionists in this disastrous insurrection. The thorough realism which is given to this autobiography is one of its most striking features, and indicates the possession of real genius. Mr. Percival Bunting, who has written a pleasant and hearty preface to the book, says that the writer "had to make himself full master of the past of a sect whose history, until very recently, has commanded little general attention. Contemporaries of its earliest adherents knew, and cared to know, as little about them as we do of the thoughts and habits of the modern Jews." This is what Mr. Rowe, having the advantage of a Methodist training, as the son of a preacher who, if he never saw Wesley, "must have held large converse with those who lovingly remembered, and were accustomed to relate the 'traditions of the elders,'" has done with singular ability and success. He has caught the spirit of the people and the times, has given us striking portraitures of Wesley himself, and of the kind of men whom he influenced, of the more devoted and earnest, but also in the case of Saunders, of the more worldly-minded, who are sure to attach themselves to such a movement. "Who that knows Methodism, past or present," says Mr. Bunting, "fails to recognize the typical Saunders? Very desirous-using the Methodist vernacular-' to flee from the wrath to come,' as being, even to a worldly mind, an issue much to be deprecated; yet in the very same spirit a devout worshipper of Mammon, provoked to transitory 'love' and occasional 'good works' by ceaseless counsels from the brethren, and the steady influence of a good wife; never daring to renounce his connection even with the sect everywhere spoken against; but inconstant, shabby, mean, and grasping." Alas! who does not know Saunders, and where is the community that is free from his presence? Mr. Rowe has sketched him with a skilful hand. But the same may be said of his other characters, as well as of the grouping of the whole and the interest of the story. The book has a rare charm, and we commend it to all our readers.

Congregational History, 1850-1880. By John Waddington, D.D. (Longmans, Green, and Co.) We could wish that this volume had not been published as part of the series with which Dr. Waddington's name is so honourably identified, for the simple reason that it is a collection of materials for the historian rather than history itself. As containing many original documents relative to the movements of Congregationalism during the period which it covers, it is of great value; as recalling the memory of men and incidents which affected us at the time, and of which we are glad to freshen our recollection, it is extremely interesting; but it cannot be accepted as the history of the time. That history must be surveyed from a greater distance, in order to get a true idea of the perspective, and perhaps it would need to be written by some one less directly interested in its controversies, and more entirely free from personal predilections, in order to attain perfect impartiality. To do Dr. Waddington justice it should be said that he has sought to be scrupulously fair and to give us facts, documents, and extracts from speeches rather than his own observations and reflections. The book is a repertory of information not easily obtainable, and as such will be of immense use to the future inquirer; but it only prepares the way for a thorough history, and on this account we should rather that it had stood alone. Sometimes, as might be expected, slight inaccuracies are to be detected. Thus in speaking of the difficulties at the Lancashire College, which resulted in the resignation of Dr. Davidson, we are told that "the 'Tenth Edition of Horne's Introduction,' containing a preliminary article written by Dr. Davidson, one of the professors of the college, was followed by severe criticisms in various religious journals. The Rev. Everard Ford, secretary of the college, reported to the committee that correspondents from various parts of the country had informed him that charges were current in relation to the theological opinions of Dr. Davidson." Now it was not a "preliminary article" that Dr. Davidson had written, but an entire volume of what is described as the "Tenth Edition of Horne's Introduction," but was really a new book. The first note of protest was sounded, not by the "religious journals," but by Dr. Tregelles, one of Dr. Davidson's co-editors. Further, Mr. Ford was never secretary of the college, and the action which he took, which was nothing more than an introduction of the subject which other members of the committee were unwilling to touch, was entirely on his own responsibility.

The series of volumes on "Congregational History" from the pen of Dr. Waddington is now complete, and it is only right that we should take the opportunity of expressing our sense of what our Churches owe him for the loving labour which he has bestowed upon their early annals. All that patient industry, guided by keen intelligence, and inspired by strong sympathy, could accomplish for the elucidation of our history and for the

honour of the holy and noble men who have been the great actors in it, Dr. Waddington has done. He has diligently searched our archives, he has exhumed facts which had escaped the notice of previous inquirers, he has thrown light on some obscure passages of the story, and, as the result, he has produced four volumes that will be of inestimable value to all who desire to treat either of the general history of Congregationalism, or of some of its great men or important epochs. Our only fear is lest such a book should not receive the attention it merits. It ought to have a place in all Congregational libraries. But when will Congregationalists learn to support their own literature? We hesitate not to say that there is no department of work on which thought, labour, and money could be expended to more advantage.

Can', Nothing be Done? The Story of Robert Raikes; a Plea for the Masses. By Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. (Home Words Publishing Office.) Mr. Bullock writes with a manifest desire for usefulness, and his little book, called forth by the Sunday-school Centenary, ought to awaken earnest thought and purpose in many a heart. He is full of evangelical zeal, and writes in such a manner as to show how fully he appreciates the condition of the problem the Church of to-day has to solve, and how clearly he perceives how they are to be met. There is nothing here of miserable carping which seems to indicate that the writer fancies that everybody and every institution is wrong except it be himself and his clique of friends. The tone is healthy and encouraging, and the advice practical and judicious.

CONGREGATIONAL RECORD.

WHEN we ventured in our last to make brief reference to Rev. Paxton Hood's resignation of the pastorate of Cavendish Street Chapel, Manchester, it was solely with the desire that the deacons should, if possible, give a categorical denial to the statement so persistently reiterated—that the resignation was caused by the action of the vestry in condemnation of Mr. Hood's sermons against the Beaconsfield Government. With any other causes of difference we had as little desire as we had right to interfere; but we felt that if a Congregational minister had suffered thus seriously because of his loyalty to conscience in this matter, he had a claim on general sympathy, and the matter was one which affected the denomination as a whole. We did not question the right of the deacons or of the Church to take such extreme measures, if they thought fit; but we maintained also the right of other Congregationalists to form and to express their own judgment upon such an abuse of power. We are happy now to have the distinct assurance of the representatives of the Church, that for such an allegation there is literally no foundation. A statement, published by the deacons so far back as March 31st, had not reached us, or we should simply have quoted its words as the answer to the charge, and there have left the matter. We do not, however, at all regret our introduction of the topic, for we know that numbers, like ourselves, had read only the assertion of Mr. Hood and his friends, and knew nothing of the way in which it had been met. In the document before us, the deacons say:

1. In connection with the foregoing we ask your attention to the following sentence of Mr. Hood's: "His daring to avow political opinions in that pulpit had brought upon him repeatedly the obloquy and cruelty of the officers of the Church"—that is, the deacons. We meet this charge with a most emphatic contradiction. No vestry meeting was ever held to consider Mr. Hood's political utterances; no vestry meeting ever discussed them; no resolution relative to them was ever proposed; not only so, but no individual deacon at any vestry meeting ever alluded to them. In the face of these indisputable facts, what comes of Mr. Hood's charge of "obloquy and cruelty" at the hands of the vestry? The charge that the vestry has thus treated Mr. Hood on account of his political utterances has not an atom of truth in it. On this head we desire to make our testimony so clear that none may mistake it.

2. Mr. Hood challenges us: "Have you any other fault to find with me than that I have lifted up my poor voice against this Government?" We answer, "We never did find fault with you for lifting your voice against this Government." The rev. gentleman asserts that, among other things, "The admiration of the Beaconsfield Government rules this vestry." "So far as this vestry can be ruled by any political feeling, the hatred of the Beaconsfield Government rules this vestry." Again, referring to his political testimony: "This is the sum and substance of my offending." We reply that, "In that the vestry never charged you

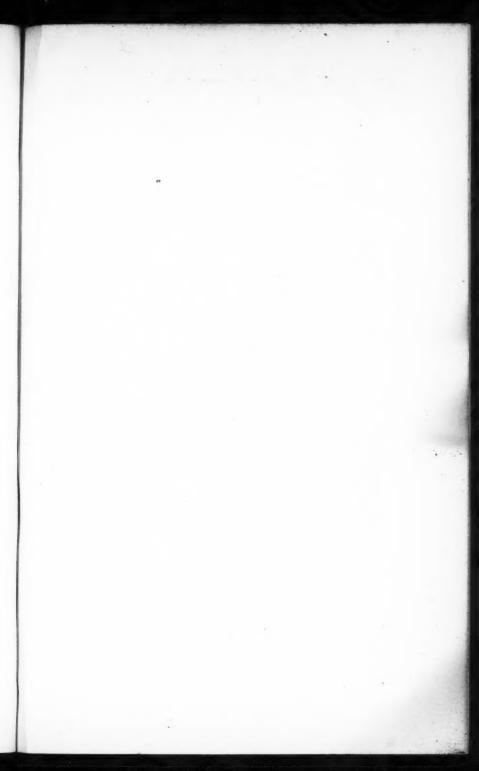
with offending at all."

Nothing could be more explicit than this. There was a desire among some of the deacons that Mr. Hood's political teaching should not be given on Sunday evenings from the pulpit, and, in our judgment, this view was too urgently pressed upon him. But this is a very different thing from the action which has been attributed to them. The deacons may not have been wise in all their proceedings; but they distinctly deny that they were guilty of the tyranny with which they were charged, and repudiate that sympathy with the Beaconsfield Government by which their action was said to have been inspired. There, so far as we are concerned, the matter drops. It certainly seemed to us an incredible thing that the Church at Cavendish Street Chapel had come so completely under the power of Jingoism. We are gratified now to hear that this is not the case; but we are specially pleased to learn that there has been nothing in its action which has caused it to forfeit the confidence of the ministers and churches of the district. Of the merits of the controversy, we desire to know nothing beyond this. The positive denial of the deacons, supported as they are by a large majority of the Church, is sufficient to relieve them from the imputation of conduct which would have shown a melancholy inconsistency with the fundamental principles of liberty, and an invasion of his rights to which no pastor of any independence of mind could have submitted.

The opening of a new and beautiful church at Penmaenmawr affords

us the opportunity of saying a word not only on behalf of this particular place of worship, but in advocacy of the necessity for having such places at all our seaside resorts. Penmaenmawr is a comparatively small place, and the chapel has been built with a view to its future as well as to its present. It has extended, though not so rapidly as Llandudno and other similar places. But the charms of its scenery, the healthful character of its air, and the quiet which it can offer must attract a larger number of visitors every year. It is of the last importance to Congregationalism that it should be well represented at such a place. But there are no residents who could undertake the responsibility of erecting a building. What has been done is due to the faith and zeal of a few of the Welsh people, who have an excellent chapel of their own, but who saw the necessity of a place for English worship, and set themselves to work in order to secure it. The chapel has been built, and is admirably suited to the wants of the locality. But a heavy debt rests upon it, and an appeal must be made to the Congregationalists of the country to aid in its removal. It is to be hoped it will not be made in vain. What has been done at Penmaenmawr needs to be done in various other places. When the Church Aid Society has overcome its preliminary difficulties, it could hardly do a better service than to organize some systematic effort for meeting the wants of our watering-places.

A chapel was opened under very different circumstances on the 22nd September at Tangley, in the neighbourhood of Guildford and amid the quiet rural beauty of Surrey. Tangley is one of the village stations connected with the church at Guildford, and worked under the able and vigorous superintendence of Rev. J. Hart. We owe it this special notice because we do not know any better example of the way in which our Congregational system may be worked with thorough efficiency and success in an agricultural district. The beautiful country chapel which was opened last month is an "outward and visible" sign of the "inward and spiritual" work which has been going on for many years. It cost altogether between £2,400 and £2,500, including architect's commission and all other incidental expenses, and after the collections on the opening day, the whole amount had been cleared and a small balance remained in the treasurer's hand. What was even more gratifying, the chapel, which will hold 400 persons, was crowded at the opening service, and that in a district where the population is so scattered that the difficulty was to understand whence the congregation was to be gathered. large barn in which the services have been held for a number of years had become so crowded that there was necessity for this extension, and it is cause for gratitude that it has been carried out so successfully. This success in a village is largely the result of the admirable system of "grouping" which Mr. Hart has organized and worked with untiring perseverance. He has had very efficient co-workers, such as it would not be possible to secure in many villages; but they would be the first to confess that, had they worked on in isolation and independence, so great a result would not have been possible.





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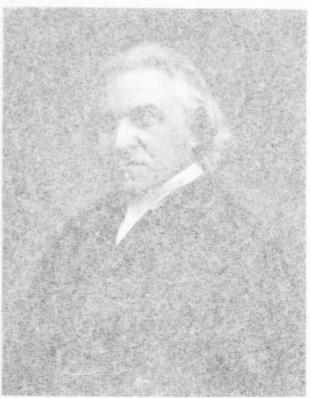
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The Congregationalist.

NOVEMBER, 1880.

REV. SAMUEL MARTIN.

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THE late Samuel Martin, of Westminster, occupied a position which was almost unique. Congregationalism could boast of greater preachers, of more profound theologians, of more eloquent orators, possibly of more able administrators, but it had not in the ranks of its ministry a preacher who produced deeper impressions, a more successful pastor, or one who, taken all round, could be more truly described as a "good minister of Jesus Christ." In the denomination there was not a man who inspired more perfect confidence, not one who was more universally beloved, not one who wielded a more quiet and penetrating influence. Very much of this was due, undoubtedly, to his ministry, which was always instructive, suggestive, and affectionate; but perhaps even more may be attributed to the character of the man. There was in his very look, in the tone of his voice, in the grasp of his hand, something which made all who came near him feel that they could give him their trust. He was sympathetic in a very high degree, and his sympathy was not of that weak and gushing kind which flows over to every one without discrimination, but whose force is spent as soon as it has wept its tears or uttered its kindly wishes. Mr. Martin, as we have heard and seen again and again, did actually enter into the anxieties and sorrows of those who came to him for solace or counsel, and his readiness thus to minister to others linked their hearts to his. His freedom from all mean jealousy, the unselfishness of his spirit, the gentleness of his manner, the unaffected piety which needed no cant or pretension to make VOL. IX.

itself known, and the thorough manliness of his spirit, all combined to enhance the impression. His grave and reverend air, so far in advance of his years, and which told of a spirit ripened and mellowed by experience gained in times of bodily weakness and suffering, was another element of his power, for it gave him the authority of a patriarch, and had in it a fascination which it was not easy to resist. It is difficult to believe that he was barely past sixty years of age when he was called to his rest, for he had long worn the aspect, and certainly had enjoyed the respect, accorded to threescore years and ten.

Samuel Martin often appeared to us the ideal of the Apostle John. The loving nature which we associate with the memory of the Apostle was certainly his, and he was like him also in that other attribute which is sometimes forgotten in the predominance that we assign to love as the ruling element of the Apostle's character. Both men have been mistaken in the same way. There was a burning fire in the heart of John, or he would never have been capable of such devoted love, and that fervour of his spirit showed itself in the passionate loyalty to his Master which in the days of the Saviour's earthly ministry would have called down fire from heaven upon the inhospitable Samaritans, and which even in the Apostle's old age caused him to write with such crushing vehemence against those who impugned the Lord's authority. or denied that God had been manifested in the flesh. John was by no means the piece of weak, though attractive, amiability which some would represent. He was the last man who would have tampered with a principle for the sake of the unity he loved so well. He had the courage of a hero if he had the gentleness of a woman. So was it with Samuel Martin. no man were broils more distasteful, and by no man was controversy more eschewed, so long as vital principles were not at stake. But if liberty was invaded or injustice threatened, no one could show a more resolute front. We can never forget him as we saw him in the old Congregational Library at a private meeting held to confer as to the celebration of the Bicentenary of Nonconformity. The Evangelical clergy had taken the alarm, and had already given indications of a disposition to regard any new statement of the Nonconforming case as an offence to themselves. There was some hesitation at the prospect of the possible controversy which would ensue, and of the effect it might produce on the relations between Evangelical Churchmen and Dissenters. After some discussion, Mr. Martin rose, and in his own quiet but forcible and impressive manner simply said: "I have received from my Master what I believe to be truth, and I dare not be silent as to what my Master has taught me for the sake of any friendship. I have valued friendships with many of the clergy, but if the price of them is to be silence as to the truth I have learned, I dare not pay it." It was well known that Mr. Martin had a large circle of clerical friends, and this only made his manliness more conspicuous. Those who did not understand him were surprised at this revelation of character, but it was thoroughly consistent with his whole life. Tender and affectionate as he was, the very type of gentleness and simplicity, he was firm as a rock, and bold as a lion when any question of principle or right was at stake.

Samuel Martin was born at Woolwich, in 1817. Western College, which was then at Exeter, had the distinguished honour of training him for the work of the ministry. His first charge was at Cheltenham, where he commenced the great work afterwards so successfully carried on by the late Dr. Morton Brown. But he was not long allowed to remain in the country. He was seen to have a special fitness for the work that had to be done in the new chapel at Westminster, and he was appointed the first minister, entering on his new charge in 1842. From the very commencement of his course at Westminster the wisdom of the selection was manifest. He had always taken a deep interest in young men, and young men were attracted by him in unusual numbers, and threw great spirit and energy into the work of the Church. But it was not young men alone, but people of all ages and classes, who were gathered in. Dissenting Members of Parliament were not so numerous then as now, but there were some who had honoured names in the Churches, and most of these founded their religious home while in London at Westminster Chapel. His influence was thus increased and his reputation extended until the chapel, which was supposed to be

sufficiently spacious when first designed, became inconveniently crowded. At last it was determined to build the noble new sanctuary with which his name will long be connected. There is nothing striking in its external appearance, but the spacious auditorium is one of the best adapted to its purpose in the country. How Mr. Martin loved it, how anxious he was that it should in every respect be suited to the great purpose for which it was built, how he studied every point in the acoustics, those only who knew him intimately can understand. That pulpit was emphatically his throne, and the power he wielded from it was very great. He would never admit that the great building overtaxed his strength, and certainly it was so constructed as to make the least possible demand upon his voice. But it was on the nervous energy rather than on the vocal power that the strain was so extreme. It is not for us to say that the pressure wore out prematurely a frame that was never very vigorous. But even if it were so, one could hardly wish that he should have been deprived of the pleasure he found in the noble enterprize he had undertaken. Life might have been a little longer, but it might also have been indefinitely poorer.

Of the various agencies, social and philanthropic as well as religious, of which Westminster Chapel was the centre, it is impossible to speak in a sketch necessarily so limited in space. Suffice it to say that a ministry of helpful and healthy charity was carried on in the district round, of the blessed result of which there could have been no more convincing proof than that furnished by the demonstration of affection and respect on the part of the poor on the day of his funeral. Mr. Martin had given considerable thought to economic questions, was extremely interested in all measures for the relief of suffering or the removal of pauperism, threw himself heartily into all philanthropic movements, and in all of these he was a great power. Hospitals, ragged-schools, reformatories, all knew him as a steady friend, a frequent visitor, a worker often beyond his strength. For young men he retained his affectionate thought and care up to the end of his life. He was a frequent and favourite lecturer for the Young Men's Christian Association, and many of his publications were intended for the special benefit of a class whose spiritual interests lay so near his heart. He published a good many small books, but in authorship, as in preaching, his great aim was usefulness. His most considerable works were two volumes of sermons, one entitled "Rain on the Mown Grass," and the other, "Comfort in Trouble," published a short time before his death. Failing health compelled him to resign the pastorate in 1877, though, at the request of his successor, Rev. Henry Simon, he retained the title and position of "honorary pastor" until his death in July, 1878.

It would be difficult to give those who never had the privilege of hearing him a true idea of Mr. Martin's preaching. Possibly in reading his published discourses they may be inclined to think that the account of him has been exaggerated, or at least confess themselves unable to explain the great impression he is said to have produced. But this is only what is true of every great preacher, and it implies no derogation from his real worth. It would be a poor thing indeed if the eye, the voice, the manner did not give a living force and beauty to the spoken word. With Mr. Martin they did so to a very large extent. Though it would be foolish to talk of him as a great orator, he had a power which any orator might envy -persuasiveness. It was due, not to any one quality, but rather to the tout ensemble. He was himself lifted up by his theme, and he lifted up his hearers also. There was nothing very remarkable in thought or style, though his manner of putting things gave a great freshness to his sermons. But this did not explain their power over men. Perhaps the only explanation is that they went right home to the heart because they were felt to come direct from the heart. It was with the inspiration of a prophet rather than the skill of an orator that Mr. Martin spoke. His hearers felt that a man of God was speaking to them, and criticism was to a large extent disarmed and the heart half prepared to yield. His congregation loved him, and the feeling was shared by all his brethren, as was shown when he filled the chair of the Union in 1862. Few men amongst us inspired such affection, and now his name lives in hundreds and thousands of hearts to whom his words were a great quickening power.

HAVE WE CONVERTING POWER? *

THE very starting of such a question as this is in itself ominous. It indicates at least that there is reason for doubt whether we, as pastors, are fulfilling the most important function of our ministry, and unless it can be answered at once and decidedly in the affirmative, it suggests matter for the most anxious searching of heart. One of the most successful preachers of the last generation, and one who was specially honoured in this very work, sometimes expressed the view-whether it could be fairly regarded as a deliberate opinion, I am not prepared to say—that converting power was given to a Christian preacher at certain periods in his ministry, while at others it was either wholly withheld or comparatively inactive. But surely in such case there must be some reason, either in the man himself or in his surroundings, that would explain the difference, for it can hardly be attributed, except on the principles of a very rigid Calvinism, to an arbitrary action on the part of the God of all grace. Where conversions are few, and especially where this state of spiritual barrenness extends over a lengthened time, it is hardly possible for an earnest minister to sit down in tame acquiescence and reconcile himself to so melancholy a condition by some doubtful theory about the Divine decrees. There may be an explanation of the fact which may save us from being distressed about it. A period of excitement is naturally followed by one of quiet, if not of reaction. A revival very often only anticipates the ordinary harvest which a faithful minister may hope to reap, brings impressions more rapidly to a decided issue, ripens purposes which might otherwise have taken a longer time before they had been translated into public profession, and so gathers at once fruits which might otherwise have been more slowly and gradually garnered. After such a movement there is naturally a lull. How could it be otherwise, unless the preacher had a new congregation to which to appeal? Nor is it to be regretted that there should be a period of comparative rest during which special care may be given to the culture of the young and tender ones who have

 $^{^{\}bullet}$ Inaugural address of the Chairman of the London Congregational Board, delivered October 5.

recently been admitted to the fellowship of the Church, and admitted under circumstances which make it peculiarly necessary that they should have wise and sympathetic guidance. A pastor in such conditions has no reason for self-reproach or regret. He is doing a different kind of work, but one that is quite as necessary and valuable.

It is where there is no such explanation available that the cause for anxiety begins. I am mistaken if there be not such solicitude at present, which is very widespread, and which to many is becoming extremely painful. They do not see the spiritual results from their preaching which they were once privileged to realize, and they mourn over it. They have no reason to complain of want of interest, or sympathy, or affection in their churches; they have personal comfort and outward prosperity: but conversions to God are few, and so their work does not yield them the same joy as in the earlier days of their ministry. Nor is this state of things confined to any one class of men, or any single Church. The statements made at the late Wesleyan Conference show that it is felt by a Church which has been signally blessed in winning souls for Christ. With every outward sign of progress, there was a confessed decrease in the number of the Society. Is it too much to say that this is an indication of a decline of spiritual force? It is perfectly true that the objections to the self-revelations of the class-meeting are very strong, and increase as culture spreads, or as Methodism gathers more of the cultured classes into its ranks. But this does not explain all, and it is to be feared that the Wesleyan Methodists are suffering in common with ourselves, though possibly not to the same extent. The favour with which the "Salvation Army" was regarded by some pointed in the same direction. We understand and share the feeling. It is the discontent with coldness, feebleness, poverty of result, which makes us ready to tolerate many an extravagance and condone many an error where there are signs of life and progress. The feeling may not be a wise one, or at all events may be carried to excess, but it is a tacit evidence that there is abroad a distressing consciousness of feebleness and a longing for some indications that the gospel has not lost its old power, and that we have not lost the capacity for developing its full efficacy.

Happy they whose experience is so bright and sunny that they hardly understand this uneasiness at all! There are, it may be hoped, many pastors and churches so prosperous in the special sense indicated that they do not share this anxiety. But are there not numbers whose hearts are full of this eager and trembling desire for more visible signs of the success of their work, passing often into a half-despondent feeling because the cherished longing of their heart is not accomplished? Is it too much to say that these form a large majority? It is this which gives its interest to the question with which we are occupied. If it were only in individual cases that this deficiency was felt, it might be thought that there was some special reason for exceptional failure. But when the experience extends over a wide area, it is not too much to assume that there are causes at work of a more general kind, and it is wise to try and ascertain what these are.

I.

Is there not something in the atmosphere of the age which affects the Church as well as the world, which is unfavourable to conversion? The word has a mystical sound about it; it tells of a life which is not only inward but supernatural; it speaks of a religion which is not the result of temperament or of education, but of a direct turning of the heart toward God. That certainly is not popular. are sincere and godly men who, though they would not deny the truth, are very unwilling to give it prominence. In their hearts they may even have a lurking thought that conversion. is for the profligate or the unbeliever only, and that the spiritual life, in the case of the children in pious homes, or the members of Christian congregations, is only a development. Probably they are not conscious themselves how far they have lost an idea which once was prevalent; and if they were distinctly challenged would avow their full belief in the necessity and reality of the great change. But they feel the influence of the current thought upon the subject, though perhaps it has affected their sentiment more than their opinion. How far there has been actual change of doctrine, I will inquire afterwards. At present it is only of the lowered tone of feeling on the subject that I speak.

The appeal recently issued by the Sunday-school Union to the pastors and churches, inviting them to set apart a time for special prayer for the schools, is a striking illustration. The word "conversion" does not occur throughout, though this is just the kind of document in which we might have expected to find it. Even if the thing is referred to it is so wrapped up as not to be very discernible. The element of "religious instruction" is very predominant, and properly so; but in a paper which is an invitation to prayer we might have hoped that more would have been said about religious impression and saving grace. This very "religious instruction" may itself become a snare. It is of great importance that the teaching should be of as high an order intellectually as can possibly be obtained; but the first qualification of a teacher is spiritual earnestness, and the one aim he should keep in view is the leading of the children to Christ. That this is felt by the directors of the Sunday-school Union as sincerely as by any one else is not questioned. The language of the circular is significant chiefly because it proceeds from men who cannot be suspected of any disloyalty to Evangelical truth. It is cited, not with the view of casting any reflection upon them, but simply as a sign of the spirit of the times. Twenty years ago there can be little doubt that much would have been said, in such an appeal, about praying for the conversion of the children. Now it is "the spiritual welfare of the young" for which the Churches are urged to pray. It may mean the same thing, but this extraordinary dilution of the language has a significance which ought not to be ignored. The truth is, the word "conversion" is not often found in the dialect of theday, which is apt to substitute some euphemism in its place.

It may be said that the word had become a cant phrase, and that many who have the deepest sense of the necessity for the great spiritual change hesitate to employ a term which has been so abused. There is force in the answer, and some measure of truth. But it is necessary that this fastidiousness should not be pressed too far, lest in our over-sensitiveness about a word we fritter away a solemn reality. The subject is far too serious to allow of the introduction of any ungenerous suggestions in relation to any one. The only object of these references is to show the drift of feel-

ing in our times. The Zeit-Geist may be an extremely vague kind of influence, very difficult to define and still harder to measure, but it affects all of us to an extent of which we are ourselves unconscious. Never did it tell on the Churches more than to-day. We cannot regret that Christians are more identified with the life of the times than was once the case, that the arbitrary restrictions upon social intercourse and literary culture have broken down, and that there is a freer and fuller interchange of thought between the Church and the world. But it is not to be denied that this does lay us more open to some influences which are abroad, and which are distinctly hostile to the supernatural side of our religion.

Far be it from me to indulge in jeremiads about the state of the times. Instead of yielding to the sentiment of panic which some foster, Christians have reason rather to be thankful for the many signs which are cropping up continually that the boastings of the prophets of unbelief, who would have us believe that the nation has gone away from the gospel, are not only premature, but altogether without foundation. election of Mr. Bradlaugh was a source of extreme distress to many excellent Christians, not only because of their repugnance to the man, but because of their feeling that his election indicated popular sympathy with his views. The circumstance is one that cannot be contemplated with any satisfaction, but too much importance may be attached to it as an expression of the opinions even of the people of Northampton. There were certainly numbers who voted for him entirely on political grounds, and are as much opposed to his teachings on religion and morals as his most intense opponents. Whether his opinions on these latter points ought to have been regarded by them as a positive disqualification for a seat in Parliament is a point each man must decide in the light of his own conscience. But it would be worse than folly to credit all who voted for the politician with sympathy for his unbelief. What was gratifying, however, was the recoil of the nation from the act. The sense of justice prevailed overy every other sentiment, and led men as devout and religious as the Prime Minister and Mr. Bright to resist the attempt to impose any civil disability even on an atheist. But the shock to the

sentiment of the nation was very great, and would have been still more strongly manifested but for the hollowness of the factious opposition which was offered to his taking the seat to which the Northampton electors had chosen him, and the madness which threw on to the side of unbelief the sympathy which never fails to gather round a victim of injustice and persecution. Still the feeling was wide and deep, and certainly showed an utter miscalculation on the part of those who fancied that they had made any great progress in seducing the nation from its faith in God.

The same tale is told by the crowds that gather to hear the Word of God. Lately there was a Harvest Thanksgiving held in St. Paul's Cathedral. It was held on a Monday evening. and there were no special musical attractions. There was the ordinary anthem, but the singing was for the most part plain song-simple hymns set to popular tunes, in which the congregation heartily united. Yet a very large congregation was gathered, and what was seen there is found wherever there is a preacher who knows how to speak to the hearts, and in the case of churches and cathedrals generally where there is a bright, lively, and spirited service. Perhaps all this does not count for much, but at all events it is a sign that the religious sentiment is neither dead nor dying. It may sometimes be very bigoted and unintelligent, but it exists, and there are no signs of its decay. Unbelief is active and vigorous; it touches classes which in former days were not reached by its influence; it meets religious teachers at points where they least expected it, and in circles which once were exempt from its intrusion. But it is rash to conclude that it is an age of unbelief, and still more rash and untrue to assert that "the newspaper has quite superseded the Bible." More correct would it be to say that the newspaper or the magazine is read along with the Bible, and insensibly affects men's views in relation to it. The newspaper helps to form the atmosphere of which I am speaking, and Evangelical truth, when seen through this medium, is apt to lose much of its distinctness.

It is here that the real evil is to be found. There may be a good deal of this outward religiousness, but it is extremely superficial. There is a dislike for strength and decision. The

less a man retains of the Evangelical creed the more broad and liberal is he understood to be. Religion is admitted to be good, but it must not be too pronounced and aggressive. "Be not overmuch righteous," and, above all, be not too saintly or orthodox, are the ruling maxims. Invertebrate creeds are in fashion, and the men of more robust principles are regarded as fanatics. The leaven of this spirit is in the churches and congregations, if it has not reached the pastors. The hearers are infected by it, and the preachers cannot have wholly escaped. May there not here be one reason why conversions are not so numerous as we desire? If we have come to regard them as belonging to a different state of thought and culture, and as being on the whole anachronisms in an age when we have been brought to take a more rational view of religion - except, indeed, among the more uncultured classes, who may be left to the "Salvation Army" and similar agencies, is it surprising that we have to mourn over a lack of spiritual power? That the sorrow will spring up in the true Christian heart when there is this barrenness in a ministry is certain. A man who has given himself to the ministry of the Word has a craving for the joy which comes from the winning of souls which nothing else can satisfy. Popularity in the pulpit, influence in the world, a reputation for enlightened thought, do not meet the want. Necessity is laid upon him to preach the gospel, and if his preaching be powerless, his heart cannot be at rest. If there is no happiness a Christian pastor can experience equal to that which is his when he shares the "joy of his Lord" in the salvation of souls, what disappointment can approach in bitterness and depression to that which he feels when his ministry is without this result?

II.

There is no reason to fear that the preachers of our day are not fully alive to these considerations. In all the deepest hours of their spiritual life any sense of impotence and failure is sure to press heavily upon them. What is to be feared is that, amid the adverse influences of their surroundings, the great object of their ministry may not be kept before them with sufficient prominence, and its imperative urgency may not

always be felt. The question which arises here is whether pastors and churches do fully and constantly realize that the conversion of men is the primary object which both ought to contemplate. In the majority of cases it would be admitted that this is so; but is it not too often accepted as a mere truism, and treated with the indifference too often shown to first principles, which are taken for granted, and so all too easily forgotten? At all events it does seem necessary to restate and to accentuate the elementary and very simple principle that the Church exists and that its ministers preach for the purpose of extending the kingdom of their Lord, by delivering men from the bondage of sin and introducing them to the glorious liberty of the children of God, and that to fall short of this is to fail in their great work. Mutual edification is doubtless a very important element in Church fellowship, but no Church exists for itself alone, and if it were thus to concentrate its thought and effort upon the culture of the few souls that are in it to the neglect of the great multitudes perishing for lack of bread, it would sooner or later reap the curse which comes on all such selfishness. A Church which should follow the example of the apostles, who would have sent the multitude into the villages that they might buy the bread, would only show how little it has felt of the spirit of Him who was so touched with compassion that He forgot His own fatigue in His care for the wants of the people.

The gathering of men in public assemblies—not, be it observed, meetings of the Church only, but promiscuous assemblies—for what purpose is it desired? There is no object in collecting crowds merely for the sake of demonstration or sensation. It would be a very slight consolation to a minister that he was able to attract a multitude if he produced no impression on them. Nor is it the object of our Christian services to instruct the intellect or refine the taste. These have their value, but behind them lies the more important work of saving the soul. There may be the employment of wise and legitimate means to attract the multitudes, but the one object of collecting them is that they may hear words by which their souls may live. If this were more constantly borne in mind, we might be saved from two evils—from the hard and rigid ideas of those who forget the essential dif-

ference between the cravings of a promiscuous congregation on the one hand and the spiritual desires of an assembly of Christians on the other; and from the equally serious mistake of those who lose sight of the end in the means, and are content if people be gathered, though there be no converting influence employed on them. If it is desirable to maintain in our young people a love for the sanctuary, or to bring under its influences those who have not yet surrendered their hearts to God, then it certainly cannot be wise to have a style of service which is calculated only to repel them. But, on the other hand, if the one reason for desiring their presence at these services is that they may be brought to that "faith which cometh by hearing," all our efforts should be directed to produce that faith. Artistic beauty, attractions of music or of eloquence, an æsthetic service, harmonious in all its parts, or a powerful sermon, full of ingenious thought or felicitous illustration, are not the points about which a Christian Church should be chiefly solicitous. They are not to be depreciated, provided they are kept in subordination to the higher aims of the ministry; but those aims are not necessarily lost because of their absence, nor are they always secured by their presence. To charm the ear, to interest the mind in curious speculations, or dazzle it by brilliant displays of rhetoric, to impress the senses, or to stir the imagination—these are not the ends we seek. Our one object is to convert and edify men, and if that be lost, we toil in vain and spend our strength for nought.

So in regard to all the works the Church undertakes. Very broad conceptions are sometimes taken as to the functions which the Church of Christ ought to discharge. It is supposed that it ought to concern itself with all that tends to the elevation of men. It should be the almoner, the educator, the civilizer of a district, caring for the bodies and minds as well as for the souls of men. Whatever tends to the well-being of society comes within its sphere and should be undertaken by it, so that, in the view of some, it should interest itself in the recreations as well as in the common toils of life. It should have its day-schools (happily, the working of the Act of 1870 is gradually relieving Churches from the burden and distraction of this kind of work), its young men's societies

for mutual improvement, perhaps its cricket clubs. There is no reason to object to them, provided they do not tax energies wanted elsewhere, and provided efficiency in them is not regarded as a compensation for failure in spiritual work. Whether Churches as Churches should commit themselves to enterprizes so varied and comprehensive, and involving so heavy a tax upon their resources, is open to question. But assuredly whatever they do should be subservient to the one end for which they exist. They would not have fulfilled their mission though they had provided for the intellectual wants of a neighbourhood. That provision itself would only be a preparation for the still grander object they have in view. A Church may be outwardly successful, may collect numbers. maintain decorum and order, be known for many works of usefulness and deeds of charity, and yet its primary object may be overlooked in the multiplicity of other occupations. It is set to be a witness on behalf of Christ and His gospel, and if the effect of its testimony is not to lead men to believe, it has not achieved the end for which it exists. That there are Churches which are sufficiently alive to this is thankfully acknowledged. But are there not many of us who need to have our hearts stirred by way of remembrance?

III.

Turning to a subject even more serious, it may be asked whether there are not theological tendencies which tell in the same direction? A friend talking to me once on the difference between the result of preaching now and preaching in the last generation, said, "You have no hell fire now with which to alarm men. The harrowing appeals which used once to move congregations are no longer heard, and if they were would have no effect, for the people do not believe the doctrines which underlie them, and suspect that the preachers do not believe them either." That there is some measure of truth in this representation is hardly to be doubted. The old beliefs of numbers in relation to eternal punishment have been very rudely shaken; and one influence which the preacher could command with a certain class of hearers has been materially weakened, if not altogether lost. But surely appeals to fear are not the sole or the most powerful instruments which a preacher can wield. After all they can only serve to awaken a slumbering conscience, and the great force by which souls were converted is that which still remains in all its integrity—the mighty power of the love of Christ. Still it would be a serious loss to be robbed of the power which may disturb the torpid conscience; and it is wise to consider how far this is the necessary consequence of a change in the teaching relative to the future condition of the lost.

Into the controversy on this point it is not my intention to enter here. To repress the speculations and inquiries which are rife is as impossible as it would be unjust to condemn those who have started them as though they were enemies of the gospel and disturbers of the peace. Frettings against the inevitable tendency of independent minds to "prove all things" only irritate the spirit and exhaust a force which might be more wisely employed in vindication of the truth. Men will think, and will let the world know what they think, and true faith would teach us that no truth is worse for the free handling to which it is thus exposed. As a matter of fact there is a widespread unsettlement of opinion on this subject. The change cannot be ignored. The wise course of action is to consider how far it affects the great work of the Church, and if it is in any way interfering with it to see if the hindrances cannot be either removed or reduced. Let it be frankly admitted that there are those who have abandoned the dogma of eternal punishment who show an earnestness in their endeavours after the conversion of men which would put to shame many whose theories about the future of a lost soul ought to give to all their pleadings with men a special intensity and force. But this does not settle the question as to the general influence of this departure from the old creed upon the majority of men, whether in the pulpits or pews.

So long as the preacher insists on the impossibility of blessedness without holiness, and amid all his theories relative to the destiny of the wicked abates nothing of his testimony against sin, and never fails to insist that only by the forgiveness of sins through, and the renewal of the nature by, the Holy Spirit, can a man enter into the kingdom of heaven, there is no obvious reason why his ministry should lose

any of its power to arouse the careless and alarm the impenitent. He feels that he cannot speak with the dogmatism which was once prevalent as to the future; rhetorical pictures of the agonies of the lost may be as distasteful to him as they have become to some of us who once employed them, and such power as was to be derived from them he must renounce; he has large hopes as to what may yet be possible in the unfolding of the infinite love of God in Christ. But this does not restrain him from warning every man, exhorting every man, and proclaiming with all distinctness and force the "wrath of God as revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men." Perhaps any suggestion of a possible probation in the future state may reduce the cogency of these representations. The hope, however dim, that the verdict at death may not be irrevocable, has a tendency to weaken the effect of all appeals. It cannot but be so, and those who feel that they must face the risk rather than hide their own imaginings or expectations as to the possibilities of the Divine love are all the more bound to emphasize their teachings as to the certainty of retribution. Grant even the "larger hope," and there is still a "fearful looking for of judgment" for the soul that dies without Christ. The great peril is lest this point be omitted, or so toned down as to lose its impressiveness. It is surely one of the most serious dangers which menace our theology, since it strikes at the root of our whole doctrine by weakening the sense of the exceeding sinfulness of sin. A strong Evangelical teaching must proceed on the basis that sin is an evil so terrible that nothing less than the death of the Son of God could provide an effectual remedy. If it is to be regarded as a mere weakness, an error of the judgment, an infirmity of purpose, too facile a vielding to the force of an overmastering temptation which it is impossible that our Father in heaven should judge harshly or punish with severity, then the need for the interposition of the Saviour is, to say the least, not very apparent. If a few tears of penitence will wash away the stain, and if endeavours, or even sighings, after a better life are to be regarded as equivalent to that life, if a humble confession of sin at once restores to the favour of God, wherefore the humiliation of the manger,

the agony of the garden, or the sacrifice of the cross? It is subject for rejoicing that the Fatherhood of God is taught in our days with a clearness, simplicity, and fulness which relieves our Evangelical theology from the dark gloom in which it has too often been wrapped, and by which many a noble soul has been repelled from it. But there is an aspect of the Fatherhood itself that is in danger of being overlooked -" If I be a father, where is mine honour?" That sacred name is not a synonym for feebleness, for mild benevolence, for tolerant indulgence of sin. Certainly, if it be, the manifestation of God in the flesh" and the death of sacrifice on the cross are left without adequate explanation. "Behold the goodness and the severity of God," says the Apostle. We must appreciate and faithfully exhibit both if we are to move the spirits of men. There is no need to revive the preaching of terror, but it is necessary to have the preaching of righteousness which may convince the conscience, make men feel again the terrible curse and burden of sin, and lead them to cry, "What must we do to be saved?"

Has there been any failure to mark the distinctiveness of Christian character, and so to realize the absolute necessity of conversion? The excesses and extravagances to which some have gone on the mystical or spiritual side seem to have led others to get rid of this element in the religious life altogether, and to regard a Christian man as nothing more than a moralist of a high order. It is not to be denied that there have been and still are those who attach far more importance to what they consider spiritual experience than to practical godliness. The emotional man, with a superfluity of unction both in look and accent, who accepts every doctrine, boasts that he never had a doubt, and is severe on all who are thus troubled, who is orthodox not only in creed, but in appearance, in dialect, and in tone, is their type of a Christian. There may be nothing in his moral calibre corresponding to this high style of spiritual feeling, but his weaknesses are indulged, and even his offences condoned, in consideration of his unhesitating orthodoxy, and his devout unctuousness. It is only natural that this should produce reaction. The practical test is set aside on the one side, and so it is made everything in the other. Creeds, sentiments, acts of religious exercises are

treated as nothing. There are men of high character, eminent on the Exchange because of their sense of justice, conspicuous in political life for fidelity to truth and principle, philanthropists as unsparing in personal service as they are unstinted in liberality, and yet they make no claim to saintliness. Are they not, it is asked, Christians? If not, what are Christians more than others? The conclusion may be very unreasonable, but it is quite intelligible.

Where this view prevails of course there is no belief in the necessity of conversion. If men were idolaters, it would be necessary to turn them from dumb idols to serve the living and true God. If they were steeped in sensualism, it would be necessary to convert to the love and the practice of virtue. But there is nothing of the kind here. Where can be the need of conversion? The answer is to be found in a true conception of what a Christian really is. There is not a virtue by which character can be adorned, not a heroism by which life can be ennobled, not a deed of courage by which the world can be instructed and blessed, which is not embraced in the ideal of Christianity. The merchant who, in obedience to his sense of right, parts with the accumulations of years of industry, and beggars himself rather than sacrifice his conscience; the politician, who defies the wild rage of popular excitement, and braves the odium which its malignant falsehood can pile upon him for the love of his country and of truth-is acting a Christian part. But it does not follow that he is a Christian. To be a Christian he must do it for Christ's sake, and as a service to Him. The Christian character takes into itself all that is lovely, all that has virtue, all that is of good repute, but it is in itself something distinct and unique. It is not some quality superadded to all other virtues, nor an unctuous or mystical feeling infused into the soul; it is the vital principle from which all goodness is to spring. It means the rule of the love of God in the heart, and that comes only as the result of the work of the Spirit of God. "Ye must be born again," was the lesson not to a profligate nor an unbeliever, but to a respectable leader of the Jewish Church. Unless we grasp it in its full significance we shall never address ourselves to the holy service to which we are called in the spirit which characterised the Apostles, and which has been conspicuous in every age of great spiritual progress. It is necessary that we discriminate between different classes of men: that we recognize how different is the mode of the Spirit's operation in men of varied temperature and experience; that we discountenance all attempts to produce factitious excitement, and beware how we mistake a passing sensation for true spiritual feeling. But our message to all must be the same: "Ye must be born again." Let us keep this aim ever before us; let it mould our preaching and inspire our life: above all let it be a theme of our constant supplication that He who has counted us faithful, putting us into this ministry, will pardon our weakness and imperfection, and by His Spirit make us mighty to turn many to righteousness: and can we doubt that He will give us answers to prayer which will leave us no room to put the question, "Have we converting power?" *

THE ANTIDOTE TO AN ANXIOUS SPIRIT.+

"Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat," &c.—MATT. vi. 25-33.

Ir was to some poor Galileans that the Lord spoke these sublime words. He would lift them out of the low, grovelling life which they were prone to lead, all engrossed with care for the mere bodily wants, and place before them the glorious ideal of the kingdom of righteousness and truth, which He came to set up upon the earth, and in the inauguration of which it was to be their privilege to share.

This sublime exhortation has not been always rightly understood. The Middle Ages especially attached a false and dangerous meaning to the words, and mystical dreamers, like Francis of Assisi, sought to realize it by the creation of the famous orders which made poverty the ideal virtue of the Christian life. The infidelity of our own age has taken advantage of this erroneous construction of the words of Christ, and has found in it a facile and forcible argument

^{*} It is intended to follow this by a paper on the question, "Do we believe in the Holy Ghost?"

[†] From the French of M. Bersier. Translated by Mrs. Harwood-Holmden.

against the gospel. Jesus Christ, it is said, would teach men to despise the present life, and would foster the saintly and absolute indifference of quietism. What, it is asked, would have become of modern civilization, with its progress and its triumphs, if such teaching had been taken literally? Is not the suggestion that men should be like the flowers of the field and the birds of the air, which make no provision for the future, the virtual condemnation of man's honest toil, forethought, and provident economy? Does not such a principle ignore or censure all which constitutes the greatness and superiority of modern society, and tend to foster a life of dreamy inaction, fatal to all progress? This is too grave an objection to be lightly set aside. Let us, then, look it fairly in the face, and when we have disposed of it we shall be the better able to draw from these words of Christ the deep lessons they really contain.

One thought must at once strike all unprejudiced minds in taking a glance over the map of the world. Where do we find the most rapid progress, the freest development of art, science, industry? Where has Nature been most deeply studied? Where have her forces been most largely utilized? Beyond question, among those people and in those countries where the light of Divine revelation has shone; that is to say, among Jews and Christians. Nowhere does man achieve so much, or progress so rapidly, as under the influence of the gospel. I say of the gospel, for I would clearly distinguish this from those doctrines of a false asceticism which are the perversion of Christianity. False asceticism may have assumed certain developments under the shadow of the cross, but it is the legitimate product, not of Christianity, but of Christianity has never taught men to despise Buddhism. the present life. On a superficial survey, one might imagine that it concerned itself only with heaven, but a fuller knowledge shows that it is admirably adapted also for earth. It might be at first supposed that it aims only at the salvation of individual souls, while it abandons the world to speedy dissolution. On the contrary, it is as remarkable for the practical common sense with which it treats of all the ordinary duties of life, as for the sublimity of its doctrines. On the mutual relations of men, on the authority of the father, the

moral worth of the child, the dignity of woman and kindred subjects, the gospel gives utterances so luminous and decisive that they are final for all time. Hence M. Littré, one of the most determined and declared enemies of the Christian faith. was simply just when, in an address delivered in 1877 to an assembly of Freemasons, he said that the modern idea of the family is of Christian origin. Unlike every system of philosophy which had prevailed before it, Christianity—the most spiritual of all religions-respects the body; and, refusing to regard matter as the essential seat and source of evil, teaches that the body may be sanctified. That famous theory of the dignity and worthiness of the body, which a modern school (that of St. Simon) claims as a discovery of its own, has been taught in the gospel for the last eighteen centuries, only with this difference, that the gospel defines its true and proper limits, while the St. Simonists falsify it by gross exaggerations. Let it be observed how strongly St. Paul opposes the ascetic idea which regards marriage as a profane state, or which makes saintliness consist in abstinence from some particular meat or drink. Counsels so truly human, so farseeing, so moderate, proceeding from men who manifestly believed that the end of all things and the glorious return of Christ were at hand, bear clear evidence of a Divine inspiration. Quietism would have inspired very different teaching.

Observe, again, the value which Christianity teaches men to attach to the present time, the stress it lays upon individual responsibility, the grandeur of the part which God assigns to each of His creatures. What encouragement can be found for a life of contemplative inaction, in such teaching as that of the parable of the talents; or in a religion which makes the rich responsible for the sufferings of the poor, and calls us to be up and doing so long as there is one hungry one to feed, one captive to deliver, one conscience to enlighten, one heart to cheer with our love? It is no exaggeration to say that Christianity is the most powerful good ever struck into our natural inertia and indolence; that it is the most effectual call ever given to all our dormant energies and faculties; and that St. Paul was absolutely right when he said that "godliness has the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." This, then, is my general reply to the objection urged by those who attribute to the gospel the errors of certain mystics, and denounce it as a doctrine of quietism and of inactivity.

Let it, then, be distinctly recognized that in the passage before us, Jesus is not condemning the spirit of providence and wholesome effort. It is inconceivable that He who delighted to show the ceaseless watchfulness, tender solicitude, and unwearying activity of the Father in heaven, should have deprecated the like qualities in the soul of man, and that too in the very same discourse in which He sets God before us as an example to be followed, a model for our imitation.

It is no dreamy inaction that He would encourage in us by pointing to the lilies of the field, as more beautiful than Soloman in all his glory; or to the fowls of the air, which sow not nor reap. He has quite another end in view. That which Christ deprecates here in the minds of His disciples, is the spirit of anxious care so akin to unbelief; and it is this anxious spirit, with its causes and its cure, to which I would direct your attention to-day.

An anxious spirit! Alas! how many of us know it only too well. There are sufferings, separations, trials, the very thought of which is enough to fill us with anguish. And if we confine ourselves for the moment to those anxieties to which Christ here specially refers—the anxieties arising from poverty - there are straitened circumstances under which it seems perfectly natural that the man's one thought should be: What shall we eat to-morrow? and how shall we be clothed? When paralysis strikes the arm of the honest bread-winner: when a long stagnation of business closes his workshop; or when, more sorrowful still, a brave-hearted woman sees her husband wasting, in drink and debauchery, the weekly wage that should have bought the children's bread: when she feels want and sickness undermining her own strength and sapping her courage-could we, dare we approach such sufferers and say to them, in the mocking words quoted by St. James, "Go in peace; be ye warmed and fed"? This is surely a time for action, not for words; for us to prove to them by our timely aid that God is near, by our love that He loves. Yet how often in such cases—alas! too common do we find faith shedding a strange brightness over the dreary scene, and kindling a lamp of hope in the darkness! How often we hear words from such lips which show that the love of God can triumph even in sore extremity. And yet we know well that these are the exceptions. Prolonged misery and suffering too commonly produce, along with consuming care, a distrust of God and despairing doubt of His providence. Instead of seeking comfort in faith and prayer, the man tries to drown his sorrows in a drunken debauch. Others solace themselves by blaming society for their sufferings, and brood over Utopian schemes of commerce in which such wrongs should be impossible. Ah, my friends! it is easy to pronounce summary condemnation of mistakes like these, and to rest satisfied with the unassailable right of our own position. But when I come in contact with such facts in real life, I feel humiliated rather than indignant; humiliated as a Christian, as a preacher of that gospel which so many sufferers reject. merely because they do not understand it; because no voice has brought it home to them in language which they could not mistake, and with the Divine commentary of a true charity. the most powerful of all persuasions. And I would that those who believe as I myself believe, instead of indulging in useless recriminations, in anathemas as ill-judged as they are aimless, would rather smite on their breasts, and confess how far they have come short of the love they owe to the multitudes wandering away like lost sheep from the only One who could help and heal them. How little do these wanderers know of the true nature of the gospel they reject; how little idea have they of its treasures of peace and joy! Let me illustrate what I mean.

Suppose for a moment that no such institution as the Christian Sabbath had ever existed. A thinker arises who protests against the material and moral bondage under which the working classes suffer. He says it is a sin that, while the privileged ones of earth alone enjoy repose of body and freedom of mind, the vast masses of the labouring class live like human cattle, perpetually bound beneath the yoke of the oppressor. He says that man is not a mere wheel, made to revolve unceasingly in the great social machine. He says that it is just and needful that one day in seven this machine should stop working; that the dizzy rush of wheels should be

still; that the labouring man should be able to lay aside his tools and his soiled working clothes, and remember that he is made not only to toil and grind, but to think and love; that he too should have leisure to enjoy his fireside in winter. and the pure fresh air and the summer sun, in the society of wife and children. . . . What rapturous applause would greet this Utopian philanthropist, this friend of the working man!

And this is the very message which the gospel brings; but because it is the gospel, our working classes receive it with instinctive distrust, and are ready to regard the Sunday rest as one of the suspicious snares set by the clerical party.

So far I have been applying the words of my text only to the poor. To them, no doubt, it primarily belongs. But we should do grave injustice to its wealth of meaning if we went no farther than this. At the other extremity of the social scale a true understanding of its import is no less needed. The spirit of anxiety may lurk in forms still more selfish and more inexcusable, as we shall proceed to show.

God has given to what are called the higher classes, the precious privilege of leisure. Why do they enjoy this great gift? Obviously, if there runs through society, one harmonious plan, one deep unity, then their possession of this advantage means that they should think and provide for those who are so largely absorbed in care for the mere necessaries of life. Shall I venture to say that this vocation of the wealthy is not understood in our age? To bring such a charge would be to take up a cry both hollow and unjust. There is in the present day a section of society which devotes itself unwearyingly to the improvement of the material and moral condition of the poor: there are benevolent operations conducted often with admirable judgment: orphanages, industrial schools, hospitals, homes for the friendless, refuges for the fallen-all these are agencies for good, which in our time are being multiplied indefinitely. The day is past, thank God, when famine periodically decimated certain districts, and when the rich were looked upon as the natural enemies of the poor. Hence the most ignorant begin to understand that the benefit of wealth ultimately reaches all classes; that large fortunes are of necessity resources from which the public generally 64

derives its advantage, and that to do away with them would not be a panacea for the poor.

But can it be truly said that all who possess this great gift of leisure realize its value? Are all awake to their responsibility with regard to it? It would be idle to say so. Alas! this leisure, so far from being unselfishly devoted to the poor, is often placed at the disposal of all the parasites who choose to invade it. It is squandered in the gratification of mere whims, caprices, passions. And when this is the case, the very same spirit of anxious care which Christ deprecates in the text, reappears in a new and strange disguise: "What shall I do that I may bestow my fruits and my goods?" says the rich man, whose life has been spent in securing position and amassing wealth. And so he catches the building mania, and begins decorating his house, and multiplying his collections of art and virtù, as though they were to be his everlasting portion. All his thoughts and leisure are engrossed in this work of embellishment, and he never thinks of what he owes to others, never remembers that his responsibility increases in proportion to his means.

"Wherewithal shall I be clothed?" says the woman of the world; and her toilet becomes one of her favourite studies, and she consumes precious hours over the frivolous trifles of fashion, till she becomes incapable of any serious and thoughtful occupation. She is utterly useless to all around her, and her only merit is that of having introduced, at church or at the theatre, the latest novelty of the season in dress.

"What shall we eat?" It is not the hungry alone who ask this question. Upon their lips it would be at least excusable, but it becomes in higher social positions also a question of primary importance. Persons of ton would blush to own to gross sensuality, but the luxury of the table increases from year to year, and demands ever fresh and more costly sacrifices of thought and money. All those supposed necessities, which are felt burdensome at first, but are finally accepted, become so many tyrannical customs, and enclose the life in a fatal network. Busy idleness becomes an imperious slavery. First hours, then whole days are encroached upon and consumed. Visits paid and received, insipid conversation on

hackneyed subjects, vapid reading which dissipates the mind, exhausts the heart, and weakens the will, with no other effect than to excite a curiosity never satisfied, and a restless craving for the the merely sensational—such is the true description, in too many instances, of life among the "privileged classes." This is the secret of their uselessness, of their lack of power and influence over those around them.

And for all this what is the remedy? If to point out the folly of this life of worldliness would suffice to correct it, the cure would have been wrought long ago, for it has been ridiculed a hundred times. The follies I have just enumerated have been, and are still, represented with all the piquancy of wit and humour, in the novel, in the theatre, everywhere. There is no eccentricity of fashionable life which has not been held up to ridicule by the pen of some satirist. But in matters like these ridicule never changed any one. It needs a higher and deeper inspiration. In order to free the soul from this yoke of folly, there must be the mighty impetus of faith. "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Confront the thousand demands of what is called society with the one great demand of the Christian life. All that is given to the service of God and of our brethren in the cause of righteousness and love, is so much taken away from that aimless life of which the Preacher mournfully exclaims, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

THE LAY PREACHER.

An unpleasant term is that word "laity"—one which in strictness has no proper place in the vocabulary of Congregationalism, and whose use can only be justified on the ground of expediency and custom. Even as thus employed it is important that it should be properly defined, so that it may be clearly understood that the entire Church—the pastor, as well as the members—are the laity, and that any distinction among them is of office only and, not of order. How far the rights of office extend I do not propose to inquire here, but however wide the range that may be given to them, they appertain to

the office only, and not to the man, or to the class of which he is a member. There may be some remains of the old leaven of priestism in ideas that prevail among Congregationalists, but if so they are not of the system, and, in fact, are memorials of a past whose bondage has not been wholly thrown off. It may be doubted, however, whether there are amongst us any who would maintain that the work of preaching belonged exclusively to the minister—the trained and cultured professional -and that no private in dividual should be allowed to invade his province. There has been a change of sentiment even more than of opinion on this point. I have heard that an excellent minister of the last generation, who was particularly successful in his organization, both for the Sunday-school and for villages services, was accustomed frequently to pray to the following effect: "Bless, O Lord, our brethren who have gone out into the villages to read sermons to-day. We thank Thee, O Lord, that none among us refuse to intrude into the sacred office of the ministry and to become preachers. Bless our brethren who are engaged in reading sermons." That a great many who attempt to be preachers would be much wiser if they were content with the humbler but, in the circumstances, perhaps more useful rôle of readers of sermons is an opinion in which numbers would agree, but there are certainly not many amongst us to-day who would adopt the good pastor's exalted idea of the rights of his office. "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets," is the prevalent sentiment, and there is no disposition to restrain any who have the prophetic gift from its free exercise.

But all the Lord's people are not prophets, and it is worse than foolish to ignore the necessity of special qualifications for the work, and to talk as though every one who has a warm heart and a simple faith, and who is able to string a few sentences together, is competent to become a preacher. A notion of this kind has been sedulously encouraged in certain quarters of late, and men have undertaken to preach who were utterly destitute of capacity for exciting any interest in those who, unfortunately for themselves, were collected to hear them. They have managed to give forth a few elementary truths, which they have interlarded with some unctuous epithets and pious ejaculations, and this they have

called preaching the simple gospel, and there are those who tell us that this is exactly what the people need. elaborate discourse, with its careful reasoning, its polished sentences, and its general air of culture and finish, does not reach them. They want, not fine language, but deep feeling; not hard logic, but earnest appeal; not clever essays, but direct and forcible addresses, which will go home to their hearts and consciences. Quite true. But why should it be assumed that where there is culture there cannot be passion, or that where there is a lack of thought the want is sure to be compensated by an intensity of feeling? Is it not possible that in some cases there may be the union of head and heart, of strength both in thought and sentiment, with simplicity of language and directness of purpose? And, alas! is it not certain that only too often there is a miserable absence of both? Where this is so the "common people" are often even more quick to discern it than those in higher social position are to see through the platitudes occasionally served up to

The fact is that the working classes, and especially those who live in the neighbourhood of large towns, are extremely fastidious, and to approach them without recognition of this fact is to insure failure. They may not have had the advantage which their children enjoy in Board Schools, but they have gone through an education of their own, which has sharpened their intellects, and made them keen in the discovery of any weaknesses on the part of those who undertake to instruct them. They have rubbed against each other in their workshops; they are familiar with the penny papers; they frequent political meetings, and hear forcible and sometimes eloquent speaking. It is mere folly to suppose that they will be attracted by preaching of the "goody" type, and of the feeblest character. Let it be said, further, that the worst class of preachers for them are those who have just sufficient education to make them afraid of committing blunders, but who have neither native force nor culture to give their teachings an element of real power. They will pardon many an error; they will not be offended by plainness or even roughness of speech; the one thing they will not tolerate is feebleness. Education is no disqualification for success: but it must not

be an education which has given mere correctness and taken away all point.

It is here that a mistake is often committed. It is seen that uneducated men often are not only acceptable, but are powerful preachers to the people; and others, who feel that they can at all events compare with them in matters of culture and reading, fancy that they may achieve a similar result. They make the venture, and they are disappointed, the reason being that they have left out of account some of the most important factors in estimating the probabilities of their success. The uneducated preachers, whom they may regard as inferiors, have a pative shrewdness, a raciness both of thought and expression, a freedom of utterance, a power of adapting themselves to the understandings and tastes of their audience which they themselves do not possess. A hardheaded working man, who has perhaps read little, but has had a varied experience, and laid up large stores of observation and reflection, will make a far better preacher than one of a higher grade, whose ordinary duties leave him little time for careful reading and study, whose surroundings are fitted to quench everything that sayours of originality, and to mould him to a conventional type, and who finds the suggestions for his sermons in Barnes' "Notes," or the international lessons by which the Sunday-school Union has done not a little to repress individuality, and produce a stereotyped style of thought and illustration in the class from which the preachers of whom I am speaking are drawn. One great difference between the two is that the former is aiming at something outside his own proper line, whereas the latter is content to be himself, and nothing more. He is not troubled about logic or grammar, often violates taste, and probably is given to exaggeration in his statements of doctrine, and extremely doubtful in his expositions of Scripture. But there is a realism in his plain and, from their very plainness, graphic presentations of truth, and an intense earnestness in his appeals which tell for very much; and the effect is, to say the least, not weakened among his own neighbours and others of his class by the fact that he speaks in their vernacular. Despite many a blunder and many an extravagance, he has the power which belongs to common sense and to a native force of speech which, if rough and rugged, is still telling. A preacher of the other type may have much less that is open to the objections of criticism, but he has also much less that lays hold upon the thought of his hearers. His sermon is not so much the outcome of his own thinking, in which there might be something quaint and characteristic, as it is the feeble reflection of some commentary or volume of sermons. There is no ruggedness in his utterances; but there is also little point.

Who can doubt which preacher is most calculated to get hold of the people? If indeed it be possible to find preachers who, either as the result of a perfect culture, which had enabled them to attain that high art which so conceals art that it seems to be nature, or by virtue of natural genius, are able to combine simplicity and strength, and to speak in a way which will be "understanded of the common people," they would be in general the most successful and effective ministers of the gospel. But even they would leave room for the work of the less educated men of whom I speak. Joseph Arch is an example of one of these preachers for the people. No doubt he is a man of exceptional gifts; but there are many others who, if they do not rise to his level, still show themselves eminently qualified for work among their class, and much more calculated for usefulness than those who have had more education, so far as schools and books go, but who have not had the same rough but instructive experiences of life, and have not had the same occasion to cultivate the spirit of self-reliance.

I have not made these remarks with the view of discouraging any of the more educated class from exercising any powers of speech which they have, but rather to correct the idea that education and refinement can supply the place of native force, and that every one who is able to talk for twenty minutes or half an hour about religious truth is competent to be a preacher. By all means let every one who can interest and impress an audience render such service. What I deprecate is the notion that every one who is willing can do it, and, still further, that it is the duty of every one to make the attempt. There is perhaps one advantage which results from the endeavour, as it helps to make those who

fancy that preaching is a very simple and easy matter understand their own mistake. There is a story told of a member of a church in the North who was somewhat free in his criticisms of the pulpit, and accustomed to talk largely of what he would do if he had the opportunity of preaching. His minister heard of the vaunt and determined the opportunity should not be wanting. On the next occasion of his own absence from home he insisted that the talker should have the chance of proving his capacity, and though the good man was inclined to shrink from the service, he was unable to find any sufficient reason for escaping it. He mounted the pulpit, he gave out his text, "I am th' light o' th' world;" he repeated it, but all in vain, for not a word would come. At length a poor woman in the congregation, looking up, cried out, "If thou'rt t' light, thou wants snuffing." The poor disconcerted man, as he came down from the pulpit, was compelled to confess, "I see there's a hart in preaching after all." The story is probably known to many of our readers, but the moral is so often forgotten that it will bear repetition. There is an art in preaching, understanding by art simply the knowledge of how to do it. Few things are more distressing than to see a man standing up to go through what he is pleased to call a sermon, but what is nothing more than a collection of dry husks of theology, or of the most feeble commonplaces, which he is pleased to dignify with the title of the simple gospel, into the delivery of which he throws no force himself, and which therefore fails to reach his congregation. Perhaps he is in a tremor under the fear that he may not be able to complete a work which he has accepted as a duty, but in which he finds no real pleasure, or perhaps (and this is the saddest case of the two) he talks on with a placid complacency which hides from him the fact that, for all practical purposes, he might just as well have been silent. In the former case he is to be pitied, since he is acting under a mistaken conception of duty and doing his best to perform a service which ought never to have been imposed upon him; but in the latter he betrays a lack of a true conception of the work to which he aspires, and for the sake of which he neglects other service which he might efficiently discharge; thus inflicting a double injury on the Church by leaving

undone what he can do and ought to do, and endeavouring to do that which he cannot do and mars in his very attempts to do it.

If I have written strongly on this subject, it is because I feel that the first condition to a larger and more successful employment of this non-professional agency is that there should be a higher ideal of the work to be done. There are men in the churches who could preach as able sermons-sermons as fresh in thought, probably more racy in illustration, and certainly as effective for the great end which all preaching contemplates as those of the regular ministry. It is pretty certain that they could not produce them continuously-two or even three a week-unless they were to give themselves exclusively to the work. But this is not required of them. It is only for occasional discourses that they are asked, and these they can produce. But if they are to do it, they must feel the importance of due preparation, and must, once and for ever, get rid of the idea that from the layman at all events a little easy pious talk of the pietistic style is all that is desired. His sermon should be just as carefully thought out as that of the pastor. I do not say that it should be of the same type, for I believe the more any man puts of his own personality into his sermon, and so makes the hearers feel that he is not talking book, but is speaking out of the depths of his own spiritual nature and experience, the more he will tell upon them. If the layman allows himself to be governed by the routine of the pulpit, the great probability is that he will be an inferior type of the preacher. The regular minister is more familiar with laws for the composition of a sermon and more able to apply them effectively. I have no love for those laws and their hard methods. They fetter many a man and prevent him from filling the place for which God intended him, and which he would have reached had he followed the bent of his own genius instead of yielding to the conventional ideas of a profession, as set forth in elaborate text-books of rhetoric and homiletics. If they are to be followed at all, however, he who is most familiar with them, and who has gained a certain power for adapting and modifying them by long practice, is sure to excel one whose experience of them is very slight, and whose attempt to conform to them is pretty sure to induce a measure of formalism and stiffness. A large number of ministers have, happily for themselves and still more so for their congregations, emancipated themselves to some extent from these trammels of system. We have not invariably the three heads and particulars to which we were once accustomed. The danger undoubtedly is that the substitute for the formal sermon may be the still more formal and frigid essay, instead of the free, outspoken, stirring address which is the desideratum. But it is a gain if preachers seek to obey their own instincts in such matters, and are more concerned to make the best of the powers with which God has endowed them than to follow any precedents, however venerable. Custom often becomes tyranny, and strong men are sure to revolt against it. If the regular ministry thus assert their freedom, much more is it desirable that laymen should not allow themselves to be entangled in any yoke of bondage.

Miss Ellice Hopkins, in her deeply touching and most suggestive account of her own work amongst working men, attributes the success which has attended the preaching of herself and of other Christian women to the conspicuous absence of conventionalism in their addresses. They have not learned the dialect of theological schools, and therefore speak in a more simple, natural, and life-like style. This is precisely what the laymen should seek to do. Far be it from me to suggest that we as ministers have not a very important lesson to learn here. The Bishop of Rochester, in a pastoral to his clergy, says:

An ignorant clergy inevitably becomes sooner or later a fanatical clergy; and it is a real cause for anxiety when the weekly sermon which, in most cases, is all that busy laymen can procure in the shape of religious instruction, is but a sort of waste-basket of ponderous commonplaces, or a long spasm of emotional rhetoric, which, if it occasionally touches the conscience and moves the feelings, cannot satisfy the understanding nor change the life.

There would be much less fear of such mistakes as these, especially of the former, if preachers could think of the sermon with less professional spirit, lay it out according to the demands of the subject or the tendencies of their own mind, use the language of common life, not that of the divinity

schools, and get rid of the pulpit twang as well as of the pulpit dialect. A layman has this manifest advantage—that he has not been trained in these habits, and ought not to have any difficulty in keeping free from them. Whether he be a solicitor, a literary man, a doctor, a merchant, or a workman, he has his own independent standpoint from which he looks at the truth; enjoys a wide range of observation and illustration from which he can draw that is unknown to the minister in his study, or even in his visitation; sees both the Church and the world in an aspect which they never present to the clergy; and should be able, even without any special gifts, to talk about religion in a manner which would be attractive from its novelty and its practical tone. But this cannot be done without thought and effort. In the absence of these it is much more probable that the layman will catch something of the tone that prevails in the church to which he belongs, and repeat the ordinary utterances of its pulpit in a feeble and diluted form. The consequence will be that lay preaching will be at a discount. It ought to have individuality, and if it has it will have freshness and power.

It has been suggested that in missionary work among the people laymen should go out by two and two, and that instead of one long address, or sermon, there should be two short ones of ten or twelve minutes. The idea is an admirable one if only it be wisely reduced to practice. But everything depends on the mode of carrying it out. If it be meant that a speaker who has not sufficient intellectual power or freedom to occupy an audience profitably for half an hour may talk a few minutes, the suggestion is open to serious doubt. A speech of ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, full of life and warmth, with strong thought put in terse language, is very telling, and a succession of such addresses would make a very effective service. But there are few things so difficult to get, and the idea that men of inferior calibre or less practice would be equal to producing them is a fallacy. On the other hand, it would be anything but desirable to have two or three addresses which, because they were to be short. had received little, if any, previous preparation, or which were only feeble attempts at speaking on the part of those who could not trust themselves to do more than deliver a few sentences, which were very likely to sink into twaddle. What is wanted is not to occupy a certain length of time with talking, but to have such talk as will instruct and convince, quicken the conscience and stir the heart.

Nothing is further from my wish than to repress the laudable desires of those who feel they can thus hold an audience for a few minutes, but could not undertake to do more. I desire only to guard against a notion—which seems to me so misleading that it is worth some effort to meet it at every point and under every disguise—that a mere religious talk, in which the glorious message of the gospel is introduced, however familiar and unattractive the form, is all that is necessary in order to win the people. There are no facts in support of such a view. The simplicity which was such a marked characteristic in Mr. Moody's preaching has misled numbers. They saw nothing profound in his addresses, they could understand every word, and all with whom they met could understand it also. There was no show of learning, and but little rhetoric. Many of the addresses seemed hardly to rise above the level of good talk, and yet multitudes crowded to hear, and were deeply moved. The whole processs seemed so easy that not a few have fancied they could do likewise. They certainly could talk; they had no eloquence. and could not pretend to it, but they could and did repeat the "old, old story" in plain language, and throw in a few anecdotes. But they have not been able with all this to emulate the work of Mr. Moody, and if they are wise they have begun to suspect that there was something in his procedure which they have not yet been able to understand. If there be any who can give brief addresses such as his, by all means let them do it. But let no one suppose that brevity alone will secure the effect. There can be no possible objection to have a service in which two or three addresses are included, but they ought all to be terse, pointed, and forcible. Three poor addresses are certainly not equal to a single good one. Mr. W. M. Jack said very wisely at the Conference on lay preaching at Birmingham:

They had, in some of their congregations, gentlemen of position who were able at their public meetings to speak with effect, and yet if they were asked to deliver a religious address or to preach a sermon they at

once recoiled. This ought not to be. One reason why it was difficult to get their best men for this service was that it appeared to be expected that the mission services must be of the same kind as those which were held in the town churches. It would be far better if mission services, conducted by laymen, were sometimes conducted in the form of public meetings, and if, instead of having a set sermon, their laymen could be asked to speak on religious matters in the same form as they would adopt if they were addressing a public meeting. This would do away very much with the reluctance with which some of their laymen regarded the name of lay preacher.

There is great truth in this, and if it be laid to heart it may do much to solve some difficulties. It is the point which I have been endeavouring to urge. The less the services spoken of are fashioned after a special type; the more varied and elastic their general arrangement; the less theological in form or sermonic in style the addresses; the wider the field over which the speaker ranges, and the more absolute the freedom which he cultivates, the greater the probabilities of success. If we cannot without difficulty and opposition, involving pain to the feelings of excellent people who see Poperv in every innovation, make any extensive changes in the conduct of the services of our sanctuary, it is certainly not necessary to duplicate them in our mission to the classes who are at present outside our churches. Freshness is a marvellous instrument, and there is no reason why we should not use it. Working men have acquired, whether reasonably or not, a prejudice against our church and chapel arrangements, and if we can meet their case by some new plan, we are only copying the example of the greatest of missionaries, who was willing to become all things to all men that so by all means he might save some. It would be fatal. however, if we were to give them the impression that they must be content with an inferior agency, and hence I urge most earnestly that the utmost care be taken to secure a high degree of efficiency in lay preachers. Different from the ordinary ministry they ought to be, but not inferior.

Whether the lay preacher should be trained for his work is a question more easily asked than answered. In the first place, there is the difficulty as to the trainer. To say that pastors ought to do it is very easy, but already many of them are over-weighted, and it would be impossible for them to

undertake this fresh burden. Nor is it to be assumed that every pastor is equal to the task, which would be one of special difficulty. For the training must be extremely careful if it is not to do as much harm as good. We do not want young men to get a little smattering of Greek, so that they may get up and talk about the original in a style which would hardly be becoming in members of the Committee of Revision. It is in the first stages of education that a student is in most danger of priggishness, bumptiousness, and conceit; and as from the very necessities of the case the members of these training classes will seldom get beyond this preliminary stage, there is need for great wisdom in the method of conducting them. All that is necessary is some good instruction in the English language, and especially the cultivation of a familiarity with our great classics, from whom the student may get some lessons in perspicuity, directness, and force; a teaching of the cardinal principles of the gospel, which may help to keep him from crude, exaggerated, and indefensible statements of doctrine; such a careful exposition of Christian evidence as may prepare him, when occasion requires, to deal thoughtfully with popular objections: and some general lessons as to the composition of sermons. Of course a knowledge of the languages in which the Bible was written is desirable where attainable; but it is not to be regarded as indispensable. Above all, the training of the lay preacher ought not to be considered as a kind of secondclass college curriculum, but ought to have a distinct character of its own. When this can be secured it will doubtless pe extremely valuable. But it is not to be supposed that men equal to it grow under every bush; and, unfortunately, where there is the capacity there is not always leisure available for so difficult a work.

Very heartily do I agree in the opinion that this service ought to be undertaken by the Church, and that it should be just as anxious to have it efficiently performed as to have its own pulpit properly filled. "The churches," says Mr. Goodeve Mabbs in his valuable and practical paper, "must originate it; the churches must organize it; the churches must develop and control it; the churches must foster and sustain it. From first to last it must be the work of the

churches themselves, and of the churches only." At the same time all movements towards elaborate organization should be very carefully watched. The creation of an order of lay preachers would be a very questionable experiment. Spontaneity is one of the most valuable elements in this special agency, and any attempts to regulate it, and to obtain for it what is called "formal recognition," would be likely only to restrain its freedom and mar its efficiency. It would assuredly be very much to be regretted if there should be more care about the status of the office than the quality of the work. This is the point to which thought ought first to be given. If Congregationalism is to do its full work in the nation, the churches must be more earnest in searching out men who can and will preach the gospel to the people. The regular ministry cannot meet the entire demand, and there is some of it which will be more effectually done by earnest men, who have no professional character, and do not adopt a professional style of address. J. Guinness Rogers.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

SKETCHED BY A NONCONFORMIST.

THE recent Congress at Leicester has been one of the largest and most successful of these ecclesiastical gatherings, which have now extended over twenty years. It was surrounded with the usual accessories, including an Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition (open during the whole week, and included by the Congress Committee in the official programme) for the display of copes, chasubles, stoles, maniples, crosses, banners, statuettes of the Virgin, and, I suppose, every article of priestly attire and service that could be found in the Romish Church, now in use in the so-called "Protestant" Church of England. But the sermons, which were the first services of the Congress proper, showed that it was not to be given over to mere ecclesiasticism. Especially was this the case with the Dean of Llandaff, who, at the close of his sermon, paid a warm tribute to the life, labours, and "surpassing eloquence" of Robert Hall, whose ministry had been exercised within

two hundred yards of the spot where he was then speaking. It was an admirable key-note to strike, and there was a good deal in the proceedings of the Congress in harmony with it.

About 3,500 persons, probably two-thirds of whom were ladies, assembled in the Congress Hail (a wooden structure erected for the purpose) to welcome the Bishop of Peterborough, and listen to his "Inaugural," which was characteristically clever, clear, and forcible, though delivered in a somewhat monotonous tone. He had evidently felt some concern for the decorum of the meetings, and desired to put the opposing forces before him on their good behaviour, wrapping up his rebuke of past proceedings, and warning against any repetition of them in the choicest humour and most biting sarcasm. He then boldly asserted that Churchmen began—

To conceive of the Church no longer as an ecclesiastical corporation into which men entered by ordination, but as a Divine family into which men were admitted by baptism—no longer as a mere department of the State, but as part of a kingdom older and mightier than any State, a kingdom which had survived and would survive many States, a kingdom having its own conditions of citizenship, its own laws, its own forms and conditions of life.

Singular language, surely, from a highly-placed State official in a State Church! This feeling led, according to the bishop. in the first instance, to a revival of Convocation, and next to the formation of these Congresses, where the laity as well as the clergy could take part. It led, that is to say, to a partial imitation of the course long since adopted by Nonconformist bodies of holding yearly or half-yearly assemblies for the discussion of subjects affecting the welfare of their respective churches. And it would lead, and gradually was leading, to something which certainly to Nonconformist ears sounded very much like freedom from State patronage and control, for the bishop broadly affirmed that the chief use of Congresses was to prepare the way for a representative, deliberative, effective assembly, in which Church matters might be effectively dealt with, as they could not be in Convocation as it now isantiquated, non-representative, and impractical-or in a Parliament such as the present, which has ceased to be Christian; and he declared, with great energy, thatMixed and representative assemblies of clergy and laity (somewhat after the type of the Church Congress itself) are becoming, under the conditions of modern political and ecclesiastical life, the form in which Church corporate life is necessarily and instinctively shaping itself.

—which, surely, is only saying in other words that the Church instinctively longs to be free from the external control of the legislature and the law courts, and desires to be a really self-governing body. In commenting on the programme of subjects to be discussed, the bishop warned his hearers that they might find some "burning Church questions" omitted from the list. The explanation of this was that "burning questions are not always important ones; sometimes they are even pitifully small and unimportant. And besides, they have for the most part, I think, a happy way of burning themselves out if you let them alone."

Now, there is no doubt that it is quite possible in the heat of controversy to forget the relative importance of things, and to contend with more earnestness for subordinate matters than their influence warrants. At the same time we must not be carried away by the force of the bishop's eloquent words into what, after all, may be a mere fallacy.

Why have armies fought to gain, and heroes died to defend, mere pieces of rag of absolutely no intrinsic value, yet the loss of which has plunged whole nations into deeper grief than the death of a great statesman? The banners of an army have a fictitious worth because they are the emblems of a country's power, and their possession is the pledge of victory or defeat.

So it is with such questions as those referred to by the Bishop of Peterborough. In themselves they may be as trivial as he represents, but as symbols of deep and vital principles they possess the importance of these graver matters.

Then came the remarkable assertion in the bishop's address that—

The Church of England has been learning of late the lesson—has she at last fully learnt it?—well for her if she has—not to "put her trust in princes." Not in the capricious and often too costly favour of statesmen, not in the adhesion of, nor in her adhesion to, this or that party in the State; not in trying to obtain from the timid friendship of one set of politicians, or from the contemptuous patronage of another, a defence against the inveterate hostility of a third, will her security be found—

(applause); but in the hearts of the people, in the affections of the multitude whom her Master is calling her to win and save for Him.

Surely if we had come upon such a sentence as this unawares, and without a knowledge of the author, we should have attributed it to some friendly speaker at a meeting of the Liberation Society, rather than one of the highest officials of the National Church. That these sentiments-and all others during the Congress condemnatory of Parliamentary control in the Church—should have been applauded to the echo is surely a significant sign that Churchmen are beginning to recognize that the best thing which could happen to the Church of England is a severance from the ties which have so long bound her in ill-assorted union with the State. The conclusion of the address-having reference to the true work of the Church, and the spirit in which it should be undertaken -was couched in noble and stirring language, and uttered in clear and eloquent tones, accompanied by energetic action. and moved the vast audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm. There is no doubt that the bishop struck the key-note of the meetings, and helped materially to give them their prevailing tone and spirit. Mutual toleration of internal differences, charity towards Christians outside, and dependence on spiritual life and work alone for the preservation and influence of the Church, were the three thoughts which in the multiplicity of topics and discourses were continually brought into prominence.

The great day of the Congress, if we may judge from the large attendance and general interest, was the day devoted to the consideration of the kindred subjects of "The internal unity of the Church," and "Home re-union, or the relation of the Church to Dissent." The two meetings which were occupied with these subjects were the largest and most enthusiastic of the series; and they attracted a considerable number of Nonconformists, who listened with great eagerness to the discussions. With regard to the first-named, "the three schools of thought," better known as the High, Broad, and Low Churches, each had its advocate. The contention was that absolute uniformity was impossible, but that unity was indispensable. The Church should not only tolerate all who were at present within her pale, but thankfully recognize

them as mutually helpful, as supplementing each other's defects, and as giving to the Church that completeness and comprehensiveness without which it could not be the Church of the nation. "The three schools," said the Bishop of Durham, "had their prototype in the apostolic age." They had been found in every period of the Church, and would still be found.

Where a Church was vigorous and active, they must all exist together; their co-existence was a guarantee for the fulness of the teaching of the Church; the loss of any one would be a serious impoverishment of its life, and therefore it was not expedient to thrust out or starve out any one of them.

Dr. Boultbee declared emphatically that "the three schools could not and would not blend;" that they were fundamentally different, and must always be separate; yet each one was doing good service in the Church, and therefore that every Churchman should be willing to let them grow together until the harvest came. And Canon Farrar, always in the same line, pleaded—

That they provoked each other to study and to good works, and helped to rescue each other from the tyranny of Shibboleths and the falsehood of extremes. . . . That unbroken uniformity was impossible, and artificial uniformity—since it could only co-exist with the silence of terror or the sleep of ignorance—was not desirable.

Upon which it occurs to us to ask, What is gained by calling these three schools that "will not and cannot blend" one? What is gained, except that very "artificial uniformity which Canon Farrar strongly condemns? Are they any more one than we are one with all of every Church who hold certain fundamental truths? "And if not," asks The Freeman, "why should they call us schismatics and unruly, and be so painfully anxious to convert us from the error of our ways?" The Record expresses the feeling of these schools of thought towards each other very plainly when it says:

It cannot be denied that the bond of Churchmanship is so slight, and the faith common to all Churchmen so meagre, that some of the holiest and wisest both of the clergy and laity of the Church of England have decided to stand aloof from the Congress, not that they are hostile to union where union is possible, but that they think it dangerous to accept the shadow when the substance is unattainable.

Wherein, then, lies the bond that binds so heterogeneous a mass together? Is it doing any injustice to the readers and speakers at the Congress to read between the lines of their remarks "a tacit appeal to the different sections of the Church to smooth over their radical differences, and keep together for the sake of position and emolument? They do not and cannot unite for the defence of a common faith, and they do not and cannot regard each other with those complacent feelings which the speakers expressed. It is impossible for the earnest Evangelical to smile sweetly upon the advanced Ritualist, and to believe that each is supplementing the defects of the other. All this is beautiful in theory and impossible in fact. But though they cannot love each other, and have no chance of harmonizing, they can agree to call themselves one, and thereby retain an equal share in the privileges of the Establishment. If the arguments which we have quoted mean anything more than this, we confess our inability to discover it; and if they mean simply this, the morality of them seems to us to have rather the ring of the market-place than the fine spiritual tone of Christ's Church."

"The responsibilities of the Church towards Dissent, with special regard to home re-union," naturally excited a good deal of interest in the town. Professor Plumptre opened the discussion, comparing the relations of Church to Dissent to those of the people of England towards Ireland, and enumerating the various acts of oppression which had been laid upon Dissenters since the time of the Stuarts, at the same time courageously attacking the obstructive and illiberal conduct of the clergy in political movements. The indictment could not have been drawn more fairly by the sternest Nonconformist. It was certainly in advance of the opinions of many who were listening to it, and a manifest satisfaction hailed the stroke of the bell which brought it to a conclusion.

The discussion that ensued was very "mixed," and curiously illustrated the divergence of opinions held about Dissenters within the Establishment; but with the exception of a few such remarks from Mr. George Harwood and, alas! from the Bishop of Liverpool,* the whole discussion was characterized

^{*} The Bishop of Liverpool's paper will be noticed more fully in our next.

by the greatest fairness, courtesy, and conciliation. Indeed the speakers seemed far more disposed throughout to confess their own sins than to accuse their Dissenting brethren. We need hardly say that the fundamental reasons of our Dissent were never so much as hinted at by a single speaker. But we were invited back to the State Church, and "our unfortunate secession" deplored in a style which was nothing short of impertinence. We shall gladly welcome and most heartily reciprocate all expressions of courtesy, kindness, and brotherly love; but it is idle to suppose that the demand for perfect religious equality and perfect freedom for all Churches alike will be stemmed by the exhibition of those feelings which common civility and good breeding demands, and which the religion they teach inculcates.

The working men's meeting may be regarded as on the whole a great success. The Congress Hall was full, and two large overflow meetings were held in neighbouring churches. The Bishop of Peterborough, who presided, was delighted, and delivered a magnificent address, full of wit, wisdom, and manly appeal. The Archbishop of York, it was evident, did not feel "at home," and his speech was not to be compared for a moment with that delivered by him on a similar occasion at Sheffield. Nevertheless, the closing passages, in which he spoke of the blessings conferred by Christ on all who came to Him, and His willingness to receive all who did come, were exceedingly impressive, and were listened to with great atten-The Bishop of Carlisle would certainly have been "put down," had the audience not been in perfect good humour, and kept so by his frequent flashes of genuine wit, for his address was full of misrepresentation, shallowness, and fallacy, and he constantly reminded me of a ship steering its course along a narrow channel full of rocks and shoals, frequently on the point of stranding, but always by a sudden turn of the wheel just managing to escape. He denounced the ballot, justified his condemnation of Republicanism by arguments the fallacy of which every intelligent working man would instantly detect, ignored altogether the existence of the Nonconformist places of worship in the town, and asked the men of Leicester whether "in their heart of hearts they did not think it might be some advantage that there should be seventeen houses of God into which every poor man would have a right to go and sit himself down, in all of which the authorities would find him a seat if he pleased to go, and where he would find a hearty welcome. Was it worth their while to upset a great system such as that which existed among them?" And then, appealing to the Dissenters present, the Bishop added: "If you do go to the chapel, do not lend your hand to the upsetting of the Church, which is free to your brother as well as to you, and by upsetting which you would commit an act which would not enrich you, and would, perhaps, make him 'poor indeed.'" But surely this eminent dignitary of the Church ought to know better than talk such veritable rubbish as that. Neither Dissenters nor working men generally want to destroy the Church as a Church. It is simply to the Church in its connection with the State, and the Church of the Prayer Book, with all its sacramentarian and sacerdotal tendencies, that we object and must object. And our friends will hardly be prepared to confess that their Church is so destitute of spiritual power that the mere dissolution of this connection will effect its destruction! Church in Ireland is not destroyed, though disestablished. The Church is not destroyed in other English-speaking countries, where it is not allied to the State. Why, then, fear its destruction here?

Mr. Mark Knowles spoke on Temperance, and the Bishop of Liverpool caused a great flutter on the platform, and elicited thundering cheers from the assembly when he said: "Young man, never flirt with any young woman unless you intend to marry her: and as a bishop, who may be allowed sometimes to give advice, I would say to my brethren, the clergy, if you don't intend to marry Rome, it would be much better that you should give up flirtation with her." The evening meeting, when the address from the Nonconformist ministers of the town to the Congress was presented, brought the session to a close, and afforded a pleasant opportunity both to Churchmen and Nonconformists of giving expression to the kindly feeling and good-will which have undoubtedly been fostered and strengthened by the visit of the Congress to the town. The right key-note was struck on both sides. When both parties look at their mutual indebtedness, which was so promptly set forth in the address, and in the reply of the bishop; when, without any unreal suppression of real differences, they dwell on the infinitely greater importance of the truths which they hold in common, and on the surpassing need for the economy of every force acting on the side of genuine religion, they cannot fail to draw steadily nearer together. Mutual suspicions will diminish, and social estrangement will gradually vanish away. Anything that helps forward this beneficent purpose is to be hailed with unqualified satisfaction by all who believe that the welfare of England is indissolubly associated with her religion; and the action of the Nonconformist ministers of Leicester, and the manner in which it was reciprocated, cannot but exercise a very valuable influence in the desired direction. As Nonconformists, we desire it to be clearly understood that while we cannot relinquish an iota of the truth, or yield one conscientious conviction. so long as it remains conscientious, we desire to show and reciprocate all kindness, and to value and honour the Christian as infinitely above the mere sectarian. We cannot accept, on any terms, any union with and subjection to the State, or be bound by the Book of Common Prayer as the standard of our faith and the manual of our devotion, and therefore it is vain to talk to us of "comprehension," "absorption," or "re-union" with the National Church. We are separated, and still shall be and must be, by a multitude of questions which we cannot afford to deem unimportant There are differences which none but weak minds would try to smooth over with the plaster of a sham charity. To some of these at least it would be nothing less than infidelity to our convictions to attempt it. We should be dishonest to ourselves, and therefore unfaithful to our Master, if we poohpoohed these differences away as things of no consequence. Yet notwithstanding this, for the present, necessary separation, for conscience sake, we, as Nonconformists, are resolved to endeavour to keep the unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace. We remember that the unity of the Church is spiritual—oneness of affection and purpose, not of organization, government, or form of worship. While keeping faith and a good conscience, we bid God-speed to all who worship one God the Father, revealed in one Son Jesus Christ, and drawing their impulse and their inspiration from the one Spirit of holiness and love. J. MORLEY WRIGHT.

DR. DEXTER ON CONGREGATIONALISM.*

WE hope that our heart does not lust to by envy, and yet we cannot help grudging our American brethren the honour of having produced this really great work in a department of historic literature which we ought to have made peculiarly our own. For the most valuable of his materials Dr. Dexter has had to come to this country, some of the most important of the whole having been obtained from the libraries at Lambeth and York Minster. In order to carry on his researches. therefore, he had to endure a separation for weary months from his own home, and from the great work which devolves on him there as one of the leaders of American Congregationalism. From English Congregationalists no such sacrifice would be demanded. The documents are easily accessible to them, and they certainly might be expected to take a special interest in rescuing the memory of their great ancestors from the unjust opprobrium that the enemies who have told us their story have heaped upon them. Yet the history of English Congregationalism remains to be written; and for the book before us, of which the writer modestly says, "although by no means inconsiderable in size, it is yet strictly an episode," we are indebted to an American. are not unmindful of the persevering labour which Dr. Waddington (who passed away from among us just as the brief notice of his last volume in our October number appeared). nor do we at all underrate the service he rendered to our history. But his book only prepared the way for the complete history, and we fear that the way in which it was received did not show that deep interest in their own annals which we would fain find among our Churches. The position of the Established Church goes very far to explain the indifference which too many Congregationalists betray as to the rise of their own Churches, to the men who laid their foundations in the troublous times of the Reformation, the vicissitudes through which they have passed, and the influences which have made them the power they are to-day. The narrative

^{*} The Congregationalism of the last Three Hundred Years, as seen in its Literature. By Henry Martyn Dexter. Hodder and Stoughton.

seems to be only the story of a sect which is overshadowed by the great national institution at whose side it has grown up, and even among Congregationalists there are not a few who are more attracted by the records of the Established Church from which they dissent than by those of the Churches to which their own forefathers belonged. In the conflicts between that Church and Nonconformity they take a sufficiently keen interest, but for the internal life of Congregationalism they care comparatively little, and, as the result, but little has been done in the way of studying or illustrating it.

Some explanation of this neglect may be found in the paucity of the records which till very recently have been The enemies of the Separatists not only told available. their story in their own way, but by their persistent efforts to suppress the publications of these daring reformers, whose "humble books and pamphlets" were, as Dr. Dexter tells us, "always printed on the sly," and treated as pestilent productions, "whose possession was felony, and which were often burned by the hangman," have deprived us of the means of correcting their misrepresentations. The result is that what we know of the men and their principles and their works has been derived chiefly from writers "who saw not how any good thing could come out of Nazareth; and who, often beginning in a misunderstanding that was radical, always ended in a misrepresentation that was reckless;" but hitherto there have been no available documents by means of which these calumnies might be refuted. It is a singular fact that now it is in the libraries of the archiepiscopal palaces that we obtain the writings by means of which some justice may be done to our own ancestry.

It reminds us of a large manufacturing town in the North of England out of which it was hoped that Dissent had been excluded for ever by a provision in every lease granted by the lord of the manor, which prohibited the erection of "slaughter-houses, Dissenting chapels, and other nuisances." It might be well if some who are so eager in their defence of landlordism and the vested rights of property would remember how grossly these so-called rights have been abused. Here was a case in which a landlord, by

the sole exercise of his own sweet will, would have shut out all religious teaching but that of the Anglican Church from a population which has grown to upwards of 30,000; while to add to the absurdity and tyranny of the procedure it should be added that the rector of this favoured parish was an absentee who did not visit it half a dozen times in twenty years. Fortunately, there was one little bit of ground which did not belong to this petty tyrant of the soil. It was glebeland, and on this piece of Church property a Dissenting chapel was erected, which has been one of the most powerful factors in forming the character of an intelligent and prosperous community. This incident recurred to our mind as we read in Dr. Dexter's introduction that, "but for the fact that the two Archbishops seem to have caused to be preserved in the collection at Lambeth and York Minster many of the books whose authors they harried and hanged for writing them, it might now be impossible to find these treatises." Our lot has fallen in better days. Just as the present lord of the manor in the town referred to perceives so clearly the necessity of employing all kinds of agencies which can contribute to the religious and social welfare of the community that he gives the freest facilities for the erection of Dissenting places of worship, so the liberal-minded prelates of to-day, as well as other custodians of our public records, are desirous only to make them available for purposes of historical research. The result is told by Dr. Dexter in a few sentences which may help our readers to a general idea of the nature of his work, and of the great attraction it must possess, not only for Congregationalists, but for all who are interested in the ecclesiastical history of the nation.

Robert Browne had been dead for three generations, and Barrowe and Penry for nearly five, when Neal began the series of modern histories, seeking to do them better justice. But he and Brooke eighty years later could do little better than recast what Fuller and other Church writers nearer their own time had written. Hanbury, a quarter of a century after, recognized the impossibility of understanding the early Separatists except through better acquaintance with their own literature; and it would not be easy to overstate the value of his unwearied labours in collecting, describing, and in part reproducing their volumes. But forty years ago the various restrictions which barricaded the York and Lambeth libraries were such that even if this diligent investigator had somehow become

aware that upon their dusty shelves were reposing the means of hearing from the father of the Brownists, and from the self-baptizing John Smyth, their own version of their own views, access might have proved to him so difficult as to be impracticable. The temper of the present is different, and I have found nothing but good-will and help from all whom I have had occasion to approach in my search for the principia of modern Congrega-And in thus discovering and gaining access at Lambeth to Browne's books, and especially to what was really his autobiography for the most critical period of his life, and some of the scarcest Mar-prelate tracts; at York to Smyth's "Principles and Inferences," and particularly to his "Retractation of his Errours"; and at Cambridge to George Johnson's "Discourse," much of which gives as full, and I have no doubt as faithful, an account of the business church-meetings of the Barrowists of Amsterdam as could now be obtained from the professional reporter of a morning journal-opportunities of gaining knowledge have been enjoyed which, unless they have been deplorably misused, ought to freight these pages with some special value.

Dr. Dexter has rather understated than overstated the importance of what may be considered the literary discoveries he has made. Whether he is right in all his conclusions, especially in the most remarkable of all, his belief that Henry Barrowe is to be identified with Martin Mar-prelate, is of course open to difference of opinion. But of the thoroughness of the research he has instituted, of the care with which the various documents have been examined, of the accuracy with which the results have been reported, and of the interest attaching to the fresh views of men and events which he gives us on the faith of the dusty records which he has rescued from the oblivion to which they have so long been consigned, there can be as little doubt as there is that the method which he has adopted is the only one which can furnish any satisfactory result. His book is to a large extent an autobiography of early Congregationalism. We make acquaintance with its prophets and leaders in their own writings, and find them often to be very different from the idea which has been given us in the commonplaces of history, coloured as they always are by the prejudices of fashion and of the dominant party. We hope that one result of the publication will be to arouse a more intelligent interest in Congregationalism among our own people. Dr. Dexter has long been well known as an industrious student of its principles and history. Circumstances have always inclined him to the pursuit. A Congregationalist with historic tastes, born within ten miles of

Plymouth Rock, would be strangely constituted if he was not drawn to the study of the principles and men which have given that rock undying renown, and made it a sacred memory wherever freedom is loved and loyalty to conscience honoured. But there was a special circumstance which told on Dr. Dexter

On growing up to learn that in my veins were blended the blood of that restless and sometimes testy Puritan, who bargained with Poquanum for Nahant, and to whom a jury gave forty shillings damages against Governor Endecott for an assault, and of that amiable pilgrim who died in the secretaryship of the Plymouth Colony, which he had held for nearly forty years, having given to the world the first record of its fortunes, I began to esteem it almost a filial duty to study closely our primitive annals.

We must all heartily rejoice in the determination. But we may also admire the wisdom of the men who have provided a special lectureship at Andover upon Congregationalism, and the judgment of the managers who, in conferring it upon Dr. Dexter, gave the intimation that, were his "lectures to be flavoured with history more strongly than with philosophy, such procedure might not be unacceptable to the trustees." We need in this country a provision of a similar kind, which might induce some men to undertake this special work. It is not only our Church members who are but imperfectly acquainted with the principles and history of Congregationalism, but there are not a few of the students leaving our colleges who are in a similar condition, and it is high time that something was done to effect a much-needed reform. We hope that this most able and instructive book may have a very wide circulation; but we trust also that its good effects will not end in the addition of this most important contribution to our denominational annals, but that some of those who see how wide the field that has to be cultivated, and what rich results it may yield, will take some measures with the view of carrying on the work so well begun. What more suitable mode of commemorating the jubilee of the Union could be found than the establishment of a lectureship devoted exclusively to our system and its history?

The truth is that in our struggle for our rights we have sometimes been forgetful of the ends for which those rights are sought. The strain of the conflict for religious equality has been so severe, and the eagerness with which it has been prosecuted so intense, that there has been a danger of our losing sight of the fact that Congregationalism has principles of internal government quite as important as the assertion of the independence of the Church from all State control. We do not know that this could have been altogether avoided. It is the special good fortune of our American kinsmen that they have fought this battle and won a victory which enables them now to give undivided attention to their own internal state. We are still in the heat of the strife, and it is a strife which we cannot escape if we would. But even in all its urgency we must not allow it to be supposed that "religious equality," as regards those without, and the right of every religious community to manage its own affairs, as affecting those within, are the "Alpha and Omega" of Congregationalism. We were told, a short time ago, by a respected minister of another Church, who professed to have examined the subject, that Congregationalism meant this, and nothing more—that it abjured creeds, and its advocates had no right to proceed on the assumption that it required any agreement on theological questions; that its one principle was the inherent right of the community to self-government. In support of this extraordinary contention appeal was made to our name, as though it did not stand precisely on the same level with Presbyterianism in this respect, an antecedent Christianity being assumed in each case, and the destinctive title marking out only the special features of polity which separated the opposing parties, who, nevertheless, had a common faith in Christianity. Such a representation was, doubtless, a strong exhibition of ecclesiastical prejudice; but it only expressed an idea which has been sedulously inculcated alike by those who desire to find a home in Congregationalism for extreme latitudinarianism, and by the advocates of a severe orthodoxy in other churches, who would fain secure an advantage over a rival by identifying Congregationalism with theological lawlessness, if not positive unbelief.

Now we do not deny the right of any body of men to call themselves what name they please, nor do we pretend that the special designation in question does not correctly describe a community which places the supreme, and indeed exclusive,

government of its affairs in the hands of its own members. On this ground, Unitarians, or Agnostics, or Buddhists who accepted this condition might call themselves Congregationalists: but with as much reason they might establish a hierarchy with a bishop at its head, and describe themselves as Episcopalians: or institute a system of presbyteries and synods. and call themselves Presbyterians. In every case the effect of such use of terms that have acquired a definite historical signification would be extremely misleading: while if the desire be to secure the shield of honoured names for those who have separated themselves from the most sacred principles with which they are associated, it is extremely unfair. In the liberty which Congregationalism maintains, and which, in truth, is its life, the men of to-day may cast aside much which their fathers loved: but there is surely a point at which the departure may be so extreme as to create a breach in the descent. At all events it is of immense importance that we should have a clear idea of what Congregationalism has been in the past. It is not necessary that we should conform ourselves to all its ideas, and abide by all its traditions. It was meant to be a system of growth, but that growth was to be within certain lines. The independency of the Church was based on the supremacy of Christ as its sole ruler: yet "reigning by so imparting Himself in His wisdom and grace, and by His spirit to its individual members, as to leave all Church power in the hands of those members." If Christ be not the King in Zion the very foundation of the system is cut away. The community itself is what our fathers were accustomed to eall a "gathered Church," by which was intended a body separated from the world in virtue of the spiritual life professed by its members. A society of men, taking a common interest in religious work, and having a spirit of what may be described as religiousness, but without faith in the supernatural whether in the work of the Lord Jesus Christ or the converting, sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost, may call itself Congregational, but it has no affinity whatever with historic Congregationalism.

John Robinson is continually quoted in support of the "broader" view of Congregationalism. Most of us have got somewhat weary of the well-worn words: "The Lord hath

more truth and light yet to break forth from His holy Word." To any one who has any acquaintance with the doctrinal spirit of that day, and especially who knows the writings of Robinson, the suggestion that he meant to hint that there might come some new light from the Word which would lead men to renounce the most precious truths of the gospel as old wives' fables, is eminently absurd. Dr. Dexter, however, devotes considerable effort to the exposure of the fallacy, and his demonstration is complete. After pointing out the reasons for which Mr. Winslow wrote the brief narration in which it occurs, he adds:

The last and culminating argument in proof of the liberal character of the polity enjoined by Mr. Robinson upon the Church at Leyden, and practised by them, is that "Farewell Address," the precise significance of which is now under consideration. To interpret it as referring to theological doctrines is to empty it of all relevance to the logic in which it has its place. On the other hand, to understand it as referring primarily and especially to Church government is to make it an effective link in the chain of reasoning. When Robinson was speaking, the order of his Church, so far as its modern history was concerned, could by no possibility have dated back more than twoscore years, while in the public eye it had hardly half that age. It was still indefinite and unadjusted in many of its important particulars. Browne, Barrow, Johnson, Ainsworth, and he himself had each held some of its main features in different combinations; while Cartwright and his Nonconformist successors in England had been pressing the rival claims of Scotch Presbyterianism to be the system for which the godly world waited and fainted. It was yet far short of a century since Luther had completed the adjustment of his reformed Church government of superintendents and consistories, and hardly fifty years since Calvin had perfected his ecclesiastical aristocracy at Geneva. The followers of each held steadily on their own separate way. While differing in minor points, all were in theology essentially one; but in the theories of the true methods of Church life they differed as widely and zealously from each other as they did from the Church Establishment of England, and as they altogether did from the Church of Rome. Now, urged Mr. Robinson, this discord is to be bewailed. It is not to be supposed that so soon after the Christian nation has been turned towards the need of ecclesiastical reform, the Lord should so have revealed either to Lutheran, Calvinist, Nonconformist, or Separatist His ultimate and perfect will with regard to the form of his Church on earth as to make a final end of the matter. More light on these questions of bishops and elders, and synods and presbyteries may be expected to break forth as, guided by Providence and experience, humble piety shall further interpret the Word. No faithful Christian will close his mind against that light because good men who have gone before have died without the light (pp. 407, 408).

There is common sense as well as sound logic here. Of course there is no reason why those who see it right should not press Robinson's principle still further; but it is not right that, in disregard of the context, of the whole tenor of Robinson's teaching, and of the general spirit of the times, he should be quoted as though he had favoured a latitudinarian view of Christian doctrine. Dr. Dexter proves beyond possibility of doubt that with the early Congregationalists there was certainly no such tendency. We leave the book for the present, feeling not only that our words of commendation do but scant justice to its merits, but also that its themes are so many, and treated with such fulness and ability, that it will require several articles to make our readers understand its real value. These articles we propose to devote to it. In the meantime we can only add that it should have a place in the library of every Congregationalist. We only wish it could find its way to the home of every minister, for it contains the very instruction which ministers and people alike need.

MR. DALE ON OUR THEOLOGY.*

This new volume, from the pen of one whose name was so long and so honourably associated with this Magazine as its first Editor, will abundantly sustain his high reputation; and if there be any still left who cannot understand how a robust political faith and intense political earnestness can be associated with evangelical simplicity and spiritual fervour, it may do something to enlighten their understanding and expand their narrowness. It is composed of sermons which, though they do not in any sense form a series, do nevertheless all gather round one centre, and, taken together, may be regarded as the preacher's exposition of the Evangelical doctrine. "The Evangelical Revival" is the title of the opening sermon, which was preached during the last Methodist Conference in Birmingham. It is a fitting introduction to the rest, although there is no formal connection between

 $^{^{\}circ}$ The Evangelical Revival, and other Sermons. By R. W. Dale, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

them. The following five are occupied in setting forth the ethical teachings of the gospel, while the others deal more directly with its cardinal doctrines. To enlarge on their literary and artistic excellence would be superfluous, and, what would be worse, might divert attention from the more important aspects of the book. It would seem to us to have been published, not because Mr. Dale was willing to gratify the wishes of many friends in all parts of the country as well as in Birmingham, who are desirous to have a permanent record of his ministry, but because he had something which he was desirous to say on the religious tendencies of the age. Hence, while these sermons will well repay the attention of the critic, their special value is largely independent of their merits as examples of the homiletic art. They are sermons full of life, force, and beauty, the products of a mind that has thought with vigour and independence on all the great problems of our faith and their bearing on human life, and of a heart that glows with devout and intense spiritual feeling. Their expositions of truth are clear and striking. and their appeals to the conscience are direct and impres-The logic is convincing, while the chastened rhetoric is suffused with a deep spiritual feeling which gives it unusual power. But it is as pieces of wise and thoughtful teaching on subjects of the deepest interest to the Church of Christ that they have a distinctive value which it would not be easy to exaggerate.

In placing in the forefront his sermon on "The Evangelical Revival" Mr. Dale unfurls his flag with characteristic courage. He is never unwilling to let it be understood on which side he is to be found. His tendency is to emphasize rather than to conceal a view which challenges opposition and is likely to be unpopular. If Evangelicals are sneered at in some quarters, with Mr. Dale that is a reason why he should make it more clear that he is an earnest Evangelical. On one doctrine it is well known that he differs from the majority of the school-including in it all who hold fast by the Evangelical theory of the spiritual life-to which he belongs. There could, however, be no greater mistake than to suppose that that diversity implies any loosening of his hold upon the distinctive principles of the Evangelical creed. In some respects VOL. IX. 66

he is an Evangelical of the old school, without the Calvinism which once prevailed in it, but with a very deep and striking sense of the distinct recognition of God as the "Author and Finisher" of all life that was its characteristic. He is broad, but his breadth lies in his sympathy with different forms of faith, not in any lack of fibre in his own creed. He well expresses his view in some brief sentences in this opening discourse.

Meanwhile, and this perhaps is the lesson of the hour, all Evangelical Churches should frankly recognize that the Evangelical theology—not the Evangelical faith—is passing through a period of transition. We should not rigorously insist on the acceptance either of the subordinate details of our creed, or of the scientific form in which we are accustomed to state even its regal and central articles. It would be treason to truth to trifle with the immortal substance of the gospel of Christ; it would be treason to charity to refuse to receive as brethren those who may differ from us about the theological forms in which the substance of the gospel may be best expressed.

As to other doctrines which do not belong to the substance of the gospel, we must all be content to exercise charity. Differences will undoubtedly arise as to the proper interpretation of a phrase which is confessedly vague and elastic, but if there be true Evangelical spirit and wise sympathies there will be no need for a "hard-and-fast" line and rigid distinc-Mr. Dale at all events would never be lacking in generosity to men, however strenuous in his resistance to principles which he regarded as adverse to the gospel. No man is more distinctly a man of the times, and yet he is strongly opposed to many of the most powerful tendencies in its theology. Those who know his freedom, his scorn of all conventionalism, his independence of authority, and especially his departure from what they may possibly regard as an important doctrine, find it difficult to comprehend how this can be. The difficulty of realizing his theological position is indeed common to the extreme men on both sides. Both, unconsciously perhaps, are affected by the "thin end of the wedge" argument, and are unable to perceive that it is possible to hold a new theory about a point which does not belong to the "substance of the gospel," though closely related to it, not from any faltering of lovalty to the gospel, but out of the very depth of attachment to it. On both sides, therefore, there is astonishment to find that in all the great Evangelical principles Mr. Dale is an old-fashioned believer, and testifies with all his force of reasoning and earnestness of feeling against popular novelties. We will take as perhaps his most characteristic example his eloquent and striking utterances on the tendency to lower our sense of the supremacy of God. To the fathers, God was everything, man was nothing. Possibly they were too indifferent to the human side of truth everywhere, thought too little of the testimony of conscience, were too careless whether or not they carried with them the assent of the understanding. But with us, surely the pendulum has swung too far in the opposite direction. Such at least is clearly the view of Mr. Dale, and he sets it forth with all his strength of conviction and utterance. Here is one passage from the sermon on the "Forgiveness of Sins."

In our very religion God has a secondary place. We have made ourselves the centre of our religious thought. We are conscious that we ourselves are alive, but He has ceased to be the Living God, with an infinite fervour of joy in righteousness, which is obedience to His will; and an infinite fervour of hatred for sin which is the transgression of His commandments. In morals we think of our own conscience, not of God's law; of our self-respect, not of God's approval; and we are distressed by self-reproach, not by God's displeasure and God's anger. We fail to recognize in conscience the minister of a more august power, and the echo of a more awful voice. In our sorrow we expect to find consolations not in the Divine compassion, but in the soothing influence of religious meditation; and strength, not in the inspiration of God, but in the depth and vigour of religious emotion we may be stirred by noble thoughts concerning life and duty, or by the bold and heroic temper of a sacred song. In our very worship we are chiefly solicitous for the Epicurean indulgence of religious sentiment, and are satisfied with whatever awakens it. We are touched by the pathos of a prayer, instead of being filled with wonder and devout fear by the presence of God, and with infinite hope in the wealth of His love. A Church which has lost its God, what is it worth? Where is its power? Brethren, we must try to find God again. When we have found Him, and not till then, we shall know something of the agitation and fear with which the penitent of all ages have trembled in the presence of His anger, and something of the surprise and rapture with which they have listened to these words of Christ-that in His name the remission of sins is to be preached to all nations. We shall recover our communion with the saints of all centuries and of all Churches. We shall be conscious that we, too, are built upon the foundations of the apostles and prophets, and that we are living stones in that majestic and glorious temple which has been erected by the courage, the purity, the devoutness of every succeeding generation. We shall verify the last and highest claim of Christ as the Redeemer of mankind, and having received from His lips the forgiveness of sins, shall be able to testify that He is the way to the Father.

We have here the key-note of all the teaching in this most able and thoughtful volume. Mr. Dale's theology is in very marked contrast to that which is taught by the Scotch clergyman, some of whose utterances have been noticed in our article on the Broad Church in Scotland, and whose case has recently engaged the attention of the Glasgow presbytery of the Established Church. He has just told his people that his aim has been "to draw from the Scripture those lessons of rational godliness which they contain," and that he has "been wont to lay less stress on the technicalities of scholastic theology than on the sublime morality and the simple divinity of the Sermon on the Mount." To put it into plain English, his object has been to set forth a Christianity stripped of the supernatural element. To the lessons of morality he adds the "message of good news"-that is, as he puts it, of "God's good-will to man;" but the distinctive points of Evangelical teaching are coolly dismissed among the "technicalities of scholastic theology." Mr. Dale has as little regard for these "technicalities" as the most liberal of the broad school. He does not fail to give prominence to the "sublime morality of the Sermon on the Mount;" for his five sermons on this point are as fine a specimen of ethical teaching as could be desired. What is more, he does not conceal his rejection of the old Calvinism which he pronounces dead. What he endeavours to do is to guard against the loss of the truth which gave that Calvinism the power it so long possessed, and to oppose the reaction which would substitute for Calvinism an error of an opposite and even more dangerous character.

Like the rest of the world (he says), I have given up Calvinism; and twenty years ago, when it still had an arm vigorous enough to strike rather heavily any one that challenged its authority, I used to preach against it rather frequently and with hot energy; but the time has come for considering the idea which is now in the ascendant, and which fills as large a place in the minds of men to-day as Calvinism did in the period of its power.

That idea is practically an exaggeration and abuse of the Divine Fatherhood. The love of God for all men has taken the place of the old notion of God's love for the elect, and it is pressed so far as to amount to a belief that all men are equally partakers of the love of God. What Mr. Dale insists on with special earnestness is that, while the Father loves all His children, there is a "special love for those who are loyal to Christ, and who keep His commandments." He thus states his position:

At our first return to God we find it hard to believe that God loves us notwithstanding our sins. This is the gospel for the world; and, until we believe it, the Christian life cannot begin. But there is a second gospel—a Gospel for the Church—that God loves with a deeper and stronger love those who love Christ and keep His commandments; and until this second gospel is received as heartily as we received the first, the Christian life can never reach the height of its power or the fulness of its joy.

It ought not to be difficult for those who have any familiarity with theological controversy to gather, even from these brief extracts, the general scope and object of Mr. Dale's teaching. It is pre-eminently teaching for the day, and if there were more of it in our pulpits less would be heard of the want of clear and intelligent views of the truth. It is as far removed from the dim and hazy generalities scattered over with the name of Christ, and perhaps suffused with a tender and devout sentiment, which in too many places are substituted for a manly and robust proclamation of the distinctive truths of the gospel, as it is from the severe and rigid orthodoxy which some would fain have in all pulpits. Mr. Dale has a profound reverence for the past, but he has a just and even stronger interest in all the throbbing life of the present. He protests with his usual eloquence against the shallowness which talks and acts as though all wisdom were the truth of to-day, and the fathers had no understanding; but he is able also to appreciate the value of the progress that has been made, and shows full capacity for dealing with the state of things around him. Clear insight, vigorous thinking, generous sentiment, fearless loyalty to the truth, and above all absolute consecration to Christ and earnest desire to preach His gospel with power are found on every page. He is not

one of those easy preachers, who can prophesy only pleasant things to the age; nor yet is he one of those dreamers about the past who betray the absence of all capacity for doing the work of the day by whining lamentations over a lost orthodoxy, or simplicity which can never return. Those who know him as an aggressive Liberal may be surprised to hear him saying—

If in politics, if in speculation, we could only remember that our fathers and grandfathers were not all fools; that the human intellect did not begin to be active till fifteen or twenty years ago; that while in the knowledge of the last generation there were some errors, there must have been a great deal of truth . . . and we should escape many follies in religion which are fruitful in grave evils.

But they have only to turn to the eloquent and sympathetic address to the Airedale students, in order to learn how fully he understands all the tendencies of the age, and how far he is from regarding even those he disapproves with any moroseness, or treating them with uncharitable severity. The broad and many-sided sympathy which characterizes all his utterances is one great secret of his power.

A sentence in the address referred to furnishes a key to a good deal of the volume. Indeed so much is this so that he might not inappropriately have adopted for its motto the words which are those of true philosophy as well as of earnest piety.

It is for many reasons a grave misfortune for us that the great systems of theological truth which gave definite form and a robust discipline to the religious thought of other generations are sinking into decay. To many persons to whom you will have to preach every Sunday all religious truth seems to have become vague and indefinite, if not uncertain.

It is to remove this uncertainty, to commence the work of reconstruction, to point out how much there is that ought to be rescued from the wrecks of old systems, and to present the gospel—the old gospel of the forgiveness of sins and the renewal of the heart by the grace of God—that this volume has been published. We have not here a collection of discourses, full of familiar thoughts in which there is little or nothing new except the new rhetorical or poetic forms in which they are put, but an earnest and vigorous endeavour to set forth

the truths which this generation specially needs to hear. We forget the beauty of the style—rich, glowing, and poetic as it often is—in view of the freshness and force with which these great themes are treated, and in our grateful sense of the invaluable service Mr. Dale has rendered to Evangelical truth.

HISTORY OF OUR TIMES.*

THE two closing volumes of Mr. Justin McCarthy's book, will only confirm, or indeed enhance, the favourable impression produced by their predecessors. A good many things have been said by certain critics in depreciation of the value of the work, and some of them may be true; but even were they all accepted, and the necessary discount made, it must still be pronounced one of the most deservedly popular books of the day. It is nothing to say that it cannot be regarded as the permanent history of the period, and that at the utmost it is only a series of brilliant sketches, such as might have furnished first-class articles for a review, and nothing more. But criticism of this kind comes to nothing. The author would himself be the first to confess that it cannot be the history of the period. For a reason quite as conclusive as that of the authorities of the French town, who apologized for not welcoming their king with a joyous peal because they had no bells to ring, the history cannot yet be written. Even were it possible to find a man so judicial, and with opinions so unprejudiced, as to write it with the requisite fairness, we have not the materials accessible. We see the outside of things only, and it will be long before the world learns all that has been going on below the surface in diplomatic correspondence, Cabinet discussion, or Court intrigue. In the meantime, Mr. McCarthy has told the story of the outer life of the age, and he has done it in a singularly brilliant and attractive style. It is only fair to him to say that he has had exceptional opportunities of observation, and he has known how to use them. His familiarity with the House of Commons as reporter, journalist,

^{*} History of our own Times. By Justin McCarthy. Vols. III. and IV. Chatto and Windus.

and now member, gives him a vantage-ground even over the successor who, in the next generation, may undertake to be the historian of this. The latter will be able to give the secret story of incidents which at present are unintelligible, or perhaps altogether misunderstood; he will be able to look at policies in their result, and so form a more correct estimate of their relative merits; he will contemplate our statesmen from a greater distance, and it may be supposed with less of prejudice to disturb his judgment. But he will hardly be able to present the vivid and graphic sketches drawn with a master's hand, by one who himself mingled in the scenes, and had considerable knowledge of the actors. Of the charm of such pictures it would be superfluous to speak. We find that Mr. McCarthy's volumes are eagerly read by those whom we have seldom known to take any interest in a book before. The revival of the impressions produced by the events of earlier years which are just fleeting from the memory, but which cannot be recalled without bringing back with them a multitude of associations of the past, is a source of special pleasure, and our author does his work so effectively that his narrative cannot but fascinate.

The last two volumes cover a period of nearly a quarter of a century, beginning with the angry discussions which convulsed society and broke up a great party, relative to the foolish quarrel with the Chinese about the lorcha Arrow, which Sir John Bowring magnified until it led to war between the two peoples, down to the stormy events of the present year. They begin with an outburst of "Jingoism," of which Lord Palmerston was the hero and the guide, and they end with the collapse of another movement of the same character, and of the Ministry by whom it had been fostered. In the intervening period are included the story of the Indian Mutiny. of the Orsini bombs, which as our author indicates in the title of the chapter, exploded in London as well as in Paris, and in fact did most damage in the former city, since they were fatal to the Government of Lord Palmerston; of the American Civil War, with the Alabama disputes to which it led; of the Fenian outbreak, and the Jamacia troubles; of the marvellous series of Budgets which marked Mr. Gladstone's occupancy of the Exchequer, and of all the achievements of the great Administration of which he was the head. There have not often been more eventful times than those of which the story is here told. We think of them chiefly, perhaps, in connection with our great internal reforms, but if we ourselves have been engaged in no great war during the period, there has been enough of turmoil and struggle in the world outside to satisfy those who are most eager for such excitement. What with the revolt in India, the civil strife in the United States, the struggle between Austria and Prussia, beginning with that attack on Schleswig-Holstein, in which their alliance hardly veiled their secret rivalry and hate, the Franco-German war, and finally the fierce conflict growing out of the Eastern difficulties, there have been very few of the nations which have enjoyed unbroken peace, and the world has known but very brief intervals of rest. The seven weeks' war, the surrender of Sedan, the Treaty of Berlin, have marked changes, the extent and significance of which are not all at once appreciated. Revolution has been abroad everywhere, and the Europe of to-day is altogether different from the Europe on which the third volume of this history opens. Every welleducated man ought to be familiar with the course of events, to understand the causes which have been at work, to have some knowledge of the great actors. But this is just a knowledge which even educated men do not always possess, and for the obvious reason that they knew not where to get it, Mr. McCarthy has supplied a great desideratum, and supplied it in the most efficient way.

What, perhaps, will most surprise many of the readers of these volumes is that the writer, one of the leading spirits of the Irish Land League, should write not only with so much brilliancy but in so sober and judicial a temper. In perusing some of his calm and impartial summings-up on disputed points relative either to character or policy, it is difficult to remember that one who is able to hold so fair a balance and to write in so dispassionate a spirit on subjects so exciting should be an associate of Mr. Parnell. It is true that in his own speeches there is no violence, but it is hard to understand how one who shows in this book that he is no political fanatic can stand on the same platform with agitators who have exhibited so little sense of what is due to common humanity,

that they have never uttered a manly protest against the brutal assassinations by which the cause of the Irish tenantry has been disgraced, but in the presence of a foul murder ventured to say that it might never have been perpetrated had there been better organization among the tenantry. Mr. McCarthy is an Irishman with strong patriotic feelings, and, like all others of his type, is keenly alive to the curse which "landlordism" has inflicted on the country, and his indignation at the wrongs done to his fellow-countrymen may possibly lead him to regard the excesses of agitators with an indulgence which Englishmen not only will not extend to them but which they are quite unable to comprehend. Facts like these are too readily overlooked, and the oversight is one cause of the mistakes into which Englishmen are continually falling into in Ireland. They know that they mean to be just to Ireland, and the discontent of Irishmen appears to them an example of moral perversity. When they find a man like Mr. McCarthy, who knows a great deal of England, and has certainly no reason to complain of the treatment he has received either in political or literary circles, and who has written a narrative of the times over which The Saturday Review, which is not ordinarily given to emotion, positively "slops over on both sides," as the Americans would say, taking the part of the Irish peasantry, they may begin to suspect that there are some elements in this question which have not yet come within the compass of their philosophy. Unhappily, the violence of Mr. Parnell and the general action of the Land League prevent the majority even of liberal-minded Englishmen from giving the evidence a fair consideration. They hear of cruel outrages, they read of districts where those who are willing are not allowed to pay their rents, they trace a direct connection between that state of anarchy and the harangues of Mr. Parnell, and they will not listen to reason. The Times, in some such wretched outburst of Philistinism such as its recent article on Mr. Sullivan, supports them in their resolve to confine themselves to the one purpose of putting down Mr. Parnell and the Land League, and so we go on in a vicious circle, to the discredit of our civilization and the injury of both nations. It is no slight testimony to the merit of Mr. McCarthy's book that it has absolutely mastered the prejudice which might have been felt against the author because of his political associations.

It may seem that these observations are rather wide of the subject before us; but in truth Mr. McCarthy's views have given a colouring to his narrative and a special significance to some of his observations. Speaking, for example, of Mr. Gladstone's speech on the second reading of the Irish University Bill of 1873, and of "the genuine and noble pathos" which marked some of its sentences, Mr. McCarthy says:

They touched the heart of many an Irish member, who felt all that Ireland owed to the great statesman, but who yet felt conscientiously unable to say that the measure now proposed was equal to the demand of the Irish Catholics. Mr. Gladstone was the first English Prime Minister who ever really perilled office and popularity to serve the interests of Ireland. It seemed a cruel stroke of fate which made his fall from power mainly the result of the Irish vote in the House of Commons.

It is because this comes from an Irishman, and from one who was in the confidence of the Irish members, and who is still one of the most prominent in the Irish party, that it has a distinctive value. It is often said that Irishmen are ungrateful for the service rendered by the Liberal chief, at great cost of prestige and influence in this country; and undoubtedly a good deal that has been said both in Parliament and out of it by some of the Home Rule leaders has given some encouragement to that suspicion. Mr. McCarthy's book teaches us that in the class of which he may be taken as a representative there is a very different sentiment, and that despite the bluster of noisy and extreme politicians there is a clear recognition of the righteous purpose, and a kindly remembrance of the honest work done by the Liberal party. It is satisfactory to note the loyalty which Mr. McCarthy shows to Mr. Gladstone, and only fair to acknowledge the justice of the views which he generally takes in relation to his policy. The following sketch of the rival politicians and their position in 1876 is suggested by the celebrated Aylesbury speech of Lord Beaconsfield at that crisis in the struggle.

Unfortunately, Lord Beaconsfield went on to make a fierce attack on his political opponents. He marred the effect of his speech, artistically as well as politically, by the overwrought and acrimonious language in which he allowed himself to indulge. Speaking of the "sublime sentiments"

which had been evoked by the crimes done in Bulgaria, he pointed to the danger of designing politicians taking advantage of them "for their own sinister ends," and described such conduct as "worse than any of those Bulgarian atrocities which now occupy attention." Nothing could be in worse taste. It was impossible to doubt that Lord Beaconsfield's picture of the designing politicians was meant to be understood as a picture of Mr. Gladstone and those who supported him. The controversy, bitter enough before, became still more bitter, since Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone were thrown into as sharp an antagonism as that of the gladiators in a Roman arena or two duellists standing at twelve paces from each other. They had been lifelong opponents; this now seemed like a duel to the death. The policy each represented may be described in a very few summary words. Lord Beaconsfield was for maintaining Turkey at all risks as a barrier against Russia. Mr. Gladstone was for renouncing all responsibility for Turkey and taking the consequences. Men who prided themselves on being practical politicians above all things went naturally with Lord Beaconsfield. Men who held that sound politics cannot exist without sound morals went with Mr. Gladstone. It is our business, the one set of men said, to secure the interests of England: if Turkey is useful to us as a barrier against Russia, we are bound to keep her in her place for our own sake; her private character is of no account to us. The other men urged that it was the duty of England to release herself from all responsibility for the crimes of Turkey, and to refuse to stand in the way of the developing freedom of the Christian populations. "The public conscience of England!" said the one; "The interests of England!" said the other. "Be just and fear not!" Mr. Gladstone urged. "No sentiment," rejoined Lord Beaconsfield, "The crimes of Turkey," was the cry of one party; "the ambition of Russia" made the alarm-note of the other. Each statesman made a mistake, and each mistake was characteristic of the man. Lord Beaconsfield misunderstood the condition of public feeling and the gravity of the case when he thought he could get rid of the Bulgarian events by a laugh and a light word. Mr. Gladstone afterwards made a mistake when he acted on the assumption that mere sympathy and mere sensibility could long prevail in the English public mind against the traditional distrust of Russia (vol. iv. pp. 463, 464).

The case could not well have been put with more terseness, a truer insight into the spirit both of leaders and people, or more scrupulous fairness. To those who have carefully studied the whole story there can be little doubt that the Tory party brought on themselves their terrible defeat by defying the conscience of the nation; whereas Mr. Gladstone has won the proud position that he holds owing to the recognition by the people in him of one who is faithful to the idea of right. The passage gives an accurate representation of Mr. McCarthy's mode of treating every question. We looked with some curiosity to his account of the Education controversy of 1870.

It was hardly to be expected that a writer of his views would have strong sympathies with Nonconformists, and in general we should say that the history has no more conspicuous defect than its failure to recognize the place they have filled in the conflicts of the time. But in the question of education his spirit of fairness does not desert our author.

It ought to be superfluous (he says) to say that the Nonconformists did not object to the religious instruction of children. It ought not to be supposed for a moment that they attached less importance to religious instruction than any other body of persons. Their principle was that public money, the contributions of citizens of all shades of belief, ought to be given only for such teaching as the common opinion of the country was agreed upon.

We do not see why, for holding this view, based surely on a broad principle of equity, we should be described as "broad, conscientious, and narrow." It is something, however, to have it admitted that we were not indifferent to religion. The allegations which Mr. McCarthy so contemptuously puts aside as unworthy of serious refutation were precisely those which were brought against Dissenters who advocated this view, and sometimes by men who ought to have known better. We may therefore welcome this impartial testimony as anticipating the verdict of history on the point. We had marked many passages both for extract and comment. If we forbear in obedience to the inexorable limits of space. we have the consolation that there are few of our readers who will not themselves make a personal acquaintance with this charming book. Possibly we could pick holes in it. We have not made the attempt since nothing would be more ungrateful than to indulge in a petty criticism on what has yielded us such real enjoyment. It is not only heathly in political sentiment and broad in its sympathies, but it is, in our view, generally sound in its estimates of public men. At all events they have the merit of not being the mere repetitions of club talk. Mr. McCarthy always forms an independent opinion and he presents it with graphic power. Witness his sketches of Lord Derby and Lord Lytton. Indeed from these volumes it would be easy to collect a gallery of political portraits.

CHRISTIAN WORK ON THE CONTINENT.

I .- THE McALL MISSION.

On a sultry Sabbath afternoon I threaded my way through the crowded thoroughfares of Paris to one of the McAll mission stations in Rue Rivoli. Most of the shops stood invitingly open, and on the sidewalk men and women were gathered around small tables, drinking wine and beer, while children played games in the shady parks. The city, always gay, had more of a holiday aspect than usual, it being the day for celebrating the ascension of the Virgin. After entering a beer saloon, by mistake, where the occupants were busy with cards. I found at last a small room, capable of seating about two hundred and fifty, somewhat more than half full. Such a motley crowd! Workmen in blue blouses, women bare-headed, or wearing the neat white caps seen everywhere on the Continent, and a sprinkling of children and visitors. As a whole, they had a tidy appearance, and evidently came, not by compulsion, but from choice. On the walls were Scripture mottoes, and a notice to the effect that religious controversy, as well as all political allusions, were strictly forbidden.

The noise in the street, the sound of hammers on an adjoining building, and the rapid French of the speakers made it difficult to understand all that was said, but enough was gathered to make a profound impression as to the value of this work. Mrs. McAll presided at the organ, and her winning presence seems to have a great power over the people. exercises were much like those in meetings of a similar character at home, but the zest with which the Moody and Sankey hymns were sung was something remarkable. Short and excellent addresses were made by Pastors Fisch and Cook, and by the venerable Edward Baines of England. He told the story of his conversion in Paris fifty-five years ago. closing with an earnest appeal to turn to the Saviour, in a way that caused at least one rough hand to brush away a tear. After this meeting, by invitation of Mrs. McAll, I accompanied her, and a good Baptist brother from Brooklyn, to another station at Ménilmontant. Here the audience was smaller, but the extreme heat, and the attractions of the national fête. explained the absence of many. Our route lay through one of the poorer sections, and I marvelled, amid such surroundings, that any could be gathered on the Lord's day to listen to His Word. On one side of the salle was an open theatre (admission ten centimes, or two cents), and opposite, some kind of a show, where the chief feature was riding wooden horses around a ring to the sound of music. The streets were literally swarming with a dirty mass of humanity, unlike anything seen at home, because much there is under cover. while here the houses empty themselves on to the sidewalks. The exercises were again personally conducted by Mr. and Mrs. McAll, with the assistance of two young men, converted under their instruction. One was a fine singer and acted as chorister, while the remarks of both were forcible and intelligent. The closing prayer was by one of the ouvriers, and no one who listened to it could doubt that his heart had been touched by Divine grace.

What I saw at these two gatherings gave me a strong desire to learn more about this interesting work, and I gladly accepted Mrs. McAll's cordial invitation to take tea with them, and accompany them to the evening meeting. Tea was served, for the sake of economy in time, not at their own home, but a kind of conciergerie in the very heart of one of their mission stations. During that quiet meal, so home-like, and in such pleasant contrast with the tiresome table-d'hôte dinner of seven courses, an opportunity was given to inquire more particularly into the extent and success of their work.

There are at present twenty-four stations in the city, besides those in Lyons, Bordeaux, and Boulogne-sur-Mer, where meetings are held every evening and on Sabbath afternoons. In addition there is a juvenile department (though it is difficult to reach the children in Paris, owing to the influence of the priests), and two industrial schools for girls, one of them being under the care of the ladies of the American Chapel. It is a significant fact that all the Protestant clergy here heartily endorse the work, and foreigners like Dr. Bonar give it warm encouragement. His little volume, "The White Fields of France," has been of inestimable service, not only in this direction, but to the entire cause of evangelization on

the Continent. Besides the public assemblies, there is a system of house-to-house visitation, not unlike the city missionary effort in Boston. There is, however, this difference to be observed: Not all of the ouvriers belong to the really poor class, but are men of intelligence and enterprise. They have a certain amount of pride and independence, and it requires much tact not to wound their self-respect, and at the same time minister wisely to their wants. The changed condition of things under the Republic is especially favourable for evangelistic effort, an ambition to earn and lay up money having been developed among the working classes, leaving little time for gossip and rioting. It is difficult to estimate the actual number of converts, but there is every reason to believe, from statistics given in the last annual report, that it compares favourably with similar movements in our own land.

The evening meeting was in Belleville, one of the worst quarters in Paris, where the communistic element is most likely at any time to manifest itself. It is the Five Points of the city, and once no lady could have walked through the streets at night without danger of being murdered. Now, one of the female assistants frequently goes unattended-a fact bearing testimony to the change which has taken place there. The audience at this station was a little rougher in appearance, some of them slinking into their seats as if unused to the atmosphere of the place; but there was nothing like disturbance or inattention. Indeed it was quite touching to watch the play of emotions on some sin-scarred countenance while the "Ninety and Nine" was being sung. It looked a little odd to see a woman light the gas, and perform the ordinary duties of a sexton, and to notice others bringing in their market-baskets and packages of groceries. One little girl carried her doll, and boys in shirt sleeves, with bare feet. were no uncommon sight. I was told that the Parisian gamin is a unique character. He is readily taught, and has warm affections; but, while clever and loving, he is also lawless. baffling all attempts at discipline. Yet among them souls have been won to Christ; and when it is remembered that they are the future citizens of the Republic, and may help shape its destiny, they become invested with new interest.

The native politeness appeared in the attempt at a bow or a courtesy to the strangers present, with a pleasant "bon soir" as we passed out. The ride home carried us past many a place where wickedness held high carnival, and as the lights glared from garden and saloon, one could not help feeling grateful for the true light which has penetrated some of the dark places in this beautiful city. No one can attend these meetings, and observe them ever so superficially, without being convinced that Mr. McAll and his excellent wife are doing a noble work. It was intensely interesting to hear of individual cases of conversion, especially among the incrédules (sceptics), who form a large class of society here. It was one of these who said to Mr. McAll, nine years ago, as he was distributing tracts, "We have the name of being a race of infidels, but if some one would only teach us a doctrine of freedom, there would be plenty to listen." These words rung in his ears, and led him away from the pleasant parish in England to the "white fields of France."

American Christians coming here for a single Sabbath can hardly afford to lose a visit to one or more of the stations of this mission, giving to its leaders the sympathy and encouragement they so richly deserve, and receiving a blessing in return. - Fanny J. Dyer, in the Boston Congregationalist.

II.—BELGIUM AND PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

The European field of missions was never more hopeful and encouraging than at the present moment. We may illustrate this statement by glancing at the work going forward in Belgium. This little country presents two very different (1) The Walloon, or French - speaking fields of labour. districts, which resemble many parts of France, where the people welcome the lecturer or preacher who will expound to them the truths of the gospel as a substitute for the errors of Popery. (2) The Flemish districts, where Popery still exerts immense power, and the people seem naturally to prefer the sensuous religion of Rome. Among these two sections of the Belgian people the Evangelical Society, or, more strictly, the Evangelical Missionary Church, has been at work for forty-two years. A few facts gathered from the last Report and other sources will help our readers to under-67

stand its difficulties and its encouragements. Since the beginning of the mission 520,000 copies of the Holy Scriptures, and as many as 4,500,000 tracts and religious books, have been circulated, and this in a country of 5,000,000 inhabitants. There are some 40 churches and stations, with 14 pastors, 3 evangelists, and 11 colporteurs and Biblereaders. The Sunday-schools number 33, with nearly 1,200 children. But the most striking detail in this statistical part of the Report is that 80 brethren, members of the churches, are regular and systematic helpers of the pastors and other agents. They hold meetings in their own or others' dwellings, and in various ways render essential service. Of the 40 churches and stations, there are but 4 in Flemish Belgium, with 2 pastors and 2 Bible-readers; also 4 Sunday-schools, with less than 100 children. The difficulties are enormous. The character of the people, and the hold which the priests have on them, are, as already mentioned, most formidable obstacles: and to these must be added the fewness of agents qualified by their knowledge of the language to labour in this part of the country. Again: we observe that the Society has no agents in the two provinces of Limbourg and Luxembourg, while in the province of Namur there is only one small place of meeting near Namur, and one station recently formed at Morville, on the French frontier. The main portion of the Society's work is therefore carried on in the three provinces of Hainault, Brabant, and Liège.

Let us glance at the work in each of these three provinces.

1. Hainault. There are here twenty chapels, or locales, while services are held in many other places on the Sunday and week-days. The two principal centres of activity are Charleroi and Jumet. The chapel in the former place having become wholly insufficient to contain the numbers of people who wished to attend, an admirable site on a new boulevard has been obtained, and a new and larger place (800 sittings) is in course of erection, and is to be opened by Dr. E. de Pressensé on November 1st. This Charleroi Church, or parish, contains 1,240 members, inclusive of children. During the year 66 adults were added. The people are mostly miners or artizans, and wages have been very low of late; but during the year they have raised over £200 for various

objects. At Jumet the people have contributed £210, and have thus covered the expenses of the station. During the last year 44 adults and 236 children were received from the Romish Church. Many of the members here and at Charleroi conduct meetings, being regularly instructed by their pastors for this purpose, and others distribute tracts.

2. Brabant. The French Church in Brussels has been seeking to evangelize the immense and ever-growing population by which it is surrounded, and has taken advantage of the National Jubilee fêtes. At Sante-Dame-Avelines, near Waterloo, where a remarkable work sprang into existence some four or five years since, and where a capital chapel and manse have been built in the very centre of the village, the congregations keep up, and a new station has been formed in an adjoining parish. In and around La Roche, in the district of Nivelles, many meetings are held, some of them in the open air. In Nivelles itself a place of meeting had been sought in vain for two years, but at length a person of sufficient independence of mind has dared to let one to the Belgian Society, and good and attentive audiences have gathered to hear the lectures already delivered there.

3. Liège-province. The pastor at Lize-Seraing, the principal church in this province, reports most satisfactorily of the state of affairs. Besides the regular services at the chapel, situated on the hill overlooking the valley of the Meuse, meetings for prayer and edification are held every Sunday and Saturday evenings in three different places. They are lively and interesting gatherings, and often as many as seven or eight brethren take part in them. At Liège itself the church has 472 members, children included. The intense misery still prevailing among the working classes through want of employment and other causes has much hindered the work. Many have been obliged to leave and settle elsewhere. Two interesting churches are also to be found at Spa and Nessonyaux.

The eight Bible-readers—two of whom, besides two evangelists, are supported by the Evangelical Continental Society—have proved most efficient workers. Many a field now under cultivation has been prepared by them. Some of them are useful preachers. The following extracts from the journal of one of these humble men will be read with interest:

At Loucée I met a colporteur, and we went round and visited a number of houses, reading and praying with the people, many of whom asked us to hold a meeting. This we accordingly did in the evening, and had sixty women, fifteen men, and some twenty children. At the close, I asked them if they would like another meeting on the following day. They all consented, and accordingly on the next evening we were there and had a larger audience; but the women still predominated, as many of the husbands were away working in Brussels or other large towns—a

very customary thing in Belgium.

On Whit-Monday I went to Incourt, and was to have been accompanied by three friends from Brussels. I was disappointed at having to start alone, but on reaching an estaminet near the church, I met four workmen, who said, "Good day, Mr. B--." They turned out to be men who had been visited by me frequently in one of the Brussels ladging-houses. "You must come and sing with me," I said, "and help me to distribute tracts at the close of the meeting." "Yery well," they said; "we are not afraid." Our first meeting began at eleven o'clock, and was attended by seventy persons. I inquired what class of people were there, and was told that most of them were holders of land and electors. Some of the burgomaster's relatives and the teachers from the Communal School were also there. At the second meeting, at three o'clock, we had 140 persons. We sang the same hymns as in the morning, and I was again helped by my four friends. I sold four New Testaments and gave away 300 tracts. The estaminet proprietor, who lent me his shed for the meeting, asked me when I should come again. A woman also returned and begged for several hundred tracts, as the people in surrounding villages are calling for them.

At Morville, the station on the French frontier, where a chapel has just been built, our friends from Beauraing were present at the service. They brought with them a friend whom they had interested in the gospel, and who appears already to have a good knowledge of the Scriptures. They started at three o'clock in the morning, and reached Morville at half-past nine. They had just time to get some breakfast before the service, which begins at ten o'clock. They set off again for their homes at five o'clock, after the afternoon service. The whole journey of eleven leagues was accomplished on foot. I said to our new friend, "You will be very tired, and to-morrow you will not be able to work." "Oh!" said he taking his pipe out of his mouth, "it will do me no more harm than smoking this pipe, so glad am I to have come. You cannot understand what joy I felt in being present (for the first time) at the service. I

assure you it will not be long before you see me again."

R. S. A.

THE AUTUMNAL MEETINGS OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION AT BIRMINGHAM.

WITH NOTES BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

THE First Autumnal Meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales was held at Birmingham, October 9 and 10, 1839. Dr. Raffles, of

Liverpool, was the chairman; and Dr. Leifchild and Dr. Halley were the preachers. There were 138 ministers and delegates present, of whom the greater part have "fallen asleep." The secretaries were Algernon Wells and John Blackburn. The special business of the meeting was the formation of a Home Missionary department of the Union. In the Church Aid and Home Missionary Society we have simply gone back to the original idea of the fathers and founders of the Union. It is the fashion in certain quarters to misrepresent the plan with which they started as one merely for deliberative conferences. The Colonial work and that of the Home Missionary Society were, however, an integral part of the design of its founders; and they fought resolutely against the idea of having separate and independent organizations for these purposes. The Union was at Birmingham again in 1861, when preparations were being made for the Bicentenary celebrations. The number present on that occasion we have not ascertained; but it was officially stated that at the recent meetings there were not less than 1,300 ministers and delegates in attendance. This may be taken as an indication of the progress made by Congregationalists in England and Wales within the last forty years, and the still growing popularity of the Union.

The Inaugural Sermon was preached on behalf of the Church Aid and Home Missionary Society by the Rev. Eustace Conder, M.A., of Leeds. It was less ambitious in its range and aim than some which we remember; but for clear, calm statement, eloquent and forcible appeal, and a certain maturity of thought and authority of tone, it was sufficient to make the occasion one of deep impression and hallowed enjoyment. The theme was, "Allowed of God to be put in trust of the Gospel." Mr. Conder had something to say which could not be very palatable to those who want to dissociate the supernatural from the moral and spiritual elements of the gospel; or, to those who speak with contempt of the authority of Divine revelation and the essential place of doctrine in the scheme of redemption. He demonstrated, amid the keen interest and enjoyment of the audience, the utterly irrational character of the position assumed by those who call themselves "advanced thinkers." The sermon will repay careful reading and study, and it might with advantage be reprinted for circulation among the younger members of our Churches. The appeal on behalf of the Church Aid Society and our smaller Churches was pointed, impressive, and powerful; and the whole service was effective and stimulating.

Carr's Lane Meeting, where the sermon was preached and the sessions of the Union held, has undergone considerable renovation and improvement in recent years. As might have been expected, a refined taste has guided the hand of the decorator, and everything is appropriate and pleasing to the eye. Long may Mr. Dale be spared, in full vigour, to bear witness to the new generations concerning the grand old truths which apostles preached, and which are essential to the spiritual life of every age! The doctrines of the Evangelical faith are not likely to be hidden or treated with disdain by one whose convictions are as robust, and whose judgments as mature and pronounced, as those of the gifted pastor of that historic Church.

The Address of Dr. Newth, the chairman for the year, might well have dealt with one or other of the great prestions which are now troubling the minds of thinkers in all Churches. Dr. Newth, however, chose to deal with a question which many years of faithful labour have made his own; one, however, of but denominational interest. That our plans for securing an educated ministry have been subjected to searching criticism by him; that their manifold defects have been laid bare without mercy; and that there were most wise suggestions concerning changes called for by the educational progress of recent years, goes without saying, when such was his theme. Still, recognising the great value of the address, we wish he had been led to make another choice, considering the aspect of prevailing doubt and difficulty, and the trouble and unrest of so many minds concerning the essential verities of Divine life, revelation, and Christian faith. The address was eminently wise and judicious; expressed in language aptly chosen. There was nervous strength and chaste beauty; here and there a gleam of humour; and throughout a spirit deeply devout and full of holy consecration, which moved every heart. If the learned professor made more of the phrase "college reform," and shook everything in the shape of possible injustice to himself and the collegiate authorities out of it, we are not going to complain. Nobody can suppose that the use of such a phrase carried any imputation with it; but reform is essential, and must be promptly carried out, or it will be the worse for the pastors of the next generation. Here reform does not mean getting rid of any corruptions, but simple progress. One thing must, however, be insisted upon above all others, and that is, that our colleges must turn out gifted and powerful preachers.

Dr. Kennedy read a racy and effective paper on the "Unity of Congregationalism and its Use for the Extension of our Form of Church Life." It was a full-toned and vigorous exposition of our ecclesiastical relationships, and a plea for more hearty work and more generous giving, to extend spiritual life by the application of our own principles. Mr. Barrett's paper on "Pastoral Dealing with Individuals" was characterized by great beauty and tenderness as well as sympathetic religious earnestness. That in modern life the pastoral care has been thrust into the background, to the detriment both of pastoral responsibility and individual and Church life, hardly admits of doubt. No words more appropriate and timely than those spoken by Mr. Barrett could be laid to heart by our pastors. The impression produced on the assembly was deep and heart-searching. Mr. Stott's paper on "The Importance of Systematic Scripture Teaching of the Young, in the Family and otherwise, in view of the Tone in regard to Religious Belief which pervades so much of the Literature of the Day," would have been more appropriate in the meeting of Friday morning on the "Sceptical Tendencies of the Age." As it was, a question of great importance received no adequate treatment; but it may be hoped that the paper will be read attentively and the subject discussed both by pastors and parents. With the exception of a wise and practical address by Dr. Legge, the discussion which followed was not edifying. These free conferences, as they are called, seldom are, and it is a point worthy of consideration whether something could not be done by way of previous arrangement to make them more successful. Resolutions on the passing of the Burials Act necessarily formed part of the business.

If there had been much congratulation it would have been felt to be

natural; but there was not; and the generosity of the response to the words of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and to the letter of the Rev. R. H. Manley, of Stoke Climsland, both in the resolution and the speech of the mover, left nothing to be desired. Co-operation, however, is not to be purchased by any foregoing of the manly assertion of our own principles, or the sacrifice of consistency, by calling men Christians who reject the divinity of the Lord and cast contempt upon the supernatural elements of the gospel. "There are differences, irreconcilable differences. differences which must be contested; but the path of Christian charity is, in the midst of all these differences, to preserve the spirit of Christian unity and of fraternal love." Henry Lee, Esq., M.P. for Southampton, having seconded the motion in a characteristic speech, there were loud calls for Mr. Dale. It was felt that the occasion would not be complete. if he was not seen standing side by side with his friend, at the close of one of the great conflicts of the age. What the next stage of the battle was to be was not obscurely hinted, in a speech, the deep, religious earnestness of which lent great solemnity to his eloquent words. Wednesday's session was opened by the reception of deputations from Scotland, and from the Nonconformist ministers of Birmingham. The speeches of the Rev. J. J. Brown, of Dr. James, and Mr. McKerrow were full of hearty fraternity of feeling, and manifested the spiritual sentiments which bind in one the several Free Churches of the land. Professor Paton moved, and James Spicer, Esq., seconded, resolutions of invitation to American and Colonial Congregationalists to attend by representatives the Autumnal Jubilee celebrations in Manchester. Joseph Cook, of Boston, responded in an eloquent and characteristic speech. Dr. Allon moved resolutions respecting the jubilee fund. The consideration of the opium traffic hardly needed that the assembly should have had to receive a deputation from another body of Christians, in order to induce it to pass a resolution; and it is to be hoped that such an occurrence will not be allowed to form a precedent, or much difficulty may be created in the future. Thursday was to have been devoted to a conference on the state of the country in regard to religion, and the consequent duty of the churches. The discussion, however, was to a large extent uninteresting and aimless, Mr. Mearns, the Secretary of the London Union, read a suggestive and valuable statistical paper on the religious condition and needs of London; Mr. Armitage, one of the secretaries of the Lancashire Union, detailed certain questionable facts in relation to some of the towns of that county; Mr. Browne, of Wrentham, represented Suffolk, as indicating the condition of the agricultural counties. It was quite clear during the conversation that followed that the statistics were misunderstood. One speaker regarded them as proving that "the increase of Congregational churches in London has been less than that of any other denomination," leaving them at the bottom of the list, while the Baptists are at the top. Now in the presence of the facts stated by the reader of the paper, that the Congregationalists stand first among the Free Churches in London, supplying 12:10 per cent. of the total accommodation and 3.75 per cent, on the population, it seems to be at least misleading to speak after such a fashion. The rate of increase on our own strength has been 30 per cent. since 1851. The rate of increase on

Baptist weakness has been 115 per cent., but they are still far below us in the amount of accommodation they supply. But, between 1865 and 1878, no less that forty-eight new churches have been built and opened in London, besides those which have been erected in place of older buildings disused or pulled down; and besides branch churches and school churches, some of which provide accommodation for from 500 to 1,500 persons. But in the table of statistics we are only credited with an increase of 7,057. Mr. Davison, in a speech at the Wolverhampton meeting, on "Our Place in the National Life," showed that during the last fifty years we have built and opened on an average one place of worship in London every three months, four every year-the net increase being from 110 to 307. In the country at large, the increase is more remarkable still. Fifty years ago there were 1,289 places of worship in England, 374 in Wales, 84 in Scotland, 28 in Ireland, and 11 in the British Isles—a total of 1,786. The number in England is now 2,132 churches and branch churches, 1,082 preaching and evangelistic stations, or a total of 3,214; in Wales, 952; in Scotland, 106; in Ireland, 30; in the British Isles, 17-a grand total of 4,319. So that the number of our places of worship has been increased by 2,533, or 51 per annum; nearly one every week for the half century; and this does not include those buildings which have been erected in place of small, inconvenient, and amsightly buildings pulled down: it is the net increase. Again, fifty years ago the number of our pastors was 1,137; it is now 2,718, a net increase of 1,545 in the half century, or at the rate of 31 per annum. Boasting is excluded; but we question whether any churches in Christendom can show a like record; and instead of mourning over "the decay of Congregationalism," our brethren who speak, would do well to thank God and take courage.

The subject of College Reform came up again on the report of the committee, presented, in the absence of the secretary, the Rev. A. Mackennal, through his lamentable accident, by the Rev. J. A. Macfayden, M.A. The speaking was good, but was unwisely protracted, and unfortunately the audience had greatly diminished when the acknowledgments of the assembly were presented to the Chairman, and to the friends of the Union at Birmingham, who had received the delegates with such heartiness and abounding hospitality. Of the evening meetings we can only say that they were of great interest; but we regret that instead of the Town Hall they were not held in Carr's Lane Meeting. The address of Mr. McAll on his work in Paris was most interesting. We exceedingly regret that the representative of the London Missionary Society should have indulged the very questionable taste of casting a most undeserved slight upon the chairman elect of the Union by introducing his name into an ecclesiastical story told ad nauseam about all sorts and conditions of men. The meeting for the young came among a multitude of public services scattered over the whole town, and suffered accordingly; but the address of Mr. Hollowell was exceedingly good and effective. The meeting on Thursday evening was a thorough success. The closing meeting for young men, and the addresses of Dr. Pulsford and Dr. Fairbairn brought a memorable week to a fitting climax and conclusion. It will be long, we hope, before the impression they produced dies away.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.*

In anticipation of Christmas, different publishers are early in the field with books specially adapted as presents for the young people. A sudden and somewhat extraordinary development has been made in this direction, and we have already on our table a pile of handsome volumes, any one of which would have been regarded as a perfect marvel in the days of our own boyhood, and must certainly be welcomed as a grateful visitor in every home now. As the Religious Tract Society took the lead in this movement, by the publication of the Boys' Own Annual last year, it deserves precedence. The volume this year is an improvement even upon its very successful predecessor. It would be rash to say that it does not itself admit of improvement, and yet it is hard to say what improvement could be effected. A boy must certainly be very fastidious who does not find his taste gratified in these 800 pages. Fiction, of course, there is. The days are past when it was thought necessary to deny the imagination its proper culture. The tales are numerous and varied, but all suited to the boys. Solid intruction in the shape of historical and biographical sketches, short articles on natural history, and last, but not least, interesting brief papers of information not always found in more systematic works, supplies another necessary element. Then comes what boys will certainly appreciate very highly-a large amount of instruction, always of a high class, relative to all kinds of sports and amusements. Thus cricket forms the subject of a series of papers by Dr. W. G. Grace, while the bicyclist, the chess-player, the angler, and others, all receive a due amount of attention. In short, the editor evidently understands what a miscellany of this kind ought to be, and has gathered around him a number of contributors of the highest merit, who have carried out his design with such efficiency that he must secure a large and grateful constituency.

The Girls' Own Annual is a new venture which the Tract Society was encouraged to undertake partly because of the success of the boys' magazine, and partly because that very success created a demand for a publication for the gentler sex. Of course it is very different from its companion, and we can easily understand that the task of the editor has been much more difficult. Perhaps we are hardly in a position to pronounce whether the catering has been as satisfactory in the one case as in the other, since we can hardly profess to understand the exact wants of girls. We open the volume, however, and passing over the longer stories we notice one or two features which strike us as eminently appropriate in such a book. The "Ballad Stories" on such songs as "Twickenham Ferry" must surely have a special interest for those who warble these old lays greatly to the delight of our drawing-rooms. "My Work-basket" is the title of another most useful and fitting series of papers which suggest

^{*} The Boys' Own Annual. The Girls' Own Annual. (Religious Tract Society.) The Union Jack. (Griffith and Farran.) Young England. (Sunday-school Union.) American Wide Awake. (James Clarke and Co.) My New Toy Book. (Religious Tract Society.)

that one object of the editor is to make our girls good housewives as well as clever and attractive companions. Both volumes are enriched with a number of engravings, some of them of a very high character. The Religious Tract Society well fulfils one part of its vocation when it provides such healthful and at the same time entertaining literature. It has advantages over private firms, inasmuch as it can better afford to make ventures, though it should be understood that its publication fund not only derives no benefit from voluntary subscriptions, but goes to increase the amount available for free distribution. But the extensive business which it carries on is now so well established and productive as to furnish a supply of capital, which may be the more freely used in experiments such as these before us, as there is no desire to amass wealth. A society which might otherwise be neglected altogether.

The Union Jack is another boys' book, which breaks ground in a somewhat new direction. Its title is suggestive of its character and aim. It speaks of the high and noble qualities which have been manifested under the old flag, and which, it is earnestly to be hoped, may long be distinctive of Englishmen. The book does not profess to be, in a technical sense, a religious work, but its tone is decidedly religious. It is only necessary to say that its first editor was Mr. W. H. G. Kingston, whose genuine sympathy with boys, and remarkable capacity for writing so as to interest them, were not more manifest than his loyal attachment to the Saviour whom he sought to serve in his work for the young, in order to indicate the sound character of the book. It eschews "goody" writing; but it seeks to make boys truly good. The lighter element largely preponderates; but, to quote the words of Mr. Henty, who has succeeded Mr. Kingston in the editorial chair, the "tales are written by authors whose names are a guarantee for the purity of tone of their writings;" and it is certainly true that, "while full of adventure and interest, they teach lads to be manly, truthful, and, to use an expressive word, 'straight.'" This sentence in the preface is itself very characteristic of the volume. There is a healthy, bracing tone about its "stories of heroic action, of plucky deeds, of high-spirited, sturdy, natural boys," which can scarcely fail to be beneficial. Having ourselves a strong belief that the firstfruit of faith should be true manliness, we can give the "Union Jack" a cordial welcome. It is a book in which boys are sure to revel, and they will get only good from its healthful sentiment and its cheerful views of life and duty.

In Young England, with its handsome binding and attractive exterior and its greatly improved character, we have an old friend which, as "Kind Words," won for itself a good reputation. The Sunday-school Union have been well advised in the alterations they have effected. Excellent as "Kind Words" was it would scarcely have held its own against the powerful competition to which it is now exposed, if the higher taste which the spirited publications of the day have engendered had not been studied. Let it be said, however, that this has been done, and done very effectively. "Young England" has no reason to fear the competition which it challenges. It is in every respect an admirable publication.

Recreation and instruction are blended in fair proportions; and while the instruction is not heavy, the recreation is never frivolous. Two stories of school life—one for boys, and the other for girls—will have an interest for numbers, not only of young readers, but even of their elders, who have a pleasure in the revival of school reminiscences. The little gatherings in the "Merry and Wise" columns and the riddles in Puzzledom are not the least attractive parts of the magazine, which is a decided success. Perhaps in this plethora of magazines for the young the difficulty will be which to choose. Happily, they are all so cheap that not a few heads of families will solve the problem by including all in their Christmas purchase. They could find no more effectual way of gratifying their young people.

In this remark we certainly include the AMERICAN WIDEAWAKE, which is published in this country by Mr. James Clarke. It occupies a different position from the magazines noticed above, being, in fact, a shilling magazine for the young, as superior in its own department as "Scribner's Monthly" is for the elders. As it is in its eleventh volume, it shows how far our Transatlantic cousins have been ahead of us in this field. In every respect this magazine is high-class; and, while it has been steadily growing in public favour for years, we are only now beginning to awake to the necessity of doing something of a similar kind. The American character of the "Wideawake" ought to give it special interest. It certainly lends it a freshness which in itself is attractive.

My New Toy Book is a charming volume for the young children. It contains four separate tales, told so as to meet their capacity and interest them, and the illustrations have been got up with great care, and are extremely effective. Its appearance is gorgeous, and we can imagine the screams of delight with which the book will be hailed in the nursery.

The Picturesque Primer, Nursery Companion, Easy Reading for Little Readers, and Fragments of Knowledge for Little Folk (Griffith and Farran) form parts of a series of books which seem to us admirably adapted for bridging over the most difficult places in the pathway of knowledge. How to get little ones over the beginnings of education can never be an easy problem; but what can be done is certainly done here. The "Picturesque Primer" is really a small book of object lessons. Then comes the "Nursery Companion," with a host of little stories told in rhyme. The other two books carry the little ones on each a step in advance; and, taken together, they form a handsome volume called the "Favourite Picture-Book." The illustrations are well done, and "Uncle Charlie" gives abundant proof that he understands what his little nephews and nieces need.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Genesis of Evil, and other Sermons, mainly Expository. By Samuel Cox. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) Mr. Cox's volume carries with it its own introduction and recommendation. It comes with a promise of freshness of thought, felicity of illustration, and force of language, and

this promise it abundantly fulfils. Mr. Cox has a remarkable faculty of getting at the spiritual meaning of Scripture, as well as of presenting it with clearness. No faculty is more valuable to the preacher, and few preachers possess it in higher degree than Mr. Cox. It gives his sermons one of their chief charms. They are not, for the most part, expository in the common sense, for many of them deal with great topics; but in all of them we are led into a broader view and more comprehensive knowledge of Scripture, than which nothing is more full of variety and life for the hearer. The minute examination of every word in a text, the display of philological learning in the attempt to fix its exact significance, the adducing of parallel passages, which is what many regard as expository preaching, is not only wearisome but often misleading. The spirit of Scripture is often lost in these attempts to interpret the letter. Mr. Cox never deals with his subject in this fashion. His exposition is a setting forth of the teaching of the Word of God in its completeness and unity There are pretty sure to be points in which the reader does not agree with him, but he must always feel that he is in the hands of a master, who has got a strong grip of Scripture, and who bases his doctrines, not on solitary phrases, tortured into accord with his preconceptions, but

on a broad and general survey of the record.

Of Mr. Cox's power to light up a subject which might seem too obscure and philosophical to be made interesting we have an admirable example in the first two sermons on the "Origin of Evil," which give the title to the volume. The opening sentences are characterized by that frankness which at once wins the way to the heart of the hearer and secures his attention. The text is that wonderful passage in Isaiah: "I am the Lord, and there is none else. I form the light and create darkness. I make peace and create evil," &c. Mr. Cox opens his discourse thus: "From my earliest years, or at least from the earliest in which I drew 'thoughtful breath,' I have been puzzled and perplexed by these words. And I suppose this bold, unqualified affirmation that the Source of all light is also the Fountain of darkness, that evil as well as good is the work of God, must tax and perplex every thoughtful mind. Dazed and confused by it as I was, however, I was always glad when this chapter happened to be one of the lessons for the day, if only for the sake of another surprise and perplexity it used to quicken within me. Nor do I see how any intelligent lad who has begun to read ancient history can fail to be struck and impressed by its opening words: "Thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus." An introduction like this of course rivets attention; but this would be a doubtful advantage if the preacher were not able to sustain the effect. But this Mr. Cox never fails to do. We cannot profess to follow him through the very clear and telling discourses, in which he discusses the most mysterious problem on which the intellect of man can ever be employed. It would be absurd to say that he clears away all difficulty, but he shows how many considerations come in to relieve it from some of its darker shadows, and he abundantly demonstrates the weakness of the dualistic theory, in which some have sought to find an escape from the perplexities which surround this teaching of the prophet. But we referred to the sermon chiefly for the purpose of noting this distinctive feature in Mr. Cox's preaching-the straightforward manliness with which he addresses his hearers, as one sharing their difficulties and anxious to help them by means of his own thought and experience. A simple invitation to a review of their common doubts and perplexities takes the place of a tone of authority, which might beget antagonism and awaken prejudice at the outset. The same remarks apply to the sermon which comes next--" The Heavenly Treasure and the Earthen Vessels"-which is not only one of the most effective in the volume, but one of the wisest presentations of the claims of the Bible in answer to some of the objections of modern scepticism which we have met. It is this strong grappling with difficulties, which numbers feel, that is greatly wanted in the pulpit. To ignore the existence of the questionings which are troubling so many in all intelligent congregations is worse than useless. We do sometimes hear good people complain that their own minds should be disturbed by references to an unbelief which does not affect them and about which it is no pleasure to hear. But this spiritual selfishness ought not to govern the action of the pulpit, which has to minister help to those who are in the midst of the strife, and who, unfortunately, do feel the pressure from which those who talk thus lightly of such grave matters are exempt. Learned disquisitions are out of place there, but such simple and forcible exhibitions of the truth in relation to the Bible as that which Mr. Cox gives here are invaluable. If we do not touch on the other sermons, it is only because our space does not allow us to go further into the merits of this very able volume.

Rev. Joseph Cook's Monday Lectures. Fifth Series. (R. D. Dickenson.) It would be impossible for any candid man to take the series of volumes of which this is the fifth and deny the remarkable ability of the lecturer. We care not which of the volumes be selected, or into what part of it he may dip, he will be certain to find some indication of a robust and vigorous intellect and some utterances that will stimulate his thought or increase his store of information. If he is hide-bound by conventionalism, he will be puzzled and perhaps annoyed by the linking together of the "preludes" on social and political questions and the lectures on unbelief in some of its many phases. If he has taken no interest in the discussions on the scepticism of the day, he may perhaps be repelled by the metaphysics and the theology. If he has himself been carried away on the tide of scientific speculation, and is unable to stand hard hitting when his favourite theories have to bear the brunt of the attack, he may in all probability conceive a strong prejudice against one whose blows fall thick and fast. But if, rising above all such influences, he frankly and heartily recognizes real power and true earnestness wherever it is found, he will find plenty to admire in these pages, rich as they are in thought and vigorous in style. For ourselves, we have so often opened a volume at hap-hazard, without ever failing to hit upon something striking and suggestive, that common gratitude for many a fresh thought and inspiring reflection compels us to pay an honest tribute to the freshness, the originality, the philosophic acuteness, and the spiritual earnestness of the Still we are bound to say that we are unable to understand how lectures of this order have succeeded in drawing audiences in Boston on Monday mornings during five successive seasons, and with ever-growing

crowds. After seeing and hearing the man, we feel how much must be due to his personal presence and power as a speaker, and we can understand, too, how much the political introductions may have helped to attract audiences. As we listened to him at Birmingham we rejoiced at the visit to us of a man who is closely identified with the great struggle between Christianity and unbelief, but who is at the same time a politician with keen sympathies as well as strong sense. How much religion has suffered from the pietism which turns away from the common work of the world, and especially from political life, as unworthy of a Christian. we shall never know. Mr. Cook has proved himself not more anxious for the triumph of the doctrine over unbelief than for the manifestation of godliness as a living power in the nation. That this helped to bring the crowds whom he addressed we do not doubt. These "preludes" have given us an insight into the political life of America we should not otherwise have enjoyed; and in this they have a special value of their own, as the view of an independent man as to the actual position of the Republic and the parties which are struggling within it. That these addresses interested Americans is not open to question. Still it must be remembered that they remained for these discussions of unbelief. Mr. Cook has come to this country partly with the view of carrying on the same warfare, and he has our best wishes for his success. No audiences in England will have the same strain put upon their attention as the cultured citizens of the American Athens have had, as Mr. Cook cannot lecture frequently in the same place. His clear, forcible, and impressive oratory must make him popular wherever he goes. Our only fear would be lest even his eloquence should be unable to sustain a prolonged interest in the difficult problems which he discusses, especially when he is deprived of the adventitious aid which his "preludes" gave him in attracting congregations. That it will be an incalculable gain to have a series of addresses like those contained in these volumes delivered in our own country can hardly be a matter of doubt. We hail his coming, and trust it may be productive of great good.

A Tramp Abroad. By Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens). (Chatto and Windus.) For a thoroughly genial travelling companion, one who knows how to combine instruction with amusement, who notices everything that is worth observing, and records his observation in a way that cannot fail to interest, who is never prosy, but in whose lively chatter there is some good suggestion, commend us to Mark Twain. As a good American he has been wandering over a considerable part of the continent of Europe, and in this most entertaining volume we have his racy sketches of the countries, their people, and their manners. It is a book into which one can dip at any point, with the certainty of finding something that will light up a gloomy hour. It is original, smart, vivacious, and yet the fun is not forced, nor is it without a more serious side Whether it is the porter in the German hotel, or the conceited young damsels in the bath room at Baden-Baden, or the duelling students at Heidelberg, or "the ponderous tow-headed Swiss woman" who fooled him and his companion in the Italian railway carriage, he always contrives to hit off to the life the character he is pourtraying. Nor is he

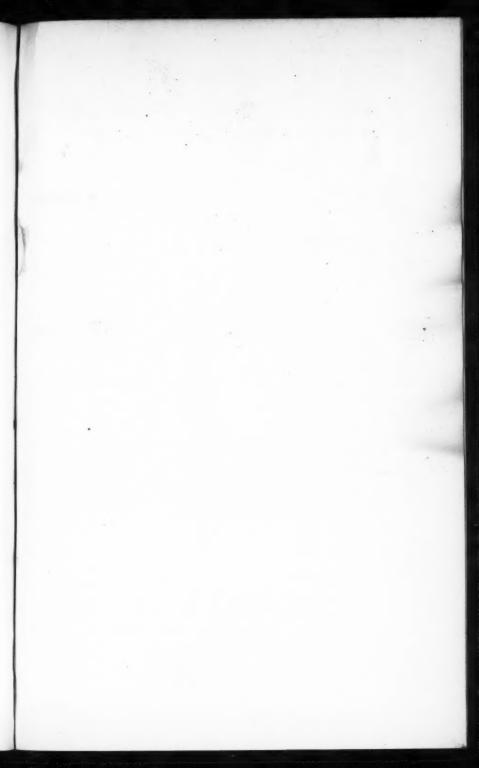
more sparing of his own countrymen than of strangers. Here is one of his entries: "Baden-Baden (no date). Lot of vociferous Americans at breakfast this morning. Talking at everybody while pretending to talk On their first travels, manifestly. Showing off. among themselves. The usual signs-airy, easy-going references to grand distances and foreign places. 'Well, good-bye old fellow; if I don't run across you in Italy, you hunt me up in London before you sail.'" We fancy we have met more than once the English cousins of this interesting group, whom Mark Twain describes so perfectly. We cannot, however, attempt to do justice to the mingled fun and shrewdness of this extremely clever book. Perhaps it is the grotesque observations which are interspersed that impress most; they are so thoroughly Yankee. Thus, after an amusing account of the visit of a royal party to the Heidelberg hotel, he adds: "It appears to be as difficult to land a monarch as to launch a ship." Speaking of an Italian railway, he says: "We left for Turin at ten the next morning by a railway which was profusely decorated with tunnels." A German lady who assured him that if he would only go on hearing Wagner's operas he would by and by find that it was all music, and would then enjoy it, he tells us he could have said: "But would you advise a person to deliberately practise having the toothache in the pit of his stomach for a couple of years in order that he would then come to enjoy it?" Here is a hint by which some of our fair countrywomen might profit, "If there is one spectacle that is unpleasanter than another it is that of an elegantly dressed young lady towing a dog by a string. It is said to be the sign and symbol of blighted love. It seems to me that some other way of advertising it might be devised, which would be just as conspicuous and yet not so trying to the proprieties."

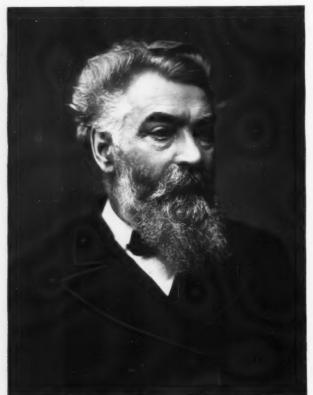
A Life's Decision. By T. W. Allies, M.A. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) We opened this volume with high expectations which have not been fully realized. We knew Mr. Allies to be a high-minded, conscientious man, who had made great sacrifices for the sake of what he believed to be right, and we did not honour him the less for his loyalty to conscience because it had led him in a direction the very opposite of that which we hold to be the path of truth and liberty. We expected in the story of his life a tone of feeling in accordance with the bold step he had taken in leaving the Church of his choice, a Church in which he had (despite his own doleful pictures of Taunton, the vicarage which Bishop Blomfield had given him) secured a very fair position, and in which he had prospects of further preferment. But we have been somewhat disappointed. Mr. Allies is not fair to himself. His account of himself and his conduct while yet a young man does not predispose us in his favour. Appointed a chaplain to Bishop Bloomfield, he tells us, "From the beginning I felt myself stronger and more advanced in Church views than he was. There was, besides, in him a truckling to expediency, and an attempting to sit between two stools, which freed me from all danger of being Lambethized. Perhaps I erred in the other direction. Instead of keeping my counsel and holding my tongue when Dr. Blomfield produced at his own table, or elsewhere, some sentiment extremely uncatholic, or perhaps I should say unchurchmanlike, I not seldom ventured to oppose it. I believe one great admirer of the bishop, Mr. W. Cotton, called me for this a little bantam cock." There is certainly here an unpleasant flavour of priggishness, which more or less runs through the book and injures its character. Yet this very frankness constitutes an element of interest. Mr. Allies is pre-eminently honest. He never fears to say exactly what he thinks about every one, nor is he reticent as to his own feelings. As a record of personal experience it is extremely instructive, and as a contribution to the history of the Oxford movement most valuable. We are introduced to many of the leaders, and have a number of letters from men of highest distinction, which are themselves an important feature in the volume.

The Pulpit Commentary. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) Quite recently we drew attention to the publication of this invaluable help for all preachers of the word. We note the appearance of another volume-the third, on 1 Samuel. It is now quite clear that this commentary met a real need, and was instantly appreciated, for the first volume has reached a third edition, and has commanded the confidence of American as well as British ministers. The catholicity of the work, as well as the fact that the contributors are of all churches, must command public confidence. We may note in these columns with satisfaction that two out of the four writers on 1 Samuel are Congregationalists-the Rev. Professor C. Chapman, M.A., of the Western College, and the Rev. Bryan Dale, M.A., of Halifax-both, by-the-by, alumni of the Western College. The Dean of Canterbury furnishes the introduction and exposition, and Dr. Donald Fraser contributes additional hemilies. The names are all a guarantee of good work. It will be comparatively easy to get the commentary as it issues from the press; not so easy when the publication is complete Partly for this reason the issue will not be hurried, so that it may be brought within the reach of all. The contributors now number 70 in all, and the following will write special introductions: Canon Farrar, the Bishop of Edinburgh, Principal Tulloch, and the Rev. Professor A. Plummer, M.A.

The Quiver. (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.) This new volume of a well-established favourite proves that the spirited publishers are determined that it shall not be distanced by any competitor. A change has been made in the mode of publication by the discontinuance of the weekly issue, and the opportunity has been taken for the introduction of improvements. Its general appearance is attractive, and the contents which are extremely varied, are of a high order in every department. The stories have no sensationalism in them, and they do not occupy too large a space. The religious teaching is sound and wise. Among other points worthy of notice in the volume, we may mention Dr. Bishop Alexander's series on the "Poems of the New Testament," and Miss Tytler on "Lucy and John Hutchinson." It is, altogether, the ideal of a family magazine, and will be a welcome friend in all religious homes.

William Wilberforce. By John Stoughton, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.) This is the first volume in a series of biographies. We like the idea, and if the succeeding volumes maintain the character of the opening one, the venture must be a success. Dr. Stoghton writes con amore, and exhibits all his usual felicity of treatment and quiet elegance of style in giving us the portrait of a great and good man.





Lack & Whitfield, Photo.

Unwin Brothers, London.

Yours mo truly Seury Lee.

The Congregationalist.

spirit are worthy of the county which gave him birth, and in which his work bus been chiefly done. The first impression which he gives all who meet him is that of robustness of character, and it is one that is abundantly confirmed by a more turn asole. As an extremely able man of business, he is disposed to look at questions in their practical bearings, but he has no love of compromise, and does not shrink from standing by principle, even though he may, by so doing, find himself in tion alike in the commercial, religions, and a world. If a has long been known as one of the a tid, enter-In the Congregational Church tangashire he is an active leader and generous . In politics he has



Yours motuly Lee.

The Congregationalist.

DECEMBER, 1880.

MR. HENRY LEE, M.P.

Mr. Henry Lee is a Lancashire man, and one of whom that great county has every reason to be proud. His intellectual force, his untiring energy, his high principle, and his public spirit are worthy of the county which gave him birth, and in which his work has been chiefly done. The first impression which he gives all who meet him is that of robustness of character, and it is one that is abundantly confirmed by a more familiar acquaintance. There is in him nothing of the spirit of the trimmer. If he ever takes the "via media" in a controversy it is because he believes it to be the right course, and having once adopted it, it will not be very easy to make him turn aside. As an extremely able man of business, he is disposed to look at questions in their practical bearings, but he has no love of compromise, and does not shrink from standing by principle, even though he may, by so doing, find himself in a hopeless minority. Clear-headed, sagacious, and of resolute purpose, he has brought both to his own business and to public work the qualities certain to command success, and has won for himself an honourable reputation and high position alike in the commercial, religious, and political world. He has long been known as one of the most spirited, enterprizing, and prosperous among the merchants of Manchester. In the Congregational Churches of Lancashire he is an active leader and generous contributor. In politics he has proved himself a faithful and consistent supporter of advanced Liberal principles, and did not hesitate at the recent meeting of the Congregational Union to renew his expressions VOL. IX. 68

of allegiance to the Liberation Society. Altogether he is a man whom political opponents may well admire for his integrity and consistency, and to whom his friends may look as a tower of strength.

Mr. Henry Lee has been the architect of his own fortune, and could the story of his business life be told in full, it would not only bear abundant testimony to his ability, but, what is of more importance, it would greatly enhance the estimate of his high moral worth. His father was a manufacturer at Chorley, and he himself began life in the same business, but a recent sketch of him says that "he had a hard struggle in his early days, a struggle so severe, that a less strong and earnest youth would have succumbed to it." Such struggles leave their mark on men. It is the fittest only who survive, and in them are developed habits of self-reliance, vigorous independence of thought and action, and unbending determination and persevering industry, which make them strong in themselves. and give them influence over others. Mr. Lee's career as a merchant and manufacturer has been marked by signal success, which it cannot be doubted has been due mainly to the principles on which his business has been managed, the ability with which he has conducted it, and the example he himself has set of unsparing attention and toil. While he has thus gained wealth and position he has always been careful of the interests of his workpeople; and to their higher social, intellectual, and religious welfare he has ministered with characteristic liberality.

In public life Mr. Lee has always been a steady adherent of Liberal principles. He has made politics a study, and the position he has taken is the result of conviction, not of tradition or habit. In 1874 he contested the borough of Salford, and under ordinary circumstances would in all probability have been successful. Salford, indeed, returned two Tories even in the midst of the general Liberal enthusiasm of 1868, but it has now proved that at heart it is Liberal. In 1874, however, the Tory reaction was at it height, and nowhere more so than in Lancashire. Mr. Lee polled closely, but he could not overcome the rampant Toryism of the time. Since then he has had various opportunities of entering Parliament, but he did not seek the suffrages of any other constitu-

ency until the late general election, when he accepted an invitation to contest the borough of Southampton. flict was not an easy one, and the prospects of success seemed doubtful. But this was the very condition of things to tempt Mr. Lee. He did not shrink from a good stand-up fight. His one care was that it should be fought out fairly and honourably. It was so at Southampton, and the result was his triumphant return at the head of the poll with a Liberal colleague, to whose success Mr. Lee's popularity undoubtedly contributed. In the House of Commons he has taken his place among the advanced section. He is not ashamed of being a Nonconformist member, and of carrying out his principles to their legitimate conclusion. It was pleasant to see him on that memorable Saturday afternoon in August, when the Burials' Bill was in Committee, manfully taking his stand in the divisions on the amendments, by which it was sought to repair the defects of the unhappy compromise which Lord Selborne has imposed upon us. Only those who were present can appreciate the difficulty of maintaining an unflinching loyalty to principle in the face of the influences brought to bear for and by the Ministry. There was the natural reluctance to deprive them of the credit of settling the question, and if Mr. Osborne Morgan's bearing made the acquiescence of objection more difficult, Mr. Bright's earnest appeals were hard to resist. The higher the honour that belongs to the gallant few who entered their protest and maintained their stand. Even more trying was the position of Mr. Lee and others of our Nonconformist members in the case of Mr. Bradlaugh. Sincerely and actively religious men themselves, to vote that Mr. Bradlaugh should take his seat in the Legislature was most unpalatable to them. It has suited some Church defenders to say that these consistent Nonconformists hated the Church more than Atheism, and therefore were prepared to have an Atheist among their colleagues. No accusation could be more unfair. Mr. Lee had declined to stand for Northampton with Mr. Bradlaugh, but, like his co-religionists, he could not deny Mr. Bradlaugh justice because of his Atheism. Perhaps they agreed with Mr. Leatham, that "a man who glibly accepts the grand requirements of Christianity, and then tramples them under feet, is infinitely less entitled to take part in framing our laws and guiding our policy than an honest Atheist." But this was not the motive of their conduct. It was a simple and honest carrying out of a principle about which there ought to be no kind of hesitation, either with Nonconformist or Protestant, that a man's opinions about religion ought not to interfere with his civil rights. The Nonconformists, who asserted this by their votes, did a service to religion as well as to justice.

Mr. Lee is a decided Congregationalist. For a long time he was connected with the church at Chapel Street Chapel, Salford, but was one of those who founded the Church by which Richmond Chapel was built, and by his earnestness and liberality did much to make the power it became in Lancashire Congregationalism. More recently he became the leader in the movement for another church in the neighbourhood of his own residence. The church at Broughton Park is one of the most elegant and commodious of our church buildings. Mr. Lee not only contributed munificently to the undertaking himself, but threw himself heart and soul into the work both in its material and its spiritual parts. The erection of the building, which for beauty of design and perfection of finish is unsurpassed, is due entirely to him, and as he laboured for the structure, so has he since sought to utilize it for the great object for which it was built. While thus caring for his own district, Mr. Lee has been foremost in all the public works of the denomination, both in the county and the country. He has been an active member of the Executive Committee of the Lancashire Congregational Union and treasurer of the Lancashire Independent College, in which character he has been active in the promotion of the improvements by which that college has come to take so high a position. Of the London Missionary Society he has always been an earnest and liberal member, and the Church Aid Society, of which he is the treasurer, owes its existence largely to him, acting in conjunction with Mr. Hannay.

Nor has Mr. Lee's liberality been confined to his own denomination. We heard lately of a rich Churchman who, in sending a donation to a Dissenting chapel for which his aid had been solicited, said that he thought, as Dissenters had chosen to separate themselves and set up their own religious institutions, they ought at least to support them. The poor people who received this reply were rather disturbed, and asked advice as to what they should do. Our reply was that it would be ungracious to return money which had been asked. All that they could do, therefore, was to acknowledge it with thanks, to express their regret if they had committed an error, and to explain that they had been led into it by knowing that rich Dissenters were asked to contribute to churches. and did it liberally, and they hoped there might be reciprocity. Mr. Henry Lee is one of those who was in our mind at the time. He has been indeed a generous helper of all Churches, and of all great public movements as well. Men like Mr. Hugh Mason and himself, who are always ready to answer every call, supply a sufficient answer to those who charge Nonconformists with narrow sectarianism. They are ever the foremost promoters of all schemes of benevolence, the most earnest workers in all that contributes to the advance of high culture.

CONGREGATIONALISM AND ITS YOUNG PEOPLE.

It has always been one of the weaknesses of Congregationalism that it has lost from its ranks so many of its own children—those who have been baptized by its ministers, accustomed to attend its services, and trained amid its influences-as to reduce the rate at which it would otherwise have increased. Especially has this been the case with the members of families in a higher social position. It is an old saying that a carriage never goes to a meeting-house for three generations, and though there are honourable exceptions, it is unfortunately justified by too many examples. Whether the tendency thus indicated has become stronger of late years, is a point on which it would be extremely unwise to pronounce an offhand opinion. Indeed, to give an opinion of any value at all there must be an extensive knowledge of facts, which could not be obtained except as the result of a very careful and delicate inquiry. It may be said that the greater wealth of Dissenting Churches must itself serve to increase the evil by

multiplying the class from which converts to the Establishment are made. But this is not so certain as at first sight might appear. Dissent has unquestionably attained a much higher position, socially and politically, than it has ever held since the ejectment of 1662. There is society within its own limits which renders its members more independent of exthrnal social relation than they once were. The House of Commons includes a considerable company of Nonconformists, who are quite capable of holding their own, and who by quiet combination can do much towards breaking the forces which have long militated so seriously against Dissent. It would be vain to suppose that there has been any approach to an adjustment of the balance, but the consistent Congregationalists of to-day have not to brave the social isolation, and even indignity, to which their fathers were exposed. Circles are open to them which once were absolutely inaccessible; there are considerable numbers of liberal-minded Churchmen. including not a few of the clergy, who are desirous of breaking down barriers to friendly intercourse between themselves and Nonconformists; what is even more important, there is an increasing body of cultured Dissenters who at least have as much to give as to receive, and who must secure for Dissent a social status that it did not enjoy in the last generation.

Still it cannot be denied that the power of fashion is intensely hostile. "Society" simply ignores Dissent. The increased political strength of Nonconformists, so far from conciliating the "upper ten thousand," has only irritated them. The uncompromising resolution with which Dissenters have held fast by what they believed to be the cause of righteousness, in the midst of the Imperialist mania which was abroad, has, as I can testify from personal knowledge, produced a deep impression in their favour on the minds of many independent and high-minded Churchmen; but it has only served to exasperate "Society," and make it more determined than ever in the employment of all its force to repress a class which it affects to despise, but which in its secret heart it dreads. The various methods it understands so well will continue to be employed. Bullying will be attempted with some, and coaxing with others. The gates of the paradise of fashion will be held temptingly open to those who are supposed capable of being drawn into the charmed circle; while others of sterner temper and more unbending purpose will be made to feel all the penalties of social ostracism.

The only breakwater by which Congregationalists can resist the action of such forces is one of sound principle. Men baptized with the spirit of earnestness, and strong in a simple but robust faith, will be inaccessible to these seducing influences. But we can hardly hope either that all our young people will present this firm front to the adverse influences of fashion, or that the current of these influences will be changed. For the latter, no wise man would wish. This is one of the cases in which the love would be worse than the hate. Better to face the scorn, the odium, the humiliation which may be inflicted on us, than to cultivate a spirit of concession which would disarm the opposition of fashionable society. When Dissent becomes "of the earth, earthy," it will have lost infinitely more than it could gain by any accession of sympathy and countenance from the circle of fashion. But while it strives after the higher ideal which is in harmony with all its principles and traditions, it must be content to part with the worshippers of haut ton. It never will be the "correct thing" to be a Dissenter, and those who regard this as a matter of supreme importance. who would rather be wrong in principle with the fashionable, than right with the yulgar, whom society does not know; who can tolerate the absence of common sense or virtue, to sav nothing of religion, better than a breach of etiquette, will drift away from our ranks. Nonconformity can do without They have been no strength to it, and they will carry no real force over to the opposite side. In their best estate they are only butterflies, and a collection of butterflies, however beautiful and curious, can never be of much practical service.

Some Ritualistic journals are very fond of prophesying the utter downfall of Dissent, and on their showing the process has not only commenced, but has already made considerable advances. The party to which they belong is robbing us on the one side, and the Plymouth Brethren on the other. The esthetical, the lovers of Catholicity, the cultured, are attracted by the bright and lively services of the extreme High Church

type, and the earnest and devoted lives of its clergy. The extreme Protestants who cling to the old theology, maintain the most rigid notions as to the separation between the Church and the world, and love to consider themselves as belonging to a spiritual aristocracy, pass into the ranks of the Plymouth Brethren. A dislike of what they regard as the aggressive political attitude of Nonconformity is common to both, but the one class is more offended by its want of culture. the other by its lack of spirituality as spirituality is interpreted by them. In neither do we find much breadth of view, robustness of character, or sympathy with the spirit and work of the times. They may have their own place to fill and their own work to do, but it is not in the ranks of independence and freedom. They go out from us because they are not of us. The elements they represent are what Congregationalism does not easily assimilate, and the loss of them is more than compensated by the gain of other forces more in harmony with the spirit of our system. The triumphant tone of Ritualism is not justified by facts. Its boasts of victory are not so much premature as they are altogether without warrant. No one who has a knowledge of the situation and candour enough to confess the truth can doubt that the Anglican Church has made great progress during the last thirty years. It would be melancholy if its growth had been at the expense of other religious communities. But it has not been so. The advance of Dissenting Churches has hardly been less manifest, though it has attracted less attention because there has been in it less of novelty. There has been nothing among us corresponding to the revolution which the Oxford movement brought about in the Anglican Church. But there has been steady and constant development. We have lost some, especially of those in our higher social position, but we are training now, as we have always done, a larger number who are pressing on to occupy places quite as important. The genius of our system is favourable to spirit, independence, enterprize. It fosters the tone of thought and character which contributes to prosperity. It is less congenial to those who have already achieved success. dislike its equality, they fret under its democratic arrangements, they are vexed at what they are pleased to consider

its vulgarity. In some cases there is a desire to get free from everything which reminds them of the humbler past of their fathers, if not of themselves.

Against natural tendencies it is as useless to fight as it is foolish to be discouraged by them. They are there, and all we can do is simply to take account of them as forces with which we have to deal. We meet in public life men who have been trained in Dissenting families, and hear of those bearing names once foremost in Dissenting movements who are now eager and zealous on behalf of all that is most contrary to Dissenting views and interests. They are not only Churchmen, but Churchmen who show a repugnance to Nonconformity and all its works which is not found among those who have been educated within the National Church. They try to purge themselves from the reproach of their former connection with Dissent by heartily anathematizing it and its principles, and seek to qualify themselves for the higher social fellowship into which they have found admission by a zeal which charity does nothing to temper. When we remember that these furious opponents of Nonconformity owe all their prestige and the power they have to injure it to the fathers trained under the influences of the very system they detest, it is sufficiently mortifying. There is, however, this consolation. The process has been continually going on, and instead of sustaining permanent injury Congregationalism has been steadily growing, despite these secessions. They are due entirely to the action of forces against which an unpopular minority will always have to contend. There must be a change in human nature before the stream which is ever flowing towards the homes of fashion and bearing numbers along can be diverted from its course.

But if we cannot fight against the inevitable it is still to be considered whether there is anything on our part, any lack of faithfulness to principles, or failure to give them proper expression, which tends to aggravate the influence of these hostile forces. Are there any duties which we owe to our young people that we have neglected to discharge; or are there any modes of making our services and the general action of our system more attractive to them? There is sometimes heard a complaint that young people of culture are offended by the coldness and severity in our worshi

contrasting so strongly with the bright and cheerful services of the Anglican Church, and not unfrequently even Dissenting ministers may be heard talking in this fashion. We have been, to say the least, sufficiently ready to reproach and condemn ourselves, and, in fact, have sometimes carried our candour to the verge of very foolish self-abasement. It would be well if those who give vent to such lamentations over our defects would remember that they who listen to them will not interpret them in the way they intend; that they will forget the qualifications by which they are limited in the minds of the speakers, who have at the same time a strong sense of the higher qualities of Nonconformist work by which they are outweighed; and that they will quote them as the reluctant concessions of wise friends who understate the truth rather than the utterances of critics whose sensitiveness to outside judgment has led them to adopt a tone altogether too self-depreciating.

I was very much struck with this in a conversation with a gentleman of considerable intelligence, who has observed and thought much, and who holds a somewhat independent position-not perfectly satisfied with Dissent, and yet by no means reconciled to the claims of the Established Church. The talk turned upon the Sunday services in villages where we might happen to spend a Sunday, perhaps with a friend, or perhaps in vacation time. His testimony was that the service in the churches was, for the most part, extremely dull and wearisome. It is true he had been trained in Dissenting habits, but he was one of the class most likely to appreciate culture and refinement, and he was not in any sense a bigoted sectary; indeed it is doubtful whether he would acknowledge allegiance to any Church. But he was far above the miserable cant of fashion by which so many are caught. He had robust sense and liberal sentiment as well as æsthetic susceptibility, and he was not carried away by the mere fripperies which some young people deem so important a part of public worship. It seems to me that enough has been done with the view of satisfying this craving, and it is very questionable whether the result has been good for our churches in this special point of retaining the class for whom these æsthetic developments were specially intended. Believing that there

was some force in the objection to the baldness of our old modes of worship. I have heartily welcomed the movement in the opposite direction. I rejoice in the improved character of our places of worship, albeit I am somewhat doubtful whether it has been wise to follow so closely the Gothic model. I am still more giad to see the greater variety and brightness which marks our services generally. I am not at all disturbed by the suggestion sometimes coming from both sides that we are advancing towards Ritualism. Ritualism is not a question of art, but of theological principle. Anthems, robes, flowers, architectural adornments are mere accessories. We may object to them on the ground of taste, or we may even hold that their influence is at least perilous, but these are not the things we dread. The priest and the altar are the perilous elements in Ritualism, and of these there is not a trace in Congregational churches.

But it is extremely doubtful whether the introduction of these changes has done much to prevent the secession of young people who are possessed by what, for lack of a better term, may be described as the æsthetic mania. Congregationalism really offers them no home, for there is a point beyond which concession will not be made to their demands. For there are others who have at least an equal right to be consulted, and who regard the whole movement with extreme jealousy. They do not oppose the use of chants and anthems, but they do not like them. They have the conservative prejudices of age and education, and though they may often be extremely unreasonable, they cannot be set aside. So far, too, they are unquestionably right. The power of Congregationalism has been derived from its Evangelical spirit and teaching, and on these its principal reliance must still be placed. They are unwise in seeking to prevent the introduction of the additional force of beauty so long as it does not extrude godliness or cripple real strength. But they must have their voice in the churches, and it will have power sufficient to repress such extravagance of ritual as would meet the wishes of those who are intent only on having a beautiful service. Sooner or later this class drift from us. and we may often find them prominent in Ritualistic churches, efficient helpers of the priest, throwing into the service of the

Church that energy which they were taught in the chapel, and especially conspicuous in their attacks upon Dissent.

What Nonconformists have to do is not to pander to tastes which, if fully gratified, would be fatal to all that is most to be valued in our system, but to check their growth by the inculcation of truer views of Christian life. If we could save all who are at present drawn away from our ranks by the introduction of habits and customs altogether alien to the spirit and opposed to all the traditions of our Congregationalism, where would be the gain? It is possible that by the abandonment of all attempts to form what our fathers were accustomed to describe as a "gathered Church," by the renunciation of all idea of spiritual qualification for Church fellowship, by turning our services into musical performances interspersed with scriptural readings and a brief ethical or sentimental essay, which should teach nothing in particular, but which might help to create a kind of glow which some mistake for devotion, we might for a time hold some who would otherwise be lost to our fellowship. But the end would be, and at no distant period, the death of Congregationalism itself. Our Churches must live as spiritual communities, or they will not live at all. Congregationalism is not born to be a fashionable religion, and it will be destroyed by any attempts to make it so. We should manfully make up our minds to part with those who at heart desire to make their religion a sanctified worldliness, or who attach exaggerated importance to the mere externals. What we have to do is to employ every effort to make the number as small as possible.

The most effectual method for securing this is systematic care of the younger members of our families, and in this work both ministers and parents must take their part. On parents the primary responsibility lies. They have special advantages, more numerous opportunities for obtaining influence, and consequently very serious responsibilities. It is very hard for a minister to produce any great result if he has not the sympathy and co-operation of the parents; and if instead of finding this support he meets with hindrances and counteraction, his chances of doing good are infinitesimal. The atmosphere of the home is continually acting upon the minds of the young and materially qualifying the effect of pastoral teaching. That

can at the utmost only be given at occasional intervals, but the home influence is constant and permeating. It acts quietly and subtly, in ways which it is impossible always to detect and follow, and if its tone be unfavourable to spiritual life and earnestness, the difficulty of training the young who are constantly exposed to it into faithful servants of Christ is extremely great.

It is not all parents who have the gift of teaching, though even in relation to that it must be remembered that very simple words coming from the lips of a beloved parent count for much more in their effect upon the heart and life than those of a more elaborate character, spoken by a stranger. The first lessons of a mother are those which linger longest in the memory, and will generally produce the most abundant fruit. To me it seems a melancholy thing that parents should ever delegate their work in this respect to the Bibleclass teacher, or even to the pastor. These may have other services to render, but neither the one nor the other, nor both combined, can be a substitute for the parent. Of course it is not every one who possesses the intellectual power and culture necessary to make an effective teacher. But in the case of the parent these are not the qualities most necessary. Religious instruction is a very good thing, but spiritual influence is far better, and it is this which is essential to the work of which we are speaking. Education in the facts of Bible history, or even in the cardinal truths of the gospel, may be secured with comparative ease. The work may be entrusted to any one who has capacity enough to take a class through Farrar's Life of Christ or of St. Paul, or to explain the principal articles of the Apostles' Creed. But when it has been done we are only on the threshold of our real work. We deal with the intellect only as an approach to the heart. There is no more spiritual benefit to be derived from an acquaintance with the rivers and mountains of Palestine than from a knowledge of the geography of Greece, or anything more religious in the names of the successors of David than of Romulus and the kings who followed him. Even the study of the life of our blessed Lord loses its true character when it is treated as a matter of the intellect only. The Bible is to us not a great classic of our language

but a spiritual force by which hearts are to be won. In this work of affecting the heart and using the Bible for the purpose there is no one who can wield a power to be compared with that of the parent. Love lends a tenderness and pathos to each word that is spoken, and love is ever on the watch for opportunities at which to speak them. 'Love gives an extraordinary spiritual insight which teaches how and when the heart is most likely to be moved, and suggests the arguments and appeals fitted to prove most effectual. It is itself a force, and every other force is multiplied and strengthened by it. If any one doubts this let him note the history of a family which has been blessed with a wise and pious mother, or hear the confessions of her sons as to what they owe to her influence.

The future of our churches must, I venture to say, be determined as much by the character of the homes as by any other power, not excepting that of the pulpit. In homes where a true-hearted piety reigns supreme, and where no effort is spared to maintain the legitimate influence of the pastor, and to foster attachment to the Church with which the family is associated, there is likely to grow up respect which prepares the way for the ministrations of the sanctuary, and which may ultimately result in the formation of earnest devoted members of the Church, attached to its principles, and active in the promotion of all its undertakings. But if there be, on the contrary, a scarce-concealed disloyalty to the Church with which there is nominal connection; if the parents are desirous to show that they are not really upholders of Congregationalism, though as yet they are not prepared absolutely to forsake it; if they affect a love of high Catholicity which cannot give place for anything so small as denominational feeling, and in the manifestation of it there is a studied depreciation of the system to which there is nominal attachment, the consequences are not difficult to foresee. The critical faculty is not a very exalted one, and it is very perilous when exercised by Christian parents before their children in relation to churches and ministers. It does not merely lower their feeling in relation to the preacher or the Church, but also of the truth with which they are connected. The force of an earnest appeal which has told upon a

young heart may easily be frittered away by some casual remark in depreciation of the sermon, and a growing attachment to a Church nipped in the bud by some clever sally of wit directed against some trivial fault or weakness of pastor or deacon. If members of our churches desire their children to follow in their steps they should be careful to uphold the reputation of the system and its representatives. If they have little discontents they should be hidden from them. It is not necessary to indulge in a quiet sneer at everything which does not commend itself to the judgment or the taste, to unveil to others the weaknesses which may have fretted and annoved ourselves, to draw invidious comparisons between our own churches and others, and especially (what is most common) between them and the Established Church. It may be done in all innocence and even candour, and would be perfectly harmless with those who were capable of looking at the subject all round and supplying the many counterbalancing considerations which are present to our minds. But this is what children and young people are not likely to do. They simply catch the critical tone and the consequences are evil.

Whether this tendency exists more among Congregationalists than others it would be folly in me to pretend to determine. I know the inner life of Congregationalism; to other systems I am an outsider. I have a jealous affection for Congregationalism which may lead me unduly to exaggerate any injurious influences which may be at work in its midst. It is very possible that if I was better acquainted with other churches I should find the self-same influences existing among them. But it must be said that the conditions of our system make us specially liable to the danger. We are nurtured in freedom, and are prone to subject our institutions, plans, and workers to a somewhat severe criticism. We are not so wedded to the old paths that we will not adopt new ones if they can be proved to be better. It is not desirable that it should be otherwise, but this liberty has it perils which often reveal themselves in the special form of which I am speaking.

There is another element in our Congregationalism, which is closely related to this, that has its bad as well as its good side. To be superior to all sectarian bigotry is good; to be

without denominational sentiment is evil; and the fear is that the former may be pushed so far as to degenerate into the latter. Denominational sentiment in its truest and best form is nothing more than the home feeling. A man of a high tone guards the reputation and seeks to promote the good of the family to which he belongs, and he is applauded for it. It is not assumed that he is less of a philanthropist because he cares first for those of his own house. On the contrary, he would incur severe condemnation if he lost affection or interest in his kindred in consequence of the eagerness with which he sought the public good. So in our relations to the Church of Christ it is neither necessary nor desirable to prove our catholicity by indifference to the special principles and work of our own community. But this is a tendency which is strong among Congregationalists. They are designated as a sect by the Anglican Church, and it is supposed that they must have a sectarian spirit. I dare not say we are free from it, and yet it is seldom that one meets Congregationalists who would refuse to attend a service of the Anglican Church; whereas we all know there are numbers of Churchmen who have never been inside a Dissenting chapel, and who would esteem it a sin to unite in Dissenting worship.

But without dwelling on these invidious comparisons, it is certain that unsectarianism has of late been becoming all but a mania, and this, joined with the general relaxation of parental discipline, has unquestionably, in some quarters, thinned the numbers of Nonconformity. The Anglican Church has not gained all that Nonconformity has lost, for when this loosening of ecclesiastical attachments begins, it does not often end with Church systems, but extends even to vital doctrine. There was a time when the heads of Christian families were found in their own pews twice on a Sunday, and their children were expected to accompany them. Now the parents themselves are often irregular, and of course the younger members of the family take even greater licence. If the parents are taking their ease at home, or are seeking some new sensation either in church or chapel, or are proving their breadth of charity by neglecting the service of their own sanctuary, and worshipping with some other community, what is to be expected from the children? Far be it from me to desire the maintenance of some hard and fast line. But if common sense is to have any voice in this matter, the path of duty should not be difficult to find. Either men desire the prosperity of the Churches to which they belong, or they do not. If the latter, it is hard to see why they should retain their connection with them. If the former, they should prove the sincerity of the desires by their work. A Christian professor who is constantly absent from the second service of the Sunday without adequate reason clearly indicates that he feels no responsibility in connection with the Church of which he is a member, and that, if it prospers, it must be without any earnest service of his.

The last point of which he could have any right to complain would be the gradual dropping away of his children from the faith of their fathers. They have been taught, by deeds if not by words, that there is no strong reason for preferring one church to another. When they have visited seaside resorts in the summer, the parents have eschewed the humble Dissenting chapel, and frequented a more fashionable church: or, if they have not done it themselves. have left the children free to follow their own devices. The duty of attending public worship has been but very lightly enforced, and that of caring for Dissenting worship in particular altogether ignored. Dissenting parents who have ministered to this laxity may think themselves fortunate if their children find their resting-place among Evangelical Churchmen. It is more probable that they will be seduced by the display of Ritualistic ceremony, perhaps most probable of all that they will drift into worldliness or unbelief.

Now, are ministers to any extent responsible for this? There can be but one answer. It is not to be believed that parental duty would be thus neglected if the pulpit was sufficiently earnest and faithful in its monitions, and if the living power of the pastorate was all that it ought to be. Let us accept our share of blame in the matter. It is scarcely possible that there could have been a lowering of tone in the people if the pulpit had always given a certain sound. No candid man would deny or underrate the difficulties which a minister has to face in these days. The sudden influx of

material prosperity a few years ago told very disastrously on religious life in many quarters, and certainly proved a hindrance specially formidable to all Churches who were desirous of cultivating a high-toned spirituality. The sceptical tendencies of modern thought, and especially of scientific research, have acted in a different way, but have been not less hostile and discouraging. All churches have felt the strain; but those which care most for a living faith, which have least of adventitious lustre, and which, in fact, depend on nothing except the spiritual forces, have felt it most. Still, what are we worth, as Christian ministers, unless we can endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ? If the spirit of the age be against us, it is for us manfully to face and overcome it. To this end are we called to the ministry, and we only prove ourselves unequal to the trust committed to us if we evade struggle by accepting as inevitable an adverse state of things which it is our duty to strive and alter.

I have spoken of the lack of denominational sentiment. Are we, as ministers, free from this reproach? I desire that we should be Christians first, Congregationalists afterwards, but is there not a danger of our sometimes forgetting that we are Congregationalists at all? We are so afraid of being thought narrow that we seem at times to forget that we have distinctive principles. This may be the result only of liberality, but it has been developed in so unhealthy a form, and to such an extreme, as to impair our influence at the very point where it is most necessary for it to be strengthened. There is a certain class of young people who would be extremely grateful if we gave any encouragement to the idea that the differences between Church and Dissent belong to the "infinitely little," and if we afford them this pleasure, and so facilitate the dissolution of the bonds which hold them to our Churches, it is a very poor consolation that we get credit in certain quarters for extreme breadth and charity. We ought not to be Nonconformist ministers if we do not attach distinct value to our Nonconformity, and do not seek by teaching and example to educate our young people in the reasons for our Independency as well as in the doctrines of our faith. It is idle to complain that our people are not robust Congregationalists, if we neglect to instruct

them in the principles of their own system. There is an idea abroad among Churchmen that Dissenting pulpits are continually employed in attacking the Church of England, and inculcating the duty of Dissent. A more extraordinary error has never obtained credence. In the majority of our pulpits a sermon about Dissent is never heard from one year's end to another. I do not desire a revolution which would substitute heated polemics for the preaching of the saving truths. But if our principles are of any value to us, there ought to be some plan adopted for training our young people in them. The Church from which our fathers dissented is the same to-day as it was two hundred years ago. Nonconformity has acquired greater freedom and power, but the system against which it protested remains unaltered. We have good Evangelical clergymen in the Church, but the Act of Uniformity, which was intended to exclude all Evangelicals is unrepealed; and the Prayer Book, against which our Puritan fathers testified, is unrevised and unmodified. not bigotry but simple loyalty to truth to instruct our young people in these great principles. We know too well that it is not done. If we are to hold our position we, as ministers, must alter our procedure.

The method in which such instruction ought to be given is a point of some difficulty. Sermons on ecclesiastical principles are regarded by a great many good people as outside the proper work of the pulpit. I cannot agree in the opinion, and vet I should not greatly differ from the conclusion to which it points. Occasional discourses on questions of polity may be desirable, but, in my judgment, they ought to be few, and need to be prepared with discrimination. The right of the individual conscience needs to be frequently asserted, and the hollowness of all pretensions to human authority exposed. The contrast between a religion of the spirit and one of form should be drawn with vividness, and in this way the root-ideas of our system may be kept before the mind. A wise system of exposition will also afford opportunities for introducing views of Church government, without any attack upon rival systems, and in a manner the most likely to instruct and convince. While deprecating the obtrusion of controversial topics, I feel that we should gain greatly if in this way the pulpit was more

frequently used for teaching these grand principles. The Bible-class is another instrument directly available for the purpose. Indeed it is one of the chief advantages of such a class that it allows of systematic instruction being given to those who are most likely to profit by it. It need not be confined to denominational principles, but these would properly be included in its programme, and they may be taught by historical illustration as well as in more direct form. We greatly need manuals for such classes, and it is to be hoped that the Jubilee year will see them produced. But, after all, apart from the question of method is that of spirit. If we, as ministers, feel the importance of the work we shall strike out some way of doing it. The first thing essential is that there be a deep sense of imperative duty in the matter.

But there is something even more vital than the inculcation of principle, and that is the exercise of personal influence-the influence, not of the priest, but of the Christian friend and guide-such influence as was exercised by a man like Thomas Durant, of Poole, in the last generation, and by Samuel Martin in our own. There are many ways in which it may manifest itself, but its special aim should be to secure the sympathy of the young and enlist them early in the work of the Church, as Sunday-school teachers, or members of the choir, or collectors. It is the result, not of brilliant gifts so much, as of simple goodness. It is won by the unselfish devotion to the work of Christ, the anxious solicitude for the spiritual welfare of those committed to our care as pastors, the constant watch for their souls which does not need to be continually proclaiming its anxieties, but which in its very unobtrusiveness makes its power more deeply felt. It comes not by seeking, it belongs not to any who crave after power, it grows as the natural result of a character and life, which inspire respect and command confidence. Like much that we desire beside it, it must be the fruit of that true spiritual power which I feel more and more every day is our great need as ministers of Jesus Christ. we have it, its effect must tell on our Churches. What solemn responsibility is thus thrown upon us. "Who is sufficient for these things?" We might well shrink back if we could not feel with the apostle that "our sufficiency is of God."

J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

CONGREGATIONAL LIBRARY.

THE INNER LIFE OF THE EJECTED MINISTERS.

JOSEPH ALLEINE.

"Erected to commemorate the fidelity to conscience shown by the ejected ministers of 1662." So runs the inscription on the memorial stone of the Congregational Memorial Hall. The story of the "Two Thousand" has been so often and so well told that we need not repeat it, but the *inner* life of those good men has yet to be written, and in the Congregational Library there is abundant material ready for any competent hand who may undertake that work. In the meantime, and in the hope that it may stimulate thought and excite a new interest in this direction, we shall give the result of some further researches amongst two thousand of the old books, manuscripts, and sermons which are now being classified and arranged in the pamphlet room.

Here, for example, is a volume bearing date 1672, in which we find a number of tracts and sermons bound up with the title, "The Life and Death of Joseph Alleine." They bear marks of having been well handled by the late Joshua Wilson, have notes and queries, mostly in shorthand, which are sometimes quaint, often very shrewd, and always in the line

of Evangelical thought.

There are other volumes on the same subject about Joseph Alleine, with addresses and sermons as well as the well-known "Alarm;" but at present we limit ourselves to this collection because it is evidently original and authentic, written chiefly by some of his contemporaries, and contains "a full narrative of his life by his widow, Mrs. Theodosia Alleine, in her own words, wherein is notably set forth with what patience he ran the race which was set before him, and fulfilled the ministry that he had received of the Lord."

Some account of Mr. Alleine's life will be all the more seasonable and appropriate from the fact that it has been referred to by the Sunday-school Union in their Centenary literature. Mr. Alleine, when at Bath for his health, was so affected at seeing so many children wandering about in ignorance and idleness on the Sunday, that he called on their parents and engaged several to send their children once a week to him to be catechized -- the Assembly's Catechism being the only one used. "And we had about sixty or seventy children," says Mrs. Alleine, "every Lord's day to our lodging, who profited much by his instructions, till some took such offence at it that he was forced to desist, and the schoolmaster was threatened to be cited to Wells before the bishop. and many others were affrighted from it." Thus it was that the first Sunday-school in England was suppressed; and it is worthy of remark in this connection that, just as Sabbathschools were beginning to take effect in Scotland, ecclesiastical authority also came down upon them with its anathemas -presbyteries and synods having denounced them-Pastoral warnings from the general assemblies and the Church of Scotland having been published in every parish until the friends of religious freedom experienced the bitterness of Butler's sarcasm-

New Presbyter is but Priest writ large.

Between Joseph Alleine and Robert Raikes, who gave form and substance to the ideas of the Taunton exile, there was much in common. Mrs. Alleine says that although he was poor he "gave money and apples to children that came to be catechized by them," not forgetting the teachers in the almshouses and schools, who were also thus encouraged to give the children the elements of a common education. Robert Raikes in his earliest efforts worked on the same lines, the outcome being our present marvellous and world-wide system of Sunday-schools.

Leaving Mrs. Alleine for a short time, let us now look at what the Rev. George Newton has to say about Mr. Alleine's character and attainments when he engaged him to be his assistant in the pastorate of the Church at Taunton.

Born at Devizes in the year 1633, and educated for the ministry, first at the Grammar School and then at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, "he came to my assistance," says Mr. Newton, "in the one-and-twentieth year of his age, and we continued together with much mutual satisfaction. I soon observed him to be a young man of singular accompaniments,

natural and acquired; his intellectuals solid, his memory strong, his affections lively, his learning much beyond the ordinary size, and above all his holiness eminent, and his conversation exemplary. In brief, he had a good head and a better heart." Constitutionally devout, "he spent a considerable part of his time in private converse with God and his own soul," and yet he delighted very much to perform his secret devotions in the view of heaven and the open air, and used "to keep many days alone; and then a private room would not content him, for he would withdraw himself to a solitary house that had no inhabitant in it."

With such a temperament and disposition, Joseph Alleine in all probability would have become a recluse, and might have drifted into a monastery, had the opportunity presented itself; but in the good providence of God he was led to take a wife, a most devoted and accomplished lady; and although his income was only sixty pounds a year—and he had little or no private means—with a prudent and economic helpmate he always managed to make both ends meet, and never got into debt.

An intimate friend of his own, a Fellow of his college, says one of the writers who signs himself "An Eye-witness," wrote to him, and in a jesting manner desired of him "an account of the inconveniences of marriage," to whom he replied—

Thou wouldst know the inconveniences of a wife, and I will tell thee. First of all, whereas thou risest constantly at four in the morning, or before, she will keep thee till about six; secondly, whereas thou usest to study fourteen hours a day, she will bring thee to eight or nine; thirdly, whereas thou art wont to forbear one meal a day at least for thy studies, she will bring thee to thy meat. If these be not mischiefs enough to affright thee, I know not what thou art.

Under such restraint and wise home government Joseph Alleine was both a happy and a useful man.

But now comes the hour of his greatest trial. The Act of Uniformity was passed, and he came under its ban.

"My husband," says Mrs. Alleine, "was very earnest day and night with God that his way might be made plain to him, and when he saw those clauses of assent and consent and removing the Covenant, he was fully satisfied;" but believing that, while his ejection from the Church was certain, he might yet preach the gospel, he took a resolution to go on, and this he did from Bartholomew day until the 26th of May following.

He made it his work to converse much with those he believed to be most timorous, and to satisfy the scruples that were on many amongst us; so that the Lord was pleased in a short time to give him such success that his own people waxed bold for the Lord and His gospel, and multitudes flocked into the meetings at whatsoever season they were held, either by day or night, which was such a great encouragement to my husband that he went on with much vigour and affection in his work, both of preaching and visiting and catechizing from house to house.

He went also frequently into the villages, and wherever he went the Lord was pleased to give great success; many were converted, and the generality of those animated to cleave unto the Lord. Though often threatened, yet he was never interrupted. People both of the town and country were grown so resolute, that they came in great multitudes, at whatever season the meeting was appointed, very seldom missing twice a Sabbath, and often in the week. I know that he hath preached fourteen times in eight days, and ten often, and six or seven ordinarily in those months, at home and abroad, besides his great converse with souls; and the Lord, as he often told me, made his work in His ministry far more easy to him by the supplies of His Spirit, both in gifts and graces, as did evidently appear in his doctrine and life, he appearing to be more spiritual and heavenly and affectionate than before to all that heard him or conversed with him.

In the house where he sojourned (says Mr. Newton) their hands fed one, but his lips fed many. God freely poured grace into his heart, and he freely poured it out again. None could live quietly in any visible or open sin under his inspection. When he came to any house to take up his abode, he brought salvation with him; when he departed, he left salvation behind him. When he was ready to depart, he called the people of the house one by one into his chamber, and from whence it was observed that scarce any one returned with dry eyes. I never knew him spotted in the least degree with any unjust or uncharitable act.

But (says Mrs. Alleine) by this the justices' rage was much heightened, and upon a Saturday evening, about six o'clock, he was seized on by an officer of the town, who would rather have been otherwise employed, as he hath often said, and, in virtue of a warrant signed by three justices, summoned to appear forthwith at one of their houses. Being permitted, through the influence of one of the chief of the town, to remain a little, supper being prepared, he sat down, eating very heartily, and was very cheerful, but was full of holy and gracious expressions suited to his and our state. After supper, having prayed with us, he repaired to the justice's house, where they laid to his charge that he had broken the Act of Uniformity by his preaching, which he denied, saying he had preached neither in any church, chapel, or place of public worship since the 24th of August, and what he did was in his own family, with some others that came there to hear him.

But this plea was of no avail. He was sentenced to be imprisoned at Ilchester, and to prison he went, "not only contented, but joyful."

And here again the spiritual force of his inner life appeared:

He carried his *mittimus* himself (says Mrs. Alleine), and had no officer with him, but when he came there he found the gaoler absent, and took that opportunity to preach before he went into the prison, which was accounted by his adversaries a great addition to his former crime. As soon as the gaoler came he delivered his *mittimus*, and was clapped up in the Bridewell chamber, which was the common gaol. Here he found Mr. John Norman, late minister of Bridgwater, and a beloved brother with whom he had been long associated in Christian work, who had also been ejected, and five other ministers, with fifty Quakers, all in the same room.

Not long after (says Mrs. Alleine) Mr. Coven and Mr. Rowel, with eight more, were brought into the same place, being taken at meetings, which made the room very straight, and so nigh to the roof that they could touch the tiles as they lay in their beds. Here they were confined to lie and eat their meals, and had no place besides but a small garden joined to the place where all the common prisoners were, aggravated by the constant noise of those wretches, except when they slept, who lay just under them, their chains rattling, their tongues often blaspheming, or else roaring and singing by night as well as by day. But the want of the air was more to my husband than to most of them, and yet as soon as he came into prison he preached and prayed, and called that the consecration of it. After he had spent a day or two in the prison, being willing to have me either in the town (Ilchester) or there to attend him and to keep company with his friends, he began to fit up his lodging, having prevailed with the keeper for one corner to let his bed in, about which he made a little partition by some curtains, and thus had some retirement.

All this was preliminary to his trial, first at the sessions, where no true bill was found against him, and yet he was sent to the assize, where he was found guilty by the petty jury, and sentenced to pay a fine of one hundred marks or lie in prison till it was paid. He preferred to go to prison. Here he continued for a year, and so impressed the authorities that he was appointed to preach at certain times to the felons and other prisoners, and with many gracious results. His constant practice was to begin the day with God about four o'clock, spending a considerable part of the morning in meditation and prayer, and then falling close to his studies in some corner of the prison. At times he would spend nearly the whole night in these exercises, not taking off his clothes, and only taking repose for an hour or two upon the bed; and yet, says Mrs. Alleine, "In all his imprisonment I could not

discover his health to be the least impaired, notwithstanding his abundant labours, but cannot but suspect, as his physicians judged, that he had laid the foundation for that weakness which suddenly afterwards surprised him and was his death."

At work again, we find him labouring in season and out of season, although "much threatened and warrants often out for him," and his sphere of labour greatly limited by the Five-Mile Act.

Thus shut up he "went about doing good," "leaving," says his biographer—

No house that was willing to part with him; nor had he opportunity to answer the requests of half that invited us to their houses; so that he would often bless God, and say, with holy Mr. Dod, that he had an hundred houses for the one that he had parted with, and though he had no goods he wanted nothing, for his Father cared for him in everything, and he lived a far more pleasant life than his enemies who had turned him out of all.

But the Conventicle Act silenced him. "My husband," says Mrs. Alleine, "with seven ministers more, and forty private persons, was committed to the prison of Ilchester, where his carriage and conversation were as exemplary as on his former confinement, constantly taking his turn," there being preaching and praying twice every day, and "leaving them many parting counsels on the morning of the day they were delivered."

But he was unable to do public work. He went to Dorchester to the waters, but one day he suddenly lost the use of his arms and legs, and for three months was in a helpless and apparently hopeless condition. But even in this state the strength of his inner life never once failed:—

In all this time (says his faithful nurse and devoted wife) I never heard him utter one impatient word, nor did he show the least discontent. He lay as if he endured nothing, breaking out most affectionately in commending the kindness of the Lord to him, saying, "Goodness and mercy hath followed me all the days of my life."

Looking down on his arms one day as I held him up by all the strength I had, he lifted up his eyes from his useless arms and with a cheerful countenance said, "'The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' As for death, it is but a puff and I am gone."

In this state he was removed to Bath to try the effect of its healing waters, then in great repute. How he stood the fatigue of a horse-litter for forty miles is a marvel; and when the doctors saw him they were amazed to see such an object, pronouncing the case utterly unfit for the bath. But he would have it, and when he appeared the bathers were "affrighted as if death had come amongst them, and could not endure to look towards him." But the effect was wonderful. He gradually recovered strength, and, drinking only goat's milk, was soon able to be about again.

"In this time his soul was far more strengthened with grace: he conversed with all around him, and often in such ravishments of spirits from the joys and consolations that he had received, that it was more than his bodily strength could

bear."

Able to go about with a little help, he was daily engaged in some kind of Christian work, the chief of which was the teaching of the young on the Sunday, as already described. But health and strength again failed, and now comes the end.

After enduring a great suffering, patiently borne for several days and nights, his faith continuing strong and his joys increasing, he passed through a period of mental gloom. Mrs. Alleine thus describes his state:

About three o'clock in the afternoon he had, as we perceived, a conflict with Satan, for he uttered these words: "Away, thou foul fiend, thou enemy of all mankind, thou subtle sophister. Art thou come to molest me now I am just going; now I am so weak and death upon me? Trouble me not, for I am none of thine! I am the Lord's; Christ is mine and I am His; His by covenant. I have sworn myself to be the Lord's, and I will be; therefore begone." These last words he repeated often, which I took notice of, and saw that his covenanting with God was the means he used to expel the devil and all his temptations. After this he regained his wonted composure, spoke much of the love of Christ and the joys of salvation; and in this state of mind he died.

In reviewing this brief but eventful life one cannot but be struck with the remarkable influence Mrs. Alleine exerted over her husband. The source of it lay in the strength of her affection, which was mutual, and appears in the letters which are here given, dating back to the time of their first acquaintance. He consulted her in everything he did. For example, having some fear that the stipend which he would have at Taunton might deter her from consenting to his accepting of

that charge, he wrote a letter to her on the subject, in which he says:

I lay this for a foundation, that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." It was accounted a wise prayer that Agur put up of old, that he might only be fed with food convenient for him; and certain it is that where men have least of the world they live more by faith and in dependence upon God. I take it that a dram of grace is better than a talent of wealth, and therefore such a place where our conscience would be free would be better than a place where the purse might be heavier but the grace lighter. Let others hug themselves in their corn, and wine, and oil, in their fat livings and their large tables, and their great resort; if we have more of the light of God's countenance, more grace, more comfort, who would change them? Surely if Paul were to choose a place for us he would not look so much at what 'twas a year, but would wish us to take that charge where we might be most likely to save our own and others' souls.

Heartily did Mrs. Alleine respond to these sentiments; and finding that the stipend of sixty pounds was never likely to exceed eighty pounds a year, she opened a boarding school, and having no family was able to supplement the income until the ejection came, and ever after the kindness of friends kept them without anxiety. Intensely affectionate, Mrs. Alleine became a ministering angel to her husband; the domestic element was a most important factor in the sum of his usefulness, and yet she was heart and soul with him in all his public labours. Deeply affecting it is to read some of her utterances regarding the sufferings of the ejected ministers:

Here (she says in her narrative) behold how many ministers have these eight or nine years been silenced in England, Scotland, and Ireland, whose holy skill and conscience, fidelity and zeal is such as would have justly advanced most of the ancient fathers of the Church to far greater renown had they been but possessed of the like, of whom indeed "the world is not worthy:" alas, Lord! what is the terrible future evil from which thou takest such men away?

And no less remarkable was the legacy he left, nor the "good counsel" contained in a letter to his heroic wife, in which he says:

I have nothing in the world, my most dear heart, that doth concern thee or me so much to write to thee as this: remember and forget not 'tis thy chief end to "glorify God and enjoy him for ever." Oh that thou mayest still be laying up in heaven, still furthering thy account, still adding to thy heap and increasing thy glorious reward. Nothing is done for God but thou shalt hear of it again.

How appropriate, in this case, the heavenly verdict uttered by a "voice from heaven" on the lives of such men (Rev. xiv. 13): "And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

J. H. WILSON, D.D.

OUR PRAISE SERVICE.

Congregationalism is to be credited with an appreciation of the needs of a progressive age, no less than with an affectionate hold on the Evangelical doctrines and ritual simplicity of its early history. As, in doctrinal matters, our body has shown itself, in the main, capable of reconciling the cry for more liberal creeds with the paramount demands of an essential Christianity; so, in the changing aspects of outward life and observance, its wise readiness to adapt itself to the tastes of the time may well have raised the envy of churches less elastic in relation to church order and discipline.

In no respect is the growth of Congregational opinion side by side with the spread of general culture more noticeable than in the matter of the music of the sanctuary, and the part it is made to fill in our service. Musical knowledge is so much more general than formerly that to have held to the traditions of our fathers in this respect would have been to have driven the musical, amongst our young people at any rate, to other churches, or perhaps to none at all. But we are willing, I think, nowadays to give attention to the musical arrangements of Congregational worship, and not to assume that our present just-awaked condition is to be the final stage of our development.

At the Conference on the subject of psalmody, held some months ago at the Memorial Hall, one of the most gratifying signs was the amount of interest and effort so many seemed ready to throw into the realization of an improved musical service; and in all likelihood much will come of the meeting. Still, those interested must not forget that personal work,

quietly, on the part of many, is the only way to a general good result, and that public movements in the matter are only of service when those really concerned are so far educated and stirred up as to be ready for fresh stimulus and encouragement. "Those concerned" are too often supposed to be the organist and those who usually lead the singing. I would extend the application of the term to include all who have the worship of God at heart, and most certainly the pastor. At the Conference, last December, we were told that the minister is often the greatest hindrance to the improvement of psalmody, and from the reception the remark met with, I fear that many could have testified to its truth. Pastor and people are responsible in this matter, as well as choir and organist, and the best results cannot be attained till all recognize their duty and try their best to do it.

Let us see some of the points in which they need to work earnestly and in harmony; first, with regard to the selection,

and then as to the singing, of hymns and tunes.

The choice of the hymns is, I presume, usually left in the hands of the minister, and very properly so, in order that they may bear upon the subject of his discourse. Still, I think that something is lost if he does not choose his hymns in consultation with those familiar with the tune-book and with the capabilities of the choir and people. Even if the pastor has a knowledge of music himself, he ought by no means to have the sole voice in the choice both of hymn and tune. By obtaining the opinion of the largest number of people that can be conveniently consulted the best judgment can be formed, and the capability and preferences of the congregation be best taken into account. For, whilst the pastor should decide what hymns will be most appropriate to his theme, the organist or choirmaster should know what tunes will best suit the hymns to be sung, and the voices and ability of the singers, and at the same time such of the general congregation as are most interested in the psalmody should be ready with an opinion as to what the people like to sing, and what they can sing heartily and with pleasure. Such a democratic plan (though fully in harmony with our Congregational instincts) may seem too high an ideal in the eyes of some, and likely to cause trouble: but I think it will be found very

simple in operation wherever minister and choir are willing to work together, and the congregation has any members who are able to assist in the choice of the music in which it is to take part. A Congregational practice—or, better still, a Congregational psalmody-class—will be found of the greatest use to the end in view; and such an institution will do much to make the worship really congregational, as it certainly should be.

We must all admit that we have plenty of hymns to select from, and no lack of tunes; the point requiring thought and perhaps mutual forbearance is the coupling of sufficient of each to make up the service. Where a people has got accustomed to having a particular hymn and tune together it will not be found well to sever them, unless for some very good reason; but I do not hesitate to say this "wedding" system is one requiring care, as common experience will abundantly illustrate. In arranging the tunes for a service, care should be taken that the music is suited to the words of the hymn in each case, and to the general tone of the service; that it is such as the choir and people may sing without difficulty; and that it may not give the impression that artistic considerations are outweighing the devotional purposes of the occasion. I would further urge that a thought should be given in order that the various parts of the musical service should be in keeping with one another, and so arranged as to afford variety and not to necessitate a continued stress in any direction on the choir or the people. One often hears the exclamation, "What poor tunes we have had this morning!" when perhaps monotony has been all that could be fairly charged against the selection. By all means let us vary our programme (if we may use the word), and so satisfy all by concessions to diverse tastes.

The revulsion from the old style of tune may have gone too far in our day, and in the effort to avoid following the bad taste of our forefathers, we may be in danger of overlooking tunes that claim our admiration as well as theirs. I am glad that our most popular collection—though it omits many worthy favourites of the last century—has retained the great proportion of the old-fashioned tunes for our use to-day. Let us respect the preferences of our elders who like the melodies

of their childhood, where we can innocently do so, and throw in now and then one of the tunes that have both honoured associations and intrinsic merit. They form a pleasant relief to the more elaborate and difficult styles of to-day. If a service includes a "Scopas," or a "Lux Benigna," let us not grudge the old folks "Gildas," or "Pascal," and we shall be none the worse for it!

Many of the best tunes in the "Congregational Psalmist" and other modern collections are rarely heard in our average Churches—the neglect resulting, I feel sure, from ignorance and the want of a spirit of musical enterprize. Within the five hundred compositions of Dr. Allon's admirable work alone there is ample scope for the increased musical culture of most congregations. It may be, indeed, that many of the tunes are beyond most choirs; but even then let them be the standard towards which efforts at improvement are to be directed. In themselves, such compositions as "Samaria," "Intercession," "Ellers," "Ramoth," "Melita," and "Hexham," together with too many of the modern school to be mentioned, are deserving of frequent repetition, and they should be employed as freely as the capacity of choir and people will allow.

Into the vexed question of anthems I will not enter; if really good ones, such as are to be found in the third section of the "Congregational Psalmist," can be well sung by most of the people, I see no reason against their introduction.

A few considerations should be offered as to the *singing* of hymn-tunes; and in this department of our subject the musical How? is less easy to determine and to agree upon than the devotional. Whilst all are agreed, in theory at least, that the praise of God should be undertaken solemnly as well as heartily, and that the musical considerations involved should be very secondary to the spiritual purposes of praise, there is great diversity of opinion as to the practical conduct of our musical service.

As to whether harmony or unison is to be the rule in a congregation, authorities are divided; but we must remember that the question rarely resolves itself into a distinct alternative, except theoretically. Where part-singing is the custom, there are sure to be some who cannot do more than

sing the air, regardless of the compass of their voices, and these are not to be silenced. On the other hand, if unison is held, on the whole, to produce the most stirring and massive effect, there is no reason why any who are able to sing bass, tenor, or alto should be prevented from doing so. Nothing more than a rule for the majority can be established, and in forming that the musical education of the people generally can be the only authoritative guide.

The more detailed points can be settled by the musical leaders of the congregation—special importance attaching to the opinions of the organist and choir. One little matter that requires a clear understanding is the use of the "Amen" at the close of hymns; it is not always congruous, so that the difficulty is when to use and when to omit it. In one church which I know, the singing of the "Amen" by arrangement on the part of those behind the choir curtain often leads to something like a practical joke on the congregation, half of whom sit down unthinkingly at the end of the words, and leave the rest face to face with a choir whose gravity is naturally well-nigh upset by the occurrence. The organist might avoid this by adding the notes of the "Amen" when playing over the tune. Another detail is as to the initial double note which the "Congregational Psalmist" gives in many cases where it has not been usual. I am glad to know that in one influential church in the North of England these have been systematically altered in the choir copies; and, further, that both in Dr. Allon's own service and in his recent "Children's Worship" many of them are disregarded.

The chief difficulty in congregational singing must be to get the people to sing with expression. Uniformity in this can only be ensured by the following of some lead—that either of organ or choir or both; and yet true expression must depend on a personal participation in the feelings to be expressed. Truth in conveying the real meaning of words and music must be the aim of organists and singers, and a ready perception and quick sympathetic response must follow on the part of the congregation. In fact, the matter can only be accomplished by great practice, and it is one of the things that pastor and people may well join with organist and choir in striving for. The result is one worth achieving.

I will only refer, lastly, to speed as an important matter in hymn-singing. The assembly of organists, choirmasters, and others at the Conference to which I have referred went off at a high rate in the tunes used on that occasion, and I am afraid would thereby have greatly frightened the steady-going people of a past generation. They certainly threw spirit and life into the singing in a way that might have served as a model for some congregations. Any one who, like myself, has had to listen to stirring tunes such as "Regent Square" and "Crucifer," taken as deliberately and as lifelessly as the slowest of old-fashioned Methodist precentors would have sung them, will join in the demand for a greater vitality in our psalmody. Of course there must be caution not to carry the thing too far; but I think there is wanting just now a revision of the accepted notions of speed, with a tendency in the direction of greater quickness. C. E. B.

"DO WE BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST?"

THE question which we started last month, "Have we converting power?" is one which practically resolves itself into this: is the presence and power of the Holy Ghost realized in our churches? It seems almost superfluous to guard against the idea that a power for regenerating the heart and transforming the life of man cannot reside in any body of men, cannot be the appanage of any spiritual office, cannot be attained by any process of study or discipline. The new life in the soul of man, of which conversion is the "outward and visible sign," is "not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." The word of truth is the instrument by which this great change is effected, and all that any man hopes to do is so to set forth this truth in word and deed as to commend it to the conscience. To such converting power any Christian worker may aspire. It is the power of which the Apostle James speaks when he says, "Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth and one convert him, let him know that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." The apostle did not forget that the "washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost" must both come from God, because he thus encourages the heart of the human worker whom God had employed as his instrument. The highest honour to which any man can aspire is that he may be thus used, and this honour is possible to all who out of the depths of their own faith, and in dependence on the power of the Holy Ghost, testify of the grace they have themselves received and of the Saviour in whom they have trusted.

It is not easy to conceive of anything which would be more likely to prevent the attainment of this end than this presence of a belief which in effect substituted some mystical gift resident in men, and derived either from office or learning, or some special type of piety for the quickening power of the Holy Ghost. The inculcation of false doctrine must be a hindrance to this spiritual work, and yet if the truth that Christ came into the world to save sinners be clearly taught, even though it be associated with vain superstitions that bewilder and perplex the mind, the good seed may still force its way through all these entangling weeds and bear abundant fruit. The preacher, despite his errors, may still be earnestly desiring to set forth Christ; and God, accepting the sincere purpose of his heart, may employ the word he speaks for the purpose of saving souls. But if a man puts himself in the place of God, assumes that some special power attaches to him, whether as an individual or as a member of a sacred order - in fact, fall into the old error of Simon Magus when he offered the apostle money that he might share the wondrous prerogative which he supposed belonged to him-he surely unfits himself for such high spiritual service. It would be worse than rashness to assert that even his words, if they be the words of the gospel, may not reach Dogmatism as to the mode of God's dealsome hearts. ings with humanity is intolerable. A true sense of our ignorance would end all attempts to lay down hard and fast lines as to the mode or instruments of the Divine operation. The natural is continually employed as supplying the analogies of the spiritual harvest, and we know that there are sometimes seeds carelessly scattered on unlikely soils, which do, nevertheless, yield an unexpected crop. But that does not

suggest that the known laws of agriculture are to be set aside, or that under ordinary conditions the most careful tillage is not likely to produce the greatest results. We dare not say that even with an agency very far removed in spirit from that of the apostles and of all humble Christian teachers there may not be the turning of some to God. But we do say that there are principles to guide us even in relation to these great spiritual works, and that one of the first is that the more a man preaches himself, and regards the whole power of his ministry as centring in himself, the less probable is it that he will glorify Christ by winning souls for Him. Of all forms of self-exaltation this would be the most offensive—to forget his absolute dependence, and to fancy that any results achieved were due to his own might and power, and not to the Spirit of God. "When I am weak, then am I strong" is the language of St. Paul. The reverse is surely equally true -when we are strong, then are we weak.

That such an error can have any place in our Churches it is hard to believe. There may be, probably is, too much trust in men, but if in any case it extend even to a vague idea that the quickening force by which a soul is born again, can be in man, it certainly has not come within the range of our observation. Practical failure to appreciate the constant need of Divine power, a disposition to underrate or deny the supernatural character of the new life, we have found. But a belief in the need of the new birth, accompanied by a trust in minister or Church to produce it, we have not met, nor is its existence amongst us at all credible. What is to be most feared is too much reliance upon mere agency. We are doing our utmost for the improvement of our sanctuaries and our forms of worship. We have discussions about choirs and singing, carried on with so much earnestness as to beget the idea in the minds of ardent lovers of song that one of the first objects at which a Church ought to aim is to have a magnificent edifice, a well-trained choir, and a service of song, which shall attract the careless and indifferent. We are solicitous that the preaching should be marked by such eloquence that the most fastidious cannot be offended, and that men of culture may be impressed by the teaching. Far be it from us to underrate the importance of all these improvements. We recognize to the full the principle

on which they are justified, that the best should be for God. Give Him the glory of our architecture and our music, of our intellect and our taste, of our learning and our eloquence. Whether this is best done by means of buildings furnished in the highest style of art, or ritual of the most elaborate and perfect art, or even by preaching which seeks after beauty rather than power, is too large a question to open here. But if all these things are offered to the glory of God, and there is a devout recognition of Him, and a thirst after the inspiration, the fervour, the living force, which come from Him alone, there does not seem to me any just ground for complaint. But the exception is a large one, and it is essential. Better the humblest sanctuary and the rudest service, in which there is a humble waiting on God, a consciousness of His presence, and an experience of that power without which all our work is vain, than the most stately cathedral, though in it be heard strains as of celestial melody and preaching of seraphic eloquence, if the Spirit of God be not there. Here is the point where our danger lies. We may think too much of the external appliances of our work, too little of the heavenly influence by which the worker is laid under a Divine necessity, so that he must preach it, and enriched with a Divine blessing so that he cannot preach it in vain.

Were our question put to preachers and people there can be little question as to the response that would be elicited. It is not a denial of the dogma that is most to be feared—that is, not a denial consisting solely of the elimination of this particular article from the creed. The unbelief which threatens it goes very much beyond. A man retaining his belief in Divine revelation and the miracles recorded in its pages, and especially in the Incarnation and Resurrection of the Lord, in Christ and His atoning sacrifice—in short, in Christianity as the one Divine method for the salvation of men-and yet denying the existence of the Holy Ghost, presents an exceptional phase of theological opinion. Outwardly, in all our Churches we profess our faith in the Holy Ghost. Te Deum we sing of the Holy Ghost the Comforter. In our baptismal formularies we baptize in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. When we invoke the blessing of the one God, it is as the love of the Father, the grace of the Son, the Communion of the Holy Ghost. But neither songs nor professions make a faith. An article may linger in a creed long after it has lost its power on the heart. It may be quietly fading away into a mere haze of sentiment, or fossilizing into a dead form of words, while still its formularies linger on our lips, and are watched with all the jealousy of a knight guarding his armour, as part of our theological

panoply.

It is this that we have most reason to fear: the dropping out of remembrance of the Spirit and His work, a virtual relegation of the doctrine to the limbo, if not of superstitions, at least of unreal and extinct beliefs. No doubt such a suggestion will make many recoil; but even among those on whom it produces this effect it is quite possible that the evil may already have made some progress. There may have been no violent wrench from the old mooring: no revolution, of which the mind is conscious, by which it has passed from a faith in the Holy Ghost, to a distinct rejection of the doctrine : no trampling underfoot of the old and time-honoured belief. And yet it may be as effectually lost as though we had watched its expiring struggles, and had celebrated its obsequies with a kind of lingering sorrow, strangely mingled with a sense of deliverance from a superstition which has sat heavy upon our hearts. We should be sorry, indeed, to hint that such a point as this has ever been approached in our Churches generally, or in any number of them. It is because there certainly are influences tending in this direction that we need to be on the watch. A formal acknowledgment of any true faith profits little, but least of all can it be of any avail here, where the whole preciousness of the doctrine depends upon its being a reality and not a mere theory. A living faith in the Holy Ghost means a constant realization of the Lord's promised presence in and with His Church, and it is hard to see how, in the absence of this faith, that unspeakable blessing is to be enjoyed. Christ with us is life, is joy, is power, but He Himself has taught us that He is with us by the Spirit He has given to us.

Is it said that this is a great mystery? That is really only to say that it is a consistent part of a religion which distinctly appeals to faith. It is not necessarily true because it is a

mystery; but this presence of mystery—that is, of something which lies beyond the ken of reason, and the evidence of whose reality is found in the results which it produces—is no conclusive reason for its rejection with those who can admit a supernatural element into their beliefs. With those who deny the supernatural altogether we have no common point of agreement, but their principles bind them to the rejection of Christianity itself. In our view this doctrine of the Holy Ghost is at the very heart of our religion. By that we do not mean that unless we accept certain metaphysical definitions of personality, which can hardly have been very clear to those by whom they have been so curiously fashioned, our loyalty to Christianity is hesitating or imperfect. Far too much importance has been attached to these speculations, and the discussions which have been waged around them. The formularies in which their results have been expressed have bewildered instead of guiding souls. It may even be that they have tended to obscure rather than to elucidate, and to weaken instead of emphasizing, the vital truth which they were meant to establish and explain. That truth is the direct influence of the Spirit of God upon the souls of men. Very wide is the field that it covers, very inspiring and strengthening the power which it exerts. It redeems our lives from the utter meanness which otherwise might seem to belong to them by teaching us to regard them as instruments which God can use for the accomplishment of the most sacred of all ends. It forbids us to regard ourselves as mere dead pieces of mechanism, for it shows us that in obeying the Divine impulse we become fellow-workers with God. It brightens our hours of anxious care and wearying disappointment as we wait for success that does not come, by assuring us that God will care for His own truth, and that work done for Him cannot be done in vain. It turns for us the shadow of death into the light of morning as it promises to us times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. It is the only power by which out of weakness we can be made strong.

There is no question more vital to our Churches than this. It interests ministers and people alike. It is a question not of mere theology, but of spiritual experience.

Orthodoxy may be cold, heartless, unbelieving, unspiritual and there may be those sometimes whose theology is imperfect or cloudy who yet give abundant proof that they are filled with the Spirit of God. It is this for which we are seeking,-spiritual force, not mere doctrinal correctness,the simple, yet strong and earnest faith, the love of truth and goodness, the enthusiasm for humanity itself as the fruit of a living communion with Christ, the self-forgetting devotion to Christ and His service, and the participation in the burning desire of His soul for the salvation of men, which are the effect of the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. It would be sheer presumption to attempt to decide whether our Churches have members and pastors of this character. Certainly it does not seem necessary here to cite any facts or appearances which would awaken anxiety on this subject. Wholesale accusations or ungenerous suspicions with a tone of self-righteousness in them produce no good. Our object will be accomplished if we succeed in calling attention to this as the great need of our times, a more living sense of our need, of our complete dependence upon the Spirit of God. It would give a new glow to our devotion, a fresh earnestness to our lives, a more impassioned and believing importunity to our prayers. We might then hope to see more abundant evidence of converting power, while as we gathered the fruits our grateful song would be, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us; but unto thy name be all the praise."

REMINISCENCES OF RELIGIOUS LIFE IN RHINELAND.

To write about religious life from a Protestant standpoint relative to a province where Romanism prevails to such an extent, may seem not very inviting. There are indeed parts of Rhenish Prussia where Protestantism obtains largely, but on the south side of the Rhine, where we sojourned for a year, the influence of the Papal Church is great. We lived in Viersen, a town of about 8,000 inhabitants, situated about eighteen miles from Düsseldorf, and half-way between Crefeld

and Gladbach. There were 26,000 people in the parish, 17,000 of whom were strongly attached to the Roman Communion. Many of them were quite Ultramontane, and the district was spoken of by Protestants as Das Schwartze Land (the Black Country), and, if I remember rightly, the member for Gladbach was the leader of the Ultramontane party in the Imperial Parliament. Pilgrimages there, with which we are becoming a little more acquainted in this country, were very common in summer-time. To us it soon became no novelty to hear the monotonous measured rant of their "vain repetitions," as they passed through our street in early morning. These processions were on the way to a place called Kevlaar, where there is a chapel in which is a costly image of the Virgin. Heine has immortalized it in his poem, "The Pilgrim to Kevlaar." He was a native of Düsseldorf, and had been to this shrine. In the poem he represents a mother looking through the window at a passing procession, while her son lay in bed mourning the death of his "Gretchen," and refusing to be comforted. She advises him to join the pilgrims, and go, beseech the aid of the Mother of God. But any one desiring the cure of a diseased limb or organ, must take a facsimile of said limb or organ in wax, and present it as a votive offering to the image.

> And whose a wax hand offers, His hand is healed of its sore; And whose a wax foot offers, His foot it will pain him no more. To Kevlaar went many on crutches Who new on the tight-rope bound, And many play new on the fiddle Had there not one finger sound.

The young man's mother knowing the nature of his malady made him a wax heart. He went and gave it to the Virgin, imploring her aid, and at night—

> She bent down over the sick one, And softly, so softly did lay, Her hand on his heart with a tender Smile, and then vanished away.

The mother awoke, and-

There lay her son, to his full length Stretched out, and he was dead; And the light on his pale cheek flitted Of the morning's dawning red. She folded her hands together, She felt as she knew not how, And softly she sang, and devoutly, "Ever honoured, O Mary, be thou."

These quotations are from a translation in the July number of Blackwood for 1878.

When the pilgrims went to this chapel many of them slept on the roadside, or were huddled together in barns, and this fact was the cause of such gross irregularities that the Government interfered, and Bismarck increased their hatred of him by ordering the chapel to be closed. The devotees looked upon this as a serious grievance, and it was expected that it would put a stop to them; but, to spite those in power, they still continued their visits, and lingered round the sacred spot.

Many doubtless went along with the pilgrims for the sake of the outing, for when asked by their Protestant masters what good there was in going, they grinned, and said they hoped to get high in heaven for doing so. I noticed the entire absence of the middle and upper classes from these pilgrimages. Even on Corpus Christi day, which was observed with great éclat, though the people in the higher walks of life vied with each other in decorating their doors and windows, every one expecting to attract the attention of the "Vater," and get his blessing, yet none of the well-to-do joined in the procession. This Salvation-Armyism—among Romanists, too—seems in Germany at least, as in this country, to be confined to the lower orders.

In the town of Viersen there were eight priests. Two of them had been educated at the university, and had taken the Government examination. The other six had been trained under the heel of the Bishop of Köln, and were bigoted, fanatical men. The education of the two I speak of had made them liberal towards Protestants. I have met and was on good terms with both of them, and particularly with one who spoke broken English, and took a deep interest in the resident English that belonged to his communion.

As every one knows who is at all acquainted with German politics, this supervision on the part of the State of clerical education is a source of irritation to the Papacy. I was once told by a devout lay Catholic that their students had to go and sit under infidel professors at the universities, and they spoiled them for making good priests; in other words, they became less bigoted and sulphurous towards those who disagreed with them in theology and ecclesiasticism. Nothing seemed to please these six idle full-fed priests better than to see the workpeople in the fields prostrate themselves at their approach as they swung along the highway. One of them was severely censured by the local liberal, though Catholic, paper, for preventing the parents of a girl from calling in the doctor during her illness. He declared she was possessed by an evil spirit; that the medicine man could do nothing for her, and that he only could cast out the evil one. He switched the pillow, used various incantations, but the devil would not be exorcised, and the patient died.

On the night of my arrival in Rhineland I was told that the Papal community generally were "good Catholics," and doubtless they were from a Catholic point of view. Large numbers attended mass at six o'clock on Sunday mornings, and many were at Divine service four times during the day. An article has lately appeared in one of our Reviews on "Life in Germany," in which the writer declares that the Catholic chapels are througed, while the entrance to many Protestant churches grows green. So far as my experience goes there is too much truth in the statement, although there is something to be said on the other side of the question, of which we hope to speak presently. But in Viersen it was indeed surprising to see the crowd come along the Hauptstrasse when their service was over. Numbers could not get inside the church, but were perfectly satisfied if within the sacred precincts of the graveyard. It was a fine church, considering the size of the town, with a tall spire and a deep-toned. sonorous bell. The priest I have made special reference to above once took me into it. I have heard it said that clergymen and ministers generally manifest less reverence for the sanctuary, when in it on other than public occasions, than the laity, moving about in a familiar official fashion, and perhaps without as much as removing their head-gear. This was not the case, however, with Dr. Noremberg. He uncovered on the doorstep, and moved quietly about the edifice. The figures on the stained glass were very fine, and when drawing my attention to them, he said: "But I suppose you won't care much for pictures?" I answered that I had no particular objection to such, provided too much significance were not attached to them. The benefice was what, in England, is called a "fat" one, several successive vicars having bequeathed all their wealth to it. Yet judging those at whose disposal it was by their fruits, how unapostolic and anti-Christian in regard to the poor. With all this wealth the head priest would not give a groschen to the deserving needy.

Acting upon the principle which I believe is peculiar to the Roman Church, this successor of the apostles maintained that it was not the duty of the Church to provide alms, that the poor must care for the poor. When I was there the depression of the last decade was at the worst. As I have said, the Lutheran population was about 3,000 souls, and the presbytery, or elders of the Church, calculated on distributing 900 mark (£45) annually among the indigent of their persuasion; and Pastor Hermann was allowed 600 mark to assist special cases in his visitations. The year was little more than past its meridian, and he told me his money was almost done, and he must appeal for more. I had heard that poor Catholics sometimes offered to become Protestant if their distress were relieved. I asked my friend the pastor if this was the case, and he assured me that it was nearly an everyday occurrence at that time. Of course he could not entertain their proposal under such condition. So much for apostolic successions.

But we need not linger further on this side of the shield. It has been gazed upon and pictured by many who have been to the continent. To consider the religious life of the Rhine province from a Protestant point of view is of greater interest to us in England. We hear a great deal about the Evangelical reaction in the universities of Germany. Of this, however, we know nothing from personal observation, having never seen a German university, and our object is simply to Boswellize a little, if we can get at it. It is taken for granted

in Ritualistic and Romanistic schools that Protestantism is to blame for all the infidelity in the European world, forgetful that their own arrogance and superstitions have driven many minds to the opposite extreme. But as continental rationalism is often spoken of as the offspring of the movement whose prophet was the great monk of Wittenberg, we might say, by the way, that for our part we feel convinced that nothing is so calculated to drive men into scepticism as the meaningless ceremonialism and ghastly, repulsive crucifixes which figure so largely in Papal lands. That there is a deal of free-thinking in Germany cannot be denied. In the large towns numbers of the merchant class delight in the nomenclature of Freigeisters, and it is no uncommon thing to hear young men wax eloquent on the tadpole theory. An English lady in Elberfeld said to me once that it was saddening to hear people speak so flippantly of things most surely believed and cherished by all who seriously profess and call themselves Christians. This is the more to be deplored when we remember that Elberfeld has often been the centre of grand evangelical zeal and religious revival which spread far beyond Rhineland and the valley of the Wupper. In fact, the valley in which Elberfeld and Barmen are situated is considered the home of the religious life of that part of the continent. It is in Barmen, under the tuition of Dr. Fabri, with whom I once had a short conversation, that the young men are trained for the German Inner Mission. Inspector Erdmann is also connected with this mission. He is not unknown in England, and besides, he was four years in London as the pastor of a German congregation, hence I valued his acquaintance. Once he was walking along the street with an English gentleman officially connected with one of our religious institutions. All at once the Englishman said, "Oh, this is Elberfeld; this is the Wupperthal, the scene of many a religious revival: this is Paradise, is it not?" "Yes," said the German, "it's Paradise Lost." The fact that the rationalistic spirit is abroad may also be seen from the way in which revival services are sometimes conducted. I remember several ministers who were engaged holding meetings of this description in Essen and other places. The subjects appeared novel to me. I can think of only two of them, namely, "Who was Jesus of Nazareth?" and "Were the New Testament Writers Divinely Inspired?" I am not quite sure as to the exact wording of this latter question, but it was something to that effect. Now just fancy any ministers or evangelists in this country discussing such subjects at "revival" services! Yet the meetings were said to be well attended, and it was hoped good would result from them. We might venture, however, to say that the choice of such subjects was decidedly a mistake. 'Tis true there are times and seasons when it would be culpable cowardice not to handle such themes, in order to give a reason for the hope that is in us, and

To vindicate Eternal Providence And justify the ways of God to man.

But though the simple preaching of the cross on such occasions as those at Essen, &c., may indeed be an offence to some, yet to-day, as it has ever been, it is to many the power of God and the wisdom of God. As Dr. McLaren, of Manchester, said some time ago, it was not Bishop Butler's "Analogy" that drove back the tide of infidelity during the eighteenth century, but the faithful preaching of Whitfield and Wesley. Moreover, I believe that most German Christians would hail something more after Mr. Moody's style. In fact, they tried hard, I was told, to get Mr. Moody over to Elberfeld, and several hundred pounds had been promised towards expenses; but our American brother refused to be translated.

I hope I shall not be suspected of that complacent egotism which is to be found in such writers as Montaigne if I make some little reference to myself. I preached at Elberfeld nearly every Sunday night for about seven months to the English congregation. The clergyman was in delicate health, and his curate had more than enough to do in attending to Düsseldorf and one or two other places. I had little to do but study German, so having been mentioned to the churchwarden by Inspector Erdmann, I officiated gratuitously, not being able to see my way to making an engagement. Many Germans attended the English services, some doubtless for the sake of the language; but there were certainly several who preferred the more direct address of English preachers to the heavier style of the ordinary German pastor. They not only preferred it, but believed in it. To illustrate this may be

mentioned the case of a young German Fraulein just taking leave of her teens and finishing her education in town. attended our services regularly, and was very much esteemed by us all. She spoke English fluently, as her family had lived some time in America. Her father, who lived at some distance, wrote to her once to say that he was coming to see her, and would stay over Sunday. He was a man thoroughly indifferent to all religious thought. On receiving his letter she went and told the churchwarden, and said she would do her utmost to get her father to come to our service on the Sunday evening, though he was not in the habit of entering any church. The churchwarden wrote to me and stated the whole matter, and that the young lady was very anxious about her father. In preparing, I took for my text, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." There was no estentation about the arrangement, or undue belief in human efforts; we were all in thorough Christian sympathy with each other in our little plan. My sermon, however, was not destined to be preached at that time. Our young friend failed to induce her father to attend, and when we had finished the liturgy and given out the hymn before sermon, a popular London minister was recognized in the congregation, one recently gone on a sea voyage with his family to the antipodes. The churchwarden moved to him, and, going into the ante-room, asked him to preach. After a little reluctance he yielded to my entreaties, for I would have felt a little shaky to return to the desk and hold forth in the presence of a Metropolitan celebrity. above circumstance has been introduced merely to show that even in a country rich in theological lore there is still faith in the good old story, grandly unique in its simplicity and fulness to satisfy the aspirations of the human heart.

We believe that the remedy for German indifferentism must, like all proper remedies, be simple and natural. A minister of the Reformed Lutheran Church expressed his belief to us that they considered themselves in a position similar to that of England a century ago, and they too hoped for better times. We believe there are not wanting promising signs of this expectation being realized. The late Pastor Hermann, of Viersen, read several English periodicals, and

admired our modus operandi in carrying on Christian work. He took upon himself the entire responsibility of issuing a circular to the ministry throughout Germany, advising the observance of a week of prayer at the beginning of the year. We sat many hours together in his study folding and addressing these circulars. The meetings in Viersen were well attended. He told me on the first night that the vestry would hold a hundred, and if it were not large enough they would remove into the church. But the vestry could not have held half of the people that came, and the number increased nightly during the week. Of course there was novelty in it, and also in hearing English spoken and interpreted (which Germans are passionately fond of); but apart from all that there was a warm religious feeling and power experienced which could not be accounted for by mere novelty and the inspiration of numbers. And shortly after several letters dropped in from ministers in different parts of the country who had acted upon the advice of the circular, and much blessing had been received at the meetings. Besides, there are conferences and kindred meetings held in various places akin to the Broadlands, Brighton, and Keswick conventions. Here we take no account of the particular views peculiar to this movement. We simply remark the fact. At Gladbach, which is about five miles from where we lived, a gathering of this kind was held on the afternoon of, I think, the second Sunday in the month. This was held in a large room or lecture-hall used for religious services in the blind asylum. In the summer-time, however, they removed to a neighbouring plantation, as the numbers that came could not be accommodated inside. I was there a few times in the winter season. During the summer I was mostly at Elberfeld on Sundays. Each time I was there the large saal was crowded in every part, and doors left open at either end so that people could go into other rooms and hear if they could not see. I do not think, though I speak with some diffidence, that he could command gatherings of the same size in any English town equal to Gladbach in proportion. I confess that these meetings reminded me more of home than anything else in Rhineland. The first time I went was on a crisp November day. When we started from Viersen our company was not large, but we soon increased in numbers by small groups of devout people joining us on the way. There are few hedgerows in that part, and the fields are traversed by numerous footpaths, and it was really animating to see the country folks by twos and threes coming towards the main road, all bent for Gladbach and the place of meeting. It reminded me of what I had seen, and also of the history of my native country, where people walk long distances to the kirk on Sabbath, winding along the "swaipe" roads and wild glens of Scotland.

I think enough has been said to show that, though there is much to make one sad, with Ultramontanism on the one hand, and with speculations of a pronounced type in theology on the other, yet there is also much reason for gratitude and hopefulness, believing that there are influences at work, silent, but sure, which are prophetic of the hastening of that kingdom which cometh not with observation. Personally I look back with unfeigned pleasure on my stay in Germany. I never received greater kindness than I did at the hands of German Christians, and I could fully endorse the sentiment so often expressed in clubs and casinoes by British residents: "Wenn ich nicht ein Englander wöre wurde ich ein Deutscher sein" (If I were not an Englishman I would be a German). But I must close this sketch, and I do so by saying that, had it not been for that same unfortunate Acr which drove so many godly men from their homes and charges in 1662, I might still have been sojourning in the fair and happy land of the Wupper and the Rhine.

W. EUGEN FARRIES.

TREVELYAN'S LIFE OF FOX.*

In days like these, when so large a part of the estate of literature has been already appropriated, it is a great gain to inherit a subject; and if the subject is a good one, and its possessor has also acquired the skill and the industry to make the best

^{*} The Early History of Charles James Fox. By G. O. TREVELYAN, M.P. (London: Longman, Green, and Co. 1880.)

of it, the case is one of peculiar felicity. This good fortune has befallen Mr. Trevelyan. For his close connection through his uncle, Lord Macaulay, with the Holland family, of which Charles James Fox was one of the most illustrious members. almost marked him out as the biographer of the great Liberal leader who hitherto had found no one to record his life and work except the late Lord Russell, while Mr. Trevelvan's literary ability qualified him to deal successfully with such a subject. Indeed, many readers of this volume will feel, even if they do not give it expression, a certain measure of relief that Macaulay left this period of English history untouched for his favourite nephew; for so far as Fox is concerned. Macaulay has given the world but little in comparison with what he had in store. We do not regret the loss as we might. because the great historian's style, with all its learning, its brilliance, and its fascination, that mass of antithesis relieved by epigram, is but ill adapted for the task of depicting the lighter elements of social life, and for describing with perfect fidelity how very unheroic men fought out moral and political questions of supreme importance. He does not understand this side of life, and he is out of sympathy with this sort of people. Mr. Trevelyan's temper is very different; he is easier and more natural in his style, and can even lounge with grace; while he is no less interesting, and, within the limits of his immediate subject, not much less learned than his great kinsman himself.

The volume is really an attempt, and a successful one, to explain the influences that dominated Fox's earlier years an Apologia, not indeed pro vitâ, but for his political career between eighteen and five-and-twenty, showing how the great Whig leader to be, starting in alliance with a party united to maintain a policy of tyranny, bigotry, and injustice, led by the force of his own natural instincts, broke his bonds, and finally emerged in the pure air of truth and the invigorating sunlight of freedom—not the last convert won from Toryism to be in after days the strength and the support of the Liberal party. Dido's pathetic words, once quoted by Mr. Gladstone in reference to his own political fortunes, "Ejectum litore egentem Excepi, et regni . . . in parte locavi," might be applied to Fox too. To serve an apprenticeship in the Tory

ranks is not seldom a Liberal education. To trace this progress in its earlier stages is, as we have said, the main purpose of the biography, but incidentally we have a series of pictures presented to us, drawn with consummate skill, and faithfully pourtraying the society of the day, accompanied by a full and detailed discussion of the great political questions that were agitating and almost convulsing the State at the time when Fox first stepped upon the floor of the House of Commons. But throughout in all the sketches of social life and custom, even in the brilliant third chapter, which will for the future rank with the most perfect productions of its kind, the political element is still the central force, nor must the reader fail to notice with what subtle skill all the varied elements that at first sight seem irrelevant to the main issue are blended together so as to palliate and excuse the errors in conduct committed by the young politician in his earlier days. When that end has been achieved, the curtain falls, and the biography comes to an end, without any hint as to its continuation in the future.

The domestic influences under which Fox grew up were notof the most favourable kind for the development of a deep and earnest character. His father, the first Lord Holland, who had been at the Pay-office while Pitt had been in power, was in his public morality unscrupulous and impure. He kept his virtue for home use, as a devoted husband and an affectionate but too indulgent father. What harm injudicious kindness could do to a lad he did not omit, and took his son at fourteen from Eton to the Continent, and to the best of his power turned him out a complete gentleman, or, as Lord Shelburne puts it, "a finished rake." And again, when Fox was living the life of a hard student at Oxford, the father brought his college career to a premature close, and sent him off for a foreign tour before taking his seat in the House of Commons. As, in spite of these faults, Fox could never for one moment doubt his father's deep and intense love, the injury which such an influence would entail was proportionately increased. His father's political allegiance became his own too, and he took his place as a recruit among the ranks of the Court party.

It was an age of two great experiments—of a personal government by the sovereign, and of an abstract and impersonal morality.' In politics the functions of the king were

magnified, in religion the Divine authority was eliminated and the Divine Being denied. Now, if ever, men could see the outcome of these theories of monarchy without restraint, and of morality without religious sanction. Bolingbroke's "Patriot king" had arisen. There was work indeed for him to do; the people were degraded in suffering and misery; society was rotten, and politics corrupt. Could he "cast out this devil. and deliver his subjects from the consequences of their fall?" Now was the time to show that "A new people will arise with a new king." It is unnecessary to show in detail how these expectations falsified themselves, how it proved that a king, of good moral character himself, might choose for his Ministers men who were bad, and neither cunning nor wise. Read in the light of history, Bolingbroke's rhapsodies seem like a ghastly satire on the theory he sets forth. George III. had learned to use the methods described by Bolingbroke, but "the sole means of acquiring any degree of power or profit in the State" were the very opposite of "public virtue and private capacity," and it was by repulsion and contrast that he "set the passions of their hearts on the side of liberty and good government." He purged his court indeed, but of the wise and virtuous.

And so in the great struggle for constitutional freedom that arose over the person of Wilkes, the elected member for Middlesex, and over the reporters and publishers of the debates of the House of Commons, the king, wielding all the patronage of the realm, used the wealth and power of the nation to create and maintain a party in both Houses of Parliament attached solely to himself. As Mr. Green has said, "For eight years George was the Minister." We may congratulate ourselves that we only lost our American colonies, and escaped the horrors of a revolution at home under which the whole fabric of the empire would have sunk into ruins. We must not stay to discuss the character of Wilkes. He was a man of considerable power, and had come at the right moment, which, as Mignet says of Mirabeau, is of supreme importance. But in his case the great question of representative government was fought out, till it was at last decided that the constituencies had a right to select their own representatives; and that no power of Parliament, court, or king could substitute an unelected Luttrell for an elected Wilkes. In this contest, and in the

opposition to the freedom of the Press, Fox was on the wrong side: his father's predilections had started him on that principle, and unpopularity would but strengthen the mistaken resolution of an intrepid and generous spirit. Add to this immediate distinction and an early promotion to actual if not nominal leadership in the lower House, and the conduct of the young politician is easily comprehensible. Inherited prejudice, brilliant success, and unrivalled supremacy are among the strongest motives that can influence human character and action.

And at the same time, be it remembered, while Fox was a subordinate in office, though a virtual leader, he gave unmistakable proof that though in the Court party he was not of it. In resisting the righteous demands of the nation he went beyond North himself, while at the same time he never feared to brave the frown and the displeasure of the monarch. He had the courage to lend his influence to give freedom to the Dissenters, then liable to severe pains and penalties for worshipping according to their faith; he pleaded for a more merciful code in those barbarous days when the most trivial offences were punishable with death: he was a chivalrous defender of women then suffering from degrading and merciless laws; and, finally, he exerted all his power in opposing the Royal Marriages Bill, though the measure emanated from the Court, and was supported by all the mercenary forces of the Crown. He resigned office, once in protest against a measure he hated, and again in disgust at the Ministers' betrayal of a principle which they had joined in supporting. Deep in his heart lay the fires that were afterwards to break forth to consume his fetters and to set him free. It was but accident that had set him on the ministerial benches: his true home was elsewhere; and this truth Burke and many others recognized, even in the days when Fox seemed to be the most formidable antagonist of the principles of justice and freedom. When he did break with old prejudice, he made signal amends for his past errors. His retribution was that which, in the old Song of Roland, God's Archbishop, Turpin, imposed on the French, when before the last great battle he blessed them, and bade them in penance to strike hard.*

^{* &}quot;Et l'arcevesque de Deu les benéist, Par pénitence lur cumandet à férir." Chanson de Roland, § 90.

He had learned that the true stability in politics, the true security for morals, rests, not with the sovereign of the day, but in the hearts and consciences of individual men, where, in spite of the thunder above and the earthquake beneath, abide eternal and immutable the great principles of right and wrong.

But the state of morals was no better than that of politics, and indeed the one must always inevitably react upon the other. And when a bishop could retort, on being taxed by his sovereign with fondness for "a glass of wine." "Those who have so informed your Majesty have done me great injustice; they should have said a bottle;" and when an earnest and conscientious man could write that, "If the Bible was burned to-morrow, and the Alcoran introduced and established in its stead, we should still, provided the endowments were the same, have plenty of bishops, priests, and deacons," the level of morality within the Church was so low as not to leave much room for further degradation outside its pale, or among its own lay members. And in the customs and habits that prevailed almost universally among the society of the day, we can see how far the disease had spread. The scene can only be paralleled in the decadence of the Roman Empire, and much of this part of Mr. Trevelvan's book reads like the work of a modern Juvenal. Everybody drank and gambled, and drained the treasury of the State to satisfy their extravagant desires. The penalty was sure and severe; and gout avenged debauchery. As Mr. Trevelyan points out, a Cabinet Minister "who at tifty-five could anticipate with confidence that, at a critical juncture, he would be able to write a confidential despatch with his own hands, must have observed a very different regimen from most of his contemporaries." The same cause went far to expedite "the flow of promotion," and "a statesman of the Georgian era was sailing on a sea of claret from one comfortable official haven to another, at a period of life when a political apprentice in the age of Victoria is not yet out of his indentures." Such was the condition to which society had come through an age of infidelity and atheism. The fires of religious enthusiasm that were to purify the nation were as yet only just kindling.

Such, then, was the moral and political atmosphere in which

Fox's early years were spent; and yet in spite of these adverse influences, as he kept alive the love of freedom, so the love of virtue survived too. For in a profligate age he was conspicuous for the comparative purity of his life. He was as tender and loyal a husband as his father; he counted the most refined ladies of his day among his personal friends; and he lost no opportunity of befriending those who by their own or other's sin had fallen into misery and vice. Nor was he rivalled by any of the political or social leaders of his day in personal popularity. He had "cet heureux don de plaisir" by which Voltaire himself was fascinated: he exercised an indescribable power over the affection of his friends and associates, even over those also who were strangers to him, and had but seen his face or heard his voice. Such is the man whose early career Mr. Trevelyan has depicted in this volume, which we have discussed on its broadest lines, without entering into detail. As a biography the work is a remarkable literary success; as a record of the state of contemporary society it stands unparalleled and without a rival.

DR. HORACE BUSHNELL.*

Horace Bushnell is a man of whom America has every reason to be proud. Bringing all the power of an independent and massive intellect to bear upon the vexed theological problems of the day which agitate the New World quite as much as the Old, he sought to effect a reconciliation between the gospel and modern forms of thought, and in the attempt to realize this object has made original contributions to theology which have given him a high place among the thinkers of the day. It is not within our present design to discuss his teachings. We wish only to give a sketch of the man as he is presented in the very interesting biography before us, and especially in the letters which form so large a part of the volume, and are undoubtedly its most attractive feature. Dr. Robert McEwen, who was a fellow-student at Yale, speaks of

^{*} Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell, D.D. (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington).

would be early developed.

"a certain nobleness in that glorious man that distinguished him from other men;" and though there is in the expression a touch of the enthusiasm of a partial friend, yet there is enough in his here as he stands revealed to us in these records, and most of all in his own utterances, to justify a very high eulogium.

Dr. Bushnell was of a sturdy New England type. He was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, and trained not only with all the solicitude of earnest Christian parents, but also with an originality and independence which left its stamp upon his intellectual and moral character. The fact that his father and mother belonged to different communions, the one a Methodist and the other an Episcopalian, is not without significance. Under such conditions it was not possible that he should be educated in narrow sectarianism, and the habit of independent thought which was afterwards so conspicuous

If ever (says his brother) there was a child of Christian nurture, he was one—nurtured, I will not say, in the formulas of theology as sternly as some; forthough he had to learn the Westminster Catechism, its formulas were not held as of equal or superior authority to that of the Scriptures; not nurtured in what might be called the emotional elements of religion as fervently as some, but nurtured in the facts and principles of the Christian faith in their bearing upon the life and character; and if ever a man was true to the fundamental principles and the customs which prevailed in his early home, even to his latest years, he was.

Would that we had more of this kind of training among ourselves to-day! We should be sorry to suggest that "Christian nurture" is one of the lost arts of the Church, but in too many quarters it has fallen into sad desuctude. The old dispensation has passed away and a new one does not seem to have taken its place. What we need is a teaching of the character which Dr. Bushnell enjoyed, definite in principle without being severely dogmatic, tender and sympathetic in its dealings with the heart, while eschewing all endeavours to develop mere emotionalism. On Dr. Bushnell its influence was very marked. He attached himself to no school, and ultimately founded what may almost be regarded as a school of his own, so marked was the divergence of his teaching from established standards. This sketch, contained in a brief autobiographical fragment, will help our readers to understand the influences under which

the man who was destined to play so important a part in the theological discussions of his time was himself prepared for his work:

The religion of the house was composite-that of the husband, in his rather Arminian type, received from his mother; and that of the wife, in the Episcopal, from hers; and that of the Calvinistic Congregational Church, in which they were now both members, having early removed to this second place of residence, where they drop their Episcopal connection, and take their opportunities as they find them under the venerable, just now departing father of President Day. In this way, their first child had it always for his satisfaction, as far as he properly could, that he was Episcopally regenerated. I remember how, returning home, after second service, to his rather late dinner, my father would sometimes let the irritation of his hunger loose in harsher words than were complimentary, on the tough predestinationism or the rather over-total depravity of the sermon; whereupon he encountered always a begging-off look from the other end of the table, which, as I understood it, said, "Not, for the sake of the children." It was not the Calvinism that she cared for; but she wanted the preacher himself kept in respect for the benefit of the family. In which, unquestionably, she had the right of it. More than this, it was her nature that, lively and sharp as her excitabilities were, she could never help acting in the line of discretion. She was, in fact, the only person I have known in the close intimacy of years who never did an inconsiderate, imprudent, or any way excessive thing that required to be afterwards mended. In this attribute of discretion she rose even to a kind of sublimity. I never knew her give advice that was not perfectly justified by results. Her religious duties and graces were also cast in this mood-not sinking their flavour in it, but having it raised to an element of superior, almost Divine, perception. Thus praying earnestly for and with her children, she was discreet enough never to make it unpleasant to them by too great frequency. She was a good talker, and was often spoken of as the best Bible teacher in the congregation; but she never fell into the mistake of trying to talk her children into religion. She spoke to them at fit times, but not nearly as frequently as many mothers do that are far less qualified. Whether it was meant or not, there was no atmosphere of artificially pious consciousness in the house. And yet she was preaching all the time by her maternal sacrifices for us, scarcely to be noted without tears.

It would be extremely interesting to follow the course of Dr. Bushnell's religious history. As might be expected, his was not an easy path. Through much tribulation (using the word in its primary sense of sifting) he entered into the kingdom. He had his times of severe conflict and agonizing doubt, and it was only after a prolonged period of mental unrest that he came under the saving power, and experienced the full joy of the gospel. His course of life in the days of his early man-

hood tended further to develop that strength of principle and character which, when it was sanctified by the grace of God, gave him such influence. He was a student for the law, a tutor in a college, the working editor of a New York paper, before he became a minister of the gospel. He brought with him to the service of the Church an original granite-like strength, and with it a large experience, and habits of selfreliance, which his somewhat chequered career had helped to form. He must have needed them all in the remarkable state of religious opinion in the Churches of New England at the time at which he commenced his ministerial life. When he went to preach at Hartford, the scene of his first pastorate, ne found the Church divided into two parties, one adhering to the old school, and the other to the new. The managing committee included one member of the new, and it had resolved that the young candidate must not, even for an hour, be exposed to his pernicious influence.

I was put (says Dr. Bushnell, in giving an account of this strange experience) in hospital, and kept away from the infected districts preparatory to a settlement in the North Church of Hartford. I mention this fact to show the very delicate position prepared for the young pastor, who is to be thus daintily inserted between an acid and an alkali, having it for his task to keep them both apart, and to save himself from being bitten of the one or devoured of the other.

It is possible to find an approach to the counterpart of this in our own Churches to-day. Perhaps some young ministers may gather encouragement from seeing how Dr. Bushnell conducted himself under such difficulties, and how, by the sheer force of goodness, conscientiousness, and straightforwardness, he not only escaped the perils by which he was surrounded, but achieved high distinction, and, what was of far higher moment, was made the instrument for doing great service to the cause of truth.

There did come a time when he was in danger of being "bitten by one and devoured by another;" and if he passed successfully through the ordeal, it was due largely to his own singleness of purpose, and purity of heart and life. About his mode of setting forth the gospel there are still, as there were at the time, considerable differences of opinion; but about his own loyalty to Christ there can be no question. It is some-

what singular to find him writing in one of his letters to Dr. Bartol, "You remember, perhaps, that I expressed a conviction that the Unitarian side would ultimately take the lead of orthodoxy in spiritual vivacity and real piety of character." What could have led him to form such an anticipation, it is hard to understand; but it is certainly not to be referred to his failure to appreciate the full power of love to Christ, as the fountain and spring of all religious earnestness. There had been in Boston among Unitarians some signs of spiritual life that rebuke the dulness of orthodoxy, and it was eminently characteristic of his catholicity, and his impatience of mere formal belief, that he should indulge the hope expressed above. But he adds immediately—

Unitarians, however, will need, in order to this, to come off their moralistic self-culturing method, cease to think of a character developed outwardly from their own centre, and pass over by faith to live in God, which only is religion or Christianity. It is to be what God in Christ and what God in the Spirit will make us, and what we cannot be in ourselves.

To us this looks very much like ceasing to be Unitarians. This last sentence indicated the real bent both of his spirit and his doctrine. When with this manifestation of a living faith in Christ there was combined a remarkable tact and wisdom in the conduct of the controversy into which he was plunged, by the publication of his "God in Christ," it is not surprising that he was not only acquitted of the charges of heresy brought against him, but continued to enjoy the confidence of brethren whose zeal for what they regarded as orthodoxy was beyond possibility of suspicion.

He was faithful to the purpose declared in the introduction to his book, of never replying to the assaults made upon him. He did, it is true, explain his position to the amount of another volume, that he might, if possible, make himself better understood. He also displayed address and legal ability when he checkmated, on several important occasions, the ecclesiastical moves of his adversaries; but he never descended for a moment into wrangling over disputed points—in a word, into controversy.

We wish it was possible to give, at more length, a sketch of the discussion itself. To us it seems honourable alike to most of the parties concerned. It was inevitable that such speculations as those of Dr. Bushnell should provoke division of opinion and charges of heresy, and equally inevitable was the tendency of the theological controversy to become keen and bitter, that things should be done which cannot be looked upon without regret. But while such elements were not wholly absent in this case, there was also an unusual amount of right feeling elicited, and great wisdom as well as Christian charity shown in the result reached. The final judgment of Dr. Leonard Bacon is so candid and valuable that we quote part of it.

In each instance (it seems to me) he first thought out his doctrine in his own free way, and then found himself assailed, not at all to his surprise, as a subverter of established and accepted truths. In each instance the assault seems to have put him upon a more extended study of what other men, whose authority on a question of orthodoxy his opponents must acknowledge, had thought and taught on the same subjects. In each instance the result of his study was a discovery (as he maintained with great force of argument) that his heterodoxy was more orthodox than the provincial and comparatively recent orthodoxy which assailed him. No man was less reverent than he of human authority in the things of God; no man more ready to surrender, for the truth's sake, any of those formulated opinions which are called orthodoxy; yet he could respect profoundly the labours and achievements of other minds, from age to age, in the pursuit of truth.

As their author called no man Master, so he founded no special schoolparty, and has left behind him no disciples that call themselves or are called by his name. But, what is better, his influence embodied in those volumes has contributed much to make our New England theology-let me rather say, all the evangelical theology of our English tongue-less rigidly scholastic, more scriptural, broader in its views, more inspiring in its relations to the pulpit and to the Christian life. The one theme on which dissent from his doctrine has been loudest and most persistent is the work of Christ, the Atonement. Yet on that theme he has been an efficient teacher, even of many who protest against his teachings. If, in their understanding of him, he has too little regarded those illustrations of the Atonement which theologians, and especially our New England theologians, have drawn from the nature of a moral government, he has nevertheless taught even the most scholastic and logical expositors, that the saving work for which He who was at once the Son of God and the Son of Man came into our human world and lived and died, is a theme too large, too transcendent in its relations to the infinite and the eternal, to be illustrated by any one analogy or to be comprehended and carried about in any formula. It is increasingly characteristic of Christian thought in these last years of our century, that the evangelical churches are turning from dogmas about Christ to Christ Himself, the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His person.

We have hardly done more than skirt a great subject. Dr. Bushnell was hardly less worthy of study as a practical man and politician, than as a Christian, a pastor, and a divine. A more suggestive volume of biography we have not read for a long time. It is full of racy observations, capital stories, vivid sketches of American life. But above all it is the faithful portraiture of a truly great and good man.

HALF-HOURS WITH CHRISTIAN CLASSICS.

JOTHAM'S LESSON AGAINST DISPLAY.

But a lesson for individuals in private life, which we gather from this fable, is how contemptible a thing is display and worldly honour, and what is called style. These trees were wise enough to see through it, and to despise it; but how many people have equal wisdom? These trees did not think it so very desirable a thing to be looked up to as occupying a high position, and certainly would not sacrifice either use or comfort to mere display. Now, surely, if there is one vice manifest on the face of society at the present day, it is the craving for show, for making a figure in the eyes of the world. People will not be content to live comfortably, to be moderate in their expenses, quiet in their ways; but must be doing as other people do, must commit the same extravagances, even though they have really no taste for them; must deny themselves the enjoyments they prefer, that they may seem to enjoy themselves like their neighbours; bind themselves religiously to do many troublesome things, for no other reason whatever than that it is expected of them. How few persons do you find who are bold enough to live according to their own tastes and judgment; how few who do not cramp their own enjoyment, and even do violence to their own conscience, by considering what will look well in the eyes that are watching them. So we add to our life a number of things that go by the name of luxuries, but which are in reality fetters and burdens, and impose on ourselves countless observances which we hate, but which, for the sake of appearances, we must accept. The consequence is that the spirit becomes false, and the life is worn out by useless forms and meaningless labour; the useful services which might be rendered are neglected, and time cannot be found for them.

In conclusion, Jotham should not have spoken this parable in vain for us if we carry away from its perusal the settled conviction that in life there is something better than mere show or the mere attainment of the rewards accorded by the world to its successful men. The real value of human life does not lie on the surface-lies, indeed, so deep that very many people never see it at all. And they who fancy that its value lies in high position or success, are apt to think, when they find how little satisfaction there is in these, that there is nothing at all in life, and that it matters very little on what a man spends himself. But our Lord would not have come from heaven to enable us to do what was not worth doing: the fact that He thought human life, a life in this very world that we have to live through, worth living, and not only so. but the most capable life possible for spending a Divine fulness of wisdom and goodness in, shows us that there are objects on which we may liberally spend ourselves, in the persuasion that they will not disappoint us. What these objects are we have already seen, and it is for each of us to find them in his own life, and not to live on without taking thought, or without assuming any guidance of his own ways, and so as to secure that he be of some service to his fellows. Very often, indeed, a man's life is taken out of his own hands, and his course shaped by things beyond his own will: he cannot choose for himself the position in which he would work nor the means he would use in serving God and his neighbour; but if a man will only humbly accept what comes to him, and will submit himself to Providence, to its restrictions, to the changes or the want of change it imposes, and will only strive to do good as he has opportunity, he will not lack the blessing of God. but will be like the vine that cheereth God and man. There are circumstances so afflicting and straitened, so very tormenting and hampering, that we are apt to think we do well if only we do not cry out and let all the world know how we suffer; but there is a better thing to do always, and that is, to set ourselves with patience and humble self-crucifixion to think of others and do our best for them. In the worst circumstances,

in circumstances so perplexing we know not how to act, there always remains some duty we are aware of, some kind and loving thing we can do, and by doing which other duties become clearer. In circumstances so troublous to ourselves that we feel as if the curse of God were resting on us, there remains a something to be done which we could in no other circumstances do, a good fruit to be borne which needs these grievous circumstances as its soil, and which, when it is borne, will be more sweet to our taste eternally than all the happiness which success and pleasure in this world can give.—Marcus Dods, D.D.

THE UNBELIEF OF THE DAY.

The lack of faith, or the disturbance of faith, which is such a serious feature of our times, is very manifold and puzzling in its influences, but is very simple in its nature and causes. It is traceable, almost everywhere, to the wonderful increase of men's knowledge of second causes, interfering with or overclouding their belief in first causes, in principles, in providences, in a personal and loving care back of everything. It comes to many things, but this is where it all comes from. This is where lies the certain amount of truth which is in the statement that times of ignorance are times of faith. No doubt it is easier for men who have learned nothing of the marvellous way in which every object in nature is made a reservoir and a distributor of force, to look back straight into the face of the Sovereign Will out of which all force originally proceeds. It is easier for the savage, with his chief standing over him, ready to strike him down with his club if he disobeys, to realize and believe in government, than it is for a citizen of a highly organized state who is reached by the authority which is at the head of all only through many subordinate agencies and nicely adjusted relationships. So that there is some truth in the statement that much knowledge and elaborate life are dangerous to faith in final principles and forces. The more our mind is fastened upon second causes, the more danger there is that it will fail to reach the great first cause. It is a danger to be met, not one to be avoided; but it is one, in the first place, to be recognized very clearly. I need not try to tell the magnificent story of how natural science has brought out

the starry host of second causes from their obscurity, and shown how He who works everything, works by everything in all the world. We all know something of it; and we know, too, how the profuse discovery of means has in our times clouded the thought of the maker in many minds. We know this, and I need not dwell on it. But I am anxious to point out that there are other scepticisms, other derangements of faith besides those which belong to the region of natural science, which yet have essentially the same character and origin. It may sound strange and fanciful to say that those two evils of which we hear so much, corruption in political life and formalism in church life, are really one, at bottom, with the scientific scepticism of our time; but if one looks at them philosophically he must see that it is truly so. Corruption in political life is really scepticism. It is a distrust, a disuse which has lasted so long that it has grown into disbelief of political principles, of the first fundamental truths of the sacredness of government and the necessity of righteousness. And where has such a disbelief come from? We all know well enough. It is from the narrow view which has looked at machineries, and magnified them till they have hid from view the great purposes for which all machineries exist. If a man tells me that it is absolutely necessary that such or such a political party should be maintained whether its acts and its men are righteous or unrighteous, or else the government will fall, that man is an unbeliever. He has lost his faith in the first principles of government, and he has lost it by persistently tying down his study and his soul to second causes, to the mere machinery of party. And so in church and religious matters, when they are invaded by formalism. When a man tells me that religion cannot stand unless the church be just so organized, or that God will be lost out of men's thoughts unless you teach certain traditional things about Him, and worship Him with a certain ritual, that man seems to me to be an unbeliever of the most dangerous kind. He has lost his real faith in God and Christianity and the church by his very devotion to the means, or second causes, through which they work. When I heard an English bishop preach, this summer, that it was necessary to maintain a particular mode of burying the dead, for fear of disturbing men's belief in the doctrine of the

resurrection of the body, that preaching seemed to me to indicate a lack of faith in the real essential truth and power of the doctrine, which could not be surpassed by any sceptic. And so it is always. Our jealousy for certain forms, our magnifying their importance, our fear that Christianity will not stand if we do not state and utter it just so—what is all at the bottom but a lack of faith in Christianity itself, in its vital power and original truth? Dogmatism and ritualism are all wrong when they think themselves supremely believing. Both are really symptomatic forms of unbelief. Whenever a man believes that only his machinery can save the nation or the church, he is a disbeliever in the vital force by which the nation or the church lives.—Phillips Brooks.

A MISSIONARY REVIVAL.

"Mary Gray!" exclaimed her lover, James Heathcliffe, "I've made up my mind to one thing. If you and I are going on a foreign mission, we shall have to begin at home."

"What are you thinking of now, James?" asked his quiet

little Mary.

"Why, this: How are you and I to go out to India with any heart, knowing that we leave behind us such a dead mass of indifference even in our church? They'll feel an interest when we go, and perhaps do something for our outfit, and listen to our letters when we write back. And I am thankful for it, and I would go if it were only to interest my own family in missions. But that isn't going to strengthen our hearts when we're fighting Satan single-handed on his own ground. I want to feel that I'm only this church's champion, sent out to fight its battles, and that the whole host is watching and praying behind me, ready with another man if I fall."

"I hope they have more interest than they show," said Mary.

"So do I; but if they do have any, isn't it dying out for want of expression? Even a fire goes out if it gets no air."

"Well, now you have spoken," said Mary, "I will own that vol. IX. 72

I have shed some bitter tears at our missionary concerts. It wouldn't seem possible that living men could be so dull to all the thrilling missionary news, or miss the rousing things so utterly. They cannot really read them. I've come to feel that, in effect, the missionary intelligence is 'printed, not published.' And the prayers are so few and formal! Why shouldn't we 'labour fervently together in prayers' for individual missions, for Opetaia and Opetinia, for Armenia College, or for Mr. and Mrs. Pierson in China? And if men pray so coldly and vaguely when they have met on purpose, in concert with all our churches and missions the world over, is it likely they plead much in secret? Mr. Treat once said the world would never be converted till Christians pray for it as mothers agonize for their children."

"There! Mary, you and I feel just alike about this," said James, "as we always do about everything. Why, there have been dozens of preachers at the College Church since Mr. X. left, and I assure you that only two of them have so much as prayed for the great world-work. Those two I remember well. And the new pastor—he sometimes talks vigorously at an evening meeting of our being a missionary church, but you might attend the Sunday services by the month together, and never hear even an allusion in prayer to anything beyond ourselves."

Mary's sweet blue eyes grew dim, but she said with decision, "James, we must not talk of this unless we can do something to help it. It will only embitter us."

"I mean to do something," he answered. "Collectors are to be chosen next week for the annual contribution to Foreign Missions. Dr. White asked me if you and I would take districts. Let's do it and give our minds to it."

"How is that going to help?" asked Mary.

"Why, we might take up some individual missions, and tell the people we call on what is doing, what the plans are, what they need money for, and how much will do such and such things. It's no use upbraiding people. If they don't interest themselves, we must interest them; then, if we get them to give much they will think about it, and that will make them look alive. Dr. White said you might take Elm Avenue and Broadway."

"Oh," said Mary, "I think I could go with more courage where I didn't know people so well. Mrs. Braddon considers that my going out as a missionary is a delusion; she told me so plainly."

"Well, show her why you wish to go," said James; "open

your heart to her. That will touch her feelings."

"I'll try it. But what can I tell Miss West? She put up her eye-glasses to look at me when I once spoke to her about Bishop Patterson's Memoir and his wonderful life in Melanesia. 'Ah,' said she, 'you are interested in missions, I hear! I am not.' She said it with a tolerant air, as if she made due allowance for my peculiarities, but was glad to say she didn't share them. I don't believe she felt any more accountable for her indifference than for—her curly hair. And Mrs. Curtis says that it comes easy to some people to part with their money for charities; it isn't any virtue in them, for they like it. Now to others it is a trial, and she doesn't think it right to urge them."

"Then, Mary, you really owe something to these people. Give them time and patience and some of your enthusiasm. Get some of the best things about missions and read to them, if that is the only way. It comes to me that enduring hardness here at home will be good preparation for it abroad, among people more dull and earthly than we've dreamed of yet."

"You are right, I'm sure, James. But I shall want the fire from the altar to touch my lips."

"So shall I," answered James. "Let's take to-morrow for a day of prayer and so get it. What says Charles Wesley?"—

Pray, and the refining fire Shall come streaming from above.

To-morrow came and went, and day after day these young people plied their task. They had their reward as they went along, in their own growing zeal for their chosen work. And at the next missionary concert the chapel was filled. Dr. White told a brief story of the recent amazing progress in Micronesia, and then said with trembling voice, "Brethren, some of us have always thought we loved our Master's cause, the world over. We have prayed a little and given a little

for it. But really we have been asleep, if not dead! Our own souls and the souls of our friends are precious and must be saved. But we have begun at the wrong end to work for them. We do not grow in the Divine life, we don't prevail on others, because the Lord is not with us in the fulness of His might. Why not? His last words as He was received up were, 'Go, preach the gospel to every creature,' and 'Lo, I am with you!' This was the condition of His presence with the infant church, and it is the same for each church now, and 'even to the end of the world.' We forfeit our claim to His reviving power when we wrap ourselves comfortably in our religious privileges, or busy ourselves only in our own home work. Let us fulfil the condition of His coming here. Let us each be missionaries in heart. By real love, by prayer, by giving, let us now dedicate our redeemed lives to our Redeemer's work."

As Dr. White ceased, a grey-haired deacon rose. "I am ashamed of myself," said he; "may God forgive my selfish life!" He would have said more but his speech was choked by tears. One after another the business men whom James had visited confessed how little they had done for the cause on which their Saviour's heart is set. "There are some," said one, "who are faithful. They are going to obey their Lord to the very letter. If our time is past, and we cannot go ourselves in the body, let us go with them in heart. Let us feel that we too are bound in the spirit. And let us pray." And pray he did, on the spot, with such a broken and contrite spirit that everybody wept.

"Friends," said another, "if we know anything about this subject, we can't help loving it and doing for it. What I am afraid of is that we shall relapse into our old, ignorant forgetfulness. I say this because I have been roused out of it before, and then have slid back into apathy. I've even said that we ought to keep our money at home. And I've repeated that miserable slander about home officials living handsomely on our contributions. I could have known better; it had been published enough; but I'll tell you what I've just found out. Not one cent of your gifts goes to support secretaries. Their living was provided for long ago by liberal-minded men who knew what cross-grained material there is

in us church members. They gave a sum, the income of which supports the secretaries. We have no more to do with their income than with Queen Victoria's. And all the great financial concerns of our American Board—hundreds of thousands to be disbursed annually in small sums over all the world—are carried on at an annual cost of six per cent. Yes, it costs but six cents to place the dollar you gave last week, say, in India! The Lord deliver me from backsliding into criticisms again! Here are ten dollars to start a subscription for a missionary department to be added to our Sunday-school library. Let us have the best books and papers, English and American, biography, history, geography, everything that bears on missions, and let us keep the subject always before us."

"An excellent thought," said Dr. White, and one after another offered, till seventy-five dollars had been secured toward a beginning.

One can only imagine the deep joy of James and Mary. A hand seems to have been reached down from heaven and laid in blessing on their heads. They are going forth, strong in the Lord, and in the prayers of their brethren, to fight the church's battle and win, in His own time, the Lord's victory.

Meanwhile, the church itself is like a new creation, a living, believing, praising church, so busy and happy in good works, at home and abroad, that the outside world begins to take knowledge of it that the Lord is there, and to seek His face.—From the "Chicago Advance."

WHAT HAS THE GOVERNMENT DONE?

It is just a year since Mr. Gladstone astonished the world and shook to its centre the power of the Tory Ministry by those wonderful speeches in Midlothian, by which Lord Dalkeith was assured by his friends that he had injured only himself. Many things have happened since then. A new Parliament has been elected, and its first session is over. On the eve of another it is not unreasonable to inquire what is the practical result which has been obtained by the great

expenditure of thought and energy on the eager conflicts of the last twelve months. Seldom has the national feeling been more deeply stirred, and never has it been more decidedly expressed. After an agitation of unusual intensity, a majority more decisive than any that has been seen since 1832 has placed a Liberal Ministry in power. Those who have effected what was nothing short of a political revolution have a right thoughtfully to consider what its actual fruits have been. Nonconformists, on the confession of all, have done as much, if not more, than any other section of the Liberal party to bring about this change. They and the working men bore the heat and burden of the day. It is only fair, and, under the circumstances, it is necessary, to say that by Nonconformists we mean the "political Dissenters." Some who are ready enough to appropriate the spoils of victory had very little share in the hardships and perils of the fight, and we feel, therefore, bound distinctly to state that it was that class of Nonconformists who are the favourite butts for Tory attacks, and not those who receive honeyed compliments for their piety and moderation, on whom the pressure of the battle rested. It is they who are now entitled to ask what great national good has followed their exertions. It certainly was not with the object of substituting Lord Selborne for Lord Cairns as Chancellor, or of securing for the former the influence which the latter exercised in the Cabinet, that we and those whom we have the honour to represent threw ourselves heart and soul into the struggle. Our personal devotion to Mr. Gladstone was unquestionably an inspiring influence, but that sentiment was based upon our belief in the patriotism and wisdom of the great statesman, and our confidence that his rule would minister not only to the revival of the national prosperity, but, what was of more importance, the manifestation of the national righteousness. None could have welcomed more heartily the extraordinary reply of the people to the calumnies of Mr. Gladstone's enemies. It would have been worth many a sacrifice to secure a verdict which showed how insensible was the great heart of the nation to the influences which had demoralized society and had imposed upon many, all whose principles and associations would have led them to form a truer and more Christian estimate of character and statesmanship. Still, while fully alive to the value of the decision pronounced by the constituencies on the false ideas which had been so industriously promulgated in the country, and in particular on that cardinal error that a man who made the law of right the guiding principle of his conduct was proved to be a sentimental humanitarian and as such disqualified for rule, we are quite prepared to admit that we expected something more than this from a Liberal Government called to office with such power in their hands. At the close of the first term of their work it is not improper to inquire how far the expectation has been fulfilled.

If we are to trust the representations of one of the mos combative members of the late Government, Lord Sandon, the Ministry are fitting objects only for the pity of their opponents. According to him they kept Parliament together till September "in order to mask the most terrible defeat that any Government ever received in the first year of its power." The idea is worthy of his lordship's ingenuity, but it is hardly one which a sagacious politician would have cared to put prominently before the country. The "terrible defeat," as he is pleased to call it, only reminds us that the work of the Liberal Ministry is perpetually hampered by our hereditary legislators, so that Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have to consider not only what they wish to do, or what the House of Commons, expressing the will of the nation, will support them in doing, but how much the defenders of vested rights and antiquated abuses in the House of Lords will allow them to They proposed that if any Irish landlords were disposed to press too hardly upon their tenants in a time of exceptional distress and by exacting the pound which the law, strictly construed, gave them, to perpetrate a positive injustice, the abuse of power should not be permitted. This Lord Sandon described as a scheme "to allow the law to be broken as to the payment of rent by tenants."

The statement is untrue and misleading. There was no idea of exempting any tenant from the payment of rent. What was proposed was to prevent the landlord from escaping the fulfilment of his legal obligation to the tenant by taking advantage of the distress into which the utter failure of his crops had plunged him, and exercising a power of evic-

tion, without compensation, which otherwise would not have been in his hands. English people have but a dim understanding of the whole question, and speakers like Lord Sandon presume on this ignorance to impose on them an utterly fallacious representation of the case. Thousands of people honestly believe that the Ministry proposed to wipe out the debts of the tenants to their landlords, and cannot, or will not, understand that the Bill was meant only to control the powers of any unrighteous landlords who were bent on wiping out their debts to their tenants. The law recognizes the right of the tenant to compensation in the case of eviction as distinctly as it enforces the claim of the landlord to his rent. It is only when non-payment of rent gives a justifiable ground of eviction that the tenant's right ceases. The view of Mr. Forster that, in a crisis such as that through which Ireland has just been passing, as the result of utter failure of the crops, the ruined farmer, who through the visitation of Providence was unable to pay his rent, should not, therefore, forfeit his claim to compensation. The Lords were frightened, as they always are frightened, at anything which touches, even in a remote way, the claims of property, and they rejected the Bill; and this Lord Sandon calls a "terrible defeat." It is a defeat that can be inflicted at any moment when the Peers are left without wise guidance and choose to place themselves in opposition to a Government which enjoys the confidence of the nation. It means nothing more than the loss of a particular measure. It is no loss of prestige for a Ministry which has taken office with the distinct knowledge that it will have to encounter the antagonism of the Peers, who will strike whenever they dare. Whether the rejection of the Bill is a proceeding on which the Lords can look back with satisfaction, we shall see afterwards.

To suppose that the Government thought it necessary to prolong the Session in order to cover the humiliation resulting from this conduct of the Lords is to mistake altogether the position that the Upper House holds in our political arrangements. It is doubly intolerable as coming from the member of a Cabinet which during its six years' term of office, with an overwhelming majority in both Houses, did next to nothing in domestic legislation, while abroad it embroiled the nation

in a series of quarrels and difficulties which it will take all the ability of their successors to settle. One significant paragraph in Her Majesty's speech ought to be sufficient to check the insolent tone in which the representative of a discredited Cabinet dares to speak of his successful rivals who are manfully endeavouring to extricate the country from the slough of financial muddle and international trouble into which his chief has plunged it—"I regret that it has not hitherto been possible to give you such information on the general state of Indian finance, and the recent miscarriages in presenting the accounts of military expenditure, as you would justly require before entering on a practical consideration of the subject." But even such recollections as this are not likely to repress Lord Sandon. He is of that school of Evangelicals whose Toryism is peculiarly rabid in its feelings and blind in its prejudices. He never seems to have a doubt of the rights of his order and party or to be able to credit his opponents with any but the most unworthy motives. The passion which blinds him to every consideration adverse to his own views deprives his judgment of any weight or authority. A critic who professes to find nothing worthy of a word of commendation in any Ministerial measure except what had been borrowed from their predecessors, damages not his opponents but himself by his blind partizanship. But Lord Sandon has not been alone in the attacks on the Government. Indeed his violence has been far surpassed by that of the late Foreign Secretary. Lord Salisbury has delivered his soul, first at Taunton, and more recently at Cannon-street Hotel, and if his violence continue to gather in intensity at the same rate of increase as it has developed in the interval between these two speeches, we must be prepared for some extraordinary displays during the coming session.

We used to hear a good deal in the days of Jingoism of the duty of an Opposition to maintain the honour of the country, even though they disapproved the policy of the Government of the day. The principle is a sound one within certain limits. The leaders of the Opposition would fail in duty to their country if they allowed it to be dragged into an unnecessary war without protest. But resistance to such action is one thing, and a foolish attempt to make sorry jests out of one of the most momentous

transactions in which the country has engaged for many a day is another. The European concert may or may not be wise; but at least it was a serious attempt to avert a grave European calamity. Far-sighted men perceive that it offers the Sultan the one chance of prolonging his rule, at least for a brief period, and so of allowing him to prepare for the eventualities of the future. Yet Lord Salisbury can stoop from the level of a statesman to that of the political buffoon, and make merry over "gunvessels spinning round like tops, having let go second anchors."

The one thing the "screaming Marquis" (who never justified Mr. Jenkins's epithet more fully than in the speech in question) proved by such unseasonable levity, was his own incapacity for political lead. His want of magnanimity, indeed of every sentiment of justice, was shown still more distinctly in his attack on Mr. Bright. It is said that he prefaced his criticisms on the great orator by a word and gesture of contempt; but we are unwilling to believe that even in the tempest of his passion he would so far forget what was due to himself. The language reported is bad enough. It is worth quoting as an example of the temper of an Opposition, whose leaders, when in office, were for ever complaining of the vehemence with which they were attacked. The Government generally are accused of renouncing, "for the sake of a fictitious and transient popularity," the powers necessary to the maintenance of peace in Ireland. Of Mr. Bright, he says, "that the whole tenour, and direction, and intention of his speech at Birmingham was to furnish an apology for those who commit and those who protect the awful outrages now committed in Ireland." A more infamous charge was never brought by one leading politician against another. The language is carefully chosen, so as to express the allegation in the most offensive terms. There is no opening for a suggestion of possible inadvertence. It was not only the tenour and direction, but the "intention" of the speech, to put it in plain words, to apologize for murderers and their abettors. this of John Bright! The Spectator truly said that the speech of Lord Randolph Churchill, on the previous night, was the "scream of a political savage." That of Lord Salisbury was worse, seeing that he occupies a more responsible position. An ex-Foreign Secretary and ex-diplomatist at Berlin, brandishing a tomahawk, and uttering a howl like a wild Indian, is not an edifying spectacle.

It certainly will do no good to the Tory party. In truth, if there had been any disposition to find fault with the Government, on the part of any of their friends, outbursts like this will correct such tendencies. Even the most moderate Whigs would not be willing to trust the destinies of the nation to the hands of a statesman who shows so complete a lack of all power of self-control. As to advanced Liberals, they may very naturally be more tolerant of any failure on the part of the Ministry to satisfy their anticipations when they have such revelations of the fierceness of the Opposition they have to face. Singular as it may appear, there are in London even now men who are so blind to the signs of the times, and so impervious to the teachings of events, that they have a notion that the Government has not the confidence of the country. In the month of October the metropolis was visited with some early fogs, and it might almost seem as though there had been a corresponding phenomenon in the political world. The clubs seem in one perpetual fog, the effect of which is to magnify all objects seen through its dim medium; and as they see only themselves and their own prejudices, they appear of extraordinary magnitude and importance. But the country is not with them; on the contrary, is very decidedly against them.

Why should it be otherwise? In what way have the Ministry forfeited the confidence reposed in them last April? The recall of Sir Bartle Frere was delayed longer than was desirable; but it is possible to regret a mistake, which has now been repaired, without imputing any blame to Ministers who, as all who understand the situation know right well, were considerably embarrassed in their action. The evacuation of Candahar is not yet completed; but sensible men know that it is not possible, by a simple fiat of a Cabinet, to get rid of all the complications arising out of such a policy as that which Lord Lytton had pursued, and they are satisfied with the reversal of its procedure, and the progress already made in that direction. As to home legislation, we have had the Burials Bill, the repeal of the Malt Tax, the redress of a long-standing grievance of the farmers in relation to small game,

and the adjustment of the difficult question as [to the compensation of workmen. Pretty fair work this for a short session that was hardly in full swing till June. The great difficulties of the Government are Ireland and the Eastern question. Of the former we can only say that, to all appearances, Mr. Forster's Bill, had it passed into law, would have saved the country from the greater part of the disturbances which have saddened the heart of the nation generally. The defenders of the landlords, however, have pushed their case a little too far, and have forced on numbers of independent Liberals the recollection of the wrongs that the people have had to suffer. We have been surprised, when moving about in various parts of the country, to find the difference of tone. in relation to the Irish people, from that which has prevailed at previous crises of a similar kind. There is no abatement of horror at the crimes, but there is a determination to understand the causes which lead to them, and to get rid of them, if righteous legislation can do it. The Ministry may be trusted to express the popular will in relation to Ireland, that justice shall be done all round, the authority of the law asserted. but real grievances redressed. As to the Eastern difficulty. the surrender of Dulcigno is one of those crucial successes which vindicate the wisdom of a policy. In fine, the Ministry have justified the hopes of all reasonable friends, and we look forward with confidence to the next session, assured that it will give fresh proofs of their earnest determination to bring back the country to the position in which it was left by the last Liberal Government. But the demands of Tory critics cannot be fulfilled. The misdeeds and negligences of six years cannot be repaired in six months, and wise men will not expect so impossible a performance.

HYMN OF GLADNESS.

O CHILD of God, dismiss thy fears;
Hark, 'tis thy Father's voice:
Too oft thine eyes are filled with tears,
In me—in me rejoice.

Yes, Lord! this heart that trusts thy word Shall praise Thee every hour; Shall make its songs of gladness heard, If Thou but give the power.

The wide creation praiseth Thee, Sun, moon, and stars are glad; And shall all Nature joyous be, And I alone be sad?

The love that for the sparrow cares,
That paints the lily's brow,
For me each daily burden bears,
And gives me joy as now.

The grace that hath the world redeemed
Hath taught my thoughts to rise,
Hath winged my soul, that hopeless seemed,
For flight beyond the skies.

Let notes of gladness tune my tongue,
Till life's brief dream is o'er,
Then will I soar to swell the song
Of gladness evermore.

-New York Observer.

ILLUSIONS.

Nor in the heavens alone is Truth renowned; Sad human hearts, that seem to love her less, Even in mutiny her power confess: We speak in fables, and are compassed round With poesy, distilling song from sound, Colour from light, and hope from happiness; Subliming weakness, yearning, and distress, To that high faith, wherewith our life is crowned.

All fair deceits are prophets of the truth,
E'en as the desert mirage tells a tale
Of palms and wells, real, though far away:
The star-bright hopes that light the world's dim youth,
Are not too brilliant, but too silvery pale,
To sparkle still, when dawns the golden day.

CONSTANCE C. W. NADEN.

THE WORK OF GOD.

"Then said they unto him, What shall we do, that we might work the works of God? Jesus answered and said unto them, This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent."

What shall I do, my Lord, thy smile to win, Thy smile which saints with ceaseless rapture see, Which sheds heaven's radiance in a world of sin? "This is the work of God, believe on me."

What shall I do, my Lord, to show my grief, My bitter grief for long contempt of Thee, And give my burdened spirit sure relief? "This is the work of God, believe on me."

What shall I do my sinful soul to clear, From waywardness and pride my heart to free, From secret falsehood and unmanly fear? "This is the work of God, believe on me."

What shall I do Thy heaven at last to gain, In presence of my Lord for aye to be, Seal of my joy and ending of my pain? "This is the work of God, believe on me."

O perfect Lord! the source of every bliss, In whom the more I trust the more I see, The only labour of my life be this, Most blessed labour, to believe on Thee.

A. M.

CONTINENTAL RECORD.

GERMANY.—The Old Catholic Congress and the Annual Gathering of the Catholic Association of Germany.—These important gatherings took place in September last in Baden-Baden and Constance respectively. The former town, a well-known resort of pleasure-seekers, seemed little suited for a congress of would-be Reformers, and hence, perhaps, the little effect it produced on the public mind. One of its principal leaders, Professor Huber, of Munich, is dead; Dr. Döllinger is too old and feeble to take an active part in it, while Professor Friederich, the other member of the illustrious trio under whose auspices many sanguine people hoped that a reformed Church of Rome was about to be established, was not present at the meetings in Baden, being, we suppose, wholly taken up with the preparation of his "History of the Vatican Council," the first volume of which has appeared, and which will prove a revelation of the intrigues of the Curia both before and after the Council. Herr von Schulte, member of the Upper House, presided as usual over the debates with great ability, and by his side sat Bishop Reinkens, held in high estimation for his

personal worth, as also for his great gifts as a preacher. Many noble and eloquent protests were uttered against Ultramontanism and the intolerable yoke it is seeking to impose on the people, and addresses of encouragement were presented on behalf of several Anglican bishops, and it was announced that henceforward the whole of the liturgical service should be conducted in the language of the people. No business seems to have been transacted, and nothing occurred to induce the belief that the Old Catholic Church of Germany is likely to prove more successful than Father Hyacinth's present attempt to move France to return to the doctrines and practices of the old Gallican Church. Only 150 delegates met in Baden, while the number of its adherents throughout the whole of Germany and Austria is not more than 6,000—a smaller figure than was reported a year or two since. This decrease is a pretty sure sign that the days of

the Old Catholic Church are numbered.

The Ultramontane Congress at Constance was a very different gathering, according to M. de Pressensé (who was present at it and also at the meetings just noticed, and who described both in his usual eloquent style in the Journal des Débats, September 18 and 21), and gave abundant proof of the existence of a well-conceived plan of campaign intended to act upon the whole of Europe. The meeting at Constance was really the seventeenth anniversary of the Pius Verein, an association first formed in 1849 when Pope Pius returned from Gaeta, and having for its object to secure the triumph of the doctrine of papal infallibility. The fact is, that at that time there were liberal Catholics on the Episcopal bench and in the Universities of Germany, and the Jesuits determined to crush the opposition of these men to the proposed doctrine and to the consequence which it involves—the entire enslavement of the Church. So a democratic movement was entered upon, and the laity were called in—the ignorant masses of the people—both in Germany and also in France, for the purpose of crushing the rights of the episcopate. "It was a master-stroke of Jesuitism to borrow the methods of liberty with a view to its more ready destruction. We know them, those terrible laymen, more fanatical than the monks of the Middle Ages, who with mouths filled with insults domineered over the Church. They are as violent as revolutionists. It was by laymen such as these that the General Assembly of German Catholics was formed." The proclamation of the dogma of infallibility has not put an end to this Pius Verein. It is now more active than ever. It has a perfect network of operations throughout the whole of Germany, intended to reach every class of society and to affect every department of public life. At the gathering at Constance no direct attack was made on the imperial government. The emperor's name was not mentioned; but it was clear that the society remains undaunted by all the efforts of Prince Bismarck and by all the results of the Culturkampf. Perfect enthusiasm reigned throughout the meetings, which lasted for four days and were attended by 1,000 persons. Reports of the various branches of the work There was much talk about journalism, of the Verein were presented. social questions, science, and art, but through all that was said the one great end of the association was apparent-"To Romanize the world."

The saddest feature of the whole was the public adhesion which Bishop Hefele gave to the Ultramontane programme. He had long been regarded as one of the firmest champions of episcopal rights. His "History of the Councils of the Church" is a most able refutation of modern Romish doctrines. At the Vatican Council he opposed to the last the proclamation of the new dogma. And lo! at Constance he was seen coming forward and declaring that the Council of Constance was mistaken in formulating as a permanent principle the subordination of the Pope to the General Council. What a contrast with John Huss, who in that very city chose

death at the stake rather than disavow his belief.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Church in Relation to the State. By EDWARD MILLER, M.A., Rector of Bucknell. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) Mr. Miller has abounding zeal, but it is zeal that is not according to knowledge. As a country rector he naturally has a strong attachment to the Established Church: but though his advocacy is sincere, conscientious, and unhesitating, it is not likely to be very convincing. He has studied whatever Haddon, Stubbs, Freeman, Bright, Grey, and others have to tell in relation to Church life in this country, and whenever they agree with his theory, he accepts their authority as final. He has had the benefit of all "the intelligence amassed by the Church Defence Institution," and of course it has furnished him only with evidence of the theses he is desirous to establish. After reading his introduction we understood exactly what the book would be. Indeed, we did not need to go even into the preface, for the table of contents would have told us all. For one of his chapters bears this title: "The Church of England the Divinely-appointed Church of the Land." If this be proved, lis finita est. Historical surveys and political reasonings are alike superfluous. If the National Church be a Divine institution, there can be no course but absolute submission. All the book, except the chapter in which this remarkable proposition is demonstrated is mere surplusage. But demonstration there is none, and Mr. Miller must be excused for not attempting it, for assertion is his forte, not reasoning. He collects all the commonplaces, with which any who have taken part in the controversy are perfectly familiar, and retails them with an easy confidence which conveniently forgets how many of them have been exploded long since. Our original intention was to try and furnish some answer to the arguments adduced, but we speedily found that there was really nothing which demanded reply. Mr. Miller regards himself as a clergyman in a Church "which existed as an united Church, covering the whole country, before the Heptarchy or Octarchy was compacted into one realm." The changes which have passed over the nation since that distant date are treated as of no account. Whether in close fellowship with Rome or not, whether in allegiance to the Papal See, or proclaiming that the Romish Church has erred from the faith, whether celebrating masses or denouncing them as blasphemous fables, whether recognizing the supremacy of the Crown, or hurling defiance at its claims, and inspiring its noblest sons to die rather than acknowledge them, that Church, according to the school which Mr. Miller represents, is one and the same. "Even Belisarius in misfortune is Belisarius still." Indeed, we are told in the midst of all "the Church of England has firmly maintained the faith of Christ." One is naturally curious to know which is the faith of Christ-that for which Ridley and Latimer died, or that for the sake of which Gardiner and Bonner put them to death. Both were bishops of this one Church. We should be glad to know whether it was under the persecutors or the persecuted that the true "faith of Christ" was maintained; but still we should like to be instructed as to how it was possible that it should be the one Church of England under these two dispensations with antagonism to each other so bitter that the battle was

to death. But serious argument is out of the question. One thing is certain, and that is, the fortunes of the Establishment will never be decided by such talk as this. If it has no better defences than can be constructed out of this "antiquarian rubbish," its fate is certain, and will not be long averted.

Mind in the Lower Animals in Health and Disease. By W. LAUDER LINDSAY, M.D. Two Vols. (London: C. Kegan Paul and Co.) If Dr. Lindsay is an accomplished scholar, an experienced traveller, a man of wide observation and profound research, it must be added that he is too much of an enthusiast, and his views are too strongly coloured by a dominant idea, to allow of our at once accepting the conclusions which he has so sedulously laboured to establish. His book, indeed, has a value independent of any opinion we may form as to his philosophy. The immense mass of information which he has accumulated is full of extreme interest, whether or not it is sufficient to support the view on behalf of which it is adduced. The writer has not only seen much himself, but he has read very largely on a subject which has evidently been a favourite one with him. "I had the opportunity," he says, "which only foreign travel affords, of observing, if not studying, the manners of domestic and wild animals in many distant and different parts of the world, including parts of Europe between Iceland in the north and Spain and Italy in the south; of Africa, including especially Morocco and Egypt; of Asia, to wit Syria; of America, including part of the United States and the Canadas; of Australasia, including New Zealand and New South Wales." An intelligent man, anxious to collect every fact bearing on his favourite study, and having such ample opportunities, could not fail to bring together a large number of interesting stories. Anecdotes of animals have always been attractive, and we doubt whether there is any collection of them at all to be compared with that contained in these volumes. Whether Dr. Lindsay can be allowed the credit of other qualities he claims for himself is a much more doubtful point. "As a naturalist, I have long been accustomed to the patient and minute observation of facts, and to scientific generalization from facts. I have been trained to separate fact on the o le hand from fiction and from inferences based upon observation on the other." The training may have been very careful and extensive, but we cannot say that it has been perfectly successful. His stories have not always been sifted with such severe discrimination that it would be safe to regard them all as absolute facts. Still, after every deduction has been made in relation to stories which have come to him only by report, enough remains not only to afford a rich fund of instruction and entertainment, but also to give entirely new conceptions of the mental powers of the lower creation. As a lower creation, indeed, Dr. Lindsay would not allow them to be described. His conclusion is that "man's claim to pre-eminence on the ground of the uniqueness of his mental constitution is as absurd and puerile as it is fallacious. His overweening pride or vanity has led to his futile contention with the evidence of facts. He has trusted to a series of gratuitous assumptions." This is strong, but it is not so strong as some of the positions which Dr. Lindsay endeavours to establish. He has devoted two or three chapters to a survey of the "morality and religion" of "lower man," and comparing it with that of animals, he does not shrink from attributing superiority to the animal. The evidence is curious, whatever we may think of the conclusion. In short, it would be possible to extract from these volumes a very readable and popular book. But it would be necessary to have condensation and rearrangement, omitting the psychology into which numbers who are deeply interested in the facts would not enter. As it is, the work is so voluminous that many will be deterred from exhuming the attractive elements it contains.

British Rule in South Africa, illustrated in the Story of Kama and his Tribe, and of the War in Zululand. By W. C. Holden. (Wesleyan Conference Office.) This book ought to have been noticed before. Unfortunately, though Cetewayo has been conquered and Sir Bartle Frere recalled, we are still harassed by South African troubles, and the book has a living interest even now. Its writer is a veteran, for he says, "During my forty years' labour as a Christian missionary in South Africa, six of the number have been spent upon mission stations." He therefore knows the country and the people, and has a great deal to tell that is suggestive. There are missionaries who are so much in sympathy with the natives among whom they labour that they are able to emancipate themselves from those prejudices which exercise so baleful an influence on the mind of English settlers, and nowhere more so than in South Africa. Mr. Holden has this feeling towards Kama and his tribe, among whom he laboured. But when he treats of larger questions of policy, it is too evident that he has been caught by the crusading ideas of Sir Bartle Frere. After admitting that there was no sufficient reason for the late war, he proceeds to justify British aggression on the ground of what we suppose would be called a far-sighted Christian (?) statesmanship. "Hence," he says, "before general permanent peace can be established, and suitable laws formed and enforced, there must become one great central governing race that can make wise and good laws, sustained by a power which can enforce those laws, so as to make them respected and obeyed. Hence the absolute necessity of a united strong English government of confederated states, having each its own local government for all the varying native races of this country." We wonder whether Mr. Holden thinks that the "absolute necessity" would be quite as clear to an "intelligent Zulu," like Bishop Colenso's old acquaintance, as it is to him; or whether he fancies that Christianity would be commended to him and his brethren by teaching which justifies the white man in dethroning their king and taking their lands. We commend to this gentleman the question which the Marquis of Hartington addressed to the deputation which asked him to annex Candahar; "What right have we there?" was the simple reply. In South Africa we have Bishop Colenso employing all-his influence on behalf of the oppressed. On the other side here is Mr. Holden, who in the first part of the book gives us exciting accounts of the wonderful work of God in which he took part, telling us "It is folle hoped that no consideration or interest in the Home Government may interpose so as to remove Sir Bartle Frere before these great permanent results [that is, the "subjugation of the

Amazulu race] are achieved." Can there be any doubt as to the effect which this sad contrast must produce on the minds of inquirers or unbelievers?

The Confidential Agent. By James Payn. Three Volumes. (London: Chatto and Windus.) Mr. Payn is an accomplished story-teller. He understands his art, and has all the advantage of experience. Whatever else his novels may be, they are always full of incident, excitement, and interest; and generally they have that touch of mystery which gives a special piquancy and attractiveness. Mr. Payn knows how to construct a plot by means of which the attention of the reader shall be sustained from first to last, and that is no slight recommendation. We have novels which are distinctively novels of character or of idea, and these occupy a place altogether apart from that of tales, whose primary object is entertainment. No one would ever think of comparing George Eliot's works, even, with those of one who is facile princeps in his own line-Wilkie Collins. They are ranked in the same department of literature, but belong to two different classes. It is possible to enjoy them both, but it must be at different times and in different moods. The same observation applies to Mr. Payn, who, with less of sensationalism, is second only to Wilkie Collins himself in the art of writing a story, and whose books serve the same purpose, a purpose very different from that of George Eliot. When the brain is weary and needs a distraction which shall take it away completely from its ordinary line of thought, a story of Mr. Payn's is exactly in proper place. "Daniel Deronda" would weary when "The Confidential Agent" would furnish only agreeable diversion. The novel is extremely clever. It turns upon the theft of Lady Pargitre's jewels, and the complications, the circumstantial evidence which tends to fix suspicion now upon one party and now upon another, and the growing difficulty as the crisis is approached, all serve to maintain the interest. In delineation of character, skilful elaboration of the plot, and general style the novel is of a high order. The publishers illlustrate it-as they do most of their best novels-with a number of sketches done in a high style of art.

The Heavenly World: Views of the Future Life by Eminent Writers. Compiled by G. Holden Pike. (Hodder and Stoughton.) It was a happy thought to collect from the works of great divines, living and dead, a series of anticipations of the future state of the redeemed. Excerpts of a miscellaneous character are rarely very satisfactory, but here we have passages all bearing on one theme, extracted from the works of men who are not only great leaders of religious thought, but who have ministered to the spiritual life and devotion of Christians in all ages. Baxter, Bunyan, Howe, Watts, Irving, Robert Hall, John Foster, and Chalmers in the past, and Spurgeon and Maclaren in the present, form a wonderful galaxy. We are not even disposed to complain if the Baptist element is somewhat unduly predominant. To each of these writers the editor gives an entire chapter, so that we are not mocked with brief extracts that contain little pith. As a devotional companion the book will be extremely useful and valuable.

Christian Evidence Lectures: 1. Modern Scepticism. 2. Faith and Free Thought. 3. Credentials of Christianity. 4. Popular Objections to Revealed Truth. 5. Strivings for the Faith. (Hodder and Stoughton.) These volumes are, to some extent, a record of the work done by the Christian Evidence Society. We will frankly admit that at first we were not greatly prepossessed by the idea of the society. It seemed to us that every church should be such a society in itself, and we feared lest the unsectarian character of the association should have the effect of restraining freedom and blunt plainness of speech. We are not sure now that the danger has been wholly escaped. The lectures in these several volumes are in general very able and forcible, but we cannot help thinking that the introduction of another element would have been an advantage. We are loth, however, to hint an objection when there is so much that deserves commendation. For young people of intelligence, whose minds have been exposed to the play of sceptical influence, these lectures will be extremely valuable. If the society had done nothing more than secure the delivery and publication of these contributions to Christian evidence, it would deserve hearty support. It may not do all that is needed, and there does appear to us need for a kind of argument which is not likely to commend itself to a society, of which an Evangelical earl is president, and in which bishops play so prominent a part. But there is a wide field for it to occupy, and a real work for it to do, and it appears to be discharging its duty with great effect.

The Gospels: their Age and Authorship. By John Kennedy, M.A., D.D. (Sunday-school Union.) This is one of those unpretending books whose very modesty is likely to interfere with its success. It might have been fairly included in a series which appeared some years ago, of "Small Books on Great Subjects." They were small as this of Dr. Kennedy's is, only in dimensions. As to matter and style, they all deserve to be described by a very different adjective. Dr. Kennedy treats his subject in a method which itself is sufficient to give it freshness. He takes the Gospels at a time when they had become fully accepted and largely known, and he traces back the course of the history to the point at which we have the first signs of their existence. The book shows an amount of diligent and careful research worthy of the highest praise. The argument is complete and satisfactory, and it is wrought out with great lucidity and force. The little volume is, in fact, one of those popular condensations of a vast amount of material, on the collection of which the writer has bestowed immense care, that are so invaluable to the reader, but bring so little eclat to the author. Dr. Kennedy is on that account entitled to all the more gratitude from those who have a right appreciation of his most necessary and useful service.

The Works of Shakespeare. In Twelve Vols. (W. Kent and Co.) Mr. Kent has here done for Shakespeare what he had previously done for Milton, Wordsworth, and Longfellow. The editions of these poets are as admirable in style as they are remarkable for cheapness. They are suitable either for the pocket or the drawing-room, and the price is so low as to bring them within the reach of very moderate incomes. Now we have

Shakespeare in twelve volumes, with a case, for fifteen shillings. Every care has been taken to make the books attractive. The text is well edited, the type is extremely clear, and the size very convenient. It will require a large sale to make such a publication remunerative, but Mr. Kent has made success certain by producing a book which meets a widespread want, and supplying it for a mere trifle.

Illustrious Abstainers. By FREDERICK SHERLOCK. (Hodder and Stoughton.) We have no doubt that a large and sympathetic body of friends will think that Mr. Sherlock has made a very capital hit, and we are not disposed to deny either him or them the pleasure to be derived from the thought. The men who are brought together in this volume have all attained a certain degree of eminence. Sir Garnet Wolseley and Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Sir Henry Thompson and Mr. Samuel Morley, Sir Walter Trevelyan and Canon Farrar, Canon Wilberforce and Mr. Burt are very different men, but they all have achieved distinction of some kind, and they all agree in being total abstainers. No wonder that Mr. Sherlock points to them with pride, and does not trouble himself with the thought that it might be possible to produce a list of men at least equally illustrious who are not abstainers. We have no desire, however, to press this point. A book that will help in any way to induce young men to cultivate habits of temperance deserves a welcome from all.

True to his Colours. By Rev. T. P. Wilson. (Thomas Nelson and Sons.) Though there is not much evidence here that the author possesses the constructive art necessary to a successful writer of fiction, yet this is an interesting and useful little book. It tells of the recovery of a sceptic, his temptations, and his victory; and while doing this it introduces a good many hints, some of them very sound and wise, on other points of current interest. Strong-minded women will not relish its teachings, but they are at all events entitled to consideration.

The Children's Kingdom. By T. L. Meade. (J. F. Shaw.) This story is from the pen of a writer who never fails to interest, and it is to say the least, equal to any of its predecessors. It is entitled the "Story of a Great Endeavour," and it could not be better described. The hero takes up as a duty the task of recovering a lost inheritance, and the book tells how he prospered. The book is dedicated to all the children, and it is so full of interest and of true religious feeling that it must attract them.

The Gentle Heart. A Second Series of "Talking to the Children." By Alexander Macleod, D.D. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) At the recent Presbyterian Council in Philadelphia, Dr. Macleod read a paper on "Preaching to Children," which seems to have produced a striking effect on the assembly. We cannot wonder, if the writer was able to give any adequate idea of his own method, as illustrated by this volume. It contains a series of addresses to children, which are very charming. We advise preachers to study them. The hints for their own practice to be got from them will be invaluable.

Tasty Dishes. (London: James Clarke and Co.) With a sense of utter incompetence to pronounce on the merits of this little book, we referred it to the proper authorities, and had its value submitted to the test of experiment. The verdict is most satisfactory. The book is as good as it is cheap.

The Oxford Bible. (London: Eyre and Spottiswoode.) This is the Sunday-school Centenary edition, and it well deserves the highest praise we can bestow. It is just the sort of handbook which a teacher needs, furnishing him, in one volume, an amount of necessary information for which otherwise he would have to seek in three or four. Elegant in style, convenient in form, full of valuable help, every teacher should have it as his constant companion.

MAGAZINE VOLUMES.

Good Words for 1880 is as fresh in interest, as full of life, as suited to all classes of readers as this popular magazine was in its first days. It seems, however, as though every year it had less of a distinctively religious character and became more of a repertory of general literature with a very considerable element of fiction. Two or three religious articles deserve notice because of their high tone both in thought and spiritual feeling. Mr. Baldwin Brown puts the "great problem" with characteristic freedom, directness, and eloquence, presenting some of the deepest anxieties which fill earnest hearts with vividness and force, and supplying them with some guidance and help in the attempt to meet them. The Bishop of Rochester, in answer to the question, "Will faith be lost?" sets forth some of those general considerations in relation to the present unbelief which are apt to be overlooked because they seem so simple and obvious, but in which, nevertheless, there is a great deal of sound wisdom and of encouragement to men too fearful about the tendencies of modern thought, and of necessary warning to others of a different type who are sporting with great truths, unconscious of what the loss of them would imply. Canon Vaughan and Dr. Hunt have also two or three valuable religious articles. Mr. Stopford Brooke and Mr. Haweis contribute one or two graphic sketches of Scripture narrative, and Dean Howson has a paper on Naaman's wife and the Hebrew maid marked by his usual practical suggestiveness. We doubt, however, whether he is right in supposing that, while many sermons are preached about the Syrian captain, there are few that set forth the lesson to be learned from the conduct of the Hebrew maid. All these papers together do not make a very considerable figure in the magazine, which is chiefly occupied with themes of a more secular character. We do not urge this in complaint. Having the admirable "Sunday Magazine" as its companion, "Good Words" is freer for more general reading, and this it supplies in large quantities and of excellent quality. We do not profess to have read all the papers, but there are very few of them which would not have an attraction for us, and some of them would invite fuller comment if we had space and time at our disposal. Take, for example, Mrs. Craik's papers, entitled "Plain Speaking," which are full of that delicate sentiment and true wisdom first revealed to the world in "John Halifax." We cannot but wish that some mothers would read the paper on "A Little Music," words of ill-omen as they are to many an unhappy victim, including the girls who can neither play nor sing, but are made to do both, and the audience who are forced to lend an unwilling ear to their wretched performance. The stories are of high character. Thomas Hardy and Jean Ingelow are specially adapted as writers of fiction for a periodical like this. The "Trunpet Major" is a first-class tale.

The Leisure Hour (Religious Tract Society) preserves a character of its own which it would not be easy to describe or analyze, but which gives it distinctiveness and value. Unquestionably the editor has the rare art of producing a magazine which answers exactly to its true ideal and meets the very wants of the class to which it is specially addressed. religious, and yet religion is not presented in such a manner as to make the magazine uninviting to those who have as yet no care for its great truths and interests. To leavens and pervades the whole instead of being so thrust before the readers as to excite distaste or weariness. Both in subject and style the articles are always of considerable merit, and yet they are not of such a character as to make them unsuited to the Sundayschool teachers, scholars, and others of the same type to whom the magazine specially addresses itself: One great feature in the magazine is the collection of Varieties. They are culled with considerable judgment, and furnish a kind of reading which numbers enjoy. It is true they are scraps, but many can read scraps who perhaps have neither time nor disposition to take up more elaborate articles. In the department of fiction we have a writer who to us is new-Rev. T. S. Millington-but his story, "Nine-tenths of the Law," is marked by considerable ability.

Friendly Greetings (Religious Tract Society) is the title of a new publication which we cannot too heartily commend. The issue is a proof of the spirit and enterprize with which the affairs of the Tract Society are conducted. "Friendly Greetings" is a small paper published weekly and intended to take the place of the old tracts. No one who is at all acquainted with tract distribution would venture to deny that its days are almost over. Perhaps it has been overdone, or it may be that some dull tracts have prejudiced the people against the whole class; or it may only be that there is just that need of a novelty which we continually find in all departments of labour. Whatever the cause, it is fortunate that there is a society whose able managers recognize the need, and which is in a position to make a costly experiment in the hope of supplying it. "Friendly Greetings" is an eight-page magazine, written in lively style, and printed (no unimportant point) in type so large and clear that it will not be difficult even for imperfectly educated people to read it. On the front page is an engraving which attracts the person into whose hands it is put to read the story or sketch which it illustrates. We have known the distribution of "Friendly Greetings" tried with remarkable success. The six months' volume is got up in such a style as to make it attractive even to another class than that for which the publication is primarily designed.

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The Magazine of Art (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin) is a gem, and when we consider its price we must add that it is a marvel also. Its exterior is so elegant and tasteful that the volume would be a welcome addition to any drawing-room table. No pains are spared in order to secure variety and to combine valuable instruction on matters of art with highly-finished illustration. Thus we have separate series of papers on "Art in the Streets," "Treasury Houses of Art," including Lambeth Palace, Chatsworth, and Wilton, two articles being devoted to each; the "Pictures of the Year," to which no less than six papers are given; "Art in the Netherlands," "Art Needlework." It is unnecessary to point out how skilful has been the catering which has sought to adapt the magazine to the infinite diversity of tastes such a publication must satisfy. The execution is equal to the design, and we rejoice to find that the success has been so great as to encourage the publishers, after enlargement, to resolve on the introduction of other improvements. A new series commences with the next volume, which will be a very marked advance on its predecessors. It just to add that, in addition to numerous other illustrations, we have three full-page illustrations in each number, that is, thirty-six in the volume-all of which are executed in a high state of art.

Excelsior (Sunday-school Union) has grown to be a magazine of some pretensions, and has, no doubt, found a constituency of its own. Indeed, the progress which it has made of itself furnishes sufficient proof of this. It seems to be designed chiefly for young people on the margin of manhood and womanhood, and, as it professes, supplies them with "helps to progress in thought and action."

The Fireside ("Hand and Heart" Office) deserves the popularity it has achieved. It is true that it is designed chiefly for Evangelical Protestants, but its work is done in so kindly a spirit and with so much depth of principle and singleness of purpose that the magazine must command respect, even where it does not secure assent. Mr. Bullock, the editor, is one who realizes the importance of popular Christian literature, and he is doing incalculable service to the party with which he is connected and to religious truth generally. To some there may appear to be a lack of "strong meat," but there are multitudes of good people who do not want strong meat, and to whom it would be very unsavoury and indigestible. A man who, without being namby-pamby, can interest and instruct this class is filling an important place and doing a most necessary work. Mr. Bullock is earnest and true-hearted, an Evangelical whose Protestantism has not been qualified by Erastian alloy, and he has shown a decided genius for editing publications of a popular character. The task is not an easy one. If any one thinks it is, we advise him to try.

The Day of Days and Home Words come from the same office and are conducted by the same editor. They are both useful and interesting miscellanies, which show how possible it is to have a literature which shall be evangelical and yet not dull.

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